



*The works of eminent masters,  
in painting, sculpture, ...*

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THE  
WORKS  
OF  
EMINENT MASTERS,  
IN  
PAINTING, SCULPTURE, ARCHITECTURE,  
AND  
DECORATIVE ART.

VOL. I.

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# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
JAN STEEN :—		REMBRANDT :—		A Landscape with Animals ...	226
Portrait and Small Design ...	1	Dr. Faustus ...	126	The Milkwoman ...	277
Young Gallant ...	4	ADRIAN VAN OSTADE :—		The Return from Market ...	289
Parrot ...	4	Interior of a Cottage ...	127		
Dancing Dog ...	5	MICHAEL ANGELO :—		LE SUEUR :—	
Grace Before Meat ...	8	The Vision of Human Life ...	150	Death of St. Bruno ...	225
Aged Invalid ...	12	ALBERT DURER :—		CORNELIUS BEGA :—	
Skittle Players ...	13	Portrait and Small Design ...	161	Dance at an Inn ...	241
RYSDAEL :—		Christ taking leave of his Mother ...	164	ANTHONY VANDYCK :—	
Waterfall ...	16	Samson slaying the Lion ...	165	François Langlois the Bagpiper ...	288
TURNER :—		Death's Head Coat of Arms ...	168	J. LOUIS DAVID :—	
Cascade de Terni ...	17	Marriage of Mary and Joseph ...	168	Portrait ...	229
HOGARTH :—		Virgin with the Monkey ...	172	The Oath of the Horatii ...	232
Scene from Four Stages of Cruelty ...	20	The Lord and the Lady ...	173	The Sabines ...	233
Scene in the House of the Alchemist ...	21	The War Horse ...	176	Pope Pius VII. ...	236
MILLAR :—		ALBERT DÜRER :—		Napoleon Crossing Mont St. Bernard ...	237
Proscribed Royalist ...	24	Portrait and Small Design ...	177	Belshazzar ...	260
LESLIE :—		View of Dordrecht ...	180	The Death of Socrates ...	261
Sancho Panza ...	24	The Camp ...	181	J. B. OUDRY :—	
LANDSEER :—		Pasturage on the Banks of the Maas ...	181	Portrait and Small Design ...	271
Two Dogs ...	28	Going out for a Ride ...	185	The Fox startled while devouring ...	374
WILSON :—		View of the Maas ...	188	his Prey ...	374
Morning ...	32	Cattle Drinking ...	189	The Stag hunt ...	325
PAUL BRIL :—		GERARD DOUW :—		The Roebuck run down ...	325
Portrait and Small Design ...	33	Tooth-drawer ...	192	The Rat and the Elephant ...	329
Diana and the Nymphs ...	36	JOHN VAN HUYSUM :—		The Heron ...	332
Duck Shooting ...	37	Portrait and Small Design ...	193	The Wolf at Bay ...	332
Forest Scene ...	40	A Little Bridge ...	193	Hermit and Raton ...	334
DURER :—		Group of Flowers ...	192	BARTOLOMEO ESTERLIN MURILLO :—	
Melancholy ...	41	Flowers and Fruit ...	200	Portrait and Small Design ...	305
GERICAULT :—		Roses, Auriculas, Anemones, Pop- ...	201	The Holy Family ...	308
Wreck of the Medusa ...	44	pies, and African Marygold ...	201	St. Diego D'Alcala ...	302
MURILLO :—		Flowers and Fruit ...	204	The Ecstasy of St. Francis ...	312
Beggar Boy ...	45	The Fisherman ...	205	The Virgin à la Ceinture ...	312
LE SUEUR :—		M. CHARLES LANDELLE :—		The Fruit Girl ...	316
Paul at Ephesus ...	48	La Renaissance, Symbolical figure ...	208	The Conception of the Virgin ...	317
WILLIAM VAN DER VELDE :—		ADRIAN VAN OSTADE :—		CLAUDE LORRAINE :—	
Portrait and Small Design ...	49	Portrait and Small Design ...	209	Portrait and Small Design ...	357
A Calm ...	52	A Painter in his Studio ...	217	The Herdsman ...	349
Rough Weather ...	53	The Humpbacked Fiddler ...	213	The Watling Place for Cattle ...	341
A Flutilla ...	56	The Rustic Household ...	216	Dance on the Edge of the Water ...	344
A Fresh Breeze ...	57	The Dutch Smoking-room ...	217	Tobias and the Angel ...	345
FRAGONARD :—		The Game of Shuffleboard ...	219	Cattle Drinking at a Pool ...	348
A Family Scene ...	60	The Dance at the Inn ...	221	CHRISTIAN W. ERNST DIETRICH :—	
JOUVET :—		The Strutting Musicians ...	224	Portrait and Small Design ...	353
Miraculous Draught of Fishes ...	61	ISAAC VAN OSTADE :—		The Wooden Bridge ...	356
BURNET :—		A Road-side Inn ...	242	The Flight into Egypt ...	357
Orphan Bird ...	64	PETER SLEUYER :—		The Strutting Musicians ...	360
NAPOLEON'S TOMB (forty cuts) ...	65	Portrait ...	257	The Knife-Grinder and Cobbler ...	361
NICHOLAS LARACET :—		St. Benedict restoring a Dead Child ...	257	Halt of the Holy Family ...	364
Portrait and Small Design ...	67	to Life ...	258	GABRIEL METZU :—	
The Falcon ...	100	SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS :—		The Unexpected Visit ...	355
The Archers ...	101	Portrait and Small Design ...	223	WATTEAU :—	
"La Conversation Galante" ...	104	Sassanah and the Elders ...	228	The Knife-Grinder ...	263
MONNOTER :—		The Sons of Rubens ...	229	DESPORTES :—	
Group of Flowers ...	109	Peace Concluded ...	232	Dogs and Game ...	75
WRIGHT :—		The Visitation ...	233	Portrait and Small Design ...	362
Lesson in Astronomy ...	108	Chateau of Rubens ...	236	Wolf Hunt ...	372
Cretin Ball (zinc cast) ...	109	The Tomb ...	237	Dogs and Partridges ...	374
POISSON :—		The Flight into Egypt ...	240	JOHN BOTT :—	
The Deluge ...	112	The Village Festival ...	241	Portrait and Small Design ...	276
DON DIEGO VELASQUEZ :—		The March of Silenus ...	244	Woman on a Mule ...	377
Portrait and Small Design ...	113	Venus and the Loves ...	245	Italian Muleteers ...	380
Water Carrier ...	116	Rubens' Coat of Arms ...	246	Italian Sunset ...	381
The Infant ...	117	JACOB RYSDAEL :—		SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS :—	
Don Bathasar Carlos ...	120	A Landscape ...	248	The Beggar-boy ...	384
The Infant Don Carlos ...	121	DAVID TENNERS THE YOUNGER :—		REMBRANDT :—	
Reunion of Artists ...	124	A Flemish Fair ...	256	The Beggars ...	347
Bacchanalians ...	125	RAFFAELLE :—		Portrait ...	355
Statue of Godfrey of Bouillon at Brussels ...	128	The Beautiful Gardener ...	257	Portrait of the Burgomaster Six ...	388
FRANCIS MIERIS :—		WOUTERMANS :—		Christ Driving the Money-Changers ...	389
Portrait and Small Design ...	129	The Officers' Halt ...	260	out of the Temple ...	392
Mieris and his Wife ...	132	KARL DEJARDIN :—		The Raising of Lazarus ...	392
The Philosopher ...	133	Crossing the Brook ...	261	The Descent from the Cross ...	396
Tempting Proposals ...	135	The Quack Doctor ...	284	The Night Watch ...	392
Diverted Attention ...	137	GERARD DOUW :—		The Three Trees ...	397
The Trumpeter ...	140	Portrait of Gerard Douw's Mother ...	264	The Mill ...	397
A young Woman feeding her Parrot ...	141	The Dropsical Woman ...	265	The Return of the Prodigal Son ...	400
Mieris in his Studio ...	144	MARTIN SCHOENGAUER :—		PAUL POTTER :—	
ADRIAN BRAUWER :—		Portrait ...	268	Portrait and Small Design ...	401
Portrait and Small Design ...	145	Censer of the Fifteenth Century ...	268	Horse at the Trough ...	404
The Fiddler ...	148	ALBERT DURER :—		The Bull ...	405
The Dinker ...	149	The Prodigal Son ...	272	Pasturage ...	407
Tavern Brawl ...	152	JEAN BAPTIST HUEY :—		Cow by the Stream ...	407
RICHARD WFTALL :—		Portrait and Small Design ...	273	The Meadow ...	412
A Peasant Boy ...	153				



# CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
Academy, Royal Exhibition 380, 389, 411		Haydon, Benjamin Robert ...	379	Oudry, J. B. ...	321
<u>Art as it is</u> ...	31	<u>Haydon, Benjamin Robert</u> ...	125	<u>Pictures in Edinburgh</u> ...	218
Art in Greece ...	174	Hogarth ...	21	<u>Pietro de Cortona</u> ...	188
Art, Practical and Ornamental ...	162	Huet, Baptiste ...	213	Potter, Paul ...	401
Banvard, American Panorama Painter ...	151	Huyman, John Van ...	123	<u>Poussin's Deluge</u> ...	113
Beggars, Cornelius ...	279	Jan Steen ...	1	<u>Proc. Raphaelites</u> ...	225
Beggars, by Rembrandt ...	251	Jouvenet, Jean ...	55	<u>Raffaello</u> ...	257
Bewick, Engraver ...	263	Julius II., Tomb of ...	230	Rembrandt, Dr. Faustus by ...	124, 185
Both, John ...	274	<u>La Renaissance</u> ...	206	Reynolds, Sir Joshua ...	282
Bouillon, Godfrey of ...	128	Laueret, Nicholas ...	25	Rubens, Peter Paul ...	225
Brauer, Adrian ...	145	<u>Landscapes, Colours of</u> ...	102	Ruyssdael, Waterfall by ...	25
Bridgewater Gallery ...	119	Landseer, Sir Edwin ...	22	Schoonaers ...	271
Brit. Paul ...	23	Leslie ...	27	Subleyras, Peter ...	225
British Artists, Society of ...	251	Lessing, C. F. ...	221	Teniers, David ...	256
Burns ...	61	Le Sueur ...	46	Turner's Cascade de Terni ...	17
Correggio, First Picture by ...	215	Lorrain, Claude ...	247	Unknown Masterpiece ...	120
Cuyp, Albert ...	177	<u>Louvre, Pictures in the</u> ...	251	Van der Velde, William ...	42
David, J. Louis ...	282	Marin, John ...	203	Van Dyck, Anthony ...	266
Desportes ...	202	Metzu, Gabriel ...	204	Van Huisum's Secret ...	180
Dietrich, C. W. E. ...	252	<u>Michael Angelo Buonarroti</u> ...	155	Van Ostade, Adrian ...	269
Dow, Gerard ...	263	<u>Recovered Original Picture, by</u> ...	275	Van Ostade, Isaac ...	251
Du Jardin, Karl ...	261	<u>Anecdotes in the Life of</u> ...	262	Velasquez, Don Diego ...	113
Durer, Albert ...	27, 271	Micris, Francis ...	129	Watteau ...	267
<u>Exhibition of Modern Art</u> ...	220	Mignard, the Daughter of ...	278	West, J. Richard ...	153
Flower Painting ...	281	Milans ...	50	Wilson ...	31
Fragonard ...	41	Monoyer, Jean Baptiste ...	105	Woodburn's Pictures, Sale of ...	14
Franklin, C. A. ...	227	Murillo ...	208	Wormersley ...	288
Griseau ...	42	<u>Napoleon's Tomb</u> ...	68	Wright, Joseph ...	168

# THE WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS.

JAN STEEN.



HOUBRAKEN, who was for a short time the contemporary of Jan Steen, has represented this artist to us as a free drinker, and



relates of him such numerous excesses and ludicrous traits of character as to have given him in history the reputation of a  
Vol. I.

confirmed drunkard and buffoon. All those who have spoken of Jan Steen, since Houbraken, have, in imitation of his biographer, repeated the jokes of the celebrated painter, so that they have become proverbial, especially in Holland. But, for want of having carefully studied his works, and in consequence of the practice, common to almost all book-makers, of copying one from the other, without making any sort of independent inquiry or research, the biographers have given us a false idea of the Dutch painter, in describing him as a man who was capable of nothing better than drinking and josting. His private affairs rather than his art, appear to have engaged their attention—they concerned themselves too much with what took place in his household, and did not rightly comprehend what passed in his mind.

It is, doubtless, quite true that Jan Steen lived at the ale-house, and ended by turning his own dwelling into a tavern. This view of his life should not, however, prevent us from desecrating his real merits, or from allowing, that though a free-liver, he was also a philosopher, a profound and acute observer, and able to raise himself without effort to the conception of beauty. Possessed of much comic power, he was skilful in portraying diversities of character, and in reproving the follies of mankind,—not with bitterness, but gaily, as it becomes a man who laughs both at the great and petty miseries of life.

Among the numerous biographical works of Arnold Houbraken,—which are for the most part without interest, detail, or colour,—that of the life of Jan Steen is remarkable. One

feels that this writer, although younger than Jan Steen by twenty-four years, knew the man of whom he speaks, and derived the elements of his biography from a good source. He informs us that Jan Steen was born in 1636, at Leyden, in Holland, and that he was the contemporary and friend of Mieris. His master was Jan Van Goyen, under whose instruction he made great progress. Whilst he excited the admiration of this painter by the rapidity with which his talents developed themselves, he inanimated himself into his good graces, and eventually Van Goyen became so partial to him, that he granted him entire liberty in his house, and allowed him to live there on terms of the greatest intimacy. Van Goyen had a daughter, named Margaret, an indolent and simple, but very pretty girl, who, from being much amused by the continual jokes of Jan Steen, came at last to be far from indifferent to him. The affection of the youthful painter for the damsel being thus reciprocated, they agreed to marry, if the consent of their parents could be obtained. It naturally became the lover's task to communicate with the father of the young lady; and an opportunity was sought to accomplish this object. When he had finished his work in the *atelier*, he was accustomed to go in the evening to drink beer with Van Goyen. One day, finding the old man in a tolerable good humour, Jan Steen gently accosted him, although not without some hesitation. "I have," said he, "some news to tell you which will surprise you as much as if you were to hear the thunder rumble at Cologne. Your daughter and I, since it must be told, have an affection for each other; and, if you do not consider me unworthy, I shall be much honoured in becoming your son-in-law." Van Goyen, though rather surprised at this speech, for he had never thought of such a thing as his daughter's "falling in love," comprehended at once the force of Steen's argument, and that his resistance would only aggravate his pupil and his daughter. So, like a good father, he acceded with a good grace to the proposition of Jan Steen. But the latter did not find his own father, Havik Jan Steen, quite so easy to deal with. He was a brewer, established at Delft; a practical man, less sensible to the power of love than to the value of ready money. It was long before he would consent that his son should marry at an age when he was not in a condition to maintain a family by his labour. However, after much entreaty, he at last yielded to the pressing solicitations of Jan, and agreed that the nuptials should be celebrated. But, that his son might be in a fair pecuniary position, he built a brewery at Delft, where he established the newly-married couple, with a capital of 10,000 florins. Steen, finding himself in possession of ready money, and considering it but natural to spend it, thought only of leading a joyous life; and Margaret, on her part, constitutionally indolent, neither attended to her domestic duties nor to her counter:—

*Je laisse à penser la vie  
Que feroient nos deux amis.*

It may easily be imagined that affairs managed by two persons of this temperament could not long continue in good condition. "Margaret," says Campo Weyerman, "kept no account-book; all the beer that was taken on credit from the house was set down in chalk upon a slate or a wooden board. Now it happened one day that, being accused of having defrauded the rights of the town-due, Jan Steen was summoned by the excise officer to show his books. The slate was produced, but no one could make anything of it, not even Margaret Steen, who had left it all in confusion, and who was not in the habit of giving any thought to what she had written down. Nevertheless, a heavy fine was exacted, but, as the brewery was on the eve of its ruin, Jan Steen, laughing heartily, reminded the exciseman that, where there is nothing, the devil loses his right and the king too."

The artist-brewer was on the point of being forced to close his house when his father came to his assistance. But this only delayed the ruin of Jan Steen. Margaret confessed one morning to her jovial husband that there was absolutely nothing left in his cellar, neither beer nor casks, and that there

was scarcely corn enough to make a cake. It was all over. Jan Steen saw the ruin of his brewery, for a second time, with an unaltered mien, and was even the first to joke about his disaster. After all, said he to himself, here is a picture all ready; and, remembering that he was a painter, he set to work, and depicted in a spirited composition the disorder of his house. This picture represents a room in which everything is in confusion, the furniture is upset, the dog licks the saucepan, the cat runs off with the bacon, the children are sprawling on the floor, and the mother, seated in an arm-chair, calmly contemplates this delightful scene, whilst Jan Steen stands philosophically holding a glass in his hand.

This was our artist's first picture, and it is not astonishing that he, a painter of what are called conversation pieces, should have taken as his subject the scene which passed before his eyes. Those who have the genius to observe, look first at the objects which immediately surround them. But all biographers are much mistaken in saying that Jan Steen painted himself in all his works; and that almost all his compositions represent ale-house scenes, coarse farces, or smoking-rooms full of toppers. Nothing is further from the truth, as is proved by the works of this painter. Jan Steen has always allowed his sly humour to peep out of his pictures, but it is an exception when he has painted the customs of his life. When will the mania cease for copying from books without inquiring into the truth of their statements? Even in our days, that is to say, in a time in which the spirit of criticism is more than ever developed and exercised, we perceive this fault in some very valuable books, written by regular authors no less than by amateurs. For instance, in Smith's Catalogue, so exact and truthful in all that concerns the description of the pictures of each master, the author, repeating what the biographers have successively said, does not fail to observe that Jan Steen was the painter of his own manners and those of the society in which he lived. And this is even more surprising, because this preliminary notice is followed by a long catalogue of the known works of Jan Steen; and among more than 300 compositions, which are there described, only thirty have drunkenness for the subject, and the ale-house for the scene. This master takes the subjects of his pictures almost entirely from human life; we mean life considered from a comic point of view, from the side which amuses philosophers and good-tempered observers.

Another modern writer, M. Immerzeel,\* remarking, doubtless, that the works of Jan Steen had little relation to the circumstances of his life, as Houbraken and Campo Weyerman assert, has resolutely contested the assertions of the historians of his country, without giving any other reason than the startling contrast between the habits of a dissolute man and pictures so delicate, sometimes even so elegant, as those of Jan Steen. But how are we to deny facts which have been repeatedly affirmed and related in detail by a contemporary of Jan Steen, when such a denial is without proof, and really rests only upon a presumption, in itself very contestable? In short, is it inadmissible that a professed drinker may have refinement of mind, delicacy of feeling, and the talent of observation? But even if genius were always incompatible with the sad propensity to drunkenness, what becomes of the observation of M. Immerzeel, opposed to the authority of a biographer, who, for more than a century, has not been contradicted, at least on this point?

Yes, Jan Steen was what the world calls a joyous toper, who went through life laughing—not with that coarse laugh which is only the gaiety of fools, but with that delicate, intelligent, and slightly sardonic smile which is the sportive-ness of philosophers. He passed his life in observing men for his own amusement, and in painting for theirs. Nobody had a more communicative joviality; and it is impossible to contemplate one of his pictures without feeling one's heart expand. He was the first to laugh at that bottle which he kept continually by his side, and which doubtless sustained

\* *De levens en werken der hollandsche en vissameche Kunst-schilders*. Amsterdam, 1842.

his Rabelaisian humour, although continually emptying and refilling it. And it is remarkable that, when he happened to represent drunken people, he never failed to ridicule their drunkenness; thus he seemed to preach temperance with the glass in his hand. Take, as an example of this curious fact, the celebrated picture, which was in the celebrated collection of Mr. Beckford; it is entitled, "The Effects of Intemperance." The artist has there painted himself, with his interesting and pretty wife, in a state of drowsiness which follows too frequent libations. She, dressed in a red jacket edged with ermine, over a silk petticoat, is seated in the middle of the room, as it becomes the mistress of the house. While the husband and wife sleep, others profit by their intoxication. The children are searching in their mother's pocket, and already a little boy has pulled forth a piece of money, which he holds aloft in his hand with a triumphant air; another holds a glass in his hand, which he appears about to dash to the ground and shiver in pieces. The servant of the house hastens to profit by so favourable a moment to declare his passion to a young girl, sliding into her hand some money, which no doubt he had also stolen. The dog dices upon a pie; the cat breaks a china vase, in endeavouring to spring upon a cage containing a bird; the monkey amuses himself with some parchments and books; on the ground, scattered pell-mell, are silver dishes, broken glasses, a violin, a Bible, a china plate, and, as if the elements themselves must interfere, the fire is burning a goose which is on the spit.

Jan Steen has treated this subject several times, and a different version of it may be found among the valuable pictures in the collection formed by the late Duke of Wellington, at Apsley House. The monkey in this instance plays with the clock, as if, says Dr. Waagen, to show that the happy do not count the hours. But such a lesson given to drunkards has nothing pedantic, thanks to the good humour with which the painter has represented himself. Jan Steen, being a witty man, who wishes to continue amusing, bears on his own back the burden of human caprices and follies.

The picture called the "Young Gallant" (page 4) gives us the whole style and manner of Jan Steen in a single composition. It consists of six figures, sitting or standing round a table, on which are some eggs in a dish. A man in a chair at the left-front of the picture is talking to a dog, while on the opposite side a young fellow comes dancing in from the open doorway, holding a mackerel up by the tail, and carrying a few young onions in the other hand. The mistress of the house looks smilingly up from her seat; and another woman, standing at the table, desists from her household duties, and looks a smiling welcome to the young gallant. A man standing by the bedside points to another going out at the door, probably the "good man" of the establishment. The entire composition—the candle-chandelier, decorated with flowers in token of the summer weather—the pipe stuck in the hat of the sitting figure, in the way our waggoners wear them even in this day—the heavy, close-curtained bed—the bare room—the expectant dog looking up to the suspended fish, and the sunlight streaming in from window and garden doorway—bespeak a thoughtfulness for general effect and picturesque arrangement entirely Jan Steen's. This has been considered one of the best of his *genre* paintings.

In 1669, after his ill success as a brewer, he set up as a tavern-keeper. Old Havik Jan being just dead, Jan Steen came into possession of a house at Leyden. This induced him to leave the town of Delft, and to establish himself under the paternal roof; and there it was that he opened his tavern. He placed a sign-post before his door; and, as if he wished to effect a reconciliation with his creditors, he painted as the sign, a picture representing the figure of Peace, holding an olive-branch. Houbraken tells us he was his own best customer, and that he did not succeed better in this new occupation as brewer and tavern-keeper, though he possessed all the gaiety, all the animation, which attracts customers to an ale-house. He was, probably, better able to induce them to drink than to pay. Most of those who frequented his house were painters as poor as himself. Frans Mieris, Ary de Vos,

Quering, Brackelenkamp, and Jan Lievens were among those who resorted there, day and night; for Jan Steen never shut his door, that he might show his friends that he was not afraid, and because, having little to lose, he could laugh in the face of thieves. His cellar being soon emptied, he was obliged to take down his sign. In this extremity the painter came to the help of the tavern-keeper. The wine-merchant not being willing to give him credit any longer, Steen presented him with a little picture—in Holland every one likes painting—and the merchant sent a puncheon of wine in exchange. The sign re-appeared—Steen's friends re-assembled to listen to his facetious stories, and the band of painters, who had turned out, hastened back, resolved not to leave the place while a drop of liquor remained in Master Jan's taps. But the cash did not last long, and this time it was necessary to close the tavern entirely.

Campo Weyerman, a facetious writer, who has sought out sarcastic expressions, some of which are marked by the grossest triviality, has enlarged upon the life of Jan Steen, and related numerous anecdotes, interspersed with coarse jokes, in which the piquancy especially consists in the unpolished language. After having exhausted his facetiousness, he accuses his predecessor Houbraken of borrowing his anecdotes of Jan Steen from the Almanack of Liège, and of retelling a little story, as *dry as sea biscuit at the line, and as probable as the travels of Pindo*, about some incredible supply of bread made to the family of the painter. These censures have not prevented Campo Weyerman from relating many anecdotes himself. "A little story," says he, "will show that the kitchen and cellars of Jan Steen were not so abundantly supplied as the hotels on the quay of Y, or the *Lion d'or* at the Hague. Once, towards midnight, the famous Jan Lievens (pupil and friend of Rembrandt) knocked at Jan Steen's residence, and the door being only latched, according to custom, he entered without ceremony. 'Who's there?' demanded Jan, waking up with a start. 'It is I, dear brother,' said Lievens, 'I am come to bring you a couple of chickens, as fat as strong Brunswick beer, as white as the white of an egg, and as tender as the leg of a pheasant.' 'Are they roasted?' asked Steen. 'No, King of the universe,' replied Lievens, 'they are raw; but I have resided in several courts, and there I learned to cook; I pray you, then, get up, and I will serve you up a dish in my own way.' Jan got up, lighted his lamp, and calling Cornelle, his eldest son, who was his waiter, ordered him to prepare every thing for the repast. But some of the ingredients in the worldly pleasures of our two painters, who especially regretted the absence of wine and tobacco, were wanting. In spite of the reluctance of Cornelle to ask for credit, Steen sent him to the wine merchant, Gorkens, to beg him, for the last time, to advance some wine, for which he should be paid in paintings. 'That done,' added the father, 'you will go to Gerard Vander Laan, and ask him for a penny-worth of leaf-tobacco, with a couple of little pipes, and you will swear in my name that my gratitude will be eternal.' Whilst Cornelle ran through the town to awaken the tradesmen and to execute his commissions, Jan Lievens set to work, without losing a moment, plucked his fowls and placed them on a broken gridiron, which was buried in the peat dust to preserve it from rust; and Jan Steen, on his part, prepared a highly-flavoured sauce with pepper, mustard, vinegar, and butter. When the fowls were scarcely cooked through, the two companions began to devour them with such an appetite, that poor Cornelle, returning quite out of breath, with his supply of wine and tobacco, only found, upon the earthenware dish, a head and a-half and three black feet. The wine and the packet of tobacco, which had just arrived, were now all that remained to be consumed, and this did not occupy long. After Steen and Lievens had thus satisfied their appetites, they went to take an airing outside the *Porte-aux-Faches*, and walked along talking morality like true disciples of Pythagoras. But Jan Steen paid dearly for the carelessness with which, relying always on Providence, he ventured from home, leaving the door on the latch, as is the custom in the little town of Westphalia. Whilst he slept, all his clothes, as well



as those of his children, were carried off; and, to put the finishing stroke to his misfortunes, the canvases and panels, on which he was employed in painting pictures for his creditors, were also taken. The tavern-keeper, who was accustomed to be awakened by the noise of the children, remained in bed; but finding that the house was silent longer than usual, 'Holloa, you rogues,' cried he, 'get up at last and light the fire.' The children replied by the denial of Adam, complaining that they were naked and could not find their clothes. Steen stretched forth his hand to reach his garments, but,

a pirate, and he, being as poor as a church mouse, was the man to rob a painter without much scruple, when occasion prompted. The suspicions of Jan Steen were aroused against the chemist, and when he came expressly to condole with him on the loss of his clothes and his pictures, Steen, no doubt incensed by so much hypocrisy, received Esculapius, knife in hand.—'Race of thieves!' cried he, 'pirate! buccaneer! thou shalt see if thou canst carry off the shell after having taken the yoke of the egg!' At this exclamation, the alarmed doctor immediately took flight, and although he was innocent, he left



THE YOUNG GALLANT.

finding that his whole wardrobe had vanished, he was obliged to send one of the little Adamites to the cook, Gommert Baus, who lent him some clothes till he could tell his misfortune to his nephew Rynsberg, who took the plundered Jan and his featherless chickens to a woollen draper's, where the father and his progeny issued like so many of those birds of the sun, baptized by Pliny by the name of *Phœnix*. The most ludicrous part of the story is what happened to a doctor, who frequented Jan Steen's alehouse, and sometimes served him as a model. The brother of this doctor had the reputation of being

Jan Steen persuaded that the robbery had been committed by the very man who had just expressed so much regret that it had taken place."

Among Jan Steen's companions, and, like him, a determined drinker, was the celebrated painter, Franz Mieris. Judging from his carefully-finished little pictures, and the elegance of his compositions, one would never have suspected that Mieris passed his life in drinking, and in listening to the humorous speeches of Jan Steen, who, by means of his superior intelligence, and the amusing sallies of his inexhaustible wit, exer-

cise! n irresistible influence over him. This painter of rich interiors and silk dresses yielded in spite of himself to the ascendancy of Jan Steen, even following him into the midst of taverns, and there passing whole nights in a state of oblivion. Nevertheless, completely as he was ruled by his friend, Mieris had, in his turn, and perhaps without being conscious of it, a decisive influence over the manners of Steen; by this, however, we do not mean his manner of thinking, but his manner of painting. This influence is often perceptible in the larger works of the tavern philosopher. One often meets with a

bronze; a guitar hangs from one of the panels; and a beautiful landscape is enclosed in an ebony frame. The repast is composed of delicious fruits, and some ready-opened oysters which glisten temptingly, the sight of which "makes one's mouth water." There are ripe grapes, fine peaches, whose downy skins rival the blush upon a maiden's cheek, and lemons, part of whose golden peel lies beside them. Such was the reciprocal influence which Mieris and Jan Steen possessed over each other; and, in connexion with this subject, we remember, that whilst standing before the prett



THE PARROT.

"Dutch Repast," a "Game at Backgammon," in which the careful execution and soft, tender touch remind one of Mieris; and the elaborate style is then in harmony with the importance of the subject, and the distinguished appearance of all the personages in the picture. There is no coarse drinking, as in the taverns of Adrian Brauwer. Each one plays his part naturally, and sometimes even gracefully; not one ignoble accessory obtrudes upon the order of the house, and the details of the furniture are all in accordance with the refinement of the guests. For instance, on the mantel-shelf is seen a Cupid in

picture, which is called "The Parrot," in the Amsterdam Gallery, an amateur came up who, at first sight, took this Jan Steen for a Mieris. In this picture the figures are elegantly dressed and very good-looking. Three gentlemen, their swords at their sides and their short mantles thrown over the back of the arm-chair, are playing at backgammon; a charming woman, negligently dressed in a silk petticoat, is feeding the parrot. Her arms are raised for this purpose, and, her back being turned towards the spectators, her face is only seen in profile; while the parrot, whose cage, in the shape of

a lantern, is hung from the ceiling, is putting out his claw for the tender morsel. A child is feeding a cat, and a matron engaged in cooking some veal on a gridiron, for the gentlemen to eat between the games, completes the charming picture.

"The Aged Invalid" (p. 12) is another of Steen's *genre* compositions. It is conceived in his happiest spirit, and represents an incident common enough in high life in all countries. A rich hypochondriac is servilely tended by various friends and nurses, who, while they feign great affection and care for his person, are every one of them intent upon making a purse for themselves by favouring his whims and fancies. Here, as in many others of Steen's paintings, the physician and family friends are introduced. The nurse-maid is warming the bed, while on the floor are scattered various tokens of sickness—bottles, candle-pans, cooking utensils, and a chamber candlestick, with which a cat is playing. All is real and life-like, and every figure and object seems to have its place and purpose; and the whole picture is carefully drawn. The colours in the original, which were once bright and transparent, have, however, yielded, says Kügler, to the finger of Time.

But Jan Steen, when he abandons himself to his own fancy, may be easily recognised by the sprightly mirth of his composition. It is almost impossible to find a picture of his in which there is not a sly meaning. He translates popular proverbs with sufficient spirit to relieve their triteness; and, by the appearance of the figures, the appropriateness of their gestures, and the part that each one plays in the comedy of life, according to the character suited to his age, trade, or condition, he gives these proverbs piquancy. Doctors have often called forth the caustic wit of Jan Steen; besides, it was the custom with all the artists of the seventeenth century to turn them to ridicule. Whilst Molière paraded them on the French stage, Jan Steen delighted in painting them, in all the quackery of their gravity, in all the severity of their costume, studied for effect.

The "Dancing Dog," which we give at page 8, may be considered a gem—a complete triumph of artistic arrangement and varied colour. It consists of ten figures, with the dancing dog in the front centre. Jan Steen's whole family are portrayed in this composition. There is the painter himself with his invariably good-natured smile, and his violin in his hand—for he was a tolerable musician as well as a good artist—sitting between his wife and mother. The latter offers him a glass of wine,—an offer he was seldom known to refuse,—and the former looks lovingly into his eyes, while she allows his friend to seize her by the hand and invite her to join in the dance. One of his sons plays the flute to the dog, another is dipping water from the vine-decorated water-tub, and a third, a fine plump little fellow, with a whistle in his hand, stands behind in calm contemplation of the joyous scene. Just behind the jovial old lady stands a figure, whom we may suppose to be Frans Mieris, holding a tankard; and in the back centre are a couple of figures with smiling faces, whom the painter probably introduced to fill up the unseemly gap which the disposition of his other figures would have left in the picture. The owl on the wall looks wisely down, as becomes a bird of his staid and solemn nature, while the parrot, released from his cage, seems to listen to the music with quite a critical ear. Trees hang over the garden wall in the extreme distance, and a rich piece of drapery disposed in graceful folds, contrasts admirably with the sameness of the walls before which it is suspended, and gives an air of finish and luxurious refinement to the whole. The accessories are few and simple, and consist—as in most pictures of the Dutch and Flemish schools—of the utensils of the table, and the means of enjoyment, drinking cups, dishes, pipes, and so on. This picture is at the Hague, where it is highly esteemed as a good exemplification of the artist's peculiar humour. The painter's family, grouped in various ways, has often formed the subject of his pictures.

Quite different in style and moral feeling is the elegant little picture called "Le Benedicite" (page 9). Here the sentiment is pure and holy; but even here the painter's comic vein

peeps out,—for the dog licks the empty soup-pot, and the toyship and child's ball are made accessory to the action of the picture. Peasant life in Holland is nowhere so fully shown as in the compositions of Jan Steen. While in the pictures of Terburg we have the ease and tranquillity of well-bred society, the noise and riot, the humour and joviality—the high spirits and special license of middle and low life in Holland, is discovered in the paintings of Jan Steen. There is never any difficulty in reading the story which he tells with his eloquent pencil. In the "Dancing Dog," no less than in the "Grace before Meat," we have a simple incident simply expressed. In the one case all is life, fun, and frolic; in the other an air of tranquil satisfaction and calm prayerful sincerity sits upon all faces; in each the expression is suited to the subject, and a perfect harmony pervades the picture. The whole economy of a Dutch family—their pleasures and their duties, may be discovered in these two pictures.

It is asserted that Jan Steen was related to Metzu, who was, like him originally from the town of Leyden. It is certain that the style of Gabriel Metzu may be recognised in some pictures of his compatriot; for example, in the "Nativity of St. John," which was in the Braamcamp collection, in 1771, and was sold for 1,210 florins. It is equally certain that Steen painted the portrait of Metzu, and that of his wife; these two portraits appeared at a sale which took place at Paris, in 1774. But that there was the same kind of intimacy between Steen and Metzu, as existed between Steen and Mieris, is not likely, on account of the character and quiet habits of Gabriel Metzu. Houbraken does not mention their friendship; nevertheless, it is probable that this biographer was personally acquainted with the amusing brewer, whose jests he relates, and from whom he bought more than one picture. However, without drawing the elegant and sedate painter from the rich Dutch boudoir to the tavern, Jan Steen could charm him by his conversation; for no one spoke better of his art than he; and without having learnt its rules, he seemed to have guessed them by the inspiration of genius. We may confidently assert that the great principles, which he has so well observed in his small pictures, could not have been derived either from the instruction of Krimper—who was, it is said, his first master—or from his good father-in-law Van Goyen, who was, nevertheless, a very clever man.

How many intellectual harmonies, which have been overlooked by most of the Dutch painters, has Jan Steen perfectly understood! With him every one plays his part and retains his character throughout. Costume, bearing, physiognomy, gesture—each heightens the force of expression, and contributes something to the unity of the figure. The doctor preserves his professional importance; he is clothed in black from head to foot, and is grave from foot to head. The tooth-drawer adds a cock's feather to the peaked hat of the doctor, and gives a little more depth to the wrinkles of his forehead. The jolly peasant is distinguished from the lively citizen. The attitude of the betrothed is not exactly that of the young lover. The action of the notary is in character with his function and his habits; and, as to the drunkard, he betrays himself in the smallest details of his dress, and in the slightest leanings of his body. In short, Jan Steen could not have called forth the apostrophe of Garrick, the celebrated comedian, who, seeing an actor play the part of a drunken man with much truth, by the indecision of his look, the disfigurement of his features, and the embarrassment of his broken talk, while the action of the rest of his body did not correspond to these expressions, said to him, "My friend, thy head is truly drunk, but thy feet and legs are full of sense."

In a fit of ill-humour against the masters of the Dutch school, M. Paillot de Montabert exclaims, "This good man in black, what does he want here? What is he going to do? This is what one asks one's self in the presence of a Dutch picture; but before those of Jan Steen we do not feel the same uncertainty. The figures are characteristic, he has carried to a very high degree of perfection the delicacy, life, and precision of the character. However, but how many Jan Steens are there in this school?" With all the good qualities

indicated in the above criticism, Jan Steen did not make his fortune; indeed, he scarcely succeeded better in his career as a painter, than as a brewer or tavern-keeper. His pictures, so much prized now, were very poorly paid for during his lifetime. They were only to be found then, says Descamps, as wine merchants' houses. He, however, did not trouble himself much about the prices of his pictures, and had neither the talent to value them nor the inclination to take the trouble of doing so. On all occasions he showed a marked contempt for money. It happened one day, that he received some gold as the price of a picture. Immediately, without listening to his wife, who was unwilling to leave any large sum in his hands, he went to the tavern, spent part of the money in drink, and lost the rest in gaming. His wife, seeing him return happy, and in good humour, asked him what he had done with his money? "I have it no longer," said Steen, laughing, "and the best of the joke is, that the companions who have taken it from me think they have duped me, whilst they are dupes themselves. Of all the gold coins which you saw me with to-day, there is not one that is not light. Now, I leave you to imagine how they will look to-morrow, when they discover it!" Light! this word, so amusing in this particular instance, Jan Steen might apply to life—to his own at least. In fact, nothing weighed him down in an existence, passed in observing men, in laughing at their caprices, and depicting their carousals.

Were we to judge from his pictures, we might suppose that not a cloud of sadness had ever come to trouble the serenity of his mind. It was not that he did not see the discouraging side of things, but he did not give himself up to discouragement; and, inaccessible himself to melancholy, it did not throw its shade upon his compositions. There exists a celebrated picture of his, which is the exact representation of human life. It is in the gallery of the Hague, and we should not be able to abstain from giving a description of it here, had we not found one, simple, striking, and brief, in the catalogue *raisonné* of this valuable gallery, arranged by M. Van Steengracht Van Costkapelle. "The subject," says this connoisseur, "seems to point out the different periods of existence. In the foreground some children are playing with a cat; beyond, a woman is courted by a young man; near the hearth an old man is seated, holding a child on his knee; the old man and the child are amusing themselves with a parrot. A servant is cooking some oysters; in the background several persons drink, smoke, and play. A picture, hung upon the wall behind, represents a gibbet, as if to point out the end reserved for those who give themselves up to excess in drinking and gambling. An opening made into the granary beyond, discovers a young man carelessly reclining and blowing soap-bubbles, with a death's head at his side; an impressive allusion to the vanity and emptiness of life. A thick curtain at the top of the picture is suspended above these various personages, and seems to threaten, by its fall, to end this whole scene of human action. There is nothing in painting more ingenious or more striking than the simple idea of this vast curtain, which immediately gives one to understand, that the scene represented is the 'Comedy of Life.'"

Jan Steen had six children by Margaret Van Goyen, who died before him; but, as if not contented with these, he took it into his head to contract a second marriage with a widow named Mariette Herkulens, who had two children of her own. This large family constantly furnished models to the painter; he delighted to represent them with disordered hair and dress, in all the sprightliness of their frolics, observing the variations of age, from the extreme simplicity of the little girl who plays with a rattle or teases the cat, to the comical gaiety of the lad of fourteen, who already assumes the manners of a man. His old parents also figured in his pictures whenever he wished to represent old age, so that, like a true philosopher, Jan Steen observed the whole human family without leaving his own; and there was nothing, even to his spotted dog, which he did not admit to the honours of painting, and consider worthy to represent his whole race. The Dutch have a proverb, which, when translated, runs thus:—"As the old siog, the young

whistle." Wishing to illustrate this saying, and to characterise the pleasures of each age, Jan Steen painted the portraits of all his family, in a picture which may be seen in the Museum of the Hague, and which is rendered still more valuable by the artist's having represented himself, between his two wives, Margaret Van Goyen and Mariette Herkulens. These persons were both good-looking—the first especially, if we may rely upon the brush of their husband, who, however, was not a man likely to flatter either them or himself. Mariette Herkulens sold ready-cooked calves' and sheep's heads and feet in the market. Steen's union with her was not exactly a prudent marriage, and the poor painter saw his increased family sink into the deepest misery; but for this he appears to have shown little concern.

The day of St. Nicholas is in Holland the children's fête, and it is known that on that day fathers and mothers are accustomed to fill the shoes of their little ones with all sorts of playthings and sweetmeats, making them believe that St. Nicholas came during the night to throw these *bombas* down the chimney for them. Jan Steen has treated this subject in several of his works, and it is evident that, like a good father, he often celebrated the fête of St. Nicholas. With the exception, perhaps, of Hogarth and Wilkie, among the modern artists, no painter—certainly, no painter of the Dutch school—has carried the expression of human sentiments, as they are discovered in private and familiar life, to so high a degree of perfection as Jan Steen. What variety of physiognomy! how much truth of character! Whilst from a window in the background the grandmother, playing the part of the saint, throws dainties into the fire-place, the children rush to pick up the presents which the good saint sends them. They hurry forward, push against each other, upset the chairs, and tumble on the ground. A little girl holds out her apron, her eye expressive of hope and faith, and a boy, cap in hand, goes a begging among his more fortunate rivals. A baby, with outstretched arms, seems to claim his share; and the servant, animating the competitors with voice and gesture, seems to say, "You see what it is to be good!" We may repeat what Mr. Burin has just said of Jan Steen, that not only can we perceive the thoughts of each person in this picture, but we seem to hear what he says. "The most amusing and comical figure in this composition is that of a boy of nine or ten years of age, who, carelessly leaning against the chimney-piece, smiles, with an intelligent and superior air, at the innocence of his little brothers, and seems quite proud of knowing that St. Nicholas has nothing to do with the matter. Play of feature could scarcely be rendered with greater truth than in the works of Jan Steen, and, except perhaps Chardin, we should scarcely find his equal, in this respect, among the masters of the French school. The Dutchman has thus secured for himself a lasting celebrity. "So long as there is expression in your pictures," wrote Pope Ganganelli (Clement XIV.) to an artist friend of his, "you may congratulate yourself upon your works. That constitutes the essence, and renders many faults excusable, which one would not pardon in an ordinary artist."

Houbraken relates, that he long possessed and preserved in his house one of Steen's pictures, which was afterwards sold to the Duke of Wolfenbuttel. The subject of this picture was the signing of a marriage contract. The attitudes and gestures of all the figures are so natural and so expressive, that the spectator imagines himself to be present at the ceremony, and even to take part in it. The two fathers-in-law, completely bent upon asserting their respective claims, are explaining them with much earnestness to the notary, who, pen in hand, listens with a grave and attentive air. The bridegroom, transported with anger, throws his hat on the ground, together with the wedding presents. He shrugs his shoulders, raises his hands, and looks at his affianced bride, as if to give her to understand that he takes no part in such vulgar calcu-

\* *Traité théorique et pratique des Connaissances qui sont nécessaires à tout amateur de tableaux*, par François Xavier de Burin, Brussels, 1808. M. de Burin describes this "Fête of St. Nicholas" as having formed part of his own collection.



lations. She appears moved, and as a return of tenderness, casts her eyes, full of gratitude and love, upon her future husband. "It must be confessed," says Houbraeken, "that this picture is admirable for expression.

Amongst the friends of Jan Steen was the Chevalier Karel de Moor, the celebrated painter of Leyden. In one of the frequent visits which he paid to his countryman, hearing that Mariette Steen had long teased her husband to paint her portrait, and that Steen continually promised, but never kept his word, Carel de

philosophical as her husband, could not help laughing at this joke, and her portrait, thus completed, appeared to her more charming than ever.

Happy the painters who have excelled in expression, in character! They are certain of renown during their lives, and of fame afterwards. If the number of amateurs who appreciate the properties of touch, delicate *impasto*, purity and felicity of tone—in short, all that constitutes the technical in art, is limited; on the other hand, almost every body of any enlightenment is



THE DANCING DOG.

Moor offered to pay her the compliment of executing the long desired picture. She joyfully accepted his offer, and dressed herself in her smartest clothes for the occasion. The picture finished, Mariette immediately carried it to Jan Steen, who highly approved of it. "There is but one thing wanting," said he, "which I will add." Then, taking his palette and brushes, he painted, in a few strokes, a large basket hanging on her arm, filled with sheep's heads and feet. "You understand," said Steen, "that without this basket you would not be known." The wife, as

able to understand the thoughts which an artist has translated by his brush, and is solicitous at least to appear interested in them. We do not mean to say that ingenious turn of thought can compensate, in painting, for feebleness of execution; but, when the execution is sufficiently vigorous to please the eye, it is a great advantage to the popularity of the Artist to awaken in us sentiments and ideas, the effectiveness of which is independent of the prejudices of schools and of national and local customs. By working upon the human mind, which has always points of resem-

blance, one may suit the taste of the most opposite people. Such has been the fortune of Jan Steen, one of the masters of the Dutch school, whose works command the highest prices even in our day. Holland and England, especially, contend for his pictures, which, however, do not always need the indulgence that the comic humour of the painter might fairly claim for them. In fact, if there is a want of uniformity in his painting, if it is sometimes poor, inconsistent, and blame-

tures—as, for instance, in the “Sick Young Woman;” but he certainly had two manners. Sometimes his composition is hurried, careless, too uniformly brown in tone, and his colouring seems harsh and inharmonious; sometimes he painted with a clear and exquisite colouring, in the elaborate style of Mieris, but with more liveliness than that master. This latter style is especially marked in Jan Steen’s “Country Wedding,” in the museum of Amsterdam. It is a little *chef-d’œuvre*, in which the light is as well



[GRACE BEFORE MEAT.]

able, on account of the carelessness of execution; on the other hand, his pictures are often carefully finished and executed with firmness, in the style of Gabriel Metz. They are rendered piquant by a touch of humour, and their tints are charmingly fresh and clear. We do not know whether it is true that all the drunken and disorderly habits, to which Jan Steen abandoned himself, were the cause of the extreme negligence which is observable in certain portions of his pic-

managed, and the execution as rich, as in a Van Ostade. Jan Steen has occasionally the vigour and depth of Peter Van Hoogbe, and his painting proves that execution is subordinate to intellect, and that the mind guides the brush at least as much as the hand.

The interiors of Jan Steen, like those of Ostade, are taken from a raised point of view, so that the figures which are in the further part of the room are not hidden by those in

the foreground. A second window is generally introduced in his backgrounds, to throw light on the distant figures and objects. Then the number of utensils is less than with the other Dutch painters: Jan Steen had too much sense to multiply them uselessly and without measure. No superfluous is found in his pictures, and if the painter introduce some kettles, a frying-pan, a pestle, or other utensils, it is only to recal the familiarities of domestic life. Like Meiss, Steen liked to paint framed pictures to adorn the walls of his "Reposits," his "Joyous Meetings," and it is remarkable that these frames are always filled with noble subjects—engagements of the cavalry, heroic landscapes, and fabulous scenes, as, for instance, the conflict between the Centaurs and the Lapiths.

Jan Steen died, in 1689, at the age of fifty-three. He left nine children, concerning whose future he never troubled himself. The son he had by his second wife was named Thierry, and practised sculpture at the court of a German prince. Of the other children nothing is known.

Dr. Franz Kugler, a most friendly and judicious critic, thus speaks of the character of Jan Steen as an artist:—"His works imply a free and cheerful view of common life, and he treats it with a careless humour, such as seems to deal with all its daily occurrences, high and low, as a laughable masquerade, and a mere scene of perverse absurdity. His treatment of subjects differed essentially from that adopted by other artists. Frequently, indeed, they are the same jolly drinking parties, or the meetings of boozers; but in other masters the object is, for the most part, to depict a certain situation, either quiet or animated, whilst in Jan Steen is generally to be found action, more or less developed, together with all the reciprocal relations and interests between the characters which spring from it. This is accompanied by great force and variety of individual expression, such as evinces the sharpest observation. He is almost the only artist of the Netherlands who has thus, with true genius, brought into full play all these elements of comedy. His technical execution suits his design; it is carefully finished, and notwithstanding the closest attention to minute details, is as firm and correct as it is free and light."

This artist, who never painted for the mere pleasure of painting, has had the honour of being cited by Sir Joshua Reynolds as one of the most eminent masters. He says of him, that if, with his genius, he had had better models, in point of taste, he might have ranged with the greatest pillars of art. His lasting renown is not to be accounted for by the numerous anecdotes which the Dutch historians have related of his life, and which are all more or less ridiculous; but arises from the fact that his pictures, being full of sense and sly humour, remarkable for expression, and amusing for their comic meaning, delight all those who, not wishing to have their minds uninterested in the admiration of works of art, look for something else in painting than the representation of a carpet, the execution of a silk dress, or the delicacy of a tone.

Jan Steen, perhaps the most jovial and lively of Dutch masters, has treated every kind of subject, domestic, grotesque, and bacchanalian scenes, conversation pieces, landscapes, history, and religion. By his hand are "The Contenance of Scipio;" "Jesus Preaching in the Wilderness;" "The Marriage of Cana," &c., &c.; but let us observe that the comic sentiment of the artist penetrates even these compositions.

At any rate, the superintendents of public museums, as well as amateurs, endeavour, with a very justifiable earnestness, to obtain the works of the celebrated Dutchman.

In the royal collection of Windsor Castle there is a fine specimen of Jan Steen's best period. It is the interior of a Dutch cottage, with the inmates preparing for a meal. Although a small picture, being only fifteen inches in height and twelve in breadth, it is full of evidences of Steen's peculiar method of treatment, and homely, though forcible style. It consists of eight figures in all: in the front is a man with a pipe, playing with three children, while a woman is laying a

cloth on a table behind, and others are engaged in the processes of cooking at the fire. It is hung in the apartment called the King's closet, between a picture attributed to Andrea del Sarto and a Holy Family of Teniers.

Neither at the National Gallery nor at the collection at Dulwich, which is rather famous for Dutch and Flemish pictures, is there a single specimen from our painter's easel.

In the private galleries of English noblemen and gentlemen, however, there are many pictures illustrative of what may be called low life in the Netherlands. Thus, besides the seven pictures of Jan Steen's in the Queen's private collection, there are several examples of our master's best manner in the possession of Sir Robert Peel, Lord Francis Egerton, Lord Ashburton, the Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Shrewsbury, Mr. Hope, Mr. Monro, the late Mr. Beckford, the Earl of Scarisdale, and the Marquis of Bute, besides numerous genuine scenes in the houses of amateurs of art.

The Queen's private collection at Buckingham Palace contains by far the most rare and excellent examples of the Dutch masters in England. This collection was originally formed by George the Fourth, whose predilection for Flemish and Dutch pictures is well known. Through the agency of Lord Farnborough, many of the most precious specimens of Jan Steen's pencil were secured to this country. Of the seven pictures by this master, the most celebrated in this collection is "A Family Party," in which the painter has introduced himself playing on the violin. The group consists of eleven persons, all of whom are amusing themselves in various ways—card-playing, singing, and laughing. There is a vast deal of humour in this composition, and the treatment is more than commonly careful; but the tone of the colour is considered by artists rather too dark in some parts—an accident which may possibly be the work of time and the picture-cleaner. "Twelfth Night," a group of twelve persons, with the king of the revels in the centre. "A Company of Country People indulging in riotous mirth before the door of a Public-house;" "The Card Party," a small composition, consisting of four figures; "The Village Feast," which represents the interior of a Tavern, with a number of country people eating, drinking, and dancing; a nameless picture, having for its subject a young lady at the toilet; and one other completes the list. Of the last in our list, Dr. Waagen\* does not presume to offer an opinion, though of the "Village Feast," and the "Maiden's Toilet," he speaks in high terms. The one he pronounces to be "fulfil of the happiest and merriest thoughts, but at the same time delicately finished;" and of the other, he says, "that in admirable *impasto* and spirited execution it rivals the finest Meiss;" and that the "bright masterly graduated light and the cool harmony of the colours, in which blue and purple prevail, make this one of the choicest pictures of the master."

Lord Francis Egerton's collection of paintings—known as the Bridgewater Gallery, from its founder, the duke—is famous also for its examples of the Dutch and Flemish masters. The Village School of Jan Steen, a picture which cost its owner no less than £1,500, and one or two smaller specimens of the same master are deservedly esteemed.

Lord Ashburton's collection of paintings at his house in Piccadilly—permission to view being easily obtainable—is one of the lions of the metropolis. The two specimens of Jan Steen—which hang beside other worthy examples of art from the Netherlands—are especially commendable for "the care and delicacy of their finish, the humour of their incidents, and the warmth of their tones." These quoted words are those of a most learned art-critic: but as one of the finest of these paintings has been selected by our artist for illustration, we may be excused if we dwell a little longer upon its peculiarities. THE GAME OF SKITTLES (p. 13), is one of Jan Steen's most successful pictures; and not its least merit is its entire originality and genuineness—its history, from the celebrated Ponlain collection to that of Prince Talleyrand—through seven cabinets, in fact,—having been clearly traced. It is a composi-

\* Works of Art and Artists in England. By Dr. Waagen

tion of nine figures, and is painted on panel, 13½ inches in height, and 10½ inches in width—a size not uncommon with the best of the Dutch masters. Two men are playing at skittles in the foreground, with a couple of boys watching the game; while, on the grass to the left, are seated a young man and woman, the latter drinking from a long Flemish glass, and a man smoking a pipe with a pitcher of liquor before him. A horse, belonging to one of the company stands patiently by the fence, an old fellow appears in the field beyond, and looks longingly over at the group upon the grass, and a woman is seen in the background, as if trudging homewards. This picture has been pronounced a "model of picturesque arrangement;" but we may go farther than that, and say, that for careful finish, delicacy of tone, cheerful humour, and freedom from coarseness and vulgarity, this picture of Jan Steen's is superior to many attributed to him. Indeed, the spirited execution of the landscape, in which the effect of a bright evening sunlight is well and feelingly represented, and the minute touches of nature everywhere observable, stamp this as one of the most successful of the Dutchman's pictorial efforts. "Worthy of Cuyp," was the late Mr. Turner's exclamation on looking at this picture when it was first placed in its present position; and worthy indeed it is of all praise, as an incomparable specimen of careful finish and brilliant execution. How different are the manner and moral of the little engraving under the portrait—a reduced copy of a large engraving in the Manich gallery.

In the Duke of Wellington's collection, at Apsley House, are several fine examples of Jan Steen. One of the most striking is that to which we have already referred—"The Tipsy Mother." This is really quite a moral lesson. The mother, sleeping off the fumes of the liquor, sits stupidly in the centre of the room while one of her sons empties her pockets, and two others assist in conveying away the pilfered property. The eldest daughter is engaged in an evidently interesting conversation with her lover, while a fiddler romps with the servant-girl. Confusion and riot reign supreme; but with all this, and over and above the humour and truth of the delineation, this picture has the merit of careful execution and clear colouring.

Mr. Hope's gallery contains three good pictures—"The Glutton," and its companion, "The Christening;" and another of a large company singing and dancing before an ale-house. Of the first, Dr. Waagen says:—"The expression of boundless thoughtlessness and total absorption in transitory sensual pleasure was perhaps never represented in such a masterly manner as in this jolly fellow, who, with his whole face laughing, looks with the most wanton complacency at a pretty girl, who presents a glass of wine to him, while an old woman is opening oysters for him. In the foreground is a dog, and in a back room two gentlemen playing backgammon. The picture of Fortune over the mantel-piece, with the inscription, 'Lightly come, lightly go,' is like similar allusions in Hogarth's pictures. Marked with the artist's name and 1661. The careful execution is at the same time as spirited and free as the conception, the colouring glowing and powerful, the light and shade equal in clearness and depth to De Hooze."

In the collection, formed by the late Mr. Beckford, the author of "Vathek," at Fonthill Abbey, near Bath, was a famous picture, called the "Progress of Intemperance," of which we have already spoken, in page 3. This picture—which is two feet nine inches in height by three feet in width—may be traced through the well-known collections of Danseur, Hyman, Smeeth, Van Alphen, Sererville, and Dalberg. The sum of 220 guineas, for which it was sold at the dispersion of Mr. Watson Taylor's collection, proves that, even in England, the best pictures are sometimes sold at prices which, compared to those obtained on the continent occasionally, are not considered very high.

Lord Northwick's collection contains the "Marriage of Cana," not a very successful painting; and in the Marquis of Bute's gallery, at Luton, are three pictures by Jan Steen, which are thus described by Dr. Waagen:—"1. A Cock-

fight. A composition of twelve figures, full of happy thoughts. An old man holds out his hand to a young man, to receive payment of a bet, at which another laughs. In clearness of colouring too, in spirited, and, at the same time, careful execution, it is one of the finest works of the master. Two feet ten inches, high, three feet nine inches wide.—2. Stragglers plundering a Farm. Most powerfully impressive by its dramatic truth! The desperation of the farmer, who would attack the soldiers with a pitchfork, but is held back by his wife and child; the insolence of the soldiers, one of whom cocks his musket, and another fires at some pigeons, form a striking contrast with two monks, who, enjoying themselves in eating and drinking, endeavour to make peace. Likewise very carefully executed. One foot eight and a-half inches high, one foot eight inches wide.—3. A Girl in white silk, and otherwise elegantly dressed, listens with pleasure to a richly-dressed young man, playing on the lute. An old man, behind a pillar, is watching them. In such pictures, which he rarely painted, Steen is very nearly equal to Metzu in clearness, force, and delicacy, but in general exceeds him in dramatic interest. One foot three inches high, one foot wide."

The Louvre possesses only one, but it is of a superior quality although Mr. Smith, and the surveyors of the museum, who, in 1816, valued it at £32, do not consider it a good specimen of the painter's talent. This picture is worth £1,200. It represents a "Village Banquet."

The Belvedere Gallery, at Vienna, contains two—a "Village Wedding" and a "Dutch Family," a capital picture, dated 1663. The figures are one-third the size of life.

At the Pinacothek, at Munich, there are also two—"Some Boors quarrelling," and "A Doctor feeling the pulse of a Sick Woman."

The Royal Gallery at Dresden contains only one, which represents a "Woman feeding her little Child."

The Royal Museum at Amsterdam is rich in this master's productions; it contains as many as eight, "The Portrait of the Artist;" "Villagers returning from a Fête;" "A Scourer;" "The Baker;" "A Quack;" "St. Nicholas' Day;"—an excellent picture, with a very lively composition; "The Backgammon Party;" and a "Country Wedding."

At the Hague are six pictures by Jan Steen, "The Family of the Painter;" "Representation of Human Life;" "A Doctor feeling the pulse of a young Girl;" "A Dentist;" "A Poultry-yard;" and lastly, "A Doctor going to pay a visit to a Sick Person."

The Hermitage, St. Petersburg, "The Sick Girl and the Doctor."

In the Royal Museum of Berlin is found, "A Familiar Scene."

The Frankfurt Museum includes "The Interior of a Room;" and a "Doctor dressing a Man's Wounds."

In the Florence Gallery, "Peasants seated at Table in an Arbour;" and "The Young Violinist;" are the only examples of Jan Steen.

In the museum of the departments of France, there are some beautiful works of this master.

At Montpellier are the "Repose of the Traveller;" and "A Familiar Scene." They both bear the signature of the master, and were bequeathed by M. Valdeau to the museum of this town.

At Nantes, there is a single picture of Steen's, called "Topers seated at Table."

Rouen possesses a gem, known as "The Loves of Jan Steen."

In the private collections of noblemen and gentlemen are to be found the most beautiful productions of our lively artist.

At M. Delesserts, in Paris, "The Interior of a Kitchen;" and St. Nicholas' Day."

It was not till lately that Jan Steen's pictures became known in the public sales of France, where their number has never been considerable.

At the Gagnet sale, in 1768, "A Dutch Interior" sold for £18.

At the Duc de Choiseul's sale, 1772, "A Sick Old Man,"



of which we here give an engraving, fetched £32 10s. "The Interior of an Alehouse," which heads this biography, realised £699 10s.

At the Prince of Conti's sale, 1777, "A Tipsy Woman," who is being carried away on a wheelbarrow, while a little boy squirts water at her with a syringe, produced £64.

At the sale of Randon de Boisset, 1777, "The Skittle Players" went for £64.—"The Lesson on the Harpsichord" for £1,200 6s.

At the Calonne sale, 1788, "The Villagers' Dance" fetched

At the Van Leyden sale, 1804, "La Fiancée Précoce" went for £79.

At the Lampérière sale, 1817, "The Doctor and his Young Patient" reached £462, after a smart competition. This is a picture admirable for finish, firmness of touch, and brilliancy of colour. It contains three figures: the sick girl, her mother; and the doctor.

At the Rouge sale, 1818, "The Village Wedding" sold for £72; "La Dense de l'Euf," for £120; "The Lesson on the Harpsichord," for £281 10s.



THE AGED INVALID.

£84 10s. This picture came from M. de Montribou's collection.

At the Duc de Praslin's sale, 1793, "The Lesson on the Harpsichord," from Randon de Boisset's collection, produced £52.

At the Robit sale, 1801, "The Dancing Dog," which we here give (p. 8), was purchased for £112. This picture came from the rich collection of M. Nogaret.

At the Lanjeac sale, 1802, "The Skittle Players," from the cabinet of Randon de Boisset, was knocked down for £116; and "The Betrothal" for £70.

At the Lampérière sale, 1823, "A Familiar Scene" was purchased for £60; and "The Comic Concert" for £19.

At M. Erard's sale, 1832, "The Village Wedding" brought £196; "The Pleasures of the Kermess," £75.

At the sale of the Duc de Berri, 1837, "The Marriage of Cana" sold for £540. This picture has been added to Van Leyden's celebrated collection; it was the delight of the dowager, to whom it was brought every day, as a powerful specific against ennui, thoughts of sorrow, and of her approaching end!

At the Heris' sale, 1841, the picture called "Indisposition" went for £224; and "The Wedding" for £112.

At the sale of the Count Perreux, 1841, "The Servant Girl dressed in a red Boddice" fetched £398.

At Paul Perrier's sale, in 1843, "The Marriage of Cana," from the collection of Duc de Berri, was purchased for £660.

£482 10s. The painting in this last picture seems to bid defiance to Terburg, Gerard Douw, or Metz, on account of its elaborate finish and the beauty of the touch.

The drawings of Jan Steen are, like his paintings, full of animation and wit. We have seen a charming one, containing thirteen figures, amongst which is that of a little boy, who is beating a drum before the door of a house.



THE SQUIRREL FEAVERS

At the Vasserot sale, in 1845, the well-known picture "Resistance," and its companion, "The Lost Bird," sold together for £90.

At the Meffre sale, in 1845, "The Fête des Seigneurs" sold for £268.

At Cardinal Fesch's sale, at Rome, in 1845, "The jovial Repast" went for £328, and "The after-dinner Nap" for

Jan Steen signed most of his pictures thus:

*J. Steen*  
1672

## SALE OF MR. WOODBURN'S PICTURES.

The late Mr. Woodburn was well known as a collector of paintings, and often employed in that capacity; not merely by noblemen and gentlemen, but also by government. His collection of pictures, including works of the Italian, Flemish, Dutch, and German schools, was recently put up for sale by public auction. As might be expected from the position he occupied, many of them are productions of a high order, and the large sums for which they were sold showed the estimation in which they are held by connoisseurs. Of the Italian school, three were described as Raffaelles, several as specimens of Leonardo da Vinci, and one as the work of Buonarroti. Doubts have been expressed as to the authenticity of some of these, particularly that of "Christ bearing a Cross," by Da Vinci, and the "Saint John," by Raffaele. These doubts are founded partly on the anatomical modelling of the figures, and partly on the elaborate foldings of the drapery. That they were pretty generally entertained, is proved by the prices at which these pictures were knocked down. The total proceeds of the sale were £7,500. Among the paintings which sold best were the following:—"The Madonna of the Immaculate Conception," which was painted by Murillo for the Royal Family of Spain, and once belonged to the Infante Don Gabriel, was purchased by Mr. Farrar for 1,000 guineas. It is described in the catalogue as "the finest in England." Mr. Uwins bought "The Adoration of the Virgin," by Giorgione, for 500 guineas, in the name of the government. This picture represents the Virgin sitting with the infant Jesus, St. Joseph by

her side, and a Venetian general in armour kneeling before her, while his horse is held by a page. A convent is seen in the distance. The composition of the picture is strange, but the colouring is very rich and the treatment majestic, especially that of the Holy Mother, whose attitude and features display great spirituality. "The Magdalen," by Titian, fetched 210 guineas. "A Spacious Landscape, with a Village on a River and Figures," painted by Wouvermans, and bearing date 1699, formerly in the Dnchesse de Berri's gallery, realised 405 guineas. "The Virgin Weeping over the Body of Christ," by Guercino, produced 250 guineas; "The Holy Family," by Vaga, 370 guineas; "The Marriage of Saint Catherine," by Poussin, 175 guineas; "The Virgin and Saint Joseph kneeling over the infant Jesus," by Perugino, 158 guineas; "The Tribute Money," a composition of twelve figures, by Rembrandt, engraved by M'Ardeil, 380 guineas; "The Virgin," by Raffaellini, 145 guineas; "Saint John, in a Landscape, Preaching," by Raffaele, 135 guineas. Other lots were—"Bacchus and Ariadne on the Shore of the Island of Naxos, with Nymphs and Satyrs," by Guido, for 145 guineas; "The Virgin," by Hemling, for 121 guineas; two paintings of rural scenes, by Cuypp, for 115 guineas each; "A Landscape," by Wouvermans, for 181 guineas; "An Italian Landscape," by Wilson, for 150 guineas; "A Classical Landscape," by Claude, for 101 guineas; "A Frozen River, with a Village," by Van der Neer, for 100 guineas; "An Interior," by Terburg, for 93 guineas; and "The Duke of Urbino receiving the Order of the Garter," by Francesc, for 80 guineas. This last was purchased by Colonel Phippas.

## THE WATERFALL, BY RUYSDAEL.

THE works of Jacob Ruysdael—who was born in Harlem in 1636, the same year as Jan Steen, and died in 1681, a few years before his comic contemporary—present a great and astonishing contrast to those we have just had under review. If Steen was well known for his *genre* and conversation pieces, Ruysdael was as famous for his shadowy landscapes, and exquisite, because natural, sea-pieces. This painter, says Sir Edmund Head, is the master whose pictures form the proper type and centre of the whole school of Dutch landscape. In his works, as in those of the great painter of ideal landscape, Claude Lorrain, natural objects are treated in a manner which appears to manifest the influence of a higher spirit; but the means adopted by these two artists were very different. Ruysdael did not need to decorate the ordinary forms of nature, or dress her up in a holiday garb, in order to bring her nearer to something which was divine. Each single object, however homely and familiar, provided it had not been cramped and regulated by the hand of man—the green meadows, the silent sweep of the clouds, the murmuring trees or brook—all breathe the pure and lofty feeling of that higher spirit. His paintings are in fact a renewal of that old worship of the spirit of nature which the Roman historian has ascribed to the ancient Germans. Yet there is in his pictures much that relates to the busy toil of man, but such features in general stand in feeble opposition to the overwhelming mass of natural objects, and the traces of human works often appear as mere ruins which have long yielded to the powerful operation of the elements. Thus it is that the pictures of Ruysdael form the strongest possible contrast to those of Waterloo and other painters.

Ruysdael's subjects are taken from the scenery of the north, although the tame form of nature which he saw in his immediate neighbourhood rarely satisfied him; or when he did adopt it for his model, he generally impressed on it a feeling of mournful solitude. A simple picture in the Berlin Museum is a good example. It represents an old peasant's hut, behind which are lofty oaks; a little stream runs close by at the foot of a wooded hill, bubbling over bushes and stones; lowering shadows from the clouds are cast over the picture; a bright gleam of sun falls on the stem of an old willow, which stretches itself

upwards like a spectre in the foreground; the scenery is secluded and inhospitable; we feel the desolation in which the inhabitants of the cottage must dream away their existence. Other compositions of this kind bring before us the solitude of shady canals, or the depths of a thick wood, enlivened by the passing bustle of a stag-hunt. In some the works of man form the point of interest, but decayed and ruined by the elements. Of this class is the celebrated "Monastery" of the Dresden Gallery—a picture of a deep and peculiar poetic character—but above all his "Churchyard," in the same collection. In this last we see in the background the ruins of a once mighty church, obscured by a passing storm of rain; the whole scene around is wild and desolate, partly covered with bushes and brambles or with aged and decayed trees. This wildness extends even to the churchyard, in which monuments of varied forms give evidence of its former importance. A foaming stream in the foreground finds its way into the waste, even through the tombs, whilst a gleam of sun lights up its eddies and the adjoining graves.

Ruysdael more frequently delineated nature in her grander forms, such as rocky heights surrounded by woods, and torrents rushing between cliffs; sometimes he added a lonely dwelling, which, by its contrast, strengthens rather than softens the horror of the scene, or a shepherd who silently pines on his way over the light bridge. Frequently the scene is perfect solitude, in which the voice of the waters seems to be unbroken by any other sound; on a distant height, perhaps, is a solitary chapel, with the moon behind it, whose beams play upon the foaming waves and dart their single rays of light into the darkness. Pictures such as these are most widely dispersed, and the galleries of Munich, Dresden, Vienna, and the Hague, possess a great number of them. They all display the silent power of Nature, who opposes with her mighty hand the petty activity of man, and with a solemn warning, as it were, repels his encroachments.

In Ruysdael's admirable representations of the sea we find the same grand repose, and the same thorough life and motion of the element. In this line of art also he has executed first-rate works. A large and most excellent sea-piece, with a

brisk swell and rain clouds clearing off, is in the Gallery of the Berlin Museum.

Her Majesty's private gallery contains one picture by Ruysdael; that of Lord Francis Egerton no less than six; and Professor Waagen ascribes to this master another work in the same collection, which usually bears the name of Hobbema. Sir Robert Peel has three fine Ruysdaels: Lord Ashburton's are still more numerous. Besides these, the collections of Sir Abraham Hume, Mr. Wells, and Mr. Hope, must be specially referred to. Waagen speaks with peculiar admiration of a large picture belonging to Mr. Sanderson, and mentions the Ruysdaels at Burleigh and at Luton; more particularly a rare specimen in the latter collection, of the interior of a church, with figures by Philip Wouverman. The small but exquisite picture called "*Les Petits Canards*," which Smith, in 1834, valued at 150 guineas, sold in 1844 for 360 guineas, at Harman's sale. It should be added that the Louvre, as well as the Gallery of the Hermitage, contains some very fine Ruysdaels.

The exquisite picture on the next page may be considered a good specimen of Ruysdael's most popular manner. In it rock and water, cloud and verdure, action and repose, are blended together in a manner at once natural and magnificent. The name of Ruysdael is said to signify roaring or foaming water; "and thus," says Descamps, "he seemed predestined by his name to be the painter of Cascades." Houbraken, too, makes no reservation when he praises the transparency and brilliancy of the water in Ruysdael's pictures. "Where is the traveller familiar with the impressive beauties of mountainous countries who cannot find them in the pictures of this great master? At the foot of those steep rocks, where the water falls, foams, and writhes round the ruins it has brought down! It dashes forward from the right, from the left, and from the background of the picture towards the gulf which draws it in; it rushes down, we were about to say, with a hollow noise, for in fact we imagine we can almost hear it. We see it gliding down the slippery rocks, dashing against the rough bark of the trees, and gushing down the rugged bottom of the ravine. We fancy we feel the cold and humid spray falling on our faces. To the left, upon one of the rocks which bound the torrent, is perched a frail cottage, close upon the noisy abyss; and the fragility of the edifice, erected there by the bold hand of some hermit, excites an apprehension as we approach it of some violent assault of the waters that so closely besiege the feeble dwelling. The sky is cloudy, the air oppressed with fog, and great birds are soaring through the loftiest regions of space. The trees are motionless, because the winds have no access to this narrow and confined retreat. The vegetation around is in admirable vigour. On every rocky point that contains a little earth, a tree has taken root. But such is the power of genius, that, after having seen in all its magnificent reality the spectacle which the artist has reproduced on a piece of canvas of some few inches in magnitude, nature herself seems to us less grand and less startling than the work of Ruysdael!"

While on the subject of so celebrated a landscape painter, a question of high importance occurs, which had already been raised by the study of Claude Lorraine. Is not the beautiful in art only an imitation of the beautiful in nature? We are of opinion that it is not, and for this reason—but here we must quote the words of a man of taste and genius, an amiable writer, a painter with the pen, who will give our reason better than we could ourselves. "I have here upon my right a fine tree; a vigorous oak, young, leafy, even that of which—

\* *Le front au Caucase pareil,  
Non content d'arrêter les rayons du soleil,  
Brave l'effort de la tempête.*

"Ruysdael, approach! and with those dark mysterious touches peculiar to thy sombre colouring, with those transparent shadows wherein thou knowest how to plunge the branches, paint us this colossus in all its beauty. Forget not, we pray thee, the harmonious fissures of this unstained bark;

nor, higher up towards the north, those few leaves which, chilled and tardy in blowing, shelter beneath the stems of their elders their still fragile stalks and tender verdure. On the other hand, I have here upon my left an oak lopped and thick set, recently mutilated by the wood-cutters; it is nothing more than a knotty and twisted trunk, which from its base to its summit has sprouted forth in unequal twigs; on this side the ants have built their granaries in its gaping flanks, and we can see from its oozing and rotten caverns, black and slimy, the sap exuding from the diseased wood. Approach, in thy turn, Karel Dujardin, and with that charm of simplicity, that unaffected feeling, which breathe in thine artless execution, paint for us this pollard stump amidst all its sickly poverty. Forget not, I pray thee, those distorted swellings, those warps which enmount, like downy hair, the tufts of abortive stems, nor those humid black spots which hang like beads of soot upon the hollow channel of the pith.

"Our two pictures being finished, let the amateur enter, and let us observe him. He is ravished, transported. But this seems absurd, for he has certainly seen, many a time, upon the plain or the hill side, without even noticing them, as beautiful oaks as the one, and still more mutilated pollards than the other. How comes it to pass, then, that, on being thus reproduced upon canvas, these two trees yield him so much pleasure? How is it that already they seem not to be trees he is contemplating, but objects which give him pleasure, which affect him, which speak to him; words and language in which he reads some charming thought, expressed with grace and poetry that transport him? It is already clear that this oak, the production of Ruysdael, says things which our oak, the production of the acorn, does not say, and that if fine oaks do spring from the earth, it is nevertheless, in reality, this fine production of Ruysdael's art, and not this fine produce of the earth, which ravishes and transports the amateur."

Amateurs, who above all look at the painting, that is, the execution of a picture, remark in Ruysdael nothing of his touch (for it is blended and but slightly visible, in comparison especially with the *impasto* style of Hobbema) but those warm and bituminous grounds which give so much vigour to his tones, and serve as a basis to their harmony; then the cleverness with which he could render this preparation cold again by a general tint of a bluish and pearly-gray, which is more in accordance with the cast of his reveries; they admire the perfection of his foliage, which, instead of being rounded and *à peu près*, like that of many painters, is rendered with a precision and a tremulous touch imitating the cut-out leaf of parsley; but what they admire above all, are the transparency, the lightness, and depth of his skies. In Ruysdael's clouds are found at once the most beautiful forms of nature, and its finest colours and movements. Sometimes they are seen floating rapidly through space, and casting their fleeting shadows over the country; sometimes they are sailing through the firmament with a majestic slowness. The illusion is always complete; the eye follows them, and expects at every instant to see them disappear. In the representation of clouds, Ruysdael has never been surpassed, or even equalled, unless by Gilliaume van de Velde and Karel Dujardin; he excels especially in the art of representing those bursts of light when the sun suddenly disperses the rainy clouds, and banishes them to the extremity of the horizon. This glimpse of the sky between two storms, this pale and fugitive smile of nature, have been cheering to the artist; they have at least soothed for an instant the morbid melancholy of his heart, and he has therefore rendered them with all the power of his genius. Nothing can be more wonderful in this way than the "*Coup de Soleil*," at the Louvre, known amongst artists as the "*Thicket of Ruysdael*." To attempt a description would be useless: how is it possible to describe a picture which is simply composed of a large dark thicket and a sandy road gilded by a sunbeam?

Grandeur is a quality of the mind. Thus we see how Ruysdael, in his landscapes of two or three feet square, has



succeeded in producing the illusion of profound solitude and infinite space. To produce such great effects, he employed very few means. Trees, water, and sky,—these are all his machinery: men and animals seldom intervene, or they are

monuments of man. Passion, then, was the genius of Ruysdael. What renders his pictures inestimable is that he has, so to speak, enclosed under their glaze his most intimate and secret sentiments; and on seeing so rare a mixture of



THE WATERFALL. BY JACOB RUYSDAEL.

not done by his own hand. He did not even avail himself of the mournful but commonplace influence of ruined buildings. He only painted the trunks of trees torn up by the tempest, or pieces of rocks carried away by torrents, that is to say, the ruins of nature; for nature has her ruins like the

ineffable poetry and strict precision, it may be said that he painted his landscapes in the obscure chamber of his soul.

Like a true poet, this great painter lived poor, and died young on the 16th of November, 1681.



CASCADE DE TERNI. FROM A PAINTING BY THE LATE J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

## TURNER.

With purpose presenting to the reader two or three specimens of the works of the masters of modern times, for the purpose of supplying him with a few random recollections of the men and their works.

The name of the late J. M. W. Turner has for years been the war cry of one of the great art factions in England, and his pictures have served much the same purpose as the famous shield, about the colour of which two knights-errant belaboured each other all day long, though neither had seen more than one side. He never exhibited a picture in the Academy that did not give rise to the fiercest disputes and recrimination, which were often carried far beyond their legitimate sphere or object. Since his death, however, his works have gradually been assuming their proper rank, and there is hardly a doubt that at the present moment they stand as high in the estimation of all competent judges as those of any artist, either of ancient or of modern times.

We shall now endeavour to put the reader in possession of those points in which he is considered to excel, and those in which he is said to be deficient by those who have devoted most time to the study of his works, and their comparison with the productions of "the great masters."

Before Turner's time landscape painting in England partook very much of the character of young ladies' drawings, or the steel engravings in annuals, at least so far as regarded the subjects chosen. These were generally moonlight scenes, calm sunsets, with clear skies, shady valleys, and river banks at summer noon-day. Little change was ever seen in the character of the atmosphere or hue of the sky. People were beginning to get tired of this, when Turner appeared to supply them with a change of fare.

Turner, strange to say, is the only painter who has ever represented the surface of calm, or the force of agitated, water with precision and fidelity. He has obtained this expression of force in falling or running water by fearless and full rendering of its forms. He goes down with the stream and cataract, but never loses himself and his subject in the splash of the fall or forgets to follow out the details. He does not blind us with spray, or veil the countenance of the fall in its own drapery. It is easy to give the appearance of indiscriminate foam; but nature gives more than foam, she shows beneath and through a distinct outline and character for each wave, and bend, and jet—in short, throws a character of definiteness over the whole. Now Turner is remarkable, above all things, for his dislike of generalities, and for his love of definiteness, and he accordingly discards everything that conceals or overloads it. In the "Cascade of Terni," one of his Italian views, the whole basin of the fall is blue and dim with rising vapour, and is arched by a rainbow; but, nevertheless, the attention of the spectator is mainly directed to the concentric zones and delicate curves of the falling water itself. The great mistake of most other painters has been that they have given the water a spring parabolic descent, as if it were an enraged prisoner springing eagerly from his bonds: they give it an appearance of activity. Now falling water is in reality, to all appearance, helpless and lifeless, a heavy falling body. Water may leap over a stone, but it tumbles over a fall, abandons itself wholly to the air, and the descent becomes a dead weight. It is the expression of this hopeless abandonment, this utter prostration—if we may so speak—for which Turner is famous. There is no muscle, or sinew, or wiriness, or self-control in his cataracts.

He displays the same wonderful powers of perspective in his treatment of the water as it flows among the rocks after its descent. Water, when once it finds itself in the bed of the river, and commences its onward course, when it meets with any obstructions, does not rush madly onward after surmounting them, but rests awhile in the hollow on the other side, and so it goes on, alternately gurgling round the stones in its way, and then resting again. But if it be going down a steep descent, so that its motion is much accelerated by flowing down a steep incline, it leaps manfully over the

first obstacle in its way; and instead of resting now, it leaps again over the next with increased momentum; and so on in a succession of leaps, until its surface becomes a series of undulations. Turner seizes on these curved lines of torrent, not only as being among the most beautiful forms of nature, but because they are a constant expression of power and velocity, and tells us how the torrent has been flowing before we see it. The leap and splash may occasionally be seen in any quiet lowland scene, but the undulating line is the peculiar attribute of the mountain torrent which has been rushing amid foam and fury, for miles, over rock and fall.

His "Rising Squall, Hot Wells," from St. Vincent's Rock, Bristol, was the first of his works in which he displayed the wonderful mastery of effect for which he afterwards became so famous. He displayed at the very outset one of his chief characteristics, his intense and invariable nationality. The works upon which his fame will longest rest are those in which he has drawn his materials from English life and scenery, and all his foreign scenes, though crowded with surpassing excellences, are still faulty and immeasurably inferior. The author of "Modern Painters" has made the choice of home subjects an essential requisite to success in any department of art, and asserts that no one who has lost sight of this has ever achieved anything striking or original. The Madonna of Raphael is a girl of the Urbino mountains, where he himself was born and reared; Gherlandago's is a Florentine, Bellini's a Venetian. This is a position which it is hard to dispute. No scenery can ever make, or ever leave, the same impression in our minds as that amidst which our childhood has been passed, and with which our eye from the earliest dawn of observation has grown fondly familiar. To him who has been born amongst the Yorkshire hills and moors, or the downs and slopes of Sussex, no Alpina heights can ever form so striking a picture as to displace from his memory still earlier and far tenderer recollections. Sublimity, grandeur, magnificence, beauty—all give way before the force of habit, for habit it is which trains us to love places or features of scenery which are hallowed by their associations, and so to love them, that, after years of absence, it needs no second visit to enable us to describe them as if they lay before us. It is very much with painting as with language. A man's mother tongue is the only one he can ever speak with grace, force, and precision. He may discourse in foreign languages with fluency and correctness, but every one perceives he is speaking stiffly and by rule, or "speaking like a book," to use a common but most expressive phrase.

This rule is, perhaps, better exemplified in Turner's case than that of any artist in modern times; because his labours embraced a wider range of subjects than those of any other. In his earlier drawings the influence of Yorkshire scenery may be traced unmistakably—the rounded forms of his hills, and the singular massiveness in his mountain drawings, from which they derive so much of their grandeur—the disregard of effect, the strong love of place, and the intense appreciation of local minutiae. The sale of his drawings supplied him, at a comparatively early period, with the means of travelling—an advantage of which he fully availed himself; and the sketches which he made while on the continent were combined with a large number of drawings of English scenes, in the "Liber Studiorum"—a work which he published in imitation of Claude's "Liber Veritatis," but on a much larger scale. The proportion of English subjects to foreign was, however, as two to one; and though the latter comprised some of the grandest and most striking scenes of the Alps, which were peculiarly adapted to the nature of his genius, the former were of a kind peculiarly simple and of everyday occurrence—such as the "Pembury Mill," the "Farm Yard," "Composition," with the White Horse, that with the Cocks and Pigs, "Hedging and Ditching," "Watercress Gatherers," a "Scene at Twickenham," and a very fine drawing called the "Water Mill." The architectural subjects, too, instead of being taken from some of the immense buildings of the French,

are almost exclusively English, many of them taken from spots entirely unknown to fame, Rivaulx, Holy Island, Dumbain, Dunstanborough, Chepstow, St. Katharine's, Greenwich Hospital, an English Parish Church, a Saxon Ruin, and an English lowland Castle, with a Brook, Wooden Bridge, and Wild Duck. The foreign architectural subjects are three in number, and these displaying but little merit. The same remarkable contrast is observed in his execution of the trees, the flowers, the rocks, and even the figures and the costume. English trees, the monarch oak, the horse chestnut, the beech, the ash, the elm, are the only ones he can pourtray with truth and grace. English faces and dress are the only ones that he can handle easily and familiarly. All these are so many proofs, not so much that he lost his power of perception when he set foot on foreign soil, as that his intense nationality never lost hold of him so as to enable him to divest his mind sufficiently of his home impressions.

After England, he appears to have handled the scenery of France with most success, because, of all the countries of the continent, it is that which in its leading characteristics most resembles England. For grace of stem and perfection of foliage, the French hills are altogether unmaimed, and for the study of grace no country in Europe can equal France; so that an artist who wishes to perfect himself on this point can find no better ground. This is true, not merely of the mountainous districts about which tourists rove, and which untraveled readers long to visit—Provence, Auvergne, or the Vosges, but Lowland France, Picardy, Normandy, and the pleasant valleys of the Seine and the Loire. Turner seems to have been the first artist, at least in England, who found this out, and he is consequently the only Englishman who has painted French landscapes with truth, effect, and feeling—some will say the only man of any nation; for many people, amongst others, Mr. Ruskin, deny French landscape painters all power of achieving anything better than wasting good canvas, and wearing out good brushes.

In Switzerland he achieved some brilliant successes; the atmospheric phenomena in the high regions, the wild mountain scenery, accorded well with his taste and genius. But in most of his attempts he failed signally to give an effectual rendering of Italian scenery. He seems never to have been able to enter into the spirit of it, and whenever he made an effort to produce a classical subject, he showed clearly that he neither possessed the knowledge nor the feeling necessary for the task. He drew some vignettes, however, for Rogers' beautiful poem "Italy," and in them he has displayed excellence of the highest order, and seems for the first and only time really to have entered into the spirit of the Italian scenery; but his success is owing chiefly to the simplicity of most of the views and the smallness of their size. His larger pictures are full of inaccuracies, of mistakes, and misconceptions. The chief cause of these failures was, no doubt, his attempt to spread an air of joyousness and brilliancy over scenes that are peculiarly pensive, if not melancholy, to substitute radiance for serenity and fixity of light, and to give the broad, open, and free character of English downs and Scotch moors to a country cabin'd and cribb'd by walls, convenis, and terraces. In his earliest works, Turner showed, amidst his many defects, that he was constantly in the habit of referring to nature, and thus atoned for numerous faults that might otherwise have been considered inexcusable. But he gave evidence that, if he but fulfilled the promise that his productions already afforded, he would effect a total change in the received system of art, and he did effect this change.

He had not laboured very long in his vocation when he began to feel that the real colour of nature had never been faithfully rendered by any school of art. It was impossible that this should escape a man whose devotion to nature was so intense, and whose perceptions were so acute. The Venetians, it is true, had given conventional representations of sunlight and twilight, by making the whites golden and the blues green; but no one had ever given an adequate idea of the brilliant, joyous, all-pervading light of the sun, and the million varying hues which external objects assume under its influence. The

finish of nature, too, and the grandeur of nature with regard to particular objects, had been given by many masters; but her fulness, space, and mystery, by none.

To show what changes he effected regarding colour, we must digress a little, in order to explain. Most people have heard the word "tone" used in reference to pictures by connoisseurs, but few really know what is meant by it, and probably many of the connoisseurs are as ignorant as any. Tone has two meanings:—First, "the exact relief and relation of objects against and to each other in substance and in darkness, according as they are nearer or more distant, and the perfect relation of the shades of all of them to the chief light of the picture, whether that be sky, water, or anything else. Secondly, the exact relation of the colours of the shadows to the colours of the lights, so that they may be felt to be more different degrees of the same light; and the accurate relation among the illuminated parts themselves with respect to the degree in which they are influenced by the colour of light itself, whether warm or cold; so that the whole of the picture, or where several tones are united, the parts which are under each may be felt to be in one climate, under one kind of light, and in one kind of atmosphere; this being chiefly dependent upon that peculiar and inexplicable quality of each colour laid on, which makes the eye feel both what is the actual colour of the object represented, and that it is raised to its apparent pitch by illumination."

The old masters were all considered great in tone, but they, nevertheless, committed a great mistake in giving the dark objects in the middle distance precisely the same relation to the light of the sky which they have in nature; the light being necessarily infinitely lowered, and the shadow deepened in the same degree. But we must remember that nature surpasses us in her power of producing light, just as much as the sun does white paper; and surpasses us also infinitely in her power of producing shade. So if we start with our best white for the brightest light, and go down our scale, tint for tint, step by step, against nature, we very soon get to our deepest black—lamp-black, which, let it be ever so black, still reflects light from its surface. But nature can give shades still darker, down to total vacuity, from which no ray of light is ever reflected. What, then, becomes of all our intermediate degrees? If we give the same quantity of distance in pitch of shade that nature does, we must pay for this expenditure of our means by totally missing half-a-dozen distances no less important, and in nature no less marked. But this the old masters did. "They chose," says Mr. Ruskin, "those steps of distance which are most conspicuous and noticeable—that, for instance, from sky to foliage, or from clouds to hills, and they gave these their precise pitch of difference in shade with exquisite accuracy of imitation. Their means were then exhausted, and they were obliged to leave their trees flat masses of mere filled-up outline. Turner starts from the beginning with a totally different principle. He boldly takes pure white (and justly, for it is the sign of the most intense sunbeams) for his highest light, and lamp-black for his deepest shade, and between these he makes every degree of shade indicative of a separate degree of distance, giving each step of approach, not the exact difference in pitch which it would have in nature, but a difference bearing the same proportion to that which his sum of possible shade bears to the sum of nature's shade; so that an object half-way between his horizon and the foreground will be in exactly of half-tint force, and every minute division of intermediate space will have just its proportionate share of the lesser sum and no more. Hence, where the old master expressed one distance, he expresses a hundred, and where they said furlongs, he says leagues."

This was a bold step for a modern artist to take, and it failed not to bring down on him a load of obloquy; but the man's total indifference either to praise or censure rendered him careless of any unpleasant remark that might be bandied about regarding the artist. His innovations in colour were as great as those in tone. He surpassed, not only the old masters, but all painters of modern times, in brilliancy. But there can



be no question that he was right, and they wrong. When we remember the intense light which nature throws over every object in the external world, so intense, and so brilliant, that were a scarlet flower or a blade of grass placed beside any landscape painting, the grandest tints that were ever placed on canvas would seem faint and faded in comparison. If a window were suddenly opened in a room in the Royal Academy, for instance, and the full light of a tropical sunset poured in, how dim, and dark, and unnatural would every painting on the walls look in comparison with the gorgeous hues of nature. If Turner merely attempted to bring the colouring of painting up to the standard of the great originals, he was certainly not deserving of censure.

an existence. Hence, the deep and intense feeling which is displayed in most of the works of the old masters—in the "Crucifixions;" the "Descents from the Cross;" the "Adorations of the Magi;" the "Transfigurations;" the "Assumptions;" the "Flights into Egypt," the "Last Suppers," of Da Vinci, Raffaele, Rubens, Titian, and Michael Angelo. What they sorrowed over and wept over as a personal grief, we believe as historical facts. They were all that the imagination had to dwell upon. The great and almost boundless field for thought which modern science has since opened up, the great chronicles of the ancient world, which were then unknown, but are now familiar in every mouth, the "wide, wide world of fancy," which modern literature has laid before



SCENE FROM THE FOUR STAGES OF CRUELTY, BY WILLIAM HOGARTH.

The extent to which authors are at the present day aided in the utterance of their thoughts by illustrations, is one of the most wonderful phenomena of the age. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when the romance of religion, if we may so speak, had possession of the public mind, artists endeavoured to give expression to the general sentiment, by painting subjects drawn from the early history of Christianity. The whole intellectual life of their day lay in the records of the sufferings and triumphs of the Saviour, his Mother, and his Apostles. The passion which was then thrown into faith and worship, was such as we, in our cold reasoning belief, can form no conception of. That artists should not only partake of this enthusiasm but should give it utterance, is what might have been expected when literature, properly so called, had scarcely

us, the rich store of incident and adventure, with which modern history has furnished us, and all the glorious light of beauty and value which modern research has thrown on a thousand objects which, in the middle ages, were spurned as useless or vile—all these were then unknown. The mind had nothing to dwell upon but sacred history, and in the study and delineation of this all its passions, and hopes, its ardour, its intensity of feeling, its power of execution, and its keenness of perception, were lavished with an open and ready hand. In this there is nothing for us to regret. We can walk through no gallery in Europe without feeling thankful that this outpouring of genius and enthusiasm was confined to so narrow a channel. Had it been shallowed by running over a wider space it might have produced greater variety, but not half so

great excellence. The tendencies of modern art, so far as regards the choice of subjects, have been widely different. History has supplied a rich store of stirring incident for the display on canvas of the noblest as well as basest passions of the human heart. There have been few grand self-sacrifices, few instances of deep devotion, of lofty resignation, few hairbreadth escapes or valorous exploits which have not had their painter as well as their chronicler. Goodness knows; some of them are only too familiar. We have been present at too many interviews between Richard Cœur de Lion and the archer who shot him; we have too often watched the meeting of Henry and Francis on the Field of the Cloth of Gold; the unconstitutional act of Cromwell in turning the Long Parliament out of doors has been so often repeated in our presence, that we are ashamed to confess we have lost that abhorrence for it, which, as a free-born Englishman, we are bound to feel; Thomas à Beckett has been so often murdered before our eyes that our notions of right and wrong have become, in reference to this particular occurrence, somewhat confused, and losing

talents of no common order to save him from the ordinary fate of botes.

It is the less excusable when the literature of fiction offers so boundless a field for illustration. Many a man, whose mind is not sufficiently imbued with the spirit, feelings, and manners of past ages to give to an historical scene all its force, and brilliancy, and precision, may body forth the conceptions of a poet or novelist with passing grace and fidelity. It is easier to seize upon the idea of one man and reproduce it, than to give form and colouring to the thoughts of an age, or the acts of a whole people. We can imagine no more grateful task for a man of taste and sensibility than giving to the airy nothings of the writer a local habitation and a name, reproducing, with all the tints and lines, the form, and features, and expression of life—what had entered in at the ear as but a vague and fleeting image. Let words sketch ever so well,—let a written description be ever so minute, ever so precise, ever so forcible and brilliant, it will fall far short of leaving on the memory an impression so distinct as a picture. The eye is ever



SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF THE ALCHEMIST. FROM *HUDIBRAS*, BY WILLIAM HOGARTH.

all sympathy for the unhappy prelate, we have been tempted to consign, not only his assassins, but himself to the charge of a person who shall be nameless. History is certainly a field broad enough to prevent this travelling in the beaten track, and any artist who persists in inflicting upon the public his version of stories that have been often told already, must possess

a more faithful servant than the ear. But for the canvas of Kneller, Macaulay might have sketched the personal appearance of many of the heroes of the English revolution in vain: gorgeous as is his description of the trial of Hastings, until we see it printed, our impressions of it must be feeble and fleeting.

## HOGARTH.

WILLIAM HOGARTH was one of the great humorists of the eighteenth century. He filled the place in English art which Fielding and Smollett filled in English literature. Though often considered a mere caricaturist, he was, in reality, a powerful preacher of great truths, a rebuker of folly, and an enforcer and commander of virtue and morality. He knew well the truth of Horace's maxim—

"*Ridiculum acri fortius ac melius plerumque secat res,*"

and he made ridicule his vocation. There was nothing cold, harsh, or misanthropic in it. It was not the ridicule of Voltaire—sneering hatred or contempt—but the ridicule of Addison—smiling, kindly rebuking of faults which it half excused.

Hogarth first saw the light in the parish of St. Bartholomew the Great, London, on the 10th of December, 1697. The epoch of fashionable folly, town scandal, wits, coffee-houses,

and theatres, had just set in, after the stormy political struggles by which English society had been convulsed, during the beginning and the middle of the seventeenth century. Vice and profligacy had taken the place of the stern simplicity and virtue of the Round-heads. He was the son of a man who wrote school books, and acted as a general hack to the London booksellers; and the privations and suffering which he underwent were quite sufficient to warn William not to follow in his footsteps. The latter, therefore, abandoned the idea of becoming a classical scholar, and served his apprenticeship with a silver plate engraver. He had, however, acquired knowledge enough to save him from the charge of being an uneducated man, and to enable him to pursue his studies, whenever occasion served, with pleasure and effect. His principal employment in his new sphere of labour was that of engraving the devices of heraldry upon plate and other articles of luxury, and he appears so have displayed diligence and application enough not only to satisfy, but materially to assist his master. He soon grew tired of heraldry, and as soon as his indentures had expired abandoned it. But practice had made him a skilful draughtsman as well as a careful and accurate engraver—no trifling advantages in any walk of art which he might choose to follow. From his earliest attempts in drawing, except designs, he had studiously refrained from copying anything but nature. Copying other men's works he thought resembled pouring water out of one vessel into another. He therefore exercised his memory and imagination as much as lay in his power. After preparation such as this, it was natural to expect something striking and original, and Hogarth made his *début* as a satirist. The incident which revealed the bent of his talents was amusing enough. He went one Sunday to Highbury with two of his companions, during his apprenticeship. The weather was warm, and they went into a roadside alehouse, and called for beer. Some persons, who had previously entered, were already waxing quarrelsome in their cups. One of them received so sharp a blow of a quart pot upon the head, that he put on an awfully rueful countenance, which Hogarth sketched on his thumb-nail on the spot. The result was a most amusing caricature, which, when handed round the room, secured all parties to good humor. Upon another occasion, a woman who was quarrelling with one of her companions in a cellar, filled her mouth with brandy, and dexterously squirted it into her antagonist's eye, in the presence of Hogarth and Hamore, the printer, the former of whom sketched the scene. The cleverness with which he turned these incidents to account, sufficiently indicated the line of art in which he was likely to be successful; but some time elapsed either before he became aware of it, or the world seemed inclined to patronise efforts of this kind.

Hogarth was never much of a reader, and knew little of book learning. His great aim was to acquire all his knowledge from the study of nature and of mankind, and he had no hesitation in diving for that knowledge to the lower depths of vice and profligacy. The images he brought back with him were not always very graceful or pleasing to be sure, but they were none the less instructive and faithful for that.

Hogarth was thirty before he could do much more than maintain himself. This was owing to his being obliged for a long while to divide his time between two very different occupations. Art at that period, for a young beginner, was not a very profitable calling, and the total absence of all protection for the copyright of prints and engravings enabled knavish publishers to pirate such of his plates as displayed any great degree of merit. He was obliged to support his mother and sisters, and, in doing this, he found the griffins, and lions couchant and rampant of heraldry more valuable aids than high art. By degrees, however, he worked himself into such a position as to enable him to abandon heraldry altogether, and devote his whole attention to painting and engraving. His skill in the latter was a material assistance, and placed him far above most others of his profession, at least, in a pecuniary point of view, as it enabled him to multiply his own works to any extent he pleased. His first work of any

merit proved incontestably that his forte lay in satire. He was, in fact, the Juvenal of art. It was a piece engraved in 1724, and entitled the "Taste of the Town;" and afterwards, "The Small Masquerade Ticket," or "Burlington Gate." Its object was much the same as that of Mr. Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," to ridicule the follies of the "quality" of the day—their frivolity, idleness, and corruption.

This appears to have stamped his reputation, for, after this, booksellers began to employ him to embellish books with cuts and frontispieces. This was the first real opening of a field of art which has since supplied the public with unnumbered delights. Even Hogarth's attempts in this way were rare enough, were passed unnoticed by most people, and mentioned by Walpole with condemnation only. Still, as a commencement, they are full of interest, above all, as a commencement which has led to all the charming creations of the artist's and the poet's fancy, which now lie on the tables of the humblest in the land.

It was in illustrating Butler's "Hudibras," that he first gave a real foretaste of his genius, though even in this he did not by any means do all that might have been done. Of all the poets of the seventeenth century, probably, Butler is the one hardest to illustrate. His wit is often so keen, and his touches so delicate, that it is not always easy for the reader to catch their full force, much less for the artist to give them shape and hue on paper; and it was probably in this that Hogarth found his memory and imagination, for the first time, fail him. There are, nevertheless, countless charms in his drawings, but, as Allan Cunningham well remarks, they appear rather where he has departed from the text, than where he has literally adhered to it. We feel pleasure in presenting our readers with one of these illustrations, and to enable those who are not familiar with Butler's great masterpiece to understand it more clearly, we subjoin an extract from the portion of the text to which it refers:—

Hudibras has an acquire with him—Ralpho.

The "argument" will give an idea of what precedes the extract in this canto.

#### PART II. CANTO III. *Argument.*

The knight (i.e. *Hudibras*), with various doubts possess,  
To win the lady goes in quest,  
Of Sidrophel, the Rosy-Crucian,  
To know the dest'ies' resolution;  
With whom, being met, they both chop logic,  
About the science astrologic;  
Till falling from dispute to fight,  
The conj'r's worsted by the knight.

[Sidrophel, in the course of the dispute, has called Hudibras "a braggadocio huffer."]

"Huffer! (quoth Hudibras) this sword  
Shall down thy false throat cram that word.  
Ralpho, make haste, and call an officer,  
To apprehend this Stygian sophister:  
Meanwhile I'll hold 'em at a day,  
Least he and Whackum run away."

But Sidrophel, who from th' aspect  
Of Hudibras, did now erect  
A figure worse portending far  
Than that of most malignant star,  
Believed it now the fittest moment,  
To shun the danger that might come on't,  
While Hudibras was all alone,  
And he and Whackum, two to one,  
This being resolved, he spy'd by chance,  
Behind the door an Iron lance,  
That many a stately limb had got'd,  
And legs, and loins, and shoulders bor'd;  
He snatch'd it up, and made a pass,  
To make his way thro' Hudibras.  
Whackum had got a fire fork,  
With which he vow'd to do his work.  
But Hudibras was well prepar'd,  
And stoutly stood upon his guard;  
He put by Sidrophello's thrust,  
And in right manfully he thrust;

The weapon from his gripe he wrings,  
And laid him on the earth along.  
Whacbam, his sea-coal prong threw by,  
And basely turn'd his back to fly;  
But Hudibras gave him a twitch,  
As quick as light'n'g in the breech;  
Just in the place where honour's lodg'd,  
As wise philosophers have judg'd;  
Because a kick in that part more  
Hurts honour than deep wounds before.

Hogarth's biography brings out one of the laughable, and yet saddest, features in the history of English art. Some of his plates were positively sold by the weight of the copper—at so much a pound! and, what is more extraordinary, the practice seems to have been so common at that time as to have excited little or no surprise. The price, in Hogarth's case, was half-a-crown a pound avoirdupois. Thornhill, a painter of no small celebrity in that day, sold paintings to the government at two guineas a Flemish ell. Fancy the state of public feeling and taste with regard to works of art, when such an idea could ever enter any one's head as that of purchasing the conceptions of skill, genius, and intellect, by the weight and density of the materials employed in recording them; and fancy, what is more marvellous still, the estimate which artists must have had of the dignity of their profession or the value of their labours, when they could even listen to such a proposal without laughter and contempt!

A better proof of the general want of taste and the stupidity of the times could not be given than the result of an action which Hogarth brought for the recovery of a just and lawful debt. We may reasonably suppose the judge and jury to have been fair exponents of the knowledge as well as of the opinions of the general public. A certain Morris, an upholsterer by trade, engaged Hogarth—to attract, no doubt, by the fame of his plates—to make a design for tapestry. There appears to have been no doubt whatever of his competency to execute the task assigned to him, and the work was proceeding very favourably, when the worthy upholsterer discovered, to his horror, that Hogarth was not a painter, but simply an engraver. He accordingly sent one of his servants to him in all haste, to state his apprehensions. The design was, however, completed and sent home; but, on being presented to the workmen, most of whom were foreigners, they, as in duty bound, declared that tapestry could not be executed by it—rather, we suspect, however, because it was an engraver who designed it, than because the design was bad. Morris refused to pay first, and Hogarth brought his action for thirty pounds—ten for materials, and twenty for workmanship—and the jury gave a verdict against him, for the simple reason that he was not a painter.

There was a man named Kent in existence at that day, who called himself not only a painter, but an architect, ornamental gardener, sculptor, and general designer and decorator. He was ready for anything, from the leg of a chair to a hero's monument. He encumbered Westminster Abbey with some of the most grotesque, outlandish, and unmeaning blocks of marble ever hewn by a chisel; people consulted him about the make of their furniture, their picture and looking-glass frames, their plate, their barges, their cradles. Two ladies of high rank prevailed on him to make designs for the dresses which they were to wear at court on the birthday. The consequence was, that one appeared in a petticoat decorated with columns of the five orders of architecture, and the other like a bronze, in a copper-coloured satin with ornaments of gold. That the man was an ass there was not a particle of doubt; all that was wanted was some one to make this fact known to the world, which had not discrimination enough to perceive it itself. This task Hogarth very properly took upon himself, and executed it very effectually, by a caricature ridiculing a picture which Kent had presented as an altar-piece for St. Clement's church. The print put the whole parish in roars of laughter, and the next time the bishop visited the church he ordered it to be taken down. He followed up his success with vigour, and at length

had the satisfaction of seeing the ignorant pretender thrown from his pedestal.

Hogarth had by this time gained for himself an acknowledged place amongst the artists of the day; and as portrait painting was a much more honourable, as well as more profitable occupation than caricaturing, he betook himself to it, mainly for the sake of his wife, a daughter of Sir James Thornhill, who had braved the anger of her father in marrying him. He did not succeed well, however, in this department. His best efforts had been made in the display of the busiest and most bustling scenes of town life, the rage of unbridled passion, the abject meanness of low vice, the brutal ferocity of crime and dissipation, the leer of the road, and simper of the hypocrite, and he could not in a minute train his pencil to the delineation of graceful repose, of aristocratic *hauteur*. He who had gained all the celebrity he then could boast by the fidelity with which he had portrayed the types of every folly, passion, and eccentricity under heaven, could not easily bring himself to flatter the vanity of the great by smoothing down deformities, filling up wrinkles, and obliterating moles and warts, turning a grin into a smile, or a squint into a glance. His portrait painting, therefore, though he made some money by it, was decidedly a failure. In noticing his want of success in this department of art, it is pleasant to be compelled to notice a fine trait in his character also: the ability to discern when he had mistaken his vocation, and the resolution to rectify his error. If every one possessed this in an equal degree, we feel certain we should hear less complaints of the wrongs and injustice of the world.

Hogarth, before abandoning portraits, painted two or three which have derived most of their celebrity from the fame of the originals. One was Garrick, the prince of players; another the gentle, good-hearted Captain Coram, the founder of the Foundling Hospital, whose proudest boast was that the savings of his youth and manhood were spent in one of the noblest works of charity, and that in his old age he was poor; the other was that of a man who, though one of the vilest of his race, was instrumental in effecting as great reforms in the British constitution as many a patriot and martyr whom none mention without honour and reverence. Each of these is remarkable for its fidelity; but in the last a little of Hogarth's satirical spirit appears, and makes the fiendish part of Wilkes's nature shine out through his face, and obscure altogether, whatever of humanity there was in his expression. It was certainly a caricature, but the likeness was undeniable.

He made a good income by his portrait painting, as it then formed the only lucrative branch of art; and during the whole time he was engaged in it, he was silently laying up materials for the works on which his real and lasting fame rests, those whose manner is satirical, and whose object was moral warning or instruction. The haunts of London vice and folly supplied him with abundance of subjects—which none could have turned to better account. His reasons for turning his thoughts to painting and engraving subjects of a modern kind and moral nature—a field not broken up in any country or age, were, to use his own words, that he thought critics and painters had in the historical style quite overlooked that intermediate species of subjects which may be placed between the sublime and the grotesque. He therefore wished to compose pictures on canvas, similar to representations on the stage, and further hoped that they would be tried by the same test, and criticized by the same criterion. "Let it be observed, that I mean to speak only of those scenes where the human species are actors, and these, I think, have not often been delineated in a way of which they are worthy and capable."

We quote the above, rather as giving Hogarth's own notion of his work, than as being by any means a true statement of the comparative merits of comedy and tragedy, or, in fact, giving anything like a correct idea of such teachings as appeal to the passions and senses for the effect, as pictures, and the drama, &c. To enable the reader to judge for himself, we shall conclude this notice by a sketch of the works to which he refers. The first of the series was the "Harlot's Progress," which was commenced in 1731, and appeared in a



series of six plates, in 1734. Their success was rapid and decisive. "The boldness of the attempt," says Allan Cunn-  
wonder a series of productions combined into one grand moral and satiric story—exhibiting in truth a regular drama, neither



THE PROSCRIBED ROYALIST. FROM A PAINTING BY J. E. MILLAIS, ESQ., IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

ningham, "the fascinating originality and liveliness of the conception, together with the rough and ready vigour of the engraving, were felt and enjoyed by all. The public saw with

wholly serious nor wholly comic, in which fashionable follies and moral corruptions had their beginning, their middle, and their end. Painters had been employed hitherto in investing

ladies of loose reputation with the hues of heaven, and turning their paramours into Adonises; here was one who dipt both in the lake of darkness, and held them up together to the scorn and derision of mankind."

The subject of the "Harlot's Progress" was the history of one of the unfortunates who atone for the folly of an hour by an eternity of remorse; her arrival in London, fresh from the country, pure and innocent as her mother's tears and prayers and anxious care have made her—her first turning aside from the beaten path of duty—in which women

This to Lady Amelia That, vice, provided it were surrounded by speaking mirrors, gorgeous coaches, Turkey carpets, and all other appliances of wealth and luxury, might seem to the poor and lowly-born, whose pleasure even partook of the hardness and coarseness of their existence, a proud, stately, dignified, and admirable thing; but, as Hogarth represented it, no connoisseur could look on it without blessing God that he knew nothing of it, and without feeling proud that he was neither a polished *roué* nor a fallen beauty. What rendered the satire more effective, was, that many of the prin-



SANCHO PANZA AT DINNER WHILE GOVERNOR OF BARATARIA. FROM A PAINTING BY C. R. LESLIE, R.A.  
BY PERMISSION OF MR. MARSEILLE HOLLOWAY, COVENT GARDEN,

find their only safety, her deception and ruin, her deceiving of others in her turn, her rise to guilty splendour, and her fall to guilty woe, and her final exit from the world amongst wretches as vile and degraded as herself. The work, independently of its artistic excellence, was of signal importance, because it tore away the veil from vice which a corrupt and sensual society had thrown over it, and revealed it in its naked, filthy, and hideous deformity. As the court poets then wrote of it, as the "wits" about town talked of it, as it was retailed in scandal over "dishes of tea" by Lady Betty

principal personages were portraits from living originals, of men about town, famous, or rather infamous, for their licentiousness, and of women who were tossed like a shuttlecock from one "protector" to another, as fast as their appetites became pallied, of persons who in their cups forgot the gravity becoming their cloth, and judges the sanctity of their ermine, so that the town laughed, and the culprits winced like galled jades.

The "Harlot's Progress" was followed up by the "Rake's Progress," as a sort of counterpart or pendant. This was

scarcely so successful as its prototype, however, inasmuch as it had not novelty and curiosity on its side. It consisted of eight scenes, illustrative of the folly of a young man, who has just succeeded to a large fortune by the death of a sordid miser. He spends it in London, in cock-fighting, gambling, horse-racing, and every possible species of debauchery, and at last beggared, penniless, forsaken by his fairweather friends, who fawned on him and robbed him in his prosperity, and broken down in constitution through his excesses, he finds refuge in a lunatic asylum, where he ends his days. "The curtain," says Walpole, "was now drawn aside, and his genius stood displayed in its full lustre. From time to time he continued to give these works, which should be immortal, if the nature of his work will allow it."

Both these were printed by knavish booksellers, and published, with a slight alteration in the title, for their own special benefit. The chagrin and indignation which this dishonesty caused Hogarth to feel, led to the first recognition by the legislature of the absolute property of the designer or engraver in the productions of his genius and industry. By his efforts an act was passed in 1755, for recognising a legal copy-right in designs and engravings, and restraining copies of such works from being made without the consent of the owners. The phraseology of the act was, however, as is too often the case, a model of verbiage and obscurity, and within a very short time after its passing, decisions were pronounced under it which were opposed to the common sense of every man who heard them, as well as the judge who pronounced them, though in strict accordance with the meaning of the legislature, at least as nearly as it could be ascertained.

To commemorate this achievement, Hogarth engraved a small print with emblematic devices. On the top of the plate was a royal crown shedding rays on mitres and coronets,—on the great seal, on the speaker's hat, and other symbols, indicating the united wisdom of kings, lords, and commons. Underneath was a complimentary inscription.

Most of his other pieces are representations of scenes in low life in London. Their names, such as "Southwark Fair," "Modern Midnight Conversation," a scene in a cyder cellar or tavern, sufficiently indicate their nature, with several others not so coarse, but equally ludicrous and clever. His next piece, which contained a serious moral, was "Marriage à la Mode." It consisted of a series of six scenes. The daughter of a rich citizen is married to the son of a proud but poor peer. One desires a title, the other wealth, and they get them. The husband is an affected fool, and even on their wedding-day the bride seems more than half-disgusted with him, and is observed listening with an attention ill-suited the occasion to the words of a wily lawyer, Mr. Silvertongue. The result is such as might have been expected. My lord wastes his substance in riotous living, spends his money amongst gamblers, boxers, harlots, winebibbers, and blacklegs of every description. The lady listens to the lawyer still, and frequents houses where large sums are lost by means of "quiet rubbers." Scandal, at last, begins to make free with her name,—and her reputation is finally gone. She consents to a meeting at a masked ball, and after this we see no more of her till the last scene but one, in which the artist displays dramatic power of the highest order. In a bagnio, in her night dress, in an agony of remorse, over the body of her dying and injured husband, who has just received a mortal wound from the sword of her seducer, kneels the unfortunate woman, now, at last, fully awake to her shame and ruin and disgrace. In the closing scene, she again appears in the house of her father, the dying speech of her paramour, who has been hanged for the murder of her husband, lying at her feet. She puts an end to her misery by draining a phial of laudanum. Her infant, who twines its arms round her neck, is the only one left to love her, for her sordid father disturbs her last moments by tearing a costly ring from her finger.

These sketches met with a decided success, so much humour, mingled with so much pathos, so much deep and heart-rending tragedy from a hand trained, as it were, to comedy, the world had never seen on canvas before, and it craved its apprecia-

tion of the work by the purchase of a large number of the engravings.

He followed it up by another and corresponding series, representing a "Happy Marriage;" but this, for what reason is not known, he never carried to completion. In his next production, the moral purpose was more plainly manifested than in any of the others, though the artistic execution was not such as to attract any great amount of attention. In the present day, when education is more extended because its advantages are better known, and when boys are not so prone to run wild as in "the good old times," we question much whether they would attract any share whatever of public notice. But the great scapegoats of those days, the wild, hairbrained portion of the population of the metropolis, were the apprentices; and many of the losses and trials of the worthy tradesmen were due to their wildness and folly. When Hogarth, therefore—who had himself been an apprentice, and knew the temptations to which young men in the great world of London, far from their parents, were exposed—took up his pencil to paint the miseries of vice and idleness, and the rewards and happiness attendant on industry and good conduct, the merchants and shopkeepers hailed his efforts with delight, and hung up the engravings in their shops and parlours, to be at once a warning and an example. He executed twelve alternate scenes, of Industry and Idleness, in 1747, and published them. The following is his own account of their nature and object:—"Industry and Idleness exemplified in the conduct of two fellow-apprentices, where one, by taking good courses, and pursuing points for which he was apprenticed, becomes a valuable man and an ornament to his country; the other, by giving way to idleness, naturally falls into poverty, and ends fatally, as expressed in the last print." It is but right to add, however, that there was more to be commended in the moral of the prints than in their execution.

A visit which our artist paid to France, soon after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, was the means of rousing in him that holy hatred of Frenchmen which formed so large a part of the nationality of every Englishman of the old school, and which led to the belief, not yet extinct amongst the lower classes, that every Frenchman wore wooden shoes, used brass money, and lived upon frogs. Hogarth no sooner found himself in Calais, than he launched out into unmeasured abuse of everything he saw, and at last began to sketch one of the gates of the town. This caused him to be apprehended as a spy, carried on board a retreating packet, and there radely whirled round on the deck. Indignities less aggravating than these have led to bloody wars; but happily Hogarth was not one of the great ones of the earth, and was thus compelled to avenge himself merely by a caricature, entitled "The Roast Beef of Old England," in which English good cheer and the meagreness of French fare were contrasted, in the way that displayed neither much wit nor imagination.

Passing over a painting, "The Presentation of young Moses to the Daughter of Pharaoh," we come to his next moral and satirical performance, "The Four Stages of Cruelty," representing the career of a savage boy, who commences his career by gross cruelty to the lower animals, and ends it by an atrocious murder, for which he is hanged, and in due course dissected. They displayed great skill in grouping and the delineation of character, and their moral was on the surface; but the unpleasant nature of the subject, and the revolting minuteness with which all the details are given in the last scene, render the work by no means so pleasing as many others of his, which display, perhaps, less talent. We insert an engraving of one of these scenes. "The March of the Guards to Finchley," in which he ridiculed the royal guards when advancing against the Scotch rebels in 1745, was a performance displaying the highest wit and humour. The whole body are represented in Tottenham Court-road, in a state of lamentable confusion and disorder, drunken, and surrounded by a horde of wives, sutlers, and lovers, all shooting, drinking, and swearing, their baggage waggons upset, and all discipline at an end. Its appearance set the town in a roar; but poor George II., a heavy, fat, lumbering German, alike devoid of



humour and incapacity of comprehending or appreciating it, was sadly enraged by it. A copy was sent to him by Hogarth, who doubtless thought he would enjoy the joke; and, on hearing the title, the king was rather pleased than otherwise, supposing it was some tribute to the valour and discipline of the guards who had marched so cheerfully to overthrow the Pretender. Great was his indignation and astonishment when he saw it.

"Who is this Hogarth?" said he to a lord in waiting.

"The painter, my liege."

"Bainter!—I hate bainting and boetry too; neither of them ever did any good. Does the fellow mean to laugh at my guards?"

"The picture, an't please your majesty, must undoubtedly be regarded as a burlesque."

"What, a bainter burlesque a soldier!—he deserves to be picketed for his insolence. Take his trumpery out of my sight!"

So much for his Majesty's taste. Frederick of Prussia proved that he knew better what was due to genius when he received the picture as a present, and sent the artist a handsome acknowledgment.

To enumerate, even, all the other works of Hogarth would require a much larger space than we have at our disposal. We have already said enough to give the reader a general idea of their nature; we must, therefore, conclude this very imperfect sketch by a brief reference to the only book he ever wrote. He had, when he painted his own portrait, etched on the palette a waving line, underneath which was written—"Line of Beauty and Grace." Nobody knew what this meant, though every one wondered. The mystery was solved in 1753, by the appearance of a work from the artist's pen, entitled "*Analysis of Beauty*." "No Egyptian hieroglyphic," says he, "ever amused more than my line of beauty did for a time. Painters and sculptors came to me to know the meaning of it, being as much puzzled with it as other people, till I explained it by publishing my analysis. Then, indeed, and not till then, some found it out to be an old acquaintance of theirs, though the account they could give of its properties was very near as satisfactory as that which a day-labourer, who constantly uses a lever, could give of that machine as a mechanical power."

The explanation contained in the *Analysis*, however, did not by any means make matters pleasant. No book ever drew down such a storm of obloquy upon the author. Every available instrument of satire, ridicule, and abuse, was put in force against him—verse as well as prose. His opinions, his language, and even his person and his family, fell equally under the lash. The literati were indignant that a man who was self-educated, who could not spell, nor even always write grammatically, should take upon himself to write a book; and at last they declared that he could not write it, and that it was not his at all. None joined in this clamour with a louder voice than the immortal patriot, John Wilkes, who now showed as little regard to truth as he had always shown to decency. There can be no doubt that the work was entirely Hogarth's own, but he confessed, with becoming modesty, that he had submitted his language and arrangement to the revision of a friend, as was natural, when he himself was not practised in composition. With regard to the opinions advanced in the work, they are at least ingenious, but they had many opponents among men who owed Hogarth a grudge, and they would probably now have more than ever. He points to the leaves which clothe the trees, and the flowers which cover the ground, and all that buds and blooms as formed of waving lines. The line of grace is found in the varied outline of the hills, in the grandeur of mountains, in everything, however minute or magnificent. The beasts, the birds, the insects, and the fishes, and the shells, which strew the shore, are all cited as examples of the truth of the theory; and the topstone of the argument is found in the grounded lines of womanly beauty. He thus proclaims himself the discoverer of a great and universal principle, in the full spirit of which the great artists of Italy and Greece wrought, probably, more from instinct than from knowledge. In all their works is found the line of beauty such as he described it, and nowhere stiff, rigid, or angular forms. "Michael Angelo," he thought, "had some notion of the existence of this principle when he advised his scholar, Marcus de Sciens, to make a figure pyramidal, serpent-like, and multiplied by one, two, and three, in which precept the whole mystery of art consisteth; for the greatest grace and life that a picture can have, is that it expresseth motion, which painters call the spirit of a picture."

## LESLIE'S SANCHE PANZA.

There never was an author worthier of an artist's attention than Cervantes, in his inimitable "*Don Quixote*." It is one of those books which belong to no age and no clime, which can be read everywhere, for ever, and by everybody, with equal delight. In "*Don Quixote*" we have the broadest farce, without a particle of coarseness, mingled with the keenest satire and deep love for humanity, indulgence for its errors and follies, and belief in his innate goodness. These are qualities that find favour everywhere, and call forth as hearty admiration from the Englishman as the Spaniard. One of the most amusing characters in the work, Sancho— that happy personification of primitive instincts, of popular good sense, of matter-of-fact practicality—that charming contrast with the man of dreams, Don Quixote, his master—has been ably rendered by Mr. Leslie,\* in one of his most laughable situations—while "governor of the island of Barataria." The honours of royalty never sat so heavily on him as at table. We shall let Cervantes describe the scene.

The court doctor stands over the worthy governor, and prevents his tasting any of the delicacies which his attendants place before him. Hear the doctor's apology, when called to account:—

"My lord," said the wand-bearer, "your lordship's food

\* By the kindness of Mr. Maurice Holloway, the proprietor of the copyright, we are enabled to present our readers with this most admirable delineation of Mr. Leslie's portraiture of the immortal Sancho Panza.

must here be watched with the same care as is customary with the governors of other islands. I am a doctor of physic, sir, and my duty, for which I receive a salary, is to attend to the governor's health, whereof I am more careful than of my own. I study his constitution night and day, that I may know how to restore him when sick; and, therefore, I think it incumbent on me to pay special regard to his meals, at which I constantly preside, to see that he eats what is good and salutary, and prevent his touching whatever I imagine may be prejudicial to his health or offensive to his stomach. It is for that reason, my lord, I ordered the dish of fruit to be taken away, as being too watery, and that other dish as being too hot and over-seasoned with spices, which are apt to provoke thirst; and he that drinks much destroys and consumes the radical moisture, which is the fuel of life." "Well, then," quoth Sancho, "that plate of roasted partridges, which seem to be very well seasoned, I suppose will do me no manner of harm." "Hold," said the doctor, "my lord governor shall not eat them, while I live to prevent it." "Pray, why not?" quoth Sancho. "Because," answered the doctor, "our great master, Hippocrates, says in one of his aphorisms, 'Omnis sateratio mala, periculis antem pessima.' All repelion is bad, but that from partridges the worst." "If it be so," quoth Sancho, "pray cast your eye, señor doctor, over all these dishes here on the table, and see which will do me the most good or the least harm, and let me eat of it, without whinking it away with your conjuring stick; for, by my soul, and as

God shall give me life to enjoy this government, I am dying with hunger; and to deny me food—let senor doctor say what he will—is not the way to lengthen my life, but to cut it short.” “Your worship is in the right, my lord governor,” answered the physician; “and, therefore, I am of opinion, you should not eat of those stewed rabbits, as being a food that is tough and acute; of that veal, indeed, you might have taken a little, had it been

or lusty feeders at country weddings; but let them not be seen on the tables of Governors, where nothing contrary to health and delicacy should be tolerated. Simple medicines are always more estimable and safe, for in them there can be no mistake; whereas in such as are compounded all is hazard and uncertainty. Therefore, what I would at present advise my lord governor to eat, in order to corroborate and preserve his health, is about one



*GIFFORD BRUCE, del.*

DESPORTES. PINX.

CARBONNAU. SC.

DOGS AND GAME. FROM A PAINTING BY DESPORTES.

neither roasted nor stewed, but as it is, not a morsel.” “What think you, then,” said Sancho, “of that huge dish there smoking hot, which I take to be an olla podrida? for among the many things contained in it I surely may light upon something both wholesome and toothsome.” “Abeit,” quoth the doctor, “far be such a thought from us. Olla podrida! there is no worse dish in the world; leave them to the prebends and rectors of colleges,

hundred small rolled-up wafers, with some thin slices of marmalade, that may sit easy upon the stomach, and help digestion.” See the incredulous air which his countenance wears as he listens to the doctor’s sophistries, the gradual dawning on him of their flimsiness, mingled with a dash of unusual longing for the good cheer before him. This is a decided success, as Alexander Dumas would say.

## LANDSEER'S "TWA DOGS."

SINCE the time of Snyders no man has depicted animal life with such force, precision, and acuteness of observation, as Edwin Landseer. The difficulties in the way of becoming a landscape painter are, *ceteris paribus*, no greater than in that of becoming a great animal painter, for the simple reason that the field of observation is necessarily more limited, and much harder to be got at. Nature never conceals herself—is never absent from him who loves her and seeks her diligently. The landscape always remains open for study, the green of the fields, the hues of the flowers, the light and shade amongst the foliage, the glitter of the sunlight on the water, and the gorgeous tints of the occidental sky, are everywhere to be seen. To render them truly, to be sure, is difficult enough, but it is the artist's fault if he does not suc-

ceed, or the reach of any man who chooses to bestow on them the necessary time and labour. They are to painting much what style and fluency are in writing, the result of practice merely, aided, of course, in some degree, by natural adaptability. But Landseer has shown himself a man of the highest order of mind. His two great pictures of "Peace and War" display great intellectual power. A mere painter, if called upon to give us an idea of peace, would place before us a cottage, surrounded by flowers, with children playing in the garden, and reapers cutting down the corn close at hand;—his "War" would exhibit an array of hostile forces engaged in deadly encounter—

"The mustering squadron and the clattering car,"  
with all the blood and smoke and fury of a battle. We



THE TWA DOGS.\* FROM A PAINTING BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.

ceed, and not that of the materials with which he has to deal. Not so the painter of animals. He has to haunt their retreats, to be content with hasty and imperfect observation, to wait patiently, it may be, for months before he can satisfy himself as to a certain attitude, a certain expression, or a peculiar habit. Any one whom reflection has made aware of these difficulties must, in gazing on Landseer's works, feel lost in admiration at the marvellous perfection to which he has attained—the singularly minute knowledge of every trait of character, and every instinct of the lower animals, above all, of deer and dogs, which his pictures display—at the patience, the diligence, the industry, and perseverance which must have been expended in their acquisition. Nor is it his imitative powers merely that call forth our commendation. These are within

should have seen what he meant, but nothing more. There is nothing suggestive, nothing for the mind to dwell on, any more than a sentence in a copy-book which tells us that procrastination is the thief of time—or that modesty is a quality which highly adorns a woman. But Landseer does not rest satisfied with stating the fact. He makes it suggestive of other facts—expresses a great deal, and leaves twice as

\* The politeness of Mr. Gambart, the eminent print-seller of Berner's-street, enables us to lay before the public a representation of one of Sir Edwin Landseer's most popular subjects. This is, we believe, the only instance of the expensive steel engraving of Landseer's "Twa Dogs" being rendered on wood; and the extreme fidelity with which our artist has copied the peculiarities of the original cannot be too highly commended.

much to be inferred, sets us off in imagination through a wide field of causes and consequences. His works are but symbols, but how much do they symbolise! This is the highest triumph of genius—this is *truth* in painting. His "Pence" is a grass-covered cliff at Dover, with a few children playing on it, is surrounded by sheep, some lazily chewing the cud, and a lamb cropping the green herbage which grows within the mouth of a dismounted piece of cannon, while the sea lies below, calm as a lake, and dotted here and there by the white sails of pleasure-boats, and the coast of France looms dimly through the summer haze. How little there is here, but how much meaning lies behind it—our long wars with our "natural enemy," the bloody conflicts for naval supremacy of which that channel has been the scene, the bristling ordnance which in other days have crowned those heights, and the watch and ward which armed men kept in hatred, and wrath, and passion, where innocence and purity now bask happily and carelessly in the sunlight.

"War" is simply a ruined cottage, half concealed by the smoke of battle—the trampled flower-beds, wrecked windows,

and devastated garden, tell fearfully of the conflict which has just ended, and a single horseman lies dead beneath his steed.

The scenes of Highland sport which Landseer has depicted are known to all our readers. In the last exhibition of the Royal Academy, two large pictures, "Night" and "Morning," have excited general admiration. Any description of them would give but a poor idea of their merits and beauty. His delineations of canine character are the most interesting of all his works. He has represented dogs in every possible situation, likely and unlikely, and in every one with marvellous fidelity, force, and precision. Our engraving may be taken as an apt illustration of one of Æsop's best fables, the tame and wild dog engaged in conversation. The fierce independence with which the latter asserts his full liberty to go and do as he likes, but acknowledges the hardships and dangers to which his situation exposes him; and the calm dignity with which the latter points out the ease, comfort, and safety which he enjoys by a trifling sacrifice of his independence, are admirably contrasted.

## THE PROSCRIBED ROYALIST. BY MILLAIS.

We have already remarked upon the singular disposition displayed by the artists of the present day to dwell upon hackneyed historical themes. To paint history, whether with the pen or pencil, it is not necessary to describe events like a *court newsmonger*, or a penny-a-liner, telling us who was present, how it began, who took part in it, what they wore, how they looked, and how it ended. This, after all, is but a higher kind of imitation—a faithful rendering of costume, and of features as far as any thing is known of them, if the event be of remote occurrence, certainly joined with talents of a still higher order, which come into play in the grouping, expression, &c. But this alone does not impress one with the ideas of the time, does not give one a vivid picture of the state of society, of the prevailing notions and tendency of the popular mind, of the position of parties, and their prejudices and passions. These are things which historians should place in their foreground, but which, unfortunately, they do not—things which every student of history should know, but with which few students are thoroughly familiar. History, as at present written, barring the improvements it has received from Mr. Macaulay and Augustin Thierry, is a collection of dry facts, useful enough to the politician or statesman, but pictorially and æsthetically of hardly any value whatever. The first man in Great Britain who looked at history with the eye of an artist grasped all its leading features, and without generalising them, though without dwelling painfully upon minutiae, and yet with marvellous truth, blended them into a picture of surpassing beauty, was Sir Walter Scott. Who would ever have so clear and ineffaceable an idea of the condition of the English people after the conquest,—of the peculiar relations existing between the victor and the vanquished for the first two centuries after the landing of the Normans, if in his youthful days he had not held his breath while Ivanhoe jousted in the list at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, wept over the sorrows of Rebecca, and been merry with Friar Tuck in the merry greenwood? What idea would any Englishman have of the state of society in Scotland, particularly amongst the Highland clans, or of the rebellion of 1745—that marvellous enterprise, tinged with so much romance and frustrated by so much folly—if he had not followed the adventures of Waverley? In the whole of this there is hardly a single scene historically accurate; but still it is all historical painting of the highest order; and if the greater object of history be to diffuse amongst the people a vivid notion of the daily lives of their forefathers, of their trials, their struggles, their grievances, their virtues, and their misfortunes, she owes more to the graceful pen of the Wizard of the North than to the ponderous labours of Hume.

Now we want some one to do for history with the pencil what Scott has done for it with the pen, to give the idea of truth, and not ideas of imitation. There is no lack of interesting subjects in the course of our national history, if the artist have but the requisite amount of knowledge and taste to turn them to account. A still wider field is open for the exercise of his art, if he chooses to extend his views to the history of other nations. In the "Proscribed Royalist," Mr. Millais has made a step in the right direction, and a very long step. In this scene there is as much meaning as Smollet would have taken ten pages to express, the triumphs of the Roundheads, the utter discomfiture of the Royalists, the ranging of godly soldiers up and down the land, smiting the men of Belial, hip and thigh, wherever they met with them; troopers in the churches, troopers in the old mansion-houses of the squires, Cromwell in the Royal palaces, the fierce denunciation and longwinded expoundings of the *sergeant*, in places that had for centuries echoed to the mildly spiritual, but withal rapid discourses of the person; the cavaliers, beggars in foreign lands, of foreign bounty—their pride humbled, their boasting brought to nought—their *prosses* held in no more esteem than the blows of a child's flail on sturdy sheaves, heirs of proud families lurking in woods and fastnesses, with no hope and no refuge, save in the instinctive kindness of human nature—the love, the pity, the fidelity of those who knew them in better days. Do you mark the look of broken pride, of disappointed hope, of crushed ambition, the utter despair and prostration which dwells in the poor fugitive's face, as shipwrecked, worn-out, shorn of his fiery recklessness and ardour, he lurks in fear and trembling in this hollow trunk, in a park, it may be, where he once was the gayest of the gay, the glass of fashion and the mould of form, with his slashed doublet, his neat hose, his clanking spurs, his long hair, and waving feather, and jaunty swaggering air? This girl was a belle, no doubt, in peaceful times, a gay coquette, who broke hearts by the score and ran men through with a single glance; fickle, coy, and hard to please. The storm of war has rolled across the land, rousing a thousand bad passions, but it has swept with it all her frivolity and vanity, and left her in the native dignity and simplicity of pure womanhood, a ministering angel, visiting the captive in his affliction, and cheering his heart with her gentle sympathy. This is what a picture ought to be, telling many things and suggesting a thousand more; plucking from history its flowers of romance, setting them in a vase before us to perfume our rooms and delight our senses.

All that we have said here applies in an equal degree to a picture entitled the "Order of Release," a touching scene in 1745, exhibited in the Academy this year.

## WILSON'S "MORNING."

WILSON, like most artists of his day, commenced his career by portrait painting; but, unlike most of them, early abandoned it for landscape, and pursued the new branch with a success attained by none of his contemporaries, except Gainsborough. A sketch scratched on the window-pane, while waiting one morning for Zaccarelli, the artist, to beguile the time, revealed his talent and fixed his vocation. He was a native of Wales, and had his memory filled with images of the glens, waterfalls, and wild mountains among which his youth had been passed. He thus possessed, if Mr. Ruskin's theory be true, one essential qualification of a great landscape painter—a store of childish impressions, and a mind imbued from infancy with the love of nature.

He had, however, terrible difficulties to contend against. The taste for landscape painting, like too many other good tastes in England, had still to be created. Previously, portraits were all the rage. Education of any kind, or even ordinary refinement, was not much diffused amongst the middling and lower classes, and those whose wealth and position made them patrons of art, desired paintings of faces rather than scenes, partly because the former flattered their vanity, and partly because they were too artificial for nature to come in for much share of their admiration. Wilson had not, therefore, merely to minister to tastes already formed, as is the case with most artists, but to create one. The task was indeed difficult, and no man was ever worse adapted for it than he. Rosewater was then a commodity fully as highly prized as at present. If the *deus mœdo* would be taught by any one, it should be by a man of courtly manners, in whom no trace of the *roturier* should offend the eye. Poor Wilson was anything but this,—coarse, slovenly, a haunter of taverns, a lover of boisterous mirth, and brusque in his manners, landscape painting did not grow fashionable in his hands. A residence of six years abroad enabled him to study the works of the great masters, and imbue his mind with the peculiar characteristics of their style. On his return to England he was fully prepared and fully competent to do justice to the beauties of English scenery. He had a poet's feeling and a poet's eye, selected his scenes with skill and judgment, and infused into them that tender idealism which is technically called "the sentiment of the scene." His conceptions were noble—his execution vigorous and forcible. There was never anything tame and insipid in any of his works. He entered fully into the spirit of nature, grew great with her grandeur, sublime with her sublimity, pathetic with her tender beauty. "Wilson," says Fuseli, in his Discourses, "observed nature in all her appearances, and had a characteristic touch for all her forms. But though in effects of dewy freshness, and silent evening lights, few have equalled, and fewer excelled him, his grandeur is often allied to terror, bustle, and convulsion, than to calmness and tranquillity. He is now numbered with the chieftains of the art, though little more than the fifth part of a century has elapsed since death relieved him from the apathy of cognoscenti, the envy of rivals, and the neglect of a tasteless public; for Wilson, whose works will soon command prices as proud as those of Claude, Poussin, or Elsheimer, resembled the last most in his fate, and lived and died nearer to indigence than one."

His scenes are mostly fanciful, a few only being representations of existing reality, and they are scattered, as they should be, through private galleries and public rooms. They were so little admired during his lifetime, that they were not bought up by the connoisseurs; so that a greater number of them are thus open to public inspection than if this had been the case. The mention of the names of some of those upon which his fame principally rests may be useful—"The Death of Niobe," "Phaeton," "Morning," "View of Rome," "Villa of Maecenas at Tivoli," "Caledon and Amelia," "View on the River Po," "Apollo and the Seasons," "Meleager and Atalanta," "Cicero at his Villa," "Lake Narni," "View on

the Coast of Baiae," "The Tiber near Rome," "Temple of Bacchus," "Adrian's Villa," and "Morning," of which we give an engraving, &c.

Wilson was only saved from dying in complete destitution by an unexpected legacy, which he did not long survive to enjoy—a standing reproach to the taste and humanity of the age.

## ART AS IT IS.

ONE of the many advantages of peace undoubtedly is, that it recalls men to the study of all that is elevated and refined in art, and the result is, humanity becomes elevated and refined, not merely is

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

Not merely is the eye delighted and the taste gratified, but the heart of man is softened, his creed becomes more catholic, his life more pure, and thus the cause of human progress is advanced. It is, therefore, not for idle purposes we propose to glance at the artistic world as it at present appears. It concerns the happiness of the human race; its prosperity is connected with our own. If it declines, it speaks ill for us—if it flourishes, the reverse is denoted. We shall find it active and full of life.

In the way of painting we may state that Mr. E. M. Ward has received authority from her Majesty's Fine Art Commissioners, to commence at once on a second illustration of English history for the New Houses of Parliament, "as a companion to the "Execution of Montrose," which delighted so many at the Royal Academy exhibition this year. The story which Mr. Ward is to tell, is the "Sleep of Argyll," and has been painted before. It rests on the authority of Woodrow, and has been copied and commented on by Fox, in his noble fragment of English history. The subject of Mr. Ward's piece is the Argyll who was executed in the reign of James II. It is said that a few hours before his execution, he was found sleeping as a child, by one of the lords of the council, his bitter, and unscrupulous enemy. The sight made a strong impression upon him, and the incident is one well fitted for the canvas. It will make a noble picture for the stately palace it is to adorn. From new pictures the transition to the restoration of old ones is very natural. We take it most of our readers are acquainted with the "Boar Hunt" by Velasquez. A few years ago, Mr. Lance, the eminent fruit painter, was instructed by Mr. Keyser, of the National Gallery, to restore this picture. Mr. Lance, before a committee of the House of Commons, thus described the injuries in the picture of the "Boar Hunt," which he was commissioned to repair. "One portion of the picture on the right hand, as large as a sheet of foolscap, was entirely bare; in fact, more than half the picture had to be restored." Mr. Lance confessed that he had not seen the picture before it was damaged, and that he had no plate to aid him in his restoration. It is clear that this attempt was most injudicious and absurd. Yet Mr. Lance is scarcely to be blamed: he was instructed by the keeper of the National Gallery. If he had not done it, some one else would. The artist's pot must boil as well as that of other men.

Mr. Windus, of Tottenham, has lately been fortunate enough to realise no less than 3,350 guineas for five moderate-sized pictures by Turner, which are pronounced by critics to be far from the most successful productions of that artist. Very different was the sale of the Standish, Spanish, and other pictures, where monks, and nuns, and martyrs, were sold "as cheap as stinking mackerel." The gem of the collection was the portrait of the infant "Don Balthezar," which was knocked down amid the applause of the room for 1600 guineas. The portrait was painted about the year 1633, not long after the return of Velasquez from Italy, and in his best manner—the delicate flesh and curly auburn hair are



truly infantine; the picture is in excellent condition. By some it was said to be purchased for the National Gallery; by others, for Baron Rothschild; by others, and we believe correctly, for Lord Normanton. Large as the sum is, the picture is worth it; for, after all, the real value of a painting is what it will bring at Messrs. Christie's, and the fortunate possessor

of submitting to those who could see and feel, but not read, a faithful matter-of-fact impersonation of the Spanish faith—the monk and the saint—the legend and the gospel, which the church deemed fit for the nation's belief." One other thing has also been taught us—the grave and masculine character of Spanish art. It sought not to please or flatter—to



MORNING. FROM A PAINTING BY RICHARD WILSON.

will have added to his gallery a specimen such as can only be rivalled by the Queen of Spain. The sale just concluded has been an epoch in the history of art with us. A new school has been introduced to us—a school neither political, nor ideal, nor imaginative, nor seductive, but a school having few rivals "for intense devotional expression, for its power

fall in with the idle fashion of the hour—to pander to the effeminate and voluptuous. It was destined not for the drawing-room, but the altar—not for man's pleasure, but for God's glory—to build up men for the life that is to come—not to make pleasant to them, or deck with flowers the life that now is—that soon shall have past away.



PAUL BRIL.

It has been for a long time believed, that those immortal artists, whose names preside over an epoch in history, were brought forth, all at once, from the womb of humanity, without ancestors, without filiation, if we may so speak—like Venus issuing from the agitated waves. Never was belief more widely diffused of old, and yet never was belief more

able painters, who needed but to have been born two centuries later to have earned also the surname of divine.

In landscape, as in historical painting, we find the same sequence, the same phenomena; to prepare for the coming of a Claude, or a Poussin, many generations of artists had to toil, if we may so speak, at the foot of the pedestal on which they were to mount; a crowd of painters from Germany and Holland had to learn how to combine the simple love of nature, innate in the people of the north, with the ideal sentiment of the beautiful bestowed on the Italians. From the mystic marriage of northern and southern Europe, the great Poussin was born.

Amongst those artists who thus paved the way for the great landscape painters of the seventeenth century, there is one whose name and works have been handed down to posterity—Paul Bril. The Venetian and Flemish schools dispute, it is true, the honour of having originated landscape painting. Although history seems to certify that Giorgione and Titian were the first who thought of treating the landscape as the principal part of a picture, and thus to justify the pretensions of the Venetians, it is, nevertheless, allowable to believe that Flanders was the cradle of the most ancient landscape painters. Such, in fact, is the opinion of the Italian Baldinucci himself. We must also add, that the grave and sentimental character of the northern leads them to the contemplation of the external world. At the time when Europe emerged from the long barbarism of the middle ages, they were the first to awaken to a sense of the beautiful in nature. Besides all this, light, which plays so prominent a part in all landscapes, nowhere exhibits effects so striking as in the stormy countries of the north. There the sun tears open the clouds in the twinkling of an eye, and inundates one half of the landscape with his rays, while the other half remains plunged in silent shade; there the clouds assume tints so varied that the painter may study in them the most curious gradations of tone.

One thing is certain—the first painter, to cultivate land-



false. Humanity, productive and powerful as she is, cannot improvise a great man. A long gestation, a series of progressive transformations, are necessary to produce one of those brilliant geniuses whose glory effaces the remembrance of the slow and successive efforts which had been made before their time. Between Giotto and Raphael there appeared a long line of



scape painting exclusively, who afterwards attained to any celebrity, was Paul Bril the Fleming. It ought to be remarked, that this painter lived constantly in Italy; and we shall see, by the history of his life, that his genius was developed under the two-fold influence of the instincts which he brought with him from his native country, and of the great models which he found in the country of his adoption. He was born at Antwerp, in 1556.\* He studied when very young under Daniel Woutelms, painter, unknown to fame. If we are to believe Karl Van Mander, he shewed at first but little docility in learning his art, and at the age of fourteen had given no sign of the possession of genius. As he was obliged to support himself by his labour, he painted in water colours harpsichords and those three-stringed lutes that were called *panderas*. Painting was then chiefly employed for purposes of ornamentation. All the furniture in Italy, towards the end of the fifteenth century and the beginning of the sixteenth, were adorned with paintings. Decco, a Florentine, and Starnina in Spain, excelled in this branch of art.† Gaddi Oringua and Giotto himself painted *casami*—little boxes for containing wedding presents. Although Paul Bril performed this sort of work with great facility, he had great difficulty in making out a livelihood. Necessity, and the desire of seeing new countries, and natural restlessness of disposition, made him leave Antwerp early; he set out for Breja. His parents, who were already suffering from the absence of their eldest son, Mathew, soon recalled him to his native town. The reports which reached him, however, of the success which had attended his brother Mathew in Italy, revived his desire to follow him, and he took flight one fine morning, when scarcely twenty years of age, to realise his dream of Italy. He stopped, however, some months at Lyons before crossing the Alps. D'Argenville informs us that Paul Bril studied there under an unknown master, but that the instructions he received were not by any means useless. His colouring was improved, and he acquired a firmer and more vigorous style.

On his arrival at Rome, he found his brother, who had been resident there for many years, engaged in executing the great works at the Vatican, which had been committed to him by Gregory XIII. During the life of the latter, Paul laboured with his brother, and assisted him in finishing the paintings and decoration upon which he was engaged in the great gallery and apartments of the pontifical palace. He then showed so much ability, that, on the death of Mathew, which took place in 1584, Pope Sixtus V., the successor of Gregory XIII., confided to him the task of completing what his brother had begun.‡ From this moment, Paul Bril's reputation was established, and ever after continued to increase during the whole course of a long and laborious life. Popes Sixtus V., Clement VIII., Paul V., &c., employed him in a great number of important works. There is still at Rome a large composition which he painted in 1602, in the splendid dining-hall constructed by Clement VIII., in which St. Clement, the patron of this pope, may be seen bound to an anchor and cast into the sea. The picture contains an area of not less than sixty-eight Roman palms, or about fifty-nine feet. The ceilings of the two staircases, beside the Scala Santa, near St. John of Lateran, were also adorned by two large frescoes, the work of his pencil. The one represents Jonas being swallowed by the whale, and in the other the prophet appears lying on

the shore after issuing from the fish's belly. The mere enumeration of all the landscapes which he painted for the pontifical palace, and the various convents and churches at Rome, would of itself form a catalogue of some length. Baldinucci informs us, that immediately after Mathew's death, Paul Bril was employed by the greatest artists of the day to paint the scenery in the background of their pictures, because none knew how so well as he to set off a historical fact by the addition of a beautiful landscape.

Paul Bril far surpassed his brother Mathew. The latter retained to the last the hard and stiff Flemish manner of the sixteenth century; Paul, on the other hand, was distinguished by the harmony of his colouring, the lightness of his touch, and the great simplicity and grandeur of all his compositions. These qualities, however, did not show themselves until the second period of his artistic career. In fact, there appears so wide a difference between his earlier works and those executed in his manhood and old age, that it has been generally supposed that he altered his style after having seen the works of Titian and Annibal Carracci. That he was improved by the study of these great masters is quite possible; but if a profound sentiment of reality, and the genius with which heaven had gifted him, had not taught him faithfully to represent nature, the example of other painters would never have given him originality. Before he saw Titian and Carracci, he had seen the country, he had seen the Alps—these were his masters. "The Alps," says Hagedorn, "taught Paul Bril and his brother Mathew how to treat landscape. They awakened in the mind of the ultramontane artists the taste for choosing beautiful countries, and of looking at the rich points of view, as the chief objects of the painting." In the series of sixty engravings of the works of his master, Paul Bril, which Nieuwland has left us, it is easy to perceive the justice of this observation. The grandeur of the lines, the depth of the horizon, the vivid appearance of the atmosphere, and the various accidents of the ground, all remind us of a mountainous region.

There are few subjects in landscape which Paul Bril has not touched. In his works we meet at one time with rural scenes, clear rivers whose water turns the wheel of a mill overshadowed by huge trees, shepherds driving their flocks down hollow and picturesque declivities; at another, cascades and torrents flowing between high mountains covered with fir, and sweeping away trees and rocks in their impetuous course (in this way he traces the route to Everdingen and Ruysdael); at another, a sandy beach, on which the sea is breaking gently, as in a picture of Van de Velde; and sometimes rays of the sun gleaming across clouds—a phenomenon which the great Ruysdael knew how to render with so much feeling. Bril's animals are in general coarse and rude looking, and display few traces of painstaking or elaboration. It is evident that he had not studied their anatomy, and had not acquired the art of rendering correctly either the wool and hair which forms their covering, or the grace and simplicity of their attitudes. The living beings of his landscape, his figures, were those trees—of which he knew so well how to contrast the profiles, to round off the tufted heads, to vary the forms, the masses, and the outline, indicating by this variety the diversity of the species. His favourite tree was the oak with knotted trunk, the foliage strongly emphasized, and the colour dark green. He never fails to surround it with ivy: this graceful parasite creeps from the base of the trunk, which it covers with verdure, till it entwines itself amongst the highest branches, and then falls back amongst the leaves in loose and flexible lines. By this alone a picture of Paul, Bril's may always be recognised. He never paints an oak which does not bear the sacred mistletoe in its knotty arms. His water is beautiful and transparent; his rocks firm, well broken, wild, and abrupt.

This painter, who had, in a great degree, to create the art of landscape painting, and who was the first, according to Hagedorn, to think of lowering the horizon, to which his predecessors had given too great elevation, and who thus gave truth to the landscape by presenting us with the spectacle of nature such as she appears to us from the ground on which

\* Baldinucci gives 1584 as the date of his birth; but this is an error, as he himself shows, by informing us that Paul Bril followed up the labours of his brother, who died in this very year. Van Mander and Sandrart both fix the birth of Paul Bril in the year 1556.

† "Lanzi's Lives of the Painters," Vol. I., p. 50.

‡ If it be true that Paul Bril owed his selection to succeed his brother to Sixtus V., a year must be added to the date of Mathew's death, for Sixtus V. did not ascend the pontifical throne till 1585. If, on the contrary, Mathew died in 1581, it is Gregory III. who must have accorded to Paul the favours which had been bestowed upon his brother.

we stand, and not as we see her from the top of a high mountain, or the car of a balloon,—this painter of genius was able, when his talents had reached their height, to execute works which will bear comparison with those of the greatest masters of the seventeenth century. "Pan and Syrinx," "Duck Shooting," "Diana followed by her Nymphs," "Diana discovering the weakness of Calisto," are some of his *chef-d'œuvre*. If you want to have the idea of profound solitude—of virgin nature, where the vegetation is as luxuriant as in the forests of America—where the penetrating odour of the verdure intoxicates you—stand for a moment before the picture which represents "Duck Shooting." No one has better understood or better translated the exact force and beauty of the Latin word *frondous*. To the right, two enormous oaks, covered with ivy, as Paul Bril loved to depict them, serve as a set-off to the background of the picture, in which we perceive a river overshadowed by trees which the light caresses, the farthest off being put in their place by the interposition of a light vapour. How skilfully they are grouped! Their position betrays all the undulations of the soil on which they flourish; their summits are reflected in the water. Grass, reeds, plants of every kind, grow on these charming banks; the lazy cattle plunge into the midst of them, and there, up to their shoulders, remain immovable. What pure air, what freshness, what silence, under that arch formed by the young trees to the right! And, nevertheless, two hunters have made their way into this quiet retreat; already one of them is taking aim at the ducks that are sporting themselves upon the banks of the river. An unexpected report will soon awaken the sleeping echoes, and destruction mark the presence of man. These figures are said to be the work of Annibal Carracci.

The most admirable feature in this painting, as in most of Paul Bril's landscapes, is his distances. The lightness of his touch in the backgrounds is marvellous; that transparent and bluish gauze, that the atmosphere seems to spread over distant objects, particularly in mountainous regions, is found in all his paintings. It floats on the top of the trees, on the summit of the hills, on the azure of the sky, and covers every object with a poetic indistinctness, and all the while the objects in the foreground are rendered with a readiness, liveliness, and freedom often verging on erudition. Paul Bril devotes his whole genius to the representation of this wonderful effect of nature. In the foreground of his compositions, he usually places to the right or left large trees plunged in shade, which make his horizons retreat out of sight bathed in vaporous light. Paul Bril had dimly foreseen those admirable perspectives which Claude Lorrain has flooded with golden sunlight. The former had less brilliancy and less life. It is Alpine nature; it is landscape seen between high mountains, whose shadows maintain perpetual freshness. On the contrary, it was under the burning sun of Italy that Claude received the splendid revelation of his genius. Nevertheless, we are far from asserting that Paul Bril was equal to Lorrain; but still the elder master has sometimes attained to such perfection, that mistakes have been made, and the works of the Fleming attributed to the Frenchman. M. Waagen found at Blenheim House a small landscape attributed to Claude, which he took for a Paul Bril. He was not far mistaken after all, for Claude was the pupil of Augustin Tassi, who was the disciple of Bril.

In those works in which Bril has risen to the full height of his genius, there is a remarkable mixture of Italian style and Flemish simplicity. In "Diana and Calisto," "Pan and Syrinx," appear already the splendid arrangement, the broad and harmonious lines, and the choice of trees and sites, peculiar to the historic landscape. In other compositions Paul Bril has given us triumphal arches, temples, edifices, marked by reminiscences of Roman and Athenian architecture. The ideal of beauty, which antiquity had handed down to the Italy of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and which inspired the painting and sculpture of that period, then commenced to exercise some influence upon landscapes also. As soon as the Greek temple or the Roman aqueduct makes its appearance in the scene, it seems as if nature should assimilate herself to

the calm regularity of these rows of elegant columns, to the stern boldness displayed by these arches. Paul Bril was the first to seek in nature this antique ideal, and it was his finger which pointed out to Poussin the road to immortality. But if Paul Bril had some presentiment of the heroic landscape, he did not altogether lose the simple and true sentiment of nature, by which the Flemish painters have been generally distinguished—the more modern idea of reality, by which man does not seek to arrange nature according to his views or philosophy, but is content with the humble contemplation of her beauties, surrenders himself wholly to her influence, and asks in exchange the secret of her mysterious poetry. Although Bril's remembrance of his native land grew fainter the longer his stay in Italy and the older he became, there is, nevertheless, not one of his works in which some traces of it are not to be found. He always manages, even in those paintings which bear most marks of attention to style, to introduce some quiet nook, some arch of verdure, some spring bubbling up through broken rocks, in which nature is revealed in her chaste and graceful nudity. It may safely be affirmed, not only that Claude and Poussin descend from Paul Bril, but that the naturalist school—if we may use the phrase—of the Low Countries ought to recognise him, if not as a master, at least as a precursor.

Such was the reputation which Paul Bril enjoyed at Rome, that the cardinals and Roman nobles disputed with the popes for the time which he spent in *aditus raticianis*. It would be impossible to enumerate all the frescoes, all the paintings on canvas and copper, which he executed for the different churches, chapels, and monuments of Rome, or sold to private individuals. No one thought of decorating his palace or gallery with a landscape from the pencil of this master, who was not prepared to spend more than one hundred ducats in acquiring it. This was the price of his smallest works, and it was not every one who could obtain them even at this price. His contemporaries with justice placed the greatest value upon those of his landscapes which represented scenes in the country round Rome, in which the nobility extolled the exact fidelity with which the artist rendered the monuments, the trees, and the fading outline of the hills; but they admired above all his truth in detail, and the breadth in the masses of his foliage. In the latter, in particular, he surpassed all his predecessors and we might almost add that he has never been equalled since. His predecessors have been able to give more grace and naturalness—if we may use the word—to their trees; but none knew so well as he how to indicate, by the drawing of the leaves and the touch of the trunks, the difference of species; by the undulations of the top, or the inclination of the stem, the nature of the ground concealed beneath. Woods, when seen from on high, from the summit of a mountain which overlooks them, have the appearance of a sea of verdure, which the breeze skims over or raises like the waves of the ocean. Paul Bril noticed and painted this phenomenon with surprising ability.

He died at Rome, on the 7th of October, 1626, in his seventy-second year, and was buried in the Church of the Anima. His last works show great finish, and perhaps the example of Adam Elsheimer, who was at Rome about this period, had some influence upon the last efforts of his genius. Among the *chef-d'œuvre* of this period of his career is a small landscape on marble, possessing the utmost mellowness of touch. It seems that his hand, instead of growing heavy as he grew older, became lighter and firmer; so that he was able to etch (a process just then coming into use), a few years before his death, several landscapes, in which he gave full scope to his imagination.

Bril's reputation caused disciples to resort to him from all parts of Europe. He had many pupils, among whom were William Nieuwland and Augustin Tassi, of whom we have already spoken, Spierings, Balthasar Louvers, and Cornelius Vroom. Augustin Tassi and Nieuwland bore, one to Italy and France, and the other to Holland, the tradition of Bril's genius. We have already mentioned that Claude Lorrain was the pupil of Tassi.

Paul Bril, then, was the head of that generation of great landscape painters who immortalized the art of the seventeenth century. This is no doubtful title to glory; but he has others, and nothing proves it better than to see his name shining at the side of the illustrious names of so many immortal disciples. How was it that the light of his genius was not eclipsed by such a blaze of splendour as is reflected from

8. Another view of the same district, ornamented in the same way.

Sandrart makes mention, also, of a large engraving composed of ruins and figures.

Many able artists have engraved Paul Bril's works, amongst others, the Sadclers, C. Gulle, Hollar, D. Custos, A. J. Prenner, Vorstermann, Hondius, Madeleine de Pass, and Nieu-



*Dubigny D.*

*D. DUJARDIN SC.*

DIANA AND THE NYMPHS.—FROM A PAINTING BY PAUL BRIL.

theirs? Because his was truly original—because with extraordinary good fortune he united the strong and simple powers of observation of the Flemings with the elegance and nobility of the Italians—because his works possess at the same time ingenuity and grandeur, that is not found, in the same degree, at least, in those who have followed and surpassed him. Bril has etched several of his own drawings with great skill.

1. "A Landscape," adorned with ruins and buildings, in which is represented the parable of the Good Samaritan.

2. "The Angel ordering young Tobias to take the fish from the water."

3. "A Marine view." Shepherds in the foreground; in the middle a town in the distance, and beyond it the sea with ships.

4. Another "Marine view;" in the foreground a large vessel lying in the roadstead at anchor, and in the background a rock, crowned by a fortress.

These four are found in the series engraved by William Niewland.

5 and 6. Two "Landscapes;" marked—PAULUS BRIL INV. ET FEC. VICENZO CENOI FORMIS ROMÆ.

7. "View from the Coast of the Campagna," with buildings and rocks. P. BRIL, FEC. 1590.

land, who has engraved a series of sixty. Nearly all the public galleries of Europe contain some of his works. In the Louvre there are seven—"Duck Shooting," with figures by Annibal Carracci, of which we give an engraving; "Diana and her Nymphs," which we also reproduce, and four other landscapes. These paintings have been valued, the first at £80; the second at £120; and the others at £60, £40, £32 respectively. Munich possesses two; Dresden the same number; Amsterdam, one only; Berlin, three or four; the Museo del Rey, at Madrid, four also.

In Blenheim House, there is a very fine one, which long passed for a Claude. The "Tower of Babel" is at Corsam House, in the possession of the Methuen family. There is, also, a very fine landscape at Castle Howard, the seat of the Earl of Carlisle.

At Rome, in one of the halls of the Pope's palace, there is a large landscape in fresco, more than sixty feet long, representing St. Clement fastened to an anchor and cast into the sea; in another, six landscapes, representing the finest convents in the papal states. Bril also painted on the ceilings of the two staircases, beside the *Scala Santa*, near St. John of Lateran, the story of Jonas; the "Landscape representing the Creation of the World," is at Monte Cavallo; at St. Vitae there are ten landscapes, and at St. Cecilia one on the ceiling.

There are a great number of Brill's paintings at the palace of Fontainebleau. The artists who have painted the figures in most of his works are, A. Carrachi, Josephin, Rottenhamer, &c. He has left behind him some drawings very ably executed with the pen and a wash of bistre or Indian ink, upon which he passed hatchings in every direction.

Brill's works have rarely made their appearance at public

sales, but whenever they have done so, they have fetched tolerably good prices. We have found neither marks nor signature upon any of them. His etchings are marked thus—

*Paulus Brill Inuent.  
& Fecit: 1590.*



DUCK SHOOTING.—FROM A PAINTING BY PAUL BRILL.

### ALBERT DURER.

"Here, when art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,  
Lived and laboured Albrecht Durer, the evangelist of art;  
Here, in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,  
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.  
*Emigrant* is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies;  
Dead he is not, but departed,—for the artist never dies.  
Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,  
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed  
its air!"

Thus sings the poet of a great nation, which, when Albert Durer was living and labouring, was not in existence. In what he says he but echoes the sentiments of all Europe. There is none who does not reverence Germany for having produced such a man—none who does not love art more because he was one of her disciples. The mere mention of his name awakens in our minds the strangest ideas, and opens to our view the perspective of a new world. It is, as it were, a calling up of all the dreams of Germany. Mysterious shapes appear to us at first indistinctly, looming through a mist. Here, an unknown cavalier makes his way among rocks and leafless trees, followed by a demon with outstretched claws, and accompanied by the figure of Death mounted on his white horse. He advances with a firm step, regardless of the

monsters which surround him, and the reptiles which crawl at his feet. There, a knight, who, like Perseus, has wings attached to his heels, and a helmet in the shape of a gigantic butterfly, has checked his horse near a ruined arch, and knocks at the portal of a deserted mansion, as though he expects the spirits of the dead to rise and come forth. Yonder, an immense bat, spreading its hideous wings in the clouds, hovers over a woman seated on the sea-shore, in an attitude of dejection, her name is Melancholy. In these obscure regions fabulous heroes and nameless beings are strangely intermingled with the characters of sacred history and the executioners of Jesus Christ. It might be said, that whole legions pass before us. But we are surprised to find those symbolical figures, which inspire us with a secret terror—we know not

wherefore—ranged side by side with known and familiar objects; peasants dancing on the green, and carrying baskets of fruit; the smiling faces of young girls, shaded by the simple lace cap, such as are seen at the village church or by the quiet fireside. Domestic scenes and common-place things are singularly intermingled with the spectres of the Black Forest, or the strange phantoms of German superstition—the most familiar of which is the shaggy and horned demon. This elegant gallant, who is walking in the country with his richly-dressed and smiling lady, is evidently in happy ignorance, that close to him, concealed by the trunk of a tree, is grim Death, in the shape of a living skeleton. Oh! strange and mysterious world, in which the most ideal poetry is confounded with the simplest realities! Such a world is presented to us in the works of Albert Durer. But if studied more minutely and patiently, another medley, not less surprising than the former, engages our attention. Those visions, at first so indistinct, have assumed bodily shapes, whose outlines are clearly defined; those phantoms have taken precise forms, and their draperies fall in stiff metallic-looking folds. We might even count the hairs of their heads, those of the manes of their coursers, the rivets in their cuirasses, the blades of grass which they tread under foot, the smallest stones in the house which they inhabit, and the most minute of the leaves of the trees which shelter it. And when we turn to the man whose labours have produced these images, so lifelike and yet so imaginary, we acknowledge this strange visionary to be the most skilful goldsmith, the most indefatigable engraver, the most inimitable painter; that he loved to carve on the brass the chimeras of the Apocalypse, and to chisel his own dreams on steel. We find that this lover of the marvellous and fantastic pursued the study of the positive sciences; that this imaginative poet was a consummate mathematician; that this visionary was also a skilful geometrician.

Albert Durer is rightfully acknowledged as the father of the German school. He was the living personification of the genius and talent of Germany. Historical events, consequent upon the grand struggle for the reformation of the Church, the peasant war, and the thirty years' war, retarded the progress of art in Germany from the time of its foundation by the great Nuremberg painter. It remained *status quo* for nearly two centuries, so that the works of Albert Durer continued to be the highest expression of German art, and, so to speak, her best struck medal.

One of Durer's earliest works, which bears the same date as his first celebrated picture, 1498, is a series of wood-engravings representing "The Apocalypse." It was certainly a strange beginning. To measure his strength in the outset against a subject at once so whimsical, terrible and sublime, of which it even seems impossible to form a conception; to mount, for his *coup d'essai* "Death's Pale Horse," and to plunge into the boundless regions of the imaginary world,—none but a German would have dared such an enterprise. The spectres which had terrified the recluse of Patmos were represented by Durer in a set of fifteen engravings. A wild and mystic poetry pervades them, the artist at once transports us into the realms of another world. He there shows us ominous horsemen, one bearing a bow, another a naked sword, the third a pair of scales, and the fourth the scythe of Death, the destroyer of whole nations. With what fury do they rush onwards! See how their panting and ungovernable chargers bound through the regions of space! These are no earthly steeds: steeds, such as these, require the gigantic riders, who have seized their manes and press their flanks. In what dream did this chain of phantoms appear to Durer? Into what sleep did he fall to see pass before him visions created by the brain of an old man of a hundred, those terrible symbols of which the signification is to us unknown!

One of the most remarkable amongst these engravings is the eighth. There are seen the angels of the Euphrates let loose by the anger of heaven, and massacring the third of the human race. Their gleaming swords fall with indescribable fury on all sides indiscriminately. In the heavens are seen the aerial riders mounted on beasts possessing the bodies of

horses, and the heads of lions; this is the flying host destined for the annihilation of the rest of the human race. Already the emperor, the bishop, the nun, and the monk, have fallen victims to their fury; here the Protestant artist has betrayed his thoughts in attempting to explain the inexplicable vision of the Evangelist, for, in the ruin of these hooded and mitred personages, we recognise that the graver has been guided by a friend of Melancthon and a disciple of Luther.

There is something most singular and original in Albert Durer's paintings and engravings, they are impregnated by the most misty spiritualism, and at the same time characterised by a patient and minute execution brought to the very highest finish. One would say that the artist observed this accuracy in order to prevent his poetic ideas from becoming indistinct. The more fanciful and obscure the subject, the greater pains did he take to render the figures plain and decisive; if we cannot fathom the profundity of his meaning, we can at least catch the reality of the figures which express it. Take, for example, his celebrated engraving known under the name of the "Great Horse," you will be astonished at first by the extreme delicacy of the work, you will admire the distinctness of the outline, the exactness with which the accessories are rendered, and the incredible patience of the engraver; but if you seek to penetrate the sense of the composition, you will be at a loss to know what motive actuates this fierce-looking warrior, who, holding his horse by the bridle, stops at the portal of a ruinous castle. It will only inspire you with an undefinable feeling of terror, and, in endeavouring to catch the meaning of the artist, you are lost in a bewildering maze of conjecture.

The love of the extravagant and fantastic, observable from the first in the works of the great German painter, never abandoned him. In that dreamer "Melancholy," who, seated on the sea-shore, seems seeking to penetrate with her gaze into infinite space, he has apparently expressed the inspiration of his own soul. For my own part, I have this picture always before me. How is it possible ever to forget an engraving of Albert Durer's, even though seen but once! I ever see her, her proud and noble head thoughtfully resting upon one hand, her long hair falling in dishevelled tresses upon her shoulders. Her folded wings, emblematic of that impotent aspiration, which directs her gaze towards heaven, whilst a book, closed and useless as her wings, rests upon her knee. No, nothing can be more gloomy, more penetrating, than the expression of this figure. From the peculiarity of the folds of her dress, one would say, that she was enveloped in iron draperies. Near her is a symbolical sun-dial, with the bell which marks the hours as they glide away. The sun is sinking into the ocean, and darkness will soon envelop the earth. Above hovers a strange-looking bat, which, spreading its ominous wings, bears a pennon, on which is written the word—"Melancholia."

All is symbolical in this composition, of which the sentiment is sublime. Melancholy holds in her right hand a pair of compasses and a circle, the emblem of that eternity in which her thoughts are lost. Various instruments appertaining to the arts and sciences lie scattered around her; after having made use of them, she has laid them aside, and has fallen into a profound reverie. As a type of the mistrust which has crept into her heart, with avarice and doubt, a bunch of keys is suspended at her girdle; above her is an hour-glass, the acknowledged emblem of her transitory existence. But nothing is more admirable than the face of Melancholy, both in the severe beauty of her features and the depth of her gaze, in which may be recognised a likeness to Agnes,—a remarkable fact, which I do not think has before been noticed! In 1514 Albert Durer conceived the type of Dr. Faust, which illustrates that state of mind in which the result of science is but doubt, the result of experience but bitter and disheartening disappointment. Three centuries before the age of Goethe, an artist depicted the grief which in our days tortments the minds of choice spirits; but the painter was not so well understood as the poet, although the poet was evidently inspired by the painter. Neither the sentiment of melancholy nor the word which expresses it had appeared in art before the time of Albert Durer.

We will now speak of the celebrated engraving called "Death's Horse." It is said that Albert Durer intended to represent Franz Von Sickingen, whose name was dreaded throughout Germany, thus giving him a terrible warning. An S traced on the picture goes far to corroborate this supposition. But, setting aside the possibility of this allusion, and also the idea that the artist intended to represent his own journey through life, this great work obtains a more lasting importance and a more general application. An old ballad has moreover suggested another signification. It there presents to us the model of the Christian, *sans peur et sans reproche*. "Let Death and the Devil attack me, says the knight, I will conquer both the Devil and Death." Such was Durer's love of the marvellous and the fantastic, that many subjects for pictures and engravings were furnished him by his dreams. Among them is one of the most singular water-colour paintings which has ever been exhibited; this picture is in the Ambrasian collection at Vienna. There is seen a large sheet of water which washes the shores of a plain, upon which are several houses. Over this water hangs a huge black cloud, which is discharging itself in torrents of rain. On every side the air is filled with vapour. Albert Durer wrote these words beneath this painting:—

"On Thursday night, the eve of the Pentecost, in the year 1525, I had this vision in my sleep. What torrents of water fell from the heavens! This water struck the earth about four miles from me with such force, such reverberation and noise, the whole country was flooded, and such a mortal dread seized me, that I awoke: I again fell asleep. Then the remainder of the water fell nearly as abundantly as before, some at a greater distance, some nearer. It seemed to fall from such a height, that to my mind the descent occupied a long time. But as the flood approached nearer and nearer, the deluge became so rapid and resounding, that fear seized me, and I again awoke. My whole body trembled, and it was long before I could recover myself; but in the morning when I rose I painted what I had seen. May God order all for the best!"

"ALBERT DURER."

This is certainly a most artless description. However, Joseph Heller, an eminent German writer, the author of the best life of Albert Durer which has yet appeared, would not allow his ingenuity to be vanquished. He spends much time in explaining this water-colour painting otherwise so incomprehensible. He gives with the utmost care the most minute details, is even so scrupulous in his examination as to take note of the manufacturer's mark on the piece of paper used by Albert Durer. Moreover, the learned commentator had this mark engraved and joined to his text.

Notwithstanding the generally abstract character of German genius, the serious and thoughtful habits of Albert Durer did not always keep him aloof from the world of realities. He sometimes abandoned the region of chimeras and phantoms, to work at the grandest and noblest religious subjects. "The Martyrs of the Christian Legion," which is to be seen in the Austrian Belvedere gallery; "The Adoration of the Magi," which is preserved in the gallery of the Uffizi at Florence; "The Trinity," surrounded by the angelic host; these and many other pictures prove that this great master respected the limits which separate the imaginary from the visible. Some out of this class are his *chef-d'œuvre*, but the most perfect of all adorns the Pinakothek at Munich. It is divided into two compartments, one of which contains the apostles St. John and St. Peter, the other St. Mark and St. Paul. It was the last important production of the great artist. He had the satisfaction of ending his career by a happy and eminently successful effort towards the sublime. He painted these figures of the Apostles with the intention of leaving them in his will to be placed in the Town Hall at Nuremberg, in order to preserve there, by the memory of his genius, the religious fervour of the Lutherans; for Durer had embraced the doctrines of the Reformation, and the questions to which they gave rise constantly occupied his thoughts. He painted beneath "The Apostles," long inscriptions gathered from their epistles and gospels, recommending us not to neglect the study of the scriptures, or to believe in the doctrines of false

prophets. He has given to each one of these figures a distinct and well-defined character. The exile of Patmos is represented as possessing a passionate, enthusiastic, and melancholy temperament; St. Peter, with his gray hairs and calm deportment, expresses contemplative repose; St. Mark bears the aspect of a hopeful man and a zealous propagator of the faith; the figure of St. Paul, armed with a naked sword, and carrying the bible, is the symbol of action, energy, and imperious will; he casts a severe and searching glance around him, as if to discover all blasphemies, in order to destroy them with the sword of the living God.

We must not suppose that Durer never relaxed from his severe gravity. His familiar letters sometimes discover an inclination to gaiety, at times even an approach to harmless raillery. It is true that they were written at Venice, away from his wife. He writes thus to his friend Willibald Pirckheimer:—

"I should judge from what you have written me, that you are anxious to do the amiable, but that becomes you as perfume does a lansquenet. You think that when you have decked yourself out in silks, and made yourself agreeable to the women, that you have done all that you as modest a should not be any you have too many think, if you wish in a month, you Give my greeting Lorenz, and your also to our lady— was the name to his wife); thank



for recollecting me, and tell her that she is a ' salope ' \* Item. You will be glad to hear that my picture has succeeded beyond my expectations; I have obtained by it much honour, but little profit. During my absence I have not made more than 200 ducats; I have refused to undertake some important works, that I may be at liberty to return. I have now effectually silenced all those painters who said, ' He is a good engraver, but as to painting, he has no idea of colouring. ' Item. My French cloak and my ' Walsh ' coat greet you . . . "

"ALBERT DURER."

Many of Albert Durer's paintings and engravings belong to the class called *genre*. He dealt with fanciful subjects as well as familiar and rural scenes. Sometimes two lovers are represented walking affectionately together in the country; sometimes the villagers enjoying their evening dance; sometimes a peasant attempting to win a young girl by his deceitful promises. Durer understood the Flemish style, the peaceful charm of every-day life, the poetry to be found in realities. Albert Durer was not only a painter of the first order, and a wonderful engraver, but he had also learnt to handle the tool of the goldsmith and the chisel of the sculptor. In nearly all the German towns, works in alto-relievo, as well as medallions, are shown to the traveller as his productions.

Sculptor, painter, engraver, this great man has also written learned works. Had he been known merely as an author, he would still have borne an illustrious name. His most celebrated work is a "Treatise on the Proportions of the Human Body," in four books.

Having mentioned so celebrated a work, perhaps we may be permitted to express our full opinion. This book has been little read, which is partly the fault of the author. Unintelligible and without animation, it disconcerts and discourages the reader in the outset. For instance, there is no order in his arrangement, he does not set to work as a methodical mind would have done, "commencing with the large divisions and ending with the small." Before learning the position of the fourteenth part of the human body, we ought to know something about the half. This disagreeable impression, which is produced by the diffuse character of an ill-arranged book, sufficiently explains why those authors who are fond of clearness have only glanced at Albert Durer's, and imme-

\* We give here the original word used, and the grotesque figure of which it is the translation.



diately pronounced it incomprehensible; sometimes, however, we may gather from it beautiful ideas. Albert Durer seems to have believed that nature has arranged even her deformities with a certain regularity, that even ugliness is harmo-

which is common to all countries and ages, and which exerts a universal influence. It is true, that occasionally, especially in his picture of "The Apostles," he approaches sublimity. As no painter has expressed grief with so much



A FOREST SCENE.—FROM A PAINTING BY PAUL BRIL.

nious,—an idea which has been very cleverly developed by Diderot.

Albert Durer's exclusively German taste prevented him from attaining that true beauty, that harmonious perfection,

depth and force as he in his painting of "The Passion," which he began three times, so none has displayed more grace and tenderness than is shown in his "Life of the Virgin." A zealous Lutheran, from nothing did Durer gather greater

inspiration than from Holy Writ, and filled with that Christian sentiment which obtained such influence in the middle ages, he allowed his Protestant thoughts to betray themselves in his works. Judging from his later productions, it seems

limited sense of the word—that is to say, his works are not only remarkable for their national character, but the greater part of them only suit the taste of the population of the Upper Rhine. One is struck with astonishment at his



ALBERT-DURER P.

AL-CABASSON D.

CH-JARDIN SC.

## MELANCHOLY.

probable that he contemplated at one time the union of Gothic and Italian art. Whilst Luther broke with Rome, Dürer held out the hand of brotherhood to Raphael. Nevertheless, the painter of the "Death's Head" is too German, in the

strange symbols, his thoughtful and singular attitudes, and his draperies are not less surprising than his figures. He disposes them in large masses, and breaks them into a multitude of little angular folds, which often gives them the

appearance of metal. His colouring is clear and delicate, and too brilliant to be natural; it is very like that used for the illumination of ancient manuscripts, and of an intensity which quite offends the eye. His *chiaroscuro* has also a fanciful appearance; in it the light and shadow play, as in one of

those powerful visions by which his sleep was troubled. In short, all Albert Dürer's works, bearing so strongly the impress of German genius, betray the man of the North, who, combining in his life the simplest prose with the most ideal poetry, loves to rise above the world of realities into the realm of dreams.

## GERICAULT.

GERICAULT was the son of an advocate of Rouen, and was born in that town in 1791. Unfortunately for him, his birth was as premature as his death; had he come into the world five years later, he would have enjoyed while living the glory which his works merited. But he died at the early age of thirty-three, as yet badly appreciated, understood only by a small number, and despised by those who, in his day, were the oracles of taste. Now the differences to which his works gave rise have disappeared and are forgotten, and there is no personal feeling to influence the judgment which the public may form of them.

He was originally destined to receive a careful and literary education. When fifteen, his father entered him in the Lycée Imperial. What then took place was what might have been expected to take place in the case of a youth of more than ordinary energy. His predominating tastes and tendencies revealed themselves with extraordinary rapidity; and so impatient did he grow to become an artist, and above all a painter of horses, that to pursue his classical studies was out of the question; for horses were his passion even from infancy. Whenever he had a holiday, he spent it in the riding-school, and at Franconi's, whom he thought the greatest of men. He often hung about the doors of the nobility, for the purpose of watching their horses being driven off in their carriages, and often ran after them like the street *gamins*. When seventeen years of age, he was placed in the studio of Carlo Veract. After leaving him, he placed himself under Guérin, to whom his peculiar mode of colouring appeared ridiculous in the extreme. Géricault had studied in the Museum, and had there commenced to copy Rubens at the very outset—a piece of audacity till then unheard of—so that he brought with him racy tones, the mannered forms, and a good deal of boldness. He now found his position most uncomfortable. He thought that he would one day become a great painter; his master thought not, and in fact advised him to give up thoughts of painting altogether. This hurt him greatly, but did not by any means dishearten him. On leaving Guérin he completed his education by reading the English poets, and by the study of Italian, music, and by diligent attention to the antique. He also spent much of his time in copying the old masters.

Géricault was then a fine young man, above the middle height, well proportioned, and elegant in his manners, a great admirer of the women, and greatly admired by them, and quite a lion on the Champs de Mars. Now-a-days, he would have been merely a member of the jockey club, and an exquisite; but the gaieties, and frivolities, and rascalities of the turf had no bad effect on Géricault. On the contrary, they furnished him with a rich store of materials for study and observation. It was not the fop or "fast man," who went a hunting and rode steeple-chases; it was the artist. His father, however, and his family were so opposed to his following the vocation he had chosen, that they did not even allow him funds to provide himself with a studio, and he was compelled to make use of those of his friends. He continued his course with success, barring a foolish, but temporary abandonment of his profession for the purpose of entering the royalist garde du corps, after the restoration in 1814. He was soon disgusted, as was every man of mind in France, by the feeble and ridiculous attempts of the Bourbons to restore the old régime, and returned to his first love. He now resolved to conform to the old and time-honoured custom of artists spending some time in Italy, and set out thither in 1817. He was not long in Rome before his style became greatly modified. He studied the frescoes of Michael Angelo, and of

many others; the subdued tones of the paintings in the churches, from which age and the smoke of the candles had taken all their brilliancy, quite captivated him. Impressionable and excitable, he began to doubt his own force, and ask himself what was he in the presence of these giants, whose lapse of time had only made greater, and, he set about painting gray and brown purposely. On his return from Italy, he already began to throw slight upon colour, and speak of all colourists with disdain. So it is true, after all, that Italy is not useful to everybody. Some run the risk of losing their originality, by coming in contact with the works of these illustrious dead. With them it is impossible to enter into discussion.

At last an opportunity presented itself for Géricault to undertake a great work, which should place him amongst the masters. He chose for his subject the "Shipwreck of the Medusa," the frightful details of which then occupied all minds. It was a terrible one, which perfectly suited the peculiar character of his genius. He prepared for it by severe study and assiduous labour. He familiarised himself with the aspect of death in every possible form, frequented the hospitals for the purpose of watching all the alternations of hope, despair, terror, and anguish in the human countenance. Whoever has visited the Louvre must have observed the "Shipwreck of the Medusa." Those who have not may form some idea of it from Reynolds's engraving. It is a scene of horror, lighted by one ray of hope. Fifteen unfortunates, with livid faces, half naked, with hollow eyes and ferocious aspect, are represented clustered in groups on a raft, badly tied together, and swept by every passing wave. Of the forty-eight who had entrusted themselves to this frail structure, these fifteen only had survived, and for the preceding eight days had been living on the flesh of the dead, who had perished of hunger, or been killed by the sabre, in a mutiny which had broken out, as if to add fresh horrors to the scene. Suddenly one of them perceives a sail in the horizon, has uttered a loud cry, and the others starting up, like galvanised corpses, raise themselves, and stretch out their arms in the direction in which the succour appears. Those who have any strength remaining, seek to climb upon the casks, in order to wave their handkerchiefs in sign of distress; in such a way that all the figures of the painting follow the general movement of ascent, towards the highest point, the point of hope. Some of them, however, in whom only a breath of life still lingers, remain stretched upon the planks of the raft, half floating on the waves. Here a young man rolls wildly about, and tears his hair in despair; there an old man, holding his dead son across his knees, remains mute and immovable, as if thunderstruck. Deaf to the voice of his comrades, who announce their approaching deliverance, his heart seared by suffering, and indifferent whether he lives or dies, he gazes vacantly upon the waves, which so soon shall prove the burying-place of his child.

The painter should rather be congratulated than otherwise upon having made those about to die of the same tone as the dead, and for having given uniformity of colour to the draperies, sails, mast, and cordage; for there was no other means of producing that sombre harmony so necessary to the power of emotion. Unity is, in reality, the secret of strong impressions; and this was so well understood by Géricault, that none of his episodes distract the attention nor divide the interest. If you recur often to that petrified head of the old man, it is because the whole catastrophe seems concentrated in him.

There is but one thing wanting in the work—the immensity of the sea. The little that we see is, to be sure, of rare beauty. The dark, deep, heavy water, in which bodies sink so slowly, and which in times of storm loses its transparency, and almost assumes the appearance; but even this splendid execution does not make up for the want of expression produced by the sky meeting the heaven in every quarter—*pontum, et undique pontum*. In a scene like this, nature should be everything, and man comparatively insignificant.

Géricault was modest as became a gentleman; but he still was fully conscious of his own genius—in other words, his modesty was but one form of his legitimate pride. He repudiated the praises that his friends heaped upon him, but it was because his works did not come up to the standard which he had fixed for himself. The "Wreck of the Medusa" was, in his eyes, but the preface to the great things which he might yet achieve.

In 1820 he brought the painting to England, with the view of exhibiting it, as the event it depicted had here excited as much horror and pity as in France. The enterprise proved successful, and he realised not less than 20,000 francs by it. It was then that the celebrated engraver, Reynolds, reproduced it in an engraving in the dark manner which everyone knows.

When Géricault returned to Paris, his constitution had begun to give way. His letters betrayed a deep feeling of melancholy and *ennui*. His love for his friends seemed to have increased in intensity, and he was continually complaining of the rarity of their visits and their letters. He became almost childishly sensitive, and the least appearance of neglect wounded him deeply. If they were a long while without coming to see him, he wrote them a ceremonious letter, in which his native tenderness was ill concealed by a constrained politeness.

He was destined to fall a victim to his own boldness. He was one day out riding with M. Horace Vernet upon the heights of Montmartre; his horse was fiery and restive (he never rode one that was not so), reared up, plunged violently, and threw him on his face across a heap of stones. A buckle in his trousers was forced into his groin, wounding him severely. He was recovering slowly but satisfactorily, when he lost patience, and rising before he was well, brought on a relapse by his own imprudence. He again mounted on horseback, and attended the races in the Champ de Mars, and while there received a violent shock from a gentleman riding up against him at full speed. He was once more an invalid, and for a year scarcely ever issued from his room; he occupied himself by having the lithographs which he had published in London copied under his own direction. Their printing had been badly executed in England, and he wished to have them reproduced. He still remained dull and melancholy, and was

disquieted in mind by his inability to discharge some debts which he had contracted before his illness. His friends persuaded him to sell some of his paintings, which realised in one day the large sum of 13,000 francs. He was so astonished at this that he could hardly believe it, and accused his friends of having added to it out of their own pockets.

At last his health seemed completely restored, and he returned joyfully to his horse. He executed about this time a series of sketches of oriental costumes. He was about entering upon a still more ambitious work, when his malady suddenly returned, and this time was fatal. He died in his father's house, after a long and painful illness, on the 18th of January, 1824.

At Géricault's death, M. Dedreux Dorey, fearing lest the "Shipwreck of the Medusa" should pass into strange hands, bought it for 6,600 francs. Some Americans soon afterwards offered triple that sum for it; but M. Dorey refused to part with it, and soon after sold it to the government for what it had cost him, on condition that it should be placed in the Louvre, where it now hangs.

Géricault was an able sculptor as well as painter. On the walls of his studio he cut figures with his knife worthy of the frieze of the Parthenon. At Evreux there are many of his sculptures, amongst others, a lion in repose, and a bas-relief in wax representing an ancient cavalier. M. Etex has raised a marble mausoleum to his memory. Upon the pedestal, copies of his three principal works are sculptured.—"The Shipwreck of the Medusa" appears in bronze upon the front, and on the sides "The Chasseur" and "The Cuirassier." A man of action, fiery, impetuous, and full of manly hardihood, as Géricault was, should have been sculptured upright on his tomb, as David has sculptured Armand Carrel. M. Etex, on the contrary, has represented him tranquilly and pensively reclining. The name of Géricault would always remain as that of an innovator, and yet he has not exaggerated nor gone to extremes. His style was firm, emphasized, and easily distinguishable. Without seeking after common types, he knew how to make use of them, and imprint upon them that character of force which is in reality another kind of nobility. If he saw a drayman's horse passing, he sketched it eagerly in its powerful gait. He followed steadily in the path which David and Vernet had opened up. But, without doubt, if, after contemplating "The Sabines" of David in the Louvre, we turn towards "The Shipwreck of the Medusa," the latter will produce a profound impression on us. When the two masters are placed in contrast, we can perceive an immense difference between them. Between the demigods of the former, and the agitated bodies of the latter, there is a vast gulf; but the intention displayed by both is the same—to enable humanity to infuse poetry into its history, and interest us in its misfortunes.

## MURILLO.

It rarely happens that an artist of limited capacity takes much time in assuming his position. Nature having framed him for the comprehension of her beauties, some few aspects alone impart to his mind so vivid an impression of them, that frequently, on emerging from his first studies, the painter masters with a single effort the branch of art by which he hopes to gain eminence, and even the degree of perfection which he may be permitted to attain. On the other hand, an artist endowed with a universal comprehension, capable of making every chord of art vibrate simultaneously, and of thus blending the harmonies of many in himself alone, is never formed so rapidly. His progress is neither so deliberate, so direct, nor so determined. What a length of time does it not take to ripen that individuality which is as yet unconscious of its power, precisely because that power is so multifarious! What crude essays, what groping in the dark, what mixture of styles, what inroads on the domains of others, and how many relapses to originality, before the incipient master feels

his strength, and can exclaim, in the proud language of Correggio, *Anchor Io son pittore!* Such was the life of Murillo.

Will it be believed? It is no longer in the convent of the Franciscans at Seville that we must look for the pictures which first led to the celebrity of the Andalusian painter. It is in Paris alone that are now to be found the greater number of those pictures wherein the power of light and shade was so forcibly rendered from a close study of the works of Ribera. Carried off in the artillery waggons of the French generals, some of these paintings, such as the "Franciscan Cook in an Ecstasy," have contributed to enrich the magnificent museum of Marshal Soult; others, such as the "Death of Santa Clara," have constituted the pride of the Aguado gallery. To the second phase of Murillo's talent belongs a "Banditti Scene," in which, from a landscape background, vigorously painted, are relieved the figures of a monk and a half-naked robber into whose clutches he has fallen. The whole is executed in the manner of Spagnoletto; as well as a "Flight





he felt his genius more fully develop itself. The originality of the painter at length threw off the shackles of imitation. Vandyck, Ribera, Titian, and even Velasquez, all the models at first so ingeniously imitated, faded by degrees from the memory of their admirer, and on their vanished traces arose a new artist, a master in his turn, who now displayed a character, a stamp, and a signature of his own; this was Esteban Murillo.

This was his third and last transformation. The violent light and shade, which he had borrowed from Ribera, sensibly softened and gained in transparency what it lost in force; his touch grew more mellow, his style became fixed, and nothing remained to him of the great Velasquez but the art of graduating his tints to *paint the air*, as finely expressed by Moratin.

not anxious to have the image of its patron saint from the hand of Murillo; nor was there a high altar of a cathedral, or a chapel of renown, which was not reserved for one or other of the innumerable "Conceptions," as rapidly composed by Murillo as they were varied in character. It might be almost said that this striking miracle continually enlightened his imagination. The rapt Virgin always appeared to him clothed in blue and white, the invariable apparel which, doubtless, in the thoughts of the painter combined the two colours of purity and heaven. As to the Cherubim with which he surrounded her, those tender zephyrs of the Christian mythology charm in a thousand different ways, always graceful and artless, now playing with the skirts and folds of the flowing drapery, now merely showing their winged



THE BEGGAR BOY.—FROM A PAINTING BY MURILLO.

He further preserved that excellent gray tone of his which generally serves as a background to the portraits of Velasquez, in which the gravity of the personages habited in black combines so harmoniously with those cool and tranquil tints, in which still lingers that glow which makes the coldest tones of Spain approach even the warm hues of northern countries.

In spite of the fierce rivalry of Valdés Leal, and the jealousy of Herrera the younger, Murillo ascended without difficulty to the first position in Seville. People flocked to him from all parts to give him commissions for Virgins, for monks praying, for Saviours, and other devotional subjects—so truly did he paint them in accordance with the impassioned feelings of the Spaniards. There was not a community of Capuchins, of Augustines, of Franciscans, that was

heads swimming in floods of light. It seems almost as if, when he had to represent the Virgin apprised by the angel of the mysteries of her future maternity, the Spanish painter fell back into naturalism, and even produced a powerful effect by the contrast between terrestrial individualities and the ideal signs and personages sent from on high. We see frequently in Murillo's "Annunciations" the accessories of domestic life, the workbag, the thimble, and the scissors upon the linen heaped up in the humble basket. It was not undesignedly that the Andalusian painter, avoiding the lofty style of Raphael and the Italian catholics, exhibits to us in an humble workwoman the Virgin chosen as the accepted medium for the incarnation of Deity.

When a stranger arrives at Seville, he is immediately con-

ducted to the cathedral, that he may be shown the numerous paintings of Murillo, which the chapter is so justly proud of possessing. At the back of the high altar he is called upon to admire a "Nativity of Our Lady," admirable for the sweetness of the tints, its quiet shadows, and its charming tone of colour, *hermoso colorido*. The traveller, after this, is conducted into the grand sacristy, where glitter the famous pictures of St. Leander and St. Isidore, in pontifical habits. He is then stopped at one of the lateral chapels before a "Repose in Egypt," painted with the freest and most masterly handling, and resembling a Velasquez for its brilliant effect. Finally, to raise the admiration of the visitor to the pitch of enthusiasm, they unfold to his gaze the "Saint Anthony of Padua," and on contemplating this matchless and unapproachable masterpiece, the stranger, as yet but little familiarised with the beauties of Spanish painting, remains in rapt ecstasy like the Cenobite in the picture. In a gloomy cell the infant Jesus suddenly appears to Saint Anthony, in the midst of a dazzling glory; and the pious hermit, on his knees, enlightened by the apparition, throws up his arms in an indescribable transport of love for the Deity refulgent with light and beauty, towards whom he stretches out his arms as for a loving embrace. Never was the force of passionate expression carried beyond this point by any painter, nor ever was there produced, with brush and colours, skies more transparent or features of more scrappie sweetness. The management of the *chiaro-oscuro* is no less astonishing here than the faith of the visionary monk. It is inconceivable how the painter has been able, by the mere power of light and shade, to obtain so luminous an effect, and by what infinite gradation of treatment he has been able to pass from the intensity of the sun's rays to the peaceful obscurity of the hermit's cell.

But before quitting the cathedral of Seville, there remains to be seen the chapter house, the works of which were directed by Murillo in 1667 and 1668. Provided the cicero be a well-informed canon—and some may yet be found among the chapter—he will not fail to assert, with a feeling of becoming pride, that for the "Saint Anthony of Padua" the artist received 10,000 reals, equal to 60,000 at the present day; and as the life of the great painter of Seville is well known in that city rather by tradition than by reading the works of Palomino, the traveller will learn, on the subject of the beautiful "Conception" painted for the dome of the Franciscans, the history of the curious contest which took place between Murillo and the reverend fathers. A picture destined always to be seen at a distance, must be conceived and treated with the broad style suited to decoration. It must be drawn squarely, and touched with great vigour. In putting in his contrasts roughly, the painter confides to distance the care of restoring them to their just proportions; and if he handles his colours with rude ability, he calculates on the gradations of aerial perspective to produce an appropriate harmony. Murillo had been careful not to forget the principles which he had occasionally seen so well applied in the learned practice of Velasquez. When the holy fathers had a close view of what they should only see at a distance, they exclaimed against the

coarseness of a painting that seemed all a mass of confusion, and which they doubtless thought was painted with the handle of the brush. They refused to receive it, in short; but the artist, before he carried away his picture, demanded and obtained leave to raise it for a moment to its proper position. In proportion as the canvas ascended, the figures became disintegrated, the outlines softened by little and little, and the colours mingled; that which before was careless appeared finished, what was harsh became soft, and when the canvas reached its proper height, the most perfect harmony enchanted every eye. The good Franciscans then blushed at their ignorance; and to appease the irritated artist, who now expressed his intention of carrying away his work, they were compelled to offer him double the price originally agreed upon.

A happy life was that of Murillo! It was not characterised, it is true, by any of those romantic incidents which are the charm and the torment of our hearts; the sight of some pictures of Vandyck, a visit to Velasquez,—such were the two great events of that artistic life in which neither idleness nor weariness found a place. In a city peopled with monks, with picturesque mendicants, and enthusiastic devotees, in a city filled with mysterious churches, lit up, as Lafontaine would say, by the eyes of Andalusian beauties, Murillo passed his time in copying the inhabitants of the earth and inventing those of heaven. His whole world was summed up in the city of Seville. On the road on which he had to traverse, from the parish of Santa Cruz, in which he resided, to the cathedral of Seville, or else to the convent of the Capuchins outside the walls, he lost nothing that occurred to attract his notice. If he met the licentiates Alonso Herrera and Juan Lopez y Talavan, he was struck with their fine heads, and he introduced them under the names of Saint Leander and of Saint Isidore into some devotional picture. Without the necessity of travelling, or of crossing the seas, he could handle a thousand different subjects, and paint in every branch of the art,—landscapes, flowers, sea-pieces, portraits, history, and miracles; miserable humanity cowering on the pavement, and beatified mortals wafted through the regions of Paradise. The soul and the body, visionary rvery and gross materialism, self-denial and voluptuous enjoyment, he observed all; he saw in creation all its phases, in social life its contrasts of nobleness and baseness, and in the heart of man he could read all its hidden stores of weakness, of grandeur and of love.

What Raphael Mengs said of the figures of Velasquez may be applied to the majority of Murillo's compositions,—they seem to be created by a simple act of volition. We can scarcely imagine that the painter has conceived them otherwise; and this perfect nature, with all its merit, has also some disadvantages. With Velasquez, for instance, it is seldom that the arrangement of a portrait or the composition of an historical picture has not the zest of freshness united with startling truth. With Murillo the conception is so prompt, that art has not had time to intervene. We might be almost tempted to imagine that the picture composed itself, and to look upon it as a fortuitous piece of accident.

## EUSTACHE LE SUEUR.

THERE are few painters who have achieved so much so little known to fame, in England at least, as Eustache Le Sueur, which must be a matter of wonder to any one who remembers how readily any man, but particularly an artist, can become popular when the story of his life has any tinge of romance in it. About Le Sueur there was so much that one incident in it has furnished a rich mine of materials to French novelists.

He was the son of a sculptor, and was placed at an early age in the studio of the famous old French painter, Simon Vouet, *premier peintre du roi*, who is considered the father of French art. While here he gave evidence of a very precocious talent, by executing a number of illustrations for a work entitled "The Dreams of Poliphilus," written by a Franciscan monk of the fifteenth century, and then greatly admired, because no

one understood it. Very likely neither did Le Sueur, but he fancied he did, and this answered his purpose quite as well—even better, as it left him free scope for his imagination. His paintings were accordingly distinguished by great grace and liveliness, but still displayed something of that solemn grandeur and severe simplicity which have rendered his subsequent works so famous. And now comes the episode in his career which threw over his genius a melancholy cast, and in all likelihood inclined him to employ it almost exclusively upon religious subjects.

Louis XIII. about this time paid a visit to the celebrated Mademoiselle La Fayette at the Convent of the Visitation, and presented the sisterhood with a large sum to be spent in the decoration of their chapel—the chapel of Holy Mary. Vouet,

of course, was appointed to do it, but what with his labours at St. Germain, at Fontainebleau, and at Vincennes, he had so much on hand that he was compelled to call upon Le Sueur, his pupil, to aid him in this new task, and to the latter was accordingly committed "The Assumption," to be painted on the centre of the chapel. To avoid having the sanctuary profaned by the presence of a Fornarina, the lady superior was obliged to assign him one of the nuns as a model; and, as might have been suspected, where the maiden was fair to look upon, and the heart of the artist susceptible, he fell in love with her; but as to harbour the feeling even was sinful, and as to reveal it would have been absurd, he cherished it in secret. Time, of course, at last put an end to it, but never put an end to the sorrowing regrets which it left behind, and all his life long Le Sueur was a melancholy man.

It was at Lyons, to which he undertook a journey soon after that, that the peculiar bent of his genius first displayed itself on seeing some works of Raphael. After studying them he was filled with enthusiasm for this great master, and immediately executed his painting "St. Paul laying hands on the Sick," a work which at once placed him far above mediocrity, and attracted the favourable notice of Nicholas Poussin. By his advice he sought to moderate the rapidity of his manner, caused by the natural fire of his disposition, and to perfect himself by the study of the great masters of Italy. But there were not many of their works in Paris, and by this time Le Sueur was married, and, as might be expected, was poor,—so going to Rome was out of the question. There is a story told to the effect that Poussin offered to make copies of the best of them and send them to him, and this, if true, reflects credit on him; but we do not find that Le Sueur accepted his offer, but supported himself for some time by making frontispieces for books of devotion, theological theses, and other trifles. At last he was commissioned to decorate the cloister of the Chartreuse at Paris, and found himself in his proper sphere of action. "The Life of St. Bruno," a collection of twenty-two paintings, finished in three years for a very small remuneration, may be regarded as Le Sueur's chief work, though he himself was modest enough to call it a series of sketches. Poussin has called Le Sueur a disciple of Raphael and of the antique, but the fact is that he could be compared to no one but himself, not only in the choice of forms and in the flow of the draperies, but also, and above all, in the general expression and of conception of things not seen. In Raphael, the religious sentiment is always surrounded by something proud and imposing, which confounds impiety, but in Le Sueur it is accompanied by candour, which moves the most incredulous. The painter of Urbino lets us see a little of the pride with which the protection of the great and noble and his sojourn in the Eternal City had inspired him; but the Frenchman, simple and sad, painted all the phases of a monkish life with an humble faith, and a more devout adoration. It was in the fervour of the belief and hope by which he sought to drive away the gloom by which he himself was haunted, that he found the secret of this religious painting, which, to a sceptic, would have been impossible. So no one has ever represented with as much truth and impressiveness as Le Sueur, tranquil monasteries built in solitude upon accessible mountains; walls of enclosure surrounding communities of anchorites like barriers raised against the noise and tumults of the world; austere and thoughtful penitents struggling by dint of prayer and mortification against worldly thoughts and vain regrets, and the long white robes traversing the gloomy cloisters like ghosts. Le Sueur never appears to such advantage as when he paints his own sentiments.

Le Sueur was employed to decorate the Hotel Lambert, one of the most charming abodes in Paris; which after a long period of decay and neglect, is now restored to its ancient splendour, by Madame Czartoryski, and is the scene of some of the gayest re-unions of the French capital. In this he was placed in competition with Lebrun, but by no means suffered by the contrast. His most splendid works here were the four paintings representing "The Muses." His groups are displayed in the background of charming landscapes, and the

sky, distances, and colouring, display the most complete harmony. As to the figures, they have all the virgin modesty and other poetic characteristics which imagination has for so many ages ascribed to them. The artist who, in "The Life of St. Bruno," had given charms to austerity, remained still the same when giving modesty to grace. It is said that "The Life of St. Bruno" was attacked by the malice of enemies and the envy of false friends, who did not hesitate to make attempts to mutilate the paintings which the monks of the Chartreuse were obliged to preserve. Simple as La Fontaine and sensible as Fénelon, he forgave them all; and, in his goodness of heart, never spoke of his rivals without saying, "I have done everything in my power, and will do everything, to make myself loved by them." At last, driven to bay, he stood upon dignity, and painted an allegory in which he pictured his own triumphs. But even in this the sweetness of his disposition showed itself. He represented himself reclining upon a couch, plunged in melancholy reverie, while his genius trod down his rivals and detractors; in the background appeared a smiling plain—the image of the future, to which his thoughts were turned. Every great man has moments in which he rises in pride against the age which has persecuted or misunderstood him.

Le Sueur did not long survive the decoration of the Hotel Lambert. He died in May, 1655, at the early age of thirty-eight years. Some have said that he retired to the monastery of Chartreuse, and there ended his days; but this is a story invented, without doubt, to surround him with a greater degree of interest.

The goldsmiths' company at Paris were in the habit of offering each year to the church of Notre Dame, a painting which was exhibited at the porch of the cathedral on the first of May. One of the finest and most admired of these was the "Paul Preaching at Ephesus," of Le Sueur. The painter transports us all at once to Asia Minor—to Ephesus, celebrated by its magnificent temple of Diana. The temple and statue of the great goddess of the Ephesians, seen between the columns of the peristyle, serves to localise the scene perfectly. Upon the steps of a portico, to the right, St. Paul speaks with fire, with authority—he speaks, as his gestures indicate, in the name of God, of the true God, of the only God. At the sound of his voice the Ephesians renounce their religion, and burn what they had adored. One writes down the words of the apostle upon tablets, another explains them; all are deeply moved, and tearing in pieces the sacred books of polytheism, they commit them to the flames. A slave, kneeling in the foreground, blows the wood fire which is devouring the pagan manuscripts. There is great majesty in the attitude of Paul, and of the other figures; but the position of this Ethiopian slave, who appears in the scene only in its vulgar part, without knowing anything of the change which the world is about to undergo, is still more admirable.

In this painting there is a concealed combination, a secret balancing of lines, which gives the composition its proper position and its grandeur. Take away the least of the details, the two trunks of the leafless trees, for instance, which stand out against the azure of the sky, and the painting would soon look as if cut in two. At first sight everything seems to be the result of foresight, and yet nothing has been calculated. All has been dictated by the happy intuition of genius. It is bright as French paintings generally are, but it is, nevertheless, animated. There is no confusion in it, and there is vivacity in all the movements; it is conceived in an elevated style, and yet it bears no marks of research; on the contrary, it bears in every part an air of simplicity, of gestures dictated by nature alone. Many painters can never rise into sublimity without appearing to be on the stretch; Le Sueur's dignity always seems to be a matter easy of attainment, and it is tempered by a charming ingenuousness. This seems owing to his tact in introducing into all his works details taken from everyday life. Many instances of this may be given. The first scene in the life of St. Bruno shows us a child, in the midst of a group of noble-looking and dignified figures, trying to prevent his dog from barking; the Ethiopian

alive in the foreground of the St. Paul Preaching at Ephesus, and the signs of a dog's attachment to his master in the Martyrdom of St. Protas, are amongst the best accessories of these pictures.

In the martyrdoms of St. Gervais and Protas all is grand, noble, and even vigorous. The painter of Anchorite Retreats for Wounded Spirits, passes all at once and without difficulty

Giulio Romano was more masculine perhaps, Raphael severer and more chastened in his outline; but no one has ever given the same delicacy to the noble army of martyrs—no one has ever conceived faces imbued with so much angelic fervour.

The women of the ancient masters were not more graceful than the "Veronica" of Le Sueur, or the maidens of the Woes of St. Martin, and they have not so much tenderness



PAUL PREACHING AT EPHESUS.—FROM A PAINTING BY LE SUEUR.

to the delineation of the most stirring scenes. He puts tumult, passion, and violence into his pictures as easily as he had put gentleness, calm, and retirement. The brutal soldiery with bared and muscular arms, the pagan judges in their togas, the boisterous mob, and impassable images of the false gods, are conceived in an easy but powerful style, which Le Sueur has found not in Raphael, but in his own genius. The graceful drawing of the elegant figures are all his, and his only.

The sentiment of antique grace, such as it appears in the bas-reliefs, addresses itself to the pure sensuality, the paganism of thought. The grace of Le Sueur, on the contrary, is impregnated with a spiritualism which touches and goes right to the heart of us. Except the "Belle Jardinière," the virgins of Raphael are more material, his carnations are more abundant, their forms rounder, and fuller; those of Le Sueur have a happy slenderness, a subduing sweetness.



WILLIAM VAN DE VELDE.

WILLIAM VAN DE VELDE, the younger, has painted the sea *con amore*, and it is for this reason that he occupies so high a



rank as an artist; it is for this reason also that two nations of sailors, passionately fond of the sea, the English and Dutch have

VOL. I.

bestowed on him the reputation of being the greatest painter of sea pieces that ever appeared down to his time. And, in truth, no one has more closely observed the agitation of the waves, their breaking or their repose; no one knew better the gait and habits of sailors, the rigging and working of ships, the variety of their build, their picturesque appearance when grouped by chance, and their imposing appearance when isolated between sky and water, the felicity of the lines in their foreshortening, when they rock to and fro slowly, ready to breast the billows. No one has ever felt so deeply the deep calm of the ocean, nor expressed so well the inexpressible emotions inspired by the sight of a fading horizon—the image of infinity.

Talents of so high an order did not show themselves all at once in the Van de Velde family. It is believed that Adrian, the celebrated painter of animals, and William, the younger, were brothers. This is not impossible, and the mention of the supposition reminds us, that in the Bridgewater Gallery there is a "Coast of Scheveningen," by William, in which the sea, slightly agitated, is lighted by the hues of twilight, and the small figures in which are painted by Adrian. This goes to confirm the statement as to the existence of some relationship between them. This much, however, is certain—the elder William Van de Velde, the father of the great marine painter, was himself a designer of rare excellence. We shall take this opportunity of saying a few words about him, as we may not

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have another. He was born in Leyden in 1610. "As he loved sailing on the sea," says Houbraken, "he found means of entering the service of the States on board a small vessel employed in carrying orders to the fleet. Being thoroughly acquainted with the construction of ships, their rigging, and trim of the sails, he set about drawing with a pen upon paper or white canvas all the vessels in the roads, large and small, and finished by grouping together entire fleets upon a single sheet. As soon as he heard that a battle was about to take place, he embarked forthwith with the sole design of being present at the engagement, and so that he might make accurate sketches of the various details. To give greater play to his talents and courage, the states of Holland placed a brig at his disposal, and ordered the commander to carry him to whichever point of the action he wished. He was then seen braving all the perils of a naval engagement, going and coming from place to place, now in the midst of the enemy, and now amongst his own countrymen. Admiral Opdam was astonished to see a man risk his life in pursuit of any glory except that to be obtained by arms. He invited Van de Velde to dine with him in his cabin, and on the very same day, two hours after the painter had taken his departure, the vessel was blown up. He was present also at the battle which took place between the English and Dutch, under the command of Monk and De Ruyter, in sight of Ostend, in 1666, and which lasted for three days with surprising fury. Neither of the fleets made a single movement which Van de Velde did not sketch with singular fidelity. These drawings were made by order of the States, and supplied them with ample information regarding the manoeuvres and conduct of their officers. It appears that the fame of them reached England also. Charles II. invited him to enter his service, and after the death of that prince he continued to execute, under James II., official drawings that circumstances sometimes made doubly valuable. He died at London, in 1666, and was buried in St. James's Church.

Such was the father of the painter, whose history we are about to write. The passion of the latter for the sea and ships, and his nautical knowledge, were, as we see, hereditary. William Van de Velde the younger was born, as was also Adrian, at Amsterdam, in 1633. His master was an able painter and a skilful engraver, Simon de Vlieger, who mostly occupied himself in sea pieces. The elder Van de Velde could only teach his son the elements of design, for he had not given any attention to painting till he was advanced in life, and had then only met with moderate success. His choice of Simon de Vlieger was an excellent one, so that the first sea pieces sent by William Van de Velde to his father, who was then at London, astonished the whole court. James II. was so pleased with them, that he made him come to London, and settled a handsome pension upon him. Like most great artists, he speedily attained to the eminence which has made his name illustrious. There are paintings signed by him in 1657, when he was only in his twenty-fourth year, and even prior to that date, which are exquisite in every point of view, without mannerism, real *chef-d'œuvre* of art, in which art is nowhere visible, and nature everywhere. From the very beginning he displayed his predilection for the representation of calms, of those tranquil, untroubled waters, which scarcely smile under the breath of wind, and which, under a clear sky, and in the full light of the sun, resemble a brilliant carpet, slightly wrinkled at its borders.

Van de Velde did wonders with very scanty materials. Without having at his disposal the splendid elements which Claude Lorrain put in motion, without having before his eyes those Italian palaces, those projecting colonnades which served as side scenes to the sea views of the French painter, he knew how to give the appearance of distance to the background of his canvas, and make the ocean retreat, as it were, from the shore to the horizon. The level line of the horizon placed in contrast with the rounded masses of cloud, the stiffness of the masts and of the shrouds compensated for by the curved line of the sails, more or less distended, and by the sweep of the ships—such are the simple combinations by which Van de Velde has been enabled to interest those even who have never

seen the sea. If sometimes a sand bank, or a group of fishermen, or the head of a jetty in pile-work forms the set off of his composition, oftener still he commences his painting only in the background, and puts nothing in the foreground, but a little angry surge, or a buoy tossed by the tide, so that the greater part of his canvas appears to have been painted not from the shore, but from a vessel at anchor. With means apparently so limited, Van de Velde has, however, produced splendid pictures, as captivating to the eye as they are agreeable to the mind, full of pleasure for those who love art, and full of delight for those who love the sea.

The secret of these impressions is simple truth—truth which he sought and rendered with passion. Owing to persevering and assiduous study, he possessed in the highest possible degree all the elements of which talent in a painter of sea-pieces is composed. He knew all about ships, thoroughly understood the working of them, and could repeat the names of every rope, pulley, and sail. As he was able to distinguish each kind of ship from every other at a glance, he enabled the spectator also to distinguish them in his paintings by the diversity of their forms—oblong, slender, bulging, or flattened; by the difference of their masts, or the size of their topmasts; by the colour of their canvas, now unbleached white, now brown, and now black. But it was not only by these details that he caused each variety to be recognised—but also by the *tout ensemble*, the general outline and character, in fact—for every variety has its own—well marked too. He perceived and expressed admirably the majesty of the man-of-war, the elegance of the frigate, the magnificence of the yacht, the agility of the brig, the coquetry of the schooner, and the coarseness of the lugger-boat.

His figures, too, were drawn with the highest talent, and yet with the most charming simplicity. This is one of the points in which he excels Backuysen. He had bestowed the closest attention upon everything relating to the sailor. He knew and could depict admirably his gestures, his attitudes, his dress, and that rolling gait which he insensibly acquires from the habit of walking on the heaving deck. But it was in painting the sea itself that Van de Velde rose to the full height of his genius. The sea was to him not a treacherous element, but an adorned mistress; he loved and admired everything about it—its caprices, its fantastic movement, its smiles and caresses, its fury and thunder. His own temperament, however, made him prefer the calm. It was while in a state of rest that he imitated the waters of the ocean with most effect, whether in those light ripples, that feeble undulation, which the Dutch call *kabbeling*, and which dies out with a low noise on the fine sand of the beach, or when in greater agitation they throw up fringes of foam, which fly back in pearly clouds from the dark sides of the ships. His water, truthful and transparent, does not possess the hard tint of green and blue, such as is seen in the Mediterranean; it is yellowish and light, like the seas of the north; the tinge is in general cold, unless when warmed by a ray of the setting sun.

Let us add that these fine sea pieces of Van de Velde are crowned by brilliant skies, light, silvery, and separated from the eye by boundless plains of atmosphere. The clouds, which play so prominent a part in all paintings of this kind,—because on the form which the painter gives them depends the disposition of the lines and their agreeable variety,—in Van de Velde's works possess rare beauty. Not only is the grouping happy and skilfully contrasted, not only is the outline well chosen, and never meaningless, but they possess admirable lightness. They appear to move like those which traverse the landscapes of Ruysdael, and their edges illuminated by the sun, rise off the blue ground, we can hardly help believing that this ground is disappearing at one point to appear at another. But what constant and assiduous observation, and what painstaking industry, it must have required to attain to such perfection! "Nobody," says Gilpin, "knew better the effects of sky, or had studied them with more attention, than Van de Velde the younger. Not many years ago, an old waterman of the Thames was still living who had often

carried him in his boat to different parts of the river to observe the varied appearance of the heaven. This man related that Van de Velde went out in every sort of weather, fine or wet, and that he took with him large sheets of blue paper which he covered with black and white. An artist will easily perceive the object of this proceeding. Van de Velde called these expeditions in his Dutch, *going a-shooting*, going to make a review of the sky.\*

Horace Walpole, in "Anecdotes of Painting," informs us that the pension given by Charles II. to William Van de Velde the younger, amounted, like that of his father, to £100 sterling. Mr. Kiwalsen, an antiquary, found in the last century the original of the patent which conferred these pensions both on father and son, and communicated this valuable document to Mr. Vertue, who collected the materials for Walpole's work. From it we learn that William Van de Velde, senior, was employed in designing naval battles for the king's private use, and to his son was committed the task of colouring these same drawings. The terms of the letters patent,† granting their pensions, seem to imply that the son was occupied only in the colouring of his father's drawings; but perhaps we should interpret the expression "putting into colours" to mean more than this, and make them refer to the son's talent for painting sea-pieces when the father could only draw them. It was in the year 1675 that this double pension was bestowed on the Van de Velde, and the date is valuable as it enables us to fix the precise period, or nearly so, at which the painter left Amsterdam to settle in London. He was then forty-two years of age.

The residence that both chose at London was peculiarly well adapted to the requirements of their profession as well as to their own tastes. They lodged at Greenwich, and had the continual movement of ships and boats, which is always going on in that part of the river, constantly under their eyes. Hence their profound knowledge of all nautical usages, of the smallest and most minute formalities of the sea, if we may use the expression; hence, too, their exactness in all the details. What is said of Ruysdael with regard to trees, might be said of Van de Velde with regard to ships. As the great landscape painter never put oak leaves on the branches of a lime tree, so the marine painter never fastened the sails of a brig to the masts of a schooner. To study the works of Van de Velde is almost to study a course of navigation.

Here is a "Frigate about to set sail." The wind appears to freshen, but the sea, although a little agitated, still reveals in the distance its tranquillizing horizon. A three-decker is at anchor. In the background an armed frigate, with all her sails shaken out, is making ready to gain the offing. The sun has just risen, and a boat full of passengers is rowing towards her, and she is only awaiting its arrival to set sail. In the distance are various ships of different sizes gradually fading from the sight. The frigate, however, is the principal object of the picture, and is drawn and painted with extraordinary care, even in its minutest details. And this minuteness, which in painting a storm would be wholly out of place, here becomes a charm; for if you, like the painter, are

one of the spectators on shore, and have no friend on board, or no personal interest in the departure of the vessel, it is but natural that you should admire all her beauties, the carving which adorns its bows, the order and neatness which reign throughout, the polish of the masts, the tautness of the rigging, and, in short, all the harness of this steed of wood and iron, which is about to walk the wide waters, and is brushed up before its departure.

There is a superb Admiralty yacht, bearing the arms of Amsterdam sculptured upon her, and carrying the admiral's flag at her stern. She is passing between two ships of war, which salute her, and she returns it. Van de Velde has imitated perfectly the white smoke of the cannon; we see it glide over the level surface of the water, in great round masses, which contrast admirably with the straight line of the sea. Fine clouds moving slowly along the sky, cast huge shadows on the ocean, and create splendid contrasts; all the artifices of chiaroscuro lend animation to a scene in which all is tranquillity; the eye is pleased and the attention is awakened, and yet the spectator is not withdrawn from the profound emotions with which the painter has endeavoured to inspire him.

But suddenly the sky is overcast; the sea, so peaceful a minute ago, begins to growl; the wind whistles sharply, and already a long belt of dark clouds seem to unite the sky and water; a furious gale sets in from the north-west. We are at the entrance of the Texel; ships great and small are struggling against the storm, in the attempt to reach the port. Amongst them passes a packet-boat lighted by a solitary gleam of sunshine, and splashed by the rising foam. Another ray of light flickering out through an opening in the clouds shows us the coast of Holland, whose grey and delicate tone contrasts well with the sombre colours of the rest of the picture, and in this the touch of the painter accords admirably with the nature of his subject. Here is no longer the complacent and brilliant execution of the paintings which represent calms, but the broader and freer pencil which tears open the clouds, whitens the sails, and boldly expresses the form of the waves, and is as much agitated as the sea itself.

We must remark, nevertheless, that for William Van de Velde to paint a storm is an exceptional case. What we have just now been describing is rather the approach of the storm than the storm itself; and perhaps indeed this is the most poetic course to follow, for the imagination of the spectator is then becoming heated, and is becoming impatient for the termination of the scene. Thus, in the eight pictures in Sir Robert Peel's collection, we see a heavy rolling sea, and over it a cloud hanging very low down casts a dark shadow, which threatens the poor fishermen's barks terribly, and which, as M. Waagen remarks, strongly reminds us of Homer's line; "And from the height of the heavens light plunged upon the earth." We can hardly shut out some feeling of anxiety from our breasts on seeing these frail boats tossed between the descending clouds and the uprising waves. But Van de Velde departs from his natural course when he depicts storms; he is more at home in painting the sea at rest. It is over these tranquil plains that he can best put in motion the few and simple elements of which his great effects are made up—the line of the horizon, the clouds forming like chains of mountains, and the rigging of the boats. Others have endeavoured in their compositions to fill space; Van de Velde seeks to paint it. To open up immensity on the canvas, to roll out infinity upon a flat surface, such has been his preoccupation, or rather his genius. For this he passed his life upon the water; he made open boats his studio, and went a considerable distance in this way to see De Ruyter's ship caulked, and went down the Thames in the same manner nearly every day to pay a visit to his old and familiar friends—the ocean waves. In Van de Velde's eyes the sea was not the classic and conventional personage represented by a venerable god with a slimy beard—but ocean such as nature has made it—endowed with all the passions of an animated being, with all the irritability of a blind monster, and with the sensibility and appearance of life.

\* William Gilpin's "Three Essays upon the Beautiful, Picturesque, &c.," a rare but excellent work.

† It may be interesting to give the exact terms of it. "Charles the Second, by the grace of God, &c. Whereas we have thought fit to allow the salary of one hundred pounds per annum unto W. Van de Velde the elder, for taking and making draughts of sea-fights; and the like salary of one hundred pounds per annum unto W. Van de Velde the younger, for putting the said draughts into colours, for our particular use; our will and pleasure is, and we do hereby authorize and require you to issue your orders for the present and future establishment of the said salaries, to the aforesaid W. Van de Velde the younger, to be paid unto one or other of them during our pleasure, and for so doing this shall be your sufficient warrant and discharge. Given under our privy seal at our palace of Westminster, the 20th day of February, in the 26th year of our reign."—*Anecdotes of Painting in England*. Charles II. dated his reign from the year in which his father was beheaded, 1649; so that the twenty-sixth year of which he speaks must be 1675.

However, the title and the pension which he had received from Charles II. compelled him, from time to time, to paint official pictures, if we may use the expression—fleets not ranged so as to please the eye, but according to the rules of tactics or the caprices of the admiral—vessels which, to secure historical accuracy, should fulfil a certain duty, or be sketched at a certain moment. Many of these compositions may still be seen at Hampton Court. Horace Walpole informs us that at Buckingham Palace there was one representing the Battle of Solebay, which Van de Velde the elder painted from nature, or perhaps we should rather say *ad vivum*, having attended the engagement in a light sloop by order of the Duke of

well adapted for the display of their genius. Van de Velde painted, at one time, the united French and English fleets in the place where Charles II. went to see them. The king is represented in the picture in the act of stepping on board his yacht. Horace Walpole informs us, "that two commissioners of the Admiralty agreed to beg it of the king, to cut it in two, and each to take a part. The painter, in whose presence they concluded this wise treaty, took away the picture, and concealed it till the king's death, when he offered it to Bullfinch, the printseller (from whom Vertue had the story), for fourscore pounds. Bullfinch took time to consider, and returning to the purchase, found the picture sold for 130 guineas. After-



A CALM.—FROM A PAINTING BY W. VAN DE VELDE.

York.\* Weisbrod,† Captain Baillie, and several English engravers, have preserved some of these compositions, belonging both to the father and the son, though none of them were

\* "Several are at Hampton Court, and at Hinchinbrook. At Buckingham House was a view of Solebay fight, with a long inscription. Van de Velde, by order of the Duke of York, attended the engagement in a small vessel."—*Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting*.

† Charles Weisbrod, designer and engraver, was born at Ham-  
burgh in 1764, and came very young to Paris, for the purpose not  
of learning to engrave, for he had already acquired the art, but to  
perfect himself in it under the tuition of John George Wilke, who  
was the master *par excellence*. His great talent lay in seizing on  
the spirit of a painting, and rendering it in a lively and vigorous  
manner in a rapid etching. He was, therefore, admirably fitted  
for executing those free and hasty engravings, which lend value to  
the original, though they make no pretensions to translate it.

wards it was in possession of Mr. Stone, a merchant retired  
into Oxfordshire."

William Van de Velde died in London in 1707, as stated in  
the following inscription:—

Gulielmus Van de Velde, junior,  
Navium et prospectuum marinarum pictor,  
Et ob singularem in illa arte peritiam,  
A Carolo et Jacobo Secundo Magnæ Britannię regibus  
Annua mercede donatus.  
Obiit 6 April, A.D. 1707,  
Ætatis suæ, 74.

"What we esteem in this painter," says Lebrun, "is the  
transparency of his colouring, which is agreeable and vigorous;

Weisbrod was fond of these, and excelled in them. In the Choiseul  
collection his and those of Dunkerque are by far the best of their  
kind. He engraved, for instance, the two landscapes, designed by

his vessels are drawn with precision; his small figures are sketched with spirit and judgment; his skies are clear; his clouds are varied, and seem to roll in the air." We might add here that the clouds of William Van de Velde are like those of Ruysdael: they have the same beautiful forms, the same agreeable masses, picturesque and contrasted without any affectation of singularity. They have also the same motion and lightness; they even seem charged with rain, but are never heavy, and we almost fancy we can see them blown along by the wind. "William Van de Velde," continues Lebrun, "is the first who rendered calm waters naturally, the sky, the fishing-boats, the vessels, and all other spectacles

are as rare as they are valuable." Van de Velde, in his old age, painted many historical battles in England, which have a reddish tone, and are not much thought of; hence they are distinguished in Holland by the epithet of "*English make*."

In England, the admiration of the younger Van de Velde has for a long period known no bounds. Sir Joshua Reynolds, when president of the Royal Academy, said, in speaking of him, that another Raphael might be born, but not another Van de Velde. The very exaggeration of this sentiment would have been sufficient to immortalize him of whom it was uttered, even if his works had not really possessed surpassing excellence. More complete than Backhuysen, as delicate and as silvery



ROUGH WEATHER.—FROM A PAINTING BY W. VAN DE VELDE.

which the sea offers to our view. He is a disheartening model for those who wish to practise his branch of art. His pictures

Adrian Van de Velde, "*Pastoral Scenes*" as they were then called, in an able manner, though a little too delicately, perhaps. Ruysdael, Karl Dujardin, Pynaker, Weirötter—all the landscape painters, and, above all, those who had an eye to the picturesque—have been rendered by him with great felicity. He is liable to censure, however, for not having given greater size to the objects in the foreground, so as to enable us to distinguish the relative distances of the objects in the rear more readily.

More precise than St. Non, Weishrod leaves less to the chances of crispness; his graver seems to take in at once the forms over which it has to run. His broken lines, short and wavered in appearance, but in reality directed by a steady and skilful hand, are admirably adapted to the expression of broken down walls, disjointed and moss-covered stones, creeping plants, and in general all the capricious vegetation of ruins. In proof of this, we may refer to his fine engraving, after Alex. Kierling, to be found in Neyman's "*Catalogue of Drawings*" printed in 1766.

These hasty sketches of Weishrod's were also well fitted for the

as Dubbels, more brilliant and more powerful than Van Goyen, far superior in every way to Bonaventura, William Van de

reproduction of wild rustic scenes, and rugged, undulating ground—the chalky hills, and unclothed soil of a Huysman—the brushwood of a Waterloo—the irregular and gnarled trunks of Ruysdael's old oaks, studded with tufts of foliage—the huge plants which flourish in the foreground of Pynaker's landscapes—and last of all those sandy hillocks, half-covered by flint and grass, which Wynants, and after him Adrian Van de Velde, painted with so much grace and devotion. Weishrod bestowed great care on the management of the transition from black to white, so as to lend softness to those changes which are formed in nature by tufts of grass springing from a sandy soil.

In general, Weishrod's great defect is his not putting sufficient variety on the sizes of his lines. It has also been remarked that his masses of trees sometimes resemble the decorations in a theatre, which appear on the sky in flat silhouette; we mean that as much relief is desirable in the middle as there is of precision and delicacy in the outline. Weishrod has also engraved several small plates after Paul Potter, which never fail to render perfect the phy-

Velde is the painter of the sea. When gazing on his canvas, and on his alone, we can almost fancy we feel the spray on our face, and snuff in the strong odour of the tar.

Mr. John Smith, in his catalogue of the works of the most eminent painters, sets down the number of works known as William Van de Velde's at 262, seven-eighths of which are in private collections in England, the painter's adopted country. In enumerating the pictures, we shall follow a different method of classification. First we shall take a run through the public galleries.

Hampton Court, so rich in the works of masters of every school, contains eight of Van de Velde's paintings:—a sea-piece in his Majesty's Gallery; in the Queen's Presence Chamber—two sea-fights between the English and Dutch; a calm sea; three burning fleets; the English fleet attacking the Dutch fleet in a harbour.

The famous Dulwich Gallery, near London, contains four—three calms, and one fresh breeze.

The Pinacotheca at Munich contains two—a calm and a storm.

The Museum at the Hague—two calms.

The Amsterdam Museum contains six—the capture of the English vessel, "the Royal Prince;" that of four ships of the line; these two paintings are pendants, and are considered some of the most finished of his works. "View of Amsterdam," a very fine production; two calms, and a stormy sea with vessels in full sail.

The gallery of the Louvre contains only one—a calm; but many deny the authenticity of this altogether, and attribute it to Van de Velde's master, Simon de Vlieger.

These are almost all that are to be met with in the public galleries. In the private collections they are more numerous, above all in England, where Van de Velde was held in such high estimation.

The Duke of Devonshire has one at Chatsworth—a calm; and at his villa at Chiswick, a stormy sea covered with ships—a painting warmly lighted, and possessing very striking effects.

Sir Robert Peel's collection contains eight of Van de Velde's paintings—a sea covered with ships of war, barks in the background, and a coaster in the foreground, a fine painting, dated 1657; a calm sea, in the foreground a lighter, and two frigates in the distance—this picture is valued at £300; a coast with large vessels and figures—this bears the name of the artist, it is dated 1661, and cost £500; the coast of Schevelingen while the sea is slightly agitated—this contains a great number of figures by Adrian Van de Velde; it is one of the finest of the Dutch school, and cost £800; the coast of Holland, fishing-boat in the offing—a delicate, silvery painting, one of the most carefully-finished of the master; a view of Texel during rain, the sea violently agitated, bad weather—a work full of variety, and displaying very striking effect.

The Bridgewater Gallery contains six of Van de Velde's works—a view of the entrance of the Texel during a violent gale, a magnificent specimen, full of poetry and truth; a shipwreck; view of a coast during a dead calm; sea-fight—the "Prince Royal" surrendering to the Dutch fleet,—this pos-

sionomy of the beasts, and are true and faithful expressions of the original.

Weisbrod retired to Hamburg towards the year 1780, if we may judge from the date which appears upon his engravings, and there engraved several landscapes of his own composition, but he could not avoid imitating the masters whose works he had reproduced. He arranged his ruins in the style of Breenberg, and his pastoral scenes in the manner of Berghem; but one could not say of his compositions what was said of Huber and Rost, that he led one to expect more from his talents. Weisbrod could never complete an engraving; Dandlet, Deguevanvillers, and the celebrated Lebas, gave the finishing touches with the burin to many of his etchings, particularly the "Flight into Egypt" after Teniers, the landscapes after Ruydael and Pynaer, and two "Views in the environs of Meinen," of his own composition. He died, most probably, at Hamburg, towards the close of the last century.

sesses great vigour of touch; and the capture of the "Prince Royal."

The collection of Sir Abraham Hume contains a great battle between the English and Dutch fleets in a slight breeze.

Lord Ashburton's collection contains "The Flotilla," from the Talleyrand collection, celebrated for the great number of vessels of every variety which are crowded into it upon a sea smooth as glass.

Mr. J. H. Hope's collection contains two "Agitated Seas."

There are great numbers of them in other private collections in various parts of England, but to enumerate them would be tedious, if it were not useless. They are nearly all heirlooms, that pass and have passed for generations, from father to son, and are in some sense as much fixtures as the houses that cover them. It is a matter of more interest to learn the value which Van de Velde's works have borne at some of the principal picture sales on the Continent.

M. Julienne's sale, 1767. "A sea piece," price 1,039 livres; another, 300 livres.

Duke of Choiseul's sale, 1772. Three paintings of Van de Velde: "A Calm," with several vessels under sail, valued at 679 livres; another, "A Calm Sea," in the background some ships, in the foreground near the sand some fishermen's boats, 759 livres; "Calm water," in the middle of which appears a large barque under full sail, and in the background several boats in the roadstead; in the foreground a jetty, below which was a boat with several sailors; price 1,700 livres.

The Blondel de Gagny sale, 1776. "A Calm Sea," on which are several fishermen's boats and vessels under sail, price 470 livres.

Prince de Conti's sale, 1777. "A Calm Sea," with vessels under sail and small boats filled with figures, 3,161 livres; "A Sea piece," with several boats, 1,260 livres; another, a pendant to the above, also representing a sea piece—several fishing-boats, with sailors walking in the water, 861 livres.

The Randon de Boisset sale, 1777. "Calm Sea," with vessels and boats containing a great number of figures, price 8,051 livres; "A Coast"—a man walking on the sand, vessels under sail, and a boat, price 5,000 livres.

The Partlet sale, 1783. "View of Texel;" several boats containing the chief magistrates of the states in Holland; in the background, a great number of boats and barques; price 2,400 livres.

The Lenglier sale, 1788. "View of a great extent of Sea," in which vessels of all sizes are to be seen; in the foreground a barque afloat, and two men caulking her sides; farther on three sailors going on board a three-masted vessel which is firing a signal-gun for departure; price 1,400 livres.

Duke de Praslin's sale, 1793. "View of a Calm Sea," covered with a fleet of more than forty vessels, barques, yachts, and long-boats, £280.

Robil sale, 1801. "View of Texel;" same as the former one; £120.

Van Leyden sale, 1804. "View of a Calm Sea"—boats, merchant vessels, and passenger-boats, with more than fifty figures, whose action is admirable, £32.

Solirene sale, 1812. "View of Texel;" the sea covered with ships and lighters; a sequel to the two former views of the same place; £120.

The Clos sale, 1812. "Great expanse of Sea in calm weather," covered by a large fleet; to the right, in the foreground, a man-of-war is firing a gun, and some naval officers are directing their course in a four-oared boat towards other vessels, to which a trumpet announces their arrival; £501.

Laperrière sale, 1817. "View of a Calm Sea," valued at £360.

Laperrière sale, 1823. "A Sea piece," with a large vessel, some merchant-vessels, and fishing-boats, £136.

The Chevalier Erard's sale, 1832. "View of the Zuider Zee"—calm weather—several large East Indian men have just entered the bay, and are preparing to cast anchor; in the background a two decker, and sailors exercising themselves in boarding; price £280. Three other paintings of this master figured in this sale: "A Dutch Fleet" of twelve vessels, £100; "A Calm



Sea," covered with ships of war, merchantmen, elegant yachts, barques, long-boats, and light galleys; £200; "A Shore in Holland," low water; the ebb of the tide has left a boat stranded on the beach, which some fishermen are striving to launch; two fishermen on the shore, a dog barking, and a man dragging a piece of wood which has been thrown up by the sea; £60.

The Duke de Berri's sale, 1837. "The Sea in a Calm;" several boats, one of them with a great number of men on board setting out for the herring fishery, a ship of war, fishermen launching a boat; £92 10s.

Heris de Bruxelles sale, 1841. "A Calm;" a group of boats in the Zuider Zee—a frigate at anchor, a small boat with fishermen, and a boat sailing towards the other vessels scattered along the coast; £390. "The Zuider Zee;" a calm, a frigate setting sail, and making towards the offing; two fishermen near a boat preparing to draw their nets; in the back ground a three-decker at anchor; £235.

Count Peregraux's sale, 1841. "A Sea fight;" three fleets,

the English, French, and Dutch engaged; sailors in one place hauling at the ropes or shifting the sails, men in the water struggling for life, a boat rowing towards the admiral's vessel; on some of the decks the combatants are engaged hand to hand, smoke and shot are issuing from the port holes, and some of the vessels are on fire. This is one of Van de Velde's finest works. It was sold for £800.

Tordien and Heris sale, 1843. "A Fleet Setting Sail;" the sea covered with ships, vessels of war, merchantmen, boats, &c.; £310. "A Calm;" two ships and a boat—the sailors on deck variously occupied; to the right two fishing-boats near the shore, two ships of war, and sails in the distance; £400.

Van de Velde never engraved, but he has left several drawings executed with great skill, both with the pen and with wash,—outlines sufficient to show him the state of the sea, the shape of a ship, or the appearance of the clouds. There are two of them in the Louvre.

## JEAN JOUVENET.

About the middle of the sixteenth century, a painter and sculptor, presumed to have come originally from Italy, took up his abode at Rouen. He was the ancestor of several generations of distinguished artists, and the grandfather of Jean Jovenet, who was born at Rouen in 1644.

Jean received his first lessons in art in his father's house, and was then sent to study at Paris under Lebrun, who was at that time in his glory. Poussin had yielded the palm to him, and Le Sueur was dead.

Voltaire, in his "Age of Louis XIV.," speaks of Jovenet's first attempts in Lebrun's studio thus: "Jovenet is not, as Argenville says, an artist without a master, rough hewn by the first lessons of Laurent his father. I believe even that he acquired a taste for the great machines of Lebrun, since he laboured with him for twenty years, with several intervals, from 1661 to 1680. But be not disquieted regarding the originality of his genius and the future of his style. He will take from his master, who is doubtless an able practitioner as well as an inventive composer, nothing but breadth and ease in execution, knowledge of technical processes, and the details of arrangement in complicated subjects."

While painting from models in the Academy or in the studio of Lebrun, Jovenet often aided his master in the ceilings of Versailles, for he had learnt his trade right speedily. There is hardly a doubt that he could paint from his very childhood, and that he never thought of anything else. Real painters receive their education from a palette and a few books, from conversing with men and contemplating nature. Jovenet, however, gave no evidence of individuality in his style till about the year 1672. In 1673, when twenty-nine years of age, he carried off the Academy's second prize; and in the same year he executed the "May painting" for the Goldsmiths' Company of Paris, so called because during the whole of that month it was exhibited in the portico of the church of Notre Dame. The goldsmiths presented it to the cathedral, where, fortunately, it may still be seen,—"The Healing of the Paralytic;"—in the choir above the statues.

The May painting met with immense success amongst the public, and from this time the young artist's popularity was beyond doubt. Vermeulen asked permission to engrave his works, and Lebrun begged of him anew to labour at the Versailles decorations. In 1675, he was elected a member of the academy.

It is most probable that it was about this period that he married. The name of his wife has not reached us. He was soon afterwards offered apartments by the king in the Palais des Quatre Nations. And he joyfully took possession of them. In those immense galleries he had ample room for the pursuit of his profession, and he determined that his first achievement should be worthy of them, at least in size.

Upon canvas 30 feet long, and 28 feet broad, he painted his "Jesus healing the Sick," a work which contains all Jovenet's defects as well as all his excellences. The shadows are thrown rather angularly, the figures are lively—a little vulgar in form perhaps, but full of warmth and motion. It would have been impossible to have shown a larger amount of knowledge in the drawing, more animation in the action, or more fire in the execution. The arrangement is picturesque, and the effects of the light and shade are broad and well contrasted. The five years following he was occupied in executing his celebrated works,—"Isaac blessing Jacob," for the Museum of Rouen; "The Nunc Dimittis," for the Jesuits; "The Family of Darius;" "Louis XIV. healing the King's Evil." The latter was painted in competition with Antony Coppel, Halle, and the brothers Boullongue, but the gold medal was awarded to Jovenet by the judge, the Abbé de St. Riquier. Lebrun died at the age of seventy-one, in 1690, and Jovenet at once assumed the position of head of the French school. Louis XIV. to mark his sense of his merits, conferred upon him a pension of two hundred livres per annum, and after he had finished the paintings in the Chapel of Versailles, it was increased to five hundred. He also determined to send the artist to Italy at the expense of the state, but, whether owing to illness or negligence, Jovenet never availed himself of the offer.

The "Resurrection of Lazarus" is one of Jovenet's finest paintings. "Jovenet," says the quaint historian Monteil, "so closely applied himself to the reading of the gospel, that it would have been marvellous if he had not lighted upon its most picturesque page. This page never ceases to delight him; he never ceases to sketch it in thought, to colour it, to enlarge it, to embellish it. At last he is suddenly impelled to take up his brushes and paint. What has he seen? Lazarus has been dead many days; his body lies buried in a sepulchre hewn in the rock; Jesus appears in the neighbourhood; the sister of Lazarus, beautiful from her age, her paleness, her tears, comes to Jesus to ask him to restore her brother to life,—and here is the most touching of scenes. Jesus stands in the midst, taller than those around him; his face shining with almighty power; Son of the Author of Nature—he is about to suspend its laws. He advances, he bows slightly; he stretches out his arms towards the base of the rock; he calls Lazarus, 'Lazarus, arise!' The men who had entered the sepulchre with torches, to open the shroud, fall back stupefied, not at the sight of the dead, but at the sight of the living. Lazarus breathes through livid lips, and looks out from glassy eyes. He has awakened in a body fading into dissolution. The fright, the terror of the men, under whose eyes, under whose hands, the miracle has taken place; the lively admiration of the people contrast with the calm figures of the

apostles, who are accustomed to the wonderful works of their divine master. If it be not here, where is the skill of a great painting?"

It is in this picture, which Duchange and many others have engraved, that Jouvenet has painted his own portrait and those of his daughters, between two columns to the right, and amidst the spectators. The painting of "The Money Changers driven from the Temple" was the first of the series, which, by the king's order, was completed in 1702, with "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes." In order to represent the fisherman and his crew naturally, Jouvenet made a journey to Dieppe, and brought back the fine studies which are found in the work. When Louis XIV. saw these splendid paintings he was in ecstasies, and caused them to be reproduced in tapestry at the Gobelins.

In 1709 we find Jouvenet still labouring at Versailles with all the perseverance and energy of youth. But his sanguine

almost as much dexterity as ever had been possessed by the other. The painting which he thus finished with his left hand is "The Death of St. Francis," at present in the Museum of Rouen. Holbein, we believe, is the only other artist who was thus able to paint with both hands.

Jouvenet now resumed his work, and with his left hand executed several compositions—amongst others the decorations of the ceiling of the Second Chamber of Inquests of the Parliament of Rouen. He was in the habit of signing these works *J. J., deficiente dextro, sinistro pinxit.*

All this made a great noise, and the regent himself came to see Jouvenet in his studio at the Quatre Nations. Sebastian Ricci, during his travels in France, also visited him. The courtiers and foreigners of distinction vied with each other in bestowing on him marks of favour and admiration. But his disease advanced apace, and in April 1717 he died in the arms of his sister and his son Francis. His last work was the



A FLOTILLA.—FROM A PAINTING BY W. VAN DE VELDE (SEE PAGE 54).

temperament proved too much for his health, and in 1713 he was seized with paralysis of the whole of the right side of his body. Despite his age, sixty-nine years, he had retained all the richness of imagination, and the impetuous desire to be at work, which had characterized his earlier years, when he found himself thus struck powerless. His impatience under such an affliction may be imagined.

He was in his studio some time after, superintending the labours of Restout, his nephew and pupil, who was engaged upon a large painting. Jouvenet seized the brush in his right hand, in order to give more expression to a head; but the disabled limb refused to do its office. He then transferred the brush to his left, and was surprised to find that in it there was

"Magnificat," or "Visitation," which still adorns the chancel of Notre Dame.

The Italians have called Jouvenet the French Carracci. There is some truth in the comparison. For he, like the Carracci, had a profound knowledge of his art; his drawing was firm and assured, his ability marvellous; like them, also, he was the connecting link between two schools; but he was more original than the Carracci, than the eclectics who mingled the school of Rome with the school of Parma, Raphael with Corregio, and took their subjects and their figures from every quartér.

What gives Jouvenet his best claim to celebrity, is his originality in the midst of his contemporaries. He was a

maker of novelties, as all great men are. In fact, for a man to be great, it is essential that he should see farther and higher than his own time.

Almost all writers who have spoken of Jouvenet have spoken favourably. He has not had to undergo those thermometric risings and fallings in public estimation like more capricious talents. Dorgenville highly appreciates him; Voltaire places high value on him also, though he rates him below Lebrun; Saillason says he is to Poussin what Crebillon was to Corneille. Other critics believe him to have filled in the French school the place occupied by Rembrandt in the Dutch. We do not agree with Voltaire as to Lebrun's superiority. Without doubt he was a great machinist, a powerful orderer; but Jouvenet, with more energy, if not equal method, is perfect master of an immense scene, and has the merit of invention in his groups, in the outline and drawing of his figures. His drawing was very skilful, strongly marked,

and free from all hesitation. The action, which was his forte, sometimes leads him into exaggeration, a gymnastic manner, if we may use the expression, which became a vice in the school of the eighteenth century. Often, those of his figures that belong to the lower classes, such as the fisherman seen from behind, and the man who is drawing the nets, in "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes," have a robust grandeur and a proud gait. Jouvenet's colouring is not of the first order, although it has been frequently vaunted by his admirers. It is reddish, bounded, and not very agreeable as to locality; but it is saved by the skill displayed in the great effects of light and shade, and their resolute expression. Of all his paintings, the most complete, the most vigorous, the grandest, the richest in colouring, is "The Descent from the Cross," in the Paris Museum. It may be seen at all times surrounded by a throng of copyists, who admire its masterly drawing, its energetic *tonnure*, its strong colour, and its powerful *chiaro-scuro*.



A FRESH BREEZE.—FROM A PAINTING BY W. VAN DE VELDE (SEE PAGE 64).

## FRAGONARD.

It is not yet fifty years since Fragonard died, and yet such is the wonderful revolution which France has undergone since the period in which he flourished, that few know anything about him at the present; and even the famous "Biographie Universelle," which so seldom passes over the merits of a Frenchman, let them be ever so small, has made a blunder in giving his very name. No one, down to the present, has written much about him save Diderot; and even he in terms of condemnation oftener than of praise. The cause of this oblivion is obvious. Fragonard rose into celebrity in an order

of things, and in a state of society, which happily exist no longer. His talents, great as they undoubtedly were, were prostituted to pander to the vices, follies, and frivolities of the old regime, and when the revolution came, and with it the affectation of Roman simplicity and antique grace, the heroes and demigods of David, and the other artists of the warlike school which flourished under the empire, with their bronze casques and coats of mail, threw the shepherdesses and lovers, with their flowers and light robes, completely into the shade. And yet this was not as it should be. There was nothing

national, nothing thoroughly French, in the mawkish allegories which filled the salons during the empire, and consequently there was little in them worthy of admiration. To be truly great, a painter must be true to his early prejudices, sympathies, and associations. He must find his subjects in the men and women, and frailties and virtues, of his own time, and in the hills, and valleys, and plains, and rivers of his native land. This did Fragonard, wherever else he left undone. We are not about to stand up in defence of the scenes upon which he, in many cases, employed his pencil; but this has nothing to do with the value of his painting itself, any more than the immorality of a poem has to do with its excellence. Byron has described the loves of Iliadée and Juan with as much pathos, and fervour, and beauty as if they had been the most virtuous pair who ever stood before the altar and received the blessings of the church. Pity that it should be so, but so it is. Fragonard found a certain state of manners about him, and, like Boucher, he has delineated them with a fidelity, imagination, force, and brilliancy which leave much to be regretted, but nothing to be desired. It is his paintings that we are concerned about, and not his morality; and this may serve as a general excuse for not pouring out a greater amount of virtuous indignation upon him than we shall exhibit in the course of the following notice.

Fragonard came into the world in the nick of time. He was born in 1732, just when Chardin, Louthourbourg, Hubert Robert, and Gruze were in the prime of their career. He had the benefit of their example, and the prospect of succeeding them. He was eighteen years of age before he displayed his *penchant* for art, by employing the pen which should have been engrossing deeds in a notary's office in sketching designs upon paper. His mother saw them, and instantly took him to Boucher, with the view of placing him under his tuition. But Boucher was too much absorbed in his own pursuits and pleasures, to devote any portion of his time and attention to the education of youth. His pupils were the ballet girls of the opera, and the graceful, but shameless, beauties of the court, who loved to see his pencil employed in delineating their charms. He was then taken to Chardin, who at once received him. Diderot speaks in the highest terms of Chardin's method of instruction, and adds that no one discoursed of art more ably and more eloquently than he. "By means of colour and of effect," he would often say to his young pupil, "interest may be thrown round the most vulgar subjects, and a *chef-d'œuvre* be made of a pot and some fruit. But how! You endeavour, you scratch out, you rub, you glaze, you paint over again, and when you have caught that, I don't know what to call it, which pleases so much, the painting is finished."

After spending six months with Chardin, he went back to Boucher, who finding him so wonderfully improved, received him into his studio without the payment of any fee. Boucher was at this time the painter of voluptuousness, and the delight of the court, and we may reasonably presume that from him Fragonard contracted the taste which fixed the style of the majority of his works. After six months stay with Boucher, he started for Italy at the age of twenty. While there, he copied the greater part of the celebrated pictures of all the great schools, of Michael Angelo, of Da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto, Raphael, Titian, Corregio, the Caracchi, Guido, Domenichino, and of Ribera, and this splendid collection of drawings in red chalk, made in company with Hubert Robert, testifies his desire to assimilate every variety of style and practice. But, nevertheless, they are all in the style of the eighteenth century.

His first picture after his return from Rome was his "Callirhoe," which caused him to be elected into the Academy by acclamation, and was exhibited in the Salon of 1765. It was copied in tapestry at the Gobelins manufactory. It is still to be seen at the Louvre, though it has neither number, nor name, nor a place in the catalogue, just as a great many others, through whose negligence or mismanagement we know not. It represents the great priest Coresus sacrificing himself to save Callirhoe, and is a theatrical-looking composition

about fifteen feet long. The scene is the interior of a temple; Callirhoe is fainting, her lover is slaying himself, and around stands a crowd of women, old men, and children. The whole appears very skilfully executed, and the colouring in some parts is very beautiful—the young Callirhoe is charming; but still it is not the Fragonard that we admire, who appears here.

In the Salon, 1765, the painting of the new academicians created a general sensation, but after the first tribute of eulogy had been paid to the artist, and the first round of acclamations, the public began to get bolder. Diderot pretended that he had not seen the picture, and in a pretended vision, entitled "The Cave of Pluto," he recounts the history of Coresus, and describes Fragonard's works in detail; Grimm comes into the dialogue, and exclaims, "You had a beautiful dream, and he has painted it. When we lose sight of the picture for a moment even, we fear still that the canvas will fold itself up as yours has done, and that these engaging fantasies will disappear like those of the night."

Nevertheless, the praise of the critics was loud and long, and none spoke more highly of it afterwards than Diderot. In his "Essay on Painting," he cites the "Callirhoe" as a model "of effect of light—true, forcible, and piquant." "It is a splendid thing," says he, "and I don't believe there is a painter in Europe capable of imagining such another."

Fragonard exhibited two other paintings in the Salon of 1765; a landscape with a shepherd standing upon a knoll or rising ground, and the "Profiting by the Father's and Mother's Absence;" a little familiar composition, representing the interior of a cottage, in which a young man is kissing a young girl, while the children are playing round a table. It is well planned, and, on the whole, effective and well coloured; though we know not, however, where the light comes from.

Fragonard never exhibited his works but on these two occasions, and this explains the absence of all further mention of him in Diderot's subsequent notices of works of art. Although belonging to the Academy, he was never appointed one of the professors in the school, as he had quarrelled with some of the members almost immediately after his entrance; some were jealous of him, and others were offended by his freedom and fantasies. Besides, during the superintendence of M. de Marigny, the brother of Madame Pompadour, who was entirely devoted to Boucher, he experienced great difficulty regarding the sale and payment for his "Coresus," which he had allowed to be numbered amongst the paintings, "by command." The favour of the public, however, amply recompensed him for the loss and annoyance he thus sustained. He became as fashionable as Boucher, who was now old. His paintings were greatly sought after, and all the amateurs were anxious to have one of his works in their collections. He executed, about this period, a "Visitation" for the Duke de Grammont, and a great number of graceful works, which bore sufficient evidence that his style was already formed.

Some time after this he resolved upon making another tour in Italy, a country to which he was devotedly attached, in company with a friend of his, a rich financier, who offered to bear all the expenses of the journey. Fragonard now thoroughly explored Italy, and made an immense number of drawings of the scenery in various parts. It was about this time that, in 1759, the Abbé St. Non came into Italy, and formed an intimate friendship with Fragonard and Robert. He took them to Naples and Herculaneum, and to Pompeii; they made an ascent of Vesuvius, and visited Italy and the coast of Sicily together, taking views, and sketching all the ruins and picturesque scenes; and St. Non, after his return to Paris in 1762, engraved them in a magnificent folio. • When they

• Jean Claude Richard, Abbé St. Non, was son of a receiver-general of finances; he belonged to the family of Boullongue, painters to the king. As he had a decided taste for the arts, he was pressed to engage in the study of theology and law. He was sub-deacon and counsellor clerk. Fortunately, during some of the political troubles in France, he was sent to Poitiers by a *lettre de cachet*, and ordered to remain there. He devoted himself now to

returned to Paris, he was surprised to find that his fellow-traveller had no thought of returning his drawings, which had remained in his possession. Upon making application to him for them, he signified his intention of retaining them to compensate him for Fragonard's expenses on the journey. The matter was brought before a court of law, and judgment was given against the financier, who was ordered to restore the drawings or pay 30,000 francs. He chose the latter. This may serve to give an idea of the estimation in which the artist's works were at that time held. He was then, in fact, in his glory. Boucher had just died; the greater part of the young painters, forgetful of the lessons they had received, were trying to assume a graver manner—a prelude of the revolution which was soon to follow, not in art only, but in politics. But Fragonard was not the man to repudiate his old idols, and stepped into the place which Boucher had left vacant, as the only one, in fact, who was fit to fill it. When, in 1772, Madame Dubarry, the mistress of Louis XV., so famous for her beauty, her wickedness, and her terrible end, in 1793, was building the pavilion of Luciennes, it was upon Fragonard that she fixed to decorate it. Accordingly he there painted, *à la galante*, from large panels on which were represented, in the midst of allegorical ornaments, the "Loves of the Shepherds." Madame was satisfied, and forthwith Fragonard found himself more than ever surrounded by noblemen, caressed by the ladies, and visited by "distinguished foreigners." In 1773 he was decorating a boudoir for Mademoiselle Guimard, and he and she differed regarding some part of the work, and separated in "a tiff," the lady declaring that she would bring all the gentlemen of her acquaintance to look at the painting and decide between them. The ceiling, which contained representations of the gods, was already almost finished, and that Mademoiselle herself, the goddess of the opera in her day, figured as Terpsichore upon the principal panel. Fragonard felt deeply insulted at any one being brought to pass judgment upon his work, and accordingly revenged himself by changing the light and graceful figure of Terpsichore into a hideous fury, but without altering the resemblance of the portrait. The lady arrived with a swarm of her friends; when she saw the alteration she flew into a violent passion; but her companions declared coolly that Fragonard was a great physiognomist. Mademoiselle, however, never forgave him; and it was David who finished the work.

Fragonard was now entering in right earnest upon what was clearly his legitimate sphere, the painter of the tender passion in all its phases and its details. His scenes, it is true, were often warm, often indecorous, but many of them are conceived in a vein of passing tenderness and purity. Witness the "Stolen Kiss" (*le Baiser à la Derobée*), and the "Fountain of Love," in which all the ardour of the passion is glowingly depicted without the least admixture of its grossness. What power in the colouring, what sentiment in the drawing of the two young lovers, who in the flush of youth bend eagerly over the basin into which the enchanted waters of love are flowing!

Fragonard, in making use of allegory, succeeded in combining reality and symbol with the happiest effect. By means of a well-timed boldness, he took away the coldness natural to symbolical compositions, and made life palpitate under the

wings of thought. Lesuer, Charles Lebrun, and most other great painters, who have clothed their meaning in allegory, have hardly ever got out of the domains of poetical allusion, that is to say, their characters are nearly always gods. Raphael mingled history with it; he brought well-known heroes and historical personages, such as Marie de Medicis and Henry IV., into contact with the divinities of mythology. Fragonard has done more than this; he has brought human figures and living symbols upon the scene; he was the first, we believe, to express one sentiment, or rather sensation, as it was then called, by painting another. We mean, that instead of putting allegory in the persons he has put it in the action. The "Fountain of Love," of which we have been speaking, is an admirable example of this. The waters are flowing fast over the edge of the basin which surrounds the fountain, and as it falls, groups of cupids rise from its spray. On the brink a youth and maiden in light and flowing drapery are seen flying towards it with eager and longing eyes. Here the loves are but accessories, and the ardour of passion is painted in lines of fire in the movements made by the two lovers to besprinkle themselves with the enchanted liquid which intoxicates the senses and lulls the heart into happiness and repose.

Fragonard, as we have already said, has been accused of descending in search of subjects to regions where art should never enter. But allowing that there is some truth in the accusation, there is an immense deal of exaggeration in it. It was in vain that Diderot counselled the artists of his time to choose themes of an honourable and decorous character. For pupils of Boucher, it was no very easy matter to follow his advice. What would have been said, had Fragonard suddenly falsified his antecedents, and returned to the paths of virtue! Why, this at that time would have caused awful scandal. To effect such a change in the artist would have required nothing less than a remodelling of the whole of French society. So on he went in his old way, and painted "La Gimblette;" the "Milk-pot," and many other works of the same stamp. He married a woman of great talent, who painted miniatures, and they lived together very happily at the Louvre, with a tolerably large family. Here he had a studio furnished in a style that gratified all his caprices. Curious and fantastic drawings were suspended round the walls; in the corner was a swing or hammock in which he generally placed his models, and it was by this airy staircase, that his daughter, a fine girl who died at the early age of eighteen, descended from her apartment on the upper floor. In the furniture and the general arrangement of the room, everything recalled the fairy scenes which he so often depicted in his paintings; here and there garlands of flowers, shrubs, and even *jets d'eau*, splendid carpets, and gorgeous drapery.

The voluptuous scenes he painted at this period of his career brought almost fabulous prices. He was the idol of fashion—the lion of the *salons*. Women crowded to caress him who daily held woman up to the eyes of the world in degradation and guilt—a mere animal; and the men were happy to see their vices and escapades so gloriously veiled and even transformed by the painter's genius. But their hour was come, and the destroyer was at hand. A change was insensibly coming over the French people. The philosophers had not sneered and denounced in vain. The nation was gradually rising to a sense of its true dignity and glory, and was beginning to think it foul scorn that a knot of dissolute courtiers and shameless women should stand forth as the representatives of all the courage, hope, and capability that lay slumbering in its mighty heart. For the first time, the real people, the *roturiers*, rose up into the view of the world after a thousand years of oppression, and declared their wrongs before high heaven. Fragonard saw the change, and had the sagacity to conform himself to it. He abandoned the painting of the follies and crimes of gallantry, and set himself to the nobler task of delineating the condition, the wants, the virtues, and sufferings of the poor, as did most of the other artists of the day. It was a vast and hitherto unexplored field which was now opening up. The works of Chardin and Greuse had furnished faint glimpses of it, but never before

drawing and engraving, and met with extraordinary success. In 1739 he broke away from his imprisonment, and after a tour through England, he went to Italy, where he met, as we have stated above, with Robert and Fragonard, whose works he engraved. His style was a rapid sketching, which was admirably adapted for the expression of ruins, &c. On his return to France, he commenced the publication of his great work, "Voyage de Naples et Sicile," upon a grand scale, which no private resources could have carried out. He was for a while sustained by rich capitalists; but they at last became tired of the expense, and withdrew their aid. He carried it on for a while longer, by sacrificing the whole of his brother's fortune and his own; and though he was able only to publish a part of it, it was one of the finest offerings ever made at the shrine of art. He was an honorary member of the French Academy of Painting. He died in November, 1791.



had it seized upon the imagination and attention of the public. Fragonard's successes in the new walk were so many proofs that he was capable of better things than he had yet attempted, and resulted in most of the paintings which have since been multiplied by engraving: "The Happy Mother," "A Family Scene," and "The Cradle," were all executed at this period. In none of them has allegory any part; the sentiment is always pure, and often touching.

The "Family Scene" seems a reflection of Greuze's manner. Fragonard has in it painted a mother surrounded by her children, playing with one of them, while the others, older, are following their humour in various childish amusements. The husband is looking in through an open window upon this scene of quiet happiness. A fine taste is visible in

gratitude and admiration of mankind. But even this was too ponderous a subject for Fragonard's training and temperament. Familiar scenes suited him better, and when the revolution broke out, he paid a tribute to it by dedicating the "Happy Mother" to his country. Fragonard grown wise and grave and decorous,—what a surprise this must have been for the good old dame, who, years before, was the famous *Mademoiselle Guimard*!

By the revolution he lost two-thirds of his fortune, which had been invested in the funds, but was still left a modest competency. His fine drawings, illustrating "Orlando Furioso," and "Don Quixote," did not sell at as high a price as they would have brought in former times. M. Devon possessed the greater part of the latter; from him they were



A FAMILY SCENE.—FROM A PAINTING BY FRAGONARD.

the drawing of all the figures, and in the expression which he has given them. The children, too, are charming.

There cannot be a doubt that when Fragonard returned to the idyl also, it was in obedience to influences which then acted upon him from every quarter. Is it not a curious circumstance that the amorous painter of Dubarry's boudoir, and of the temple of Terpsichore, should afterwards have been inspired by the noble figure of Franklin? And yet nothing is more true. When the American patriarch paid a visit to France, Fragonard sketched in Indian ink, and afterwards engraved, a large composition, in his honour. Turgot's line, since become so famous.

"Eripuit cælo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis."

explains the design of the work, in which the artist has endeavoured to set forth the old patriot's double claim to the

bought by an eccentric Englishman, who caused the "Don Quixote" to be printed in folio, struck off but one magnificent copy, and bound up Fragonard's drawings in it.

Fragonard died at Paris in 1806. He treated every possible variety of subject; historical, religious, mythological, familiar scenes, pastorals, decoration, landscapes, vignettes, in crayon, in water-colours, water body colour, Chinese ink, red chalk, black lead, beautiful miniatures, and engravings of etchings of exquisite delicacy. Some of his paintings remind us of Rembrandt by the effect and judgment of their light; of Rubens, by the splendour of the flesh and the harmony of the colouring; of Ruysdael, in some of the finished and vigorous landscapes; of Chardin, and even Watteau, in the fancy figures; and Reynolds, by the vivacity of some of his sketches. Among the poets, he has illustrated La Fontaine, Boccaccio, and Ariosto. Grace and elegance reign in all his compositions.

His figures, his heads, and his hands of women are skillfully drawn. His children have a coquettish simplicity about them. His landscapes are luminous, and his skies magical. Of all the painters of the eighteenth century, Fragonard is the one whose works give an exact idea of French history during that period—commencing with pastorals and ending with terrorism. Watteau has told us of all the follies of the regency, and speaks

of love, while love had still some poetry in it; Boucher paints not love, but pleasure, or rather debauchery. Chardin tells us of the virtues of the *tiers état*. Greuze takes up the pencil of philosophy and preaches morality. Fragonard has done all these—fetes like Watteau's, intrigues and gallantries like Boucher's, interiors like Chardin's, sermons like Greuze's. His earliest works are dedicated to love; his latest to France.

## BURNET.

We have on more than one occasion remarked upon the effect that pictures are at once expressions of the thought of the artist and appeals to the feelings of the spectator. And yet a

ness; but only suggests it, and leaves all the rest to our own imagination. Let us see what it tells us.

There has been a long and severe storm on one of our



MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT OF FISHES.—FROM A PAINTING BY JOUENET (SEE PAGE 56).

picture does not fulfil its office when it leaves nothing untold. If there remains nothing for the imagination to shadow forth for itself, nothing for the mind to ponder over, it is little better than mere imitation. It is one of the highest triumphs of genius to convey all its meaning while expressing only a part of it. How successfully this has been done by many of our own great artists we need not say. Wilkie has taught many a solemn lesson, and written many a piece of humour rich, and pathos deep upon his canvas. There may not be any great variety of detail in the scene he pictures,—it may be one of humble life,—but there is a moral in every line, that he who runs may read. What a sermon lies in his "Young Postboy!" What warning, instruction, and tenderness in the confusion of the lad, and the anxious look of his grandmother!

The picture, an engraving of which is before us, is another of those which suggest its meaning with beautiful distinct-

coasts. For days the sea has been fretting itself against the rocks in impotent fury. Seaward, a sierra of foaming waves, black clouds, and driving rain. At intervals, vessels have been seen in the offing, tearing madly through the storm under doubly reefed topsails, and those on board must have been bold hearts if they did not shudder as they looked towards the land, that loomed upon them so frowningly, so sternly. All along the grassy brow of the cliffs, white wreaths of foam lie like woolpacks, or are swept inland to disappear on some flooded field. Great bundles of sea-weed are found on all the paths by the shore, lying where the sea cast them from it in its fury. The eagle, whose nest is in the cliff, screams hoarsely and savagely as she leaves it in the morning, and more savagely as she returns at night, for this tempest is even more than she can enjoy. There is nobody stirring abroad, the fishing-boats are hauled up high, though not dry, upon the beach; every house in the village has its door shut

ast, and blazing fires of wreckwood make the inmates comfortable.

But down in one rude cabin near the shore, matters have not been so cozy. Every blast has made the old smoky rafters shake and tremble; the rain has penetrated the thatch at a hundred places, and falls in regular and constant drops on the floor; it oozes in, too, by the crevices in the badly-joined casement of the window. The thunder roars distantly at intervals, and the lightning sends occasional flashes through the gloom. The youngsters are frightened, and crouch round their mother; but she, good woman, heard not the raging of the storm, or the dash of the rain. Her heart is light within her, and she sings gaily as she goes about her household duties; for her husband is not at sea, but snug at home, mending his nets and smoking his pipe, and waiting patiently for the return of fair weather. She remembers what fearful nights of watching and anxiety she has passed when a gale had caught him far from land; how her heart throbbed and her limbs trembled, when the boom of the minute guns of a vessel in distress has come dismally on the blast, and the hoarse dash of the remorseless surge was mingled with the melancholy whistling of the wind through the chinks of the old door. She remembers how, breathlessly, she listened for his footstep; and she remembers with what anguish she watched the morning dawning on the stormy sky, and the troubled sea, and still no Dermot returned, and she is happy in contrasting her present quiet with her past alarms. And yet, even now, she has cause for sorrow and vexation. Before evening the storm has cleared off, but it has left many a trace behind it. The thatch, the straw for which cost them so much but six months ago, has been torn off their cabin; the potatoes on which they relied for subsistence during a considerable part of the year, have had their stalks broken by the wind, and many of them are blasted by the lightning; the woodbine and the rose-tree, which had twined so gracefully round the door, are battered and torn, and bent and bruised; the little plot of flowers, sheltered from the sea breeze by a thick hedge, which was her pride and the delight of the children, is covered with pieces of stone and rubbish, and the flowers, the gay, pleasant, and sweet-scented flowers, are lying dead. The children are roaming about outside, lamenting over the ruin and desolation which meets their view; when, lo and behold, in a great lump of thatch which the wind has swept off the roof, they find a nest, lined with down and hay carefully interwoven, and in it lay three fledglings; but, alas! the cold and wet had killed two of them, and one alone survived, to gape feebly for food at the sound of a chirp. But its mother, poor thing, has fled away towards the blue sky, with sorrow in her heart, and will never, never more return. The children nurse the little orphan and carry it in. Their mother prepares a little warm feather bed for it by the fire, where it can rest snugly, secure from danger; and the rough fisherman himself, whose heart is soft and tender as a maiden's, has made a little skewer to offer it bread and milk upon; and to the delight of the two boys it arouses itself, eats, and is merry. The family are present at all its meals; are enchanted to see it extend its little beak for more, and to flap its half-clothed wings.

In two or three days the thatch is repaired, the garden is cleared of the rubbish, and the flowers resown; the potatoes begin to revive; the rose and the woodbine are once more nailed to the wall, and once more begin to smile as they "were wont to smile." All the damage is repaired, and the storm is forgotten, but the fisherman has not forgotten to point out to his children the moral of it all—to remind them each time they rejoice over their pet that it was the storm which brought it them, with all the pleasure it gives; and that God never fails to infuse some leaven of happiness into the worst calamities he sees fit to inflict upon his creatures.

Art has its early victims, as well as poetry. Chatterton and Kirke White gave no greater promise of excellence in verse, than did Bonington and Liversidge in painting. To these names we may add that of James Burnet, a young landscape painter of no common powers. He was born at Mus-

selburgh in the year 1788, and was the fourth son of George Burnet, general surveyor of excise in Scotland, a man of probity and talent, and Anne Cruikshank his wife, sister to the eminent anatomist, the friend and associate of John Hunter. Others of his house have attained distinction; his brother John Burnet is as widely known for his talents in original composition with the pencil as for his almost matchless skill with the graver. The family came originally from Aberdeen.

The instruction which Burnet received at school during the day was excellently followed up in the evening by that of his mother, a devout and prudent woman. There are few of his countrymen who derive not as much of their knowledge from their father's fireside as from the public schools. His mind took an early turn towards art; during his leisure hours he loved to walk into the studio of Scott, the landscape engraver, with whom his brother John was a pupil; nor was he long in lifting the pencil; the result of his attempts was, that he was put under the care of Liddell to learn wood carving, at that time a profession both lucrative and popular. This branch of art, indeed, is now nearly extinct; a love of what is plain has come upon the country, and carved chairs, couches, and cabinets, are expelled from parlour and drawing-room; our cornices and architraves are no longer ornamented, and festoons and flowers flourish no more on our walls.

During his apprenticeship, Burnet studied at the Trustees' Academy, under Graham, where he was noticed for the natural truth of his delineations. As his skill of hand increased, he began to perceive the limited nature of the art of carving in wood. He sent some of his compositions to his brother John, who had removed to London; expressed a wish to follow and devote his time to painting; and without waiting for a letter of encouragement, which was on the way, he left Edinburgh, and arrived in London in the year 1810, in the twenty-second year of his age. He found his brother busied on his fine engraving of Wilkie's inimitable 'Blind Fiddler.' He stood and looked earnestly and long on the picture; he had seen nothing so full of character, or so finished in all its details, during his studies in the North. A new light, he said, broke upon him, and from that moment he resolved to alter his style of drawing. In this resolution he was confirmed by examining the works of the best Dutch masters in the British Gallery. In them he perceived much of what he admired in Wilkie: he lost no time in making attempts in what ought to be called the natural, rather than the Dutch style. 'So convinced was he,' said one who knew him intimately, 'of the little progress he had made in colouring, and the other essentials which are everything in the department of the art he had chosen, that he may be said to have only then commenced his studies; so little applicable is an academical education to the humbler and picturesque walks of art.'

In Wilkie and the Dutch masters he perceived something entirely after his own heart: he loved the vivid human character in the former; and of the latter, Potter and Cuyb became his favourites. He desired to unite their qualities; and while he studied their mode of handling their subjects, and endeavoured to look on nature with their eyes, he was perfectly aware that nothing short of originality of conception would lead him to distinction. He had sought what he wanted in the Academy, but found it not; he therefore determined, like Gainsborough, to make nature his academy; and with a sketch-book and pencil he might be seen wandering about the fields around London, noting down scenes which caught his fancy, and peopling them with men pursuing their avocations, and with cattle of all colours, and in all positions. Of these sketches I have seen a vast number; some are rude and ill arranged; others display bits of great beauty and character; the greater number are such as he probably intended to paint pictures from; for the scenes are generally well depicted, and the sentiment plainly expressed. Of cattle he seems to have been particularly fond, and has represented them in all possible postures, and of all hues—The ring-straked, the speckled, and the spotted.' He also seems to have been a judge. Some of our cattle painters, imagining that the more flesh cows have the

more milk they will give, have plumped them up into a condition for the butcher, but not for the milk-pail. Burnet knew that a moderately lean cow produced most milk, and in this way he drew them. But in all that he did he desired to tell a story. This he knew would give interest to his works, and produce at the same time action, expression, and variety. Nor did he confine his studies to the fields alone: he made himself familiar with the indoor as well as outdoor economy of a farmer's household during seed-time, summer, harvest, and winter; he left no implement of husbandry unsketched, and scarcely any employment of the husbandman without delineation.

The first fruit of all this preparation was his picture of 'Cattle going out in the Morning.' There is a dewy freshness in the air; and the cattle, released from their stalls, seemed to snuff the richness of the distant pastures, and acknowledge the loveliness of the day. His next picture was superior even to this: in his 'Cattle returning Home in a Shower,' purchased by Sir Thomas Baring, 'he has introduced,' says an excellent judge, 'everything that could in any way characterise the scene. The rainbow in the sky, the glittering of the rain upon the leaves; the dripping poultry under the hedge, the reflections of the cattle on the road, and the girl with her gown over her shoulders, all tend with equal force to illustrate his subject.' This picture placed him in the first rank as a pastoral painter. Others followed of equal or superior truth and beauty: such as his—1. 'Key of the Byre'; 2. 'Crossing the Brook'; 3. 'Cowboys and Cattle'; 4. 'Breaking the Ice'; 5. 'Milking'; 6. 'Crossing the Bridge'; 7. 'Inside of a Cow-house'; 8. 'Going to Market'; 9. 'Cattle by a Pool in Summer'; 10. 'Boy with Cows.' Some of these are in the collections of the Earl of Coventry, the Earl of Egremont, and the Marquis Camden: others are in the possession of the painter's relatives. A very fine one, 'The Boy with the Cows,' belongs to James Wadmore, Esq., and hangs worthily with the Wilkies and the Turners, and other masters of the calling.

I have said that he sketched and studied much in the fields. He felt that the excellence which he coveted could not be obtained on more moderate conditions. It was also his practice to write down on the spot his own observations regarding the future handling of the picture in oil: these are both curious and numerous, but their scope and aim are so interwoven with the landscape to which they relate, that few of them will be understood separate. I find the following memoranda regarding distances—'Extreme distance ought generally to be of the same tint as the sky with which it unites; and as it approaches the middle ground, the strata appear interspersed with touches of light and dark, such as the lights upon the tops of houses with their shadows. Be particular in marking the buildings with a firmer line than the trees; never admit colour into your distance when in the direction of the light; scumble a little with purple and grey at the bottom of your objects, losing their forms at the base. In a side light, the objects are coloured where the light shines upon them, while the shadows are all of one tint: even red is grey in the shadow; but when the light is behind you, every object is made out with its proper colour.' The same clear, simple mode of instruction distinguishes all he says regarding the treatment of that unstable element, water. 'To paint water well, it ought, if possible, to be painted at once with a full pencil and a quantity of vehicle: the colours reflected in water appear more pleasing from their possessing a rich pulpy substance, and also from their sweetly melting into each other. In painting water, particular attention should be paid to the place and distance, as it alters much according to the situation. Objects near the fore ground raise their reflections strong when they touch aught, but are often lost when they come to the bottom of the picture; while, on the contrary, objects in the distance show their reflections stronger as they approach towards you. This arises from the waves conveying the reflection being larger and less under the influence of perspective than when they touch the distant object.'

Burnet is equally plain and explicit on the subject of 'sky,' as his remarks are the offspring of his own observa-

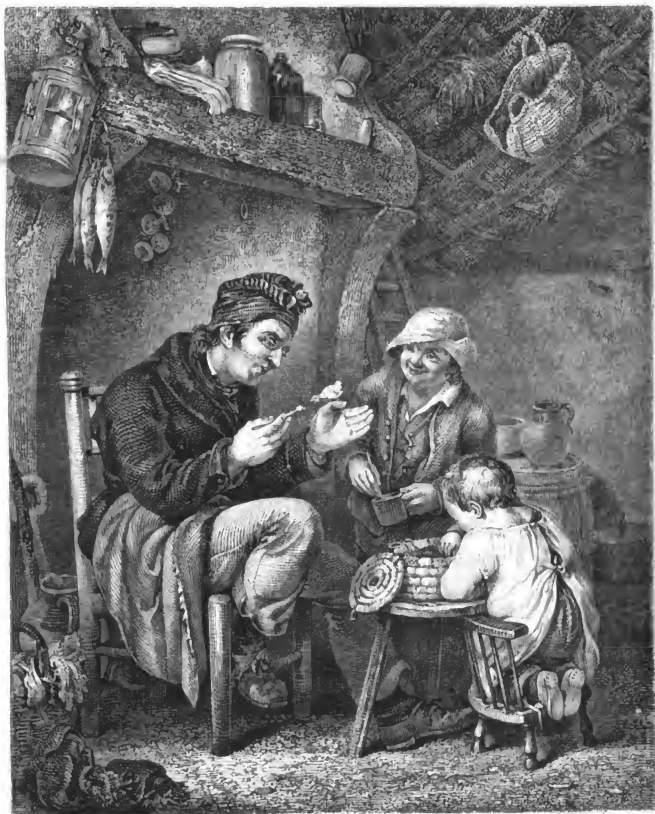
tions, I shall give the student all the advantage which can be derived from them. 'The sky being of a receding character, all those points which contribute to give it such character should be the study of the painter. Mere white, for example, will seldom keep its place in a sky, but it ought to be used in foreground objects for the purpose of giving a retiring quality to the whites in the sky and distance. Softness of form also aids in giving the sky a retiring character, although it is necessary to give a little sharpness to prevent the sky appearing what is termed woolly; yet very little is sufficient to give firmness to the whole. Clouds are much more opaque in the north than in the south, as the light shines upon them in the one situation and through them in the other. Their form alters much, too, according to the time of day: at noon they are round, and more like those of Wouvermans; in the evening they are more like those of Cuypp or Both, especially about an hour before the sun goes down.' Besides remarks originating in the contemplation of nature, there are, in his school-books, observations on some of the landscapes of our greatest masters. Under the date of May, 1814, I find the following memoranda concerning the pictures of Richard Wilson in the British Institution:—'I observed some pictures more pleasing than others; those which seemed most so were light pictures with warm foregrounds falling into a cool sky and a distance, the middle ground mostly in shadow of a purple grey, with yellow and green touches through it; a piece of blue drapery in the foreground gives great value. Of all things, Wilson seems careful to keep a proper balance of hot and cold colour, and of light and shade, with very little positive colour, and little of black or white, but always some of each.'

But whilst this young painter was noting the excellence of Wilson, or watching the shifting colours of the sky and the changing hues of nature, he was sensible that a disease which flatters while it destroys was gradually gaining upon him as ice upon the stream, and robbing him of his vigour, bodily and mental. He still continued his excursions among the fields; the consumption from which he was a sufferer made him feel the beauty more deeply of solitary places: he was to be found often in secluded nooks; and the beautiful churchyard of Lee, in Kent, near which he, in his latter days, resided, was a place where he frequently wandered. But change of air and scene brought no improvement to his health; his looks began to fade; he could scarcely take his customary walk in the fields, or use his note-book and pencil. He is still remembered about Lewisham and Lee as one who was to be found in lonely walks making sketches. His cheerfulness never forsook him; he loved to talk with his friends concerning art; and at times, when he forgot that his days could be but few, he spoke of landscapes which he had planned and resolved to execute. On finding that death was near, he desired his brother John to bury him in the village church of Lee, which forms the background of several of his studies, and resigned himself calmly to his fate. He died on the 27th of July, 1816, aged 28 years. His dying request could not, it seems, be complied with; parochial etiquette forbade the burial of a stranger, even of genius, in the church of Lee, and he was interred in the churchyard of Lewisham.

James Burnet had a fine eye, and an equally fine feeling, for the beauties of landscape: his knowledge of nature was extensive and minute; he had watched the outgoings and incomings of shepherds and husbandmen, had studied flocks and herds, and, as the memoranda which we have quoted show, had made himself intimate with much that lends lustre to landscape. It was his custom, in country places, to watch the cows going to pasture or returning home; to look to the manners and practices of the cowherds; nor did he sometimes hesitate to loiter amongst the cottages, and observe through the lighted up windows the employments or amusements of the peasantry. To such feeling for the rural and picturesque, he added an excellent eye for colour; he could employ at will either the bold deep tones of Rembrandt, or the silvery and luminous tones of Cuypp. To those who know the difficulty of guiding the eye from one extreme to another, this will be

deemed great praise. He had considerable poetic feeling: there is nothing coarse or common in his scenes: his trees are finely grouped; his cows are all beautiful; they have the sense to know where the sweetest grass grows; his milkmaids

who are acquainted with country scenes, and with flocks and herds, may smile at some of these remarks. Under a fat cow a milkmaid will think it nearly labour lost to place her pail; and sheep which graze among briars and thorns cannot fail



THE ORPHAN BIRD — FROM A PAINTING BY BUNNET.

have an air of natural elegance about them, and his cowboys are not without grace.

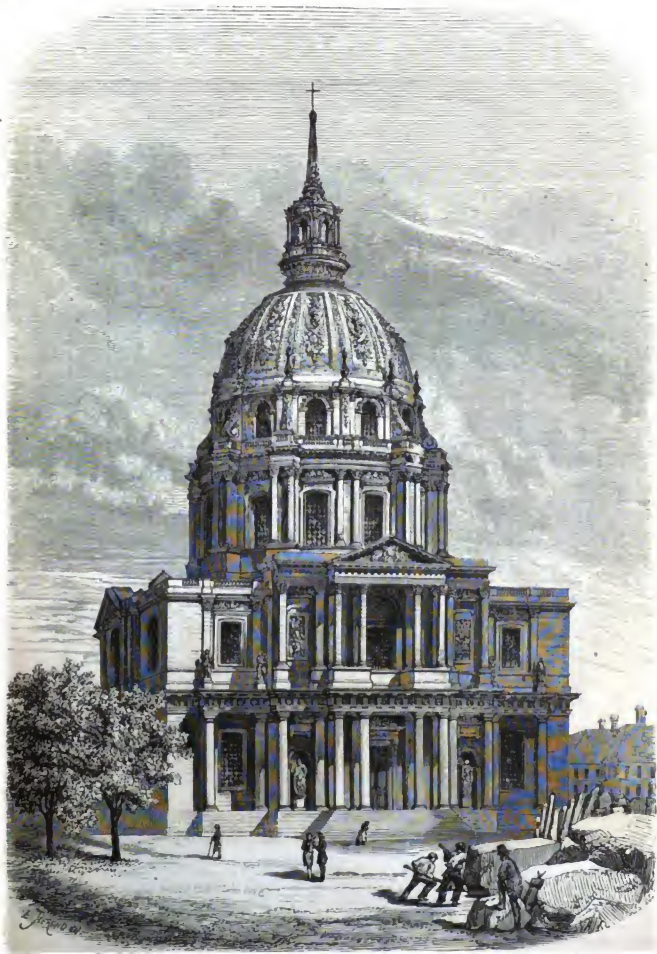
Of his defects the critics of his day spoke; they called his cows lean, his shadows too dark, and said his sheep with their torn fleeces seemed creatures dying of the rot. Those

to show dishevelled fleeces. No doubt he had defects; but what were they compared to the great natural truth and beauty of his delineations? \*

\* Cunningham's Lives of British Artists.

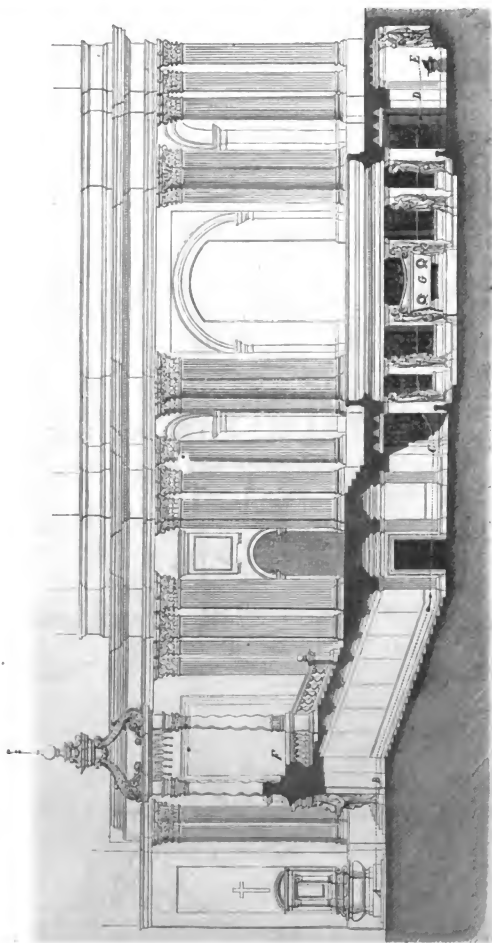


NAPOLÉON'S TOMB.



EXTERNAL VIEW OF THE DOME-CHURCH OF THE INVALIDES.

In our prospectus to the present publication we said: "The Works of Eminent Masters will include specimens of the in painting, sculpture, architecture, or decorative art." Hitherto, however, we have confined ourselves mostly to



SECTION OF THE CHURCH OF THE INVALIDES, THE DOME, THE CRYPT, AND THE TOWER.

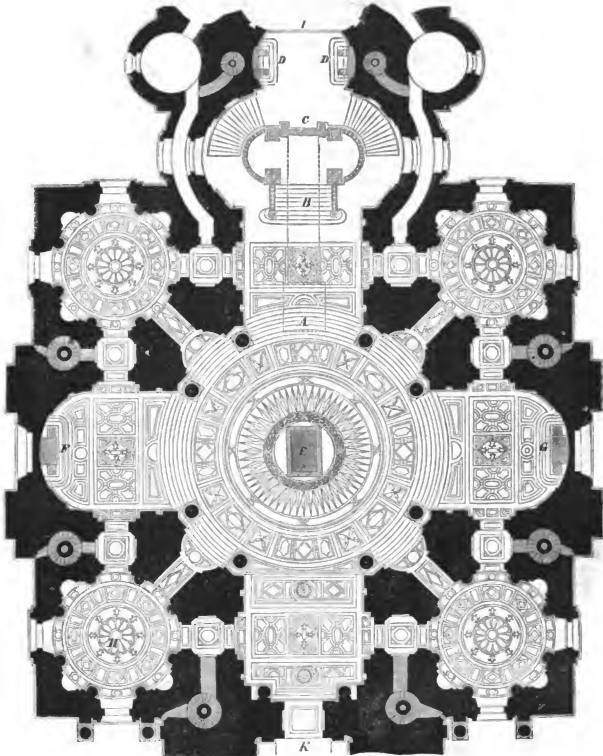
performances of those who, at different periods, and in various countries, have distinguished themselves as masters, whether

the productions of those who followed the same glorious vocation as Raphael and Titian, Rubens, Rembrandt, and

Velasquez; but in the present instance we shall have occasion to extend our plan, and treat of the representatives of every art mentioned in the above lines quoted from our prospectus. Not only shall we speak of painters, but also, and more particularly, of those who wield the chisel and not the pencil, and whose skill endows the cold, hard marble with the glowing semblance of life, compelling it to assume some of the loveliest forms that ever mortal eye beheld or enraptured poet's

obliged to depart somewhat from our rule, and, in describing a single work, to bring together a considerable number of the greatest artists which France ever produced; but then the work in question is no ordinary painting, no every-day piece of sculpture: it is a national monument, it is the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte.

We shall, also, in another particular, allow ourselves greater latitude than usual. We shall introduce many facts



GROUND PLAN OF THE DOME.

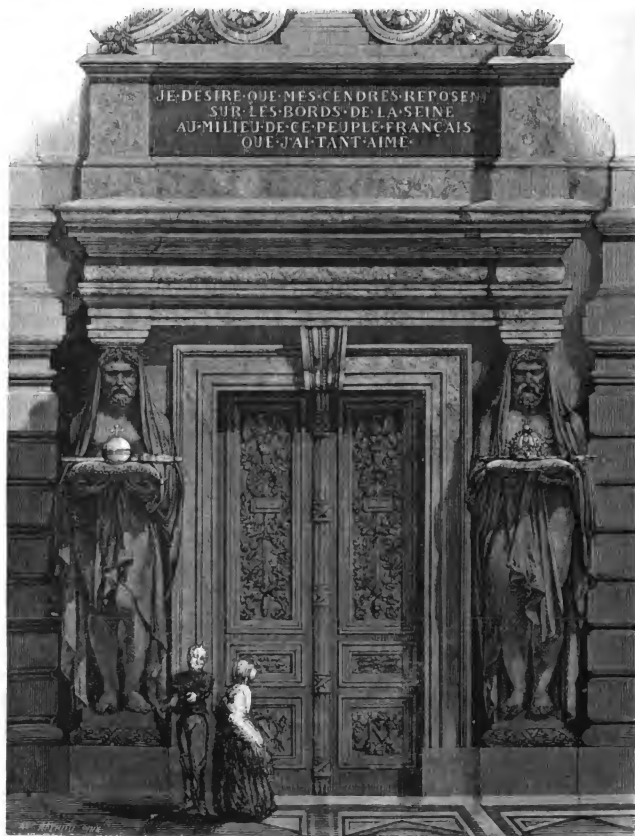
mind imagined. At the same time, too, we shall have an opportunity of introducing to our readers the sister art—Architecture, grave, solemn, and awful, standing in all the dread magnificence of woe upon a mighty pedestal erected for her by the gratitude of a great nation bewailing the loss of one of her mightiest sons. Each of our former notices was confined to the works of one man; in the present account we are

which certainly do not belong to the arts abstractedly, but which not only belong to them in the present instance, but lend them much of their value, in so far as they are connected with Napoleon's tomb. The design of the tomb is, undoubtedly, magnificent, and the execution something which strikes the spectator with the deepest admiration and respect, but does not the whole pile gain in interest from the fact that it is

raised to the memory of one whose name will live as an object of blind admiration, or as equally blind hate, in the hearts of most men, as long as the pages of History shall not be sealed to human inquiry; and will not each detail, will not each bas-

ingly diadem, simply from its bringing to mind the memory of things long since past, of vows, perhaps, long since broken, of hopes long since dead.

In order not to interrupt the continuity of the account of



ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB, WITH THE TWO FUNERAL GENII.

relief, each mosaic, each ornament, also gain from a comprehensive account of the facts it is meant to represent, of the deeds it is intended to typify? Most certainly it will, as surely as a withered flower or a faded ribbon sometimes becomes worth more than the most brilliant jewel that ever sparkled in a

the tomb, we shall place at the conclusion of our narrative the biographical notices of the various artists, whether painters, architects, or sculptors, whose works we mention.

After the mortal remains of the Emperor Napoleon had been transported from St. Helena to Paris, in the year 1840, they

were provisionally placed in a chapel of the dome-church of St. Louis des Invalides. At present, they repose in the monumental crypt which has been constructed and decorated

to receive them at an immense expense, and which is situated under the centre of the celebrated gilt cupola, that, for the future, borrowing fresh importance from the grand object to



GENERAL VIEW OF THE ENTRANCE OF THE CRYPT, AND OF THE TOMB, WITH THE TOMBS OF DUROC AND BERTRAND ON EITHER SIDE.



which it is now devoted, will be remembered and renowned chiefly in conjunction with the fact of its being the vault that stretches over the imperial mausoleum.

All communication between the space beneath the dome and the other parts of the church, as well as the *Hôtel des Invalides* itself, has been cut off, and, at present, it is not possible to enter the funeral sanctuary by any other way than the grand southern portico, which looks upon the *Place Vauban*. Access is gained to this portico by traversing a large open space in front of the dome, enclosed by a ditch

colonnade of St. Peter's, at Rome. It is easy to imagine the magnificence that the execution of this project would have imparted to an architectural composition, whose various details are already so admirably calculated to produce a striking effect.

A number of fine statues tend to increase still more the richness of this fine specimen of architectural skill; some of them are not at all out of keeping with the new destination of the dome.

The façade of the dome is composed of two orders of



RAILING SEPARATING THE DOME OF THE INVALIDES FROM THE CHURCH.

and iron gate. On each side of the latter is a pavilion, serving the purpose of a guardhouse.

Immediately the visitor reaches the *Place Vauban*, he obtains a full view of the church of the dome, constructed according to the plans of Jules Hardouin Mansart, superintendent of royal buildings, and nephew of François Mansart, architect of the *Val-de-Grâce*, and inventor of the windows which are still called after him. The *Hôtel des Invalides*, properly so called, was constructed by Libéral Bruant.

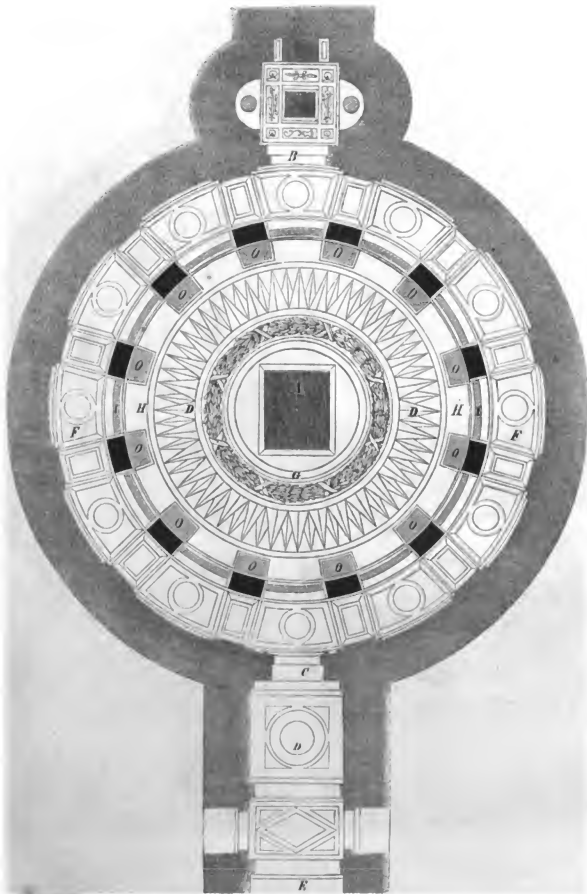
At the time of his death, in 1708, Mansart entertained the idea of adding to the beautiful façade a grand colonnade, with four pavilions rising above it, in the style of the admirable

architecture, superposed and ornamented with columns and pilasters, the Doric being below and the Corinthian above. The two sides of the first story are formed of a simple attic, ornamented with pilasters, and surmounted by stone groups, placed two and two, representing eight of the fathers of the Greek and Latin churches.

Access to the portico, which juts out from the body of the church, is gained by a grand flight of fifteen steps, ornamented by six fine Doric columns, behind which are an equal number of pilasters. Four of these columns are placed on the top of the steps, while the two others are situated near the door. There are also four more pillars, which are less

advanced than those we have just mentioned, and are placed on each side of two niches, more than thirteen feet high, containing marble statues, representing St. Louis and the

These two figures, as well as those of which we have still to speak, and which complete the sculptural decoration of the dome, in accordance with the religious signification which



GENERAL GROUND PLAN OF THE CRYPT AND RELIQUARY.

Emperor Charlemagne, sculptured by two celebrated masters, Coustou, senr. and Coysevox.

Hardouin Mansart desired to impart to his work, do not at all clash with the present destination of the edifice.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE CRYPT AND OF THE TOMB.

Above the Doric entablature, is, as we have before said, a number of columns and pilasters of the Corinthian order, corresponding with those of the order beneath. Before the pilasters of the attic, which terminate on each side this

portion of the façade, are four sculptured figures, representing respectively, and counting from left to right: Force, Temperance, Justice, and Prudence.

This projecting portion of the building is surmounted by a

pediment, terminated by a cross, and bearing the arms of France. On each side of the cross is a seated statue: one is Faith and the other Charity. These statues are each attended respectively by two of four others, in a standing posture, and

Above the two orders which we have now described, rises the dome properly so called. It is decorated with a system of forty columns of composite order, artistically combined so as to strengthen the construction, and at the same time to



MOSAIC IN THE PASSAGE LEADING TO THE TOMB.

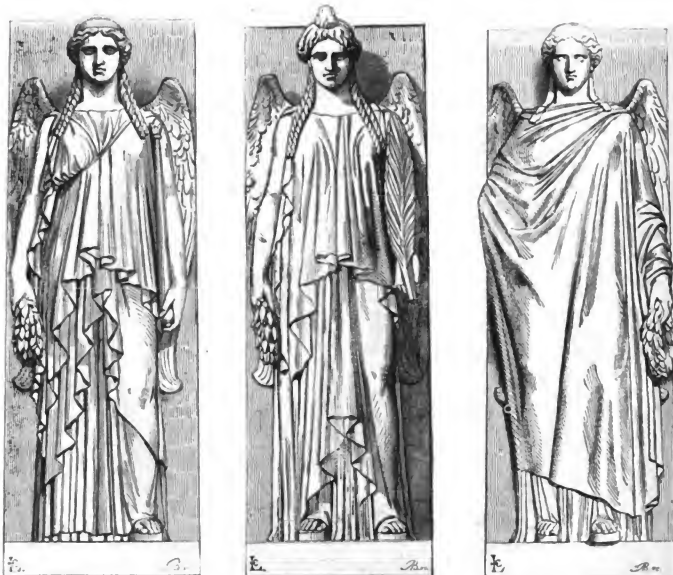


MOSAICS IN THE PASSAGE LEADING TO THE TOMB.

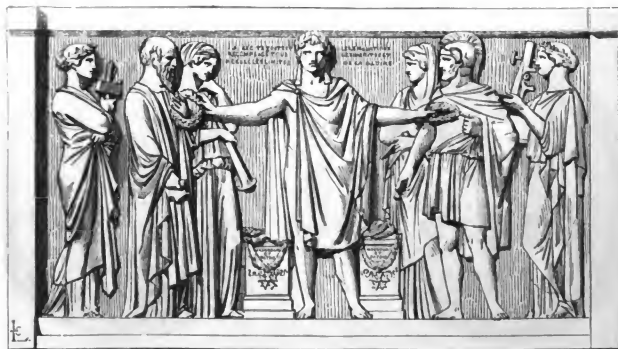
representing, in the following order, Constancy, Humility, Confidence, and Magnanimity.

conceal all the means employed for the solidity of the building.





CARYATIDES.



BAS-RELIEF—CREATION OF THE ORDER OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

This arrangement is a grave fault against the rules of architecture, which require the parts corresponding with the principal axes to present voids, and not the contrary. It has been often criticised, and the learned Blondel has pointed out





CARYATIDES.



BAS-RELIEF—GREAT PUBLIC WORKS.

ts defects, observing, however, at the same time, that there effect is lost in the harmony of the mass. He adds the following important critical maxim, of which we shall have

to avail ourselves in the course of the present article:—"We ought never to judge of an architectural work, without having first penetrated the reasons which induced the architect to select one particular plan of operation in preference to every other."

Thirty-two of these columns are employed in cantonnement eight masses of masonry, which serve as so many buttresses, while the eight others are placed two by two in front of the piers at the extremities of the four axes of the building.

Above the Composite order is an attic with twelve semi-circular windows and eight large consoles, each of which is ornamented at the base with two figures of saints or apostles.

Above the Attic commences the arch of the dome, terminated by a circular platform with four arches and twelve columns,

These chapels are about sixty-five feet in height and forty-two in depth, and contain the mausoleum of Turenne, sculptured by Girardon, and that of Vauban only lately finished by Mons. Antoine Etex.

The four circular chapels are consecrated respectively to St. Jérôme, St. Grégoire, St. Ambroise, and St. Augustin. They are about eighty-two feet in height and fifteen in diameter. They are perfectly symmetrical, and all four decorated in precisely the same manner. In the intervals between eight engaged Corinthian columns raised upon pedestals at equal distances, are three arches, three niches, and two windows; the columns support an entablature, below which is a kind of pedestal or attic from which rises the springer of the vault.

Some fine statues as well as some bas-reliefs, due to the



THE SARCOPHAGUS.

the four more prominent columns supporting four Virtues. The whole is crowned with an obelisk surmounted by a cross.

The height of the building is something more than three hundred and thirty feet.

#### INTERIOR OF THE DOME.

The visitor enters the dome by a richly sculptured and gilt door, the work of Bondi and Louis Arnaud, surmounted by two angels, serving as supporters to the escutcheon of France.

The church of the dome is shaped like a Greek cross, in the centre of which is the dome itself, supported by four systems of pillars with openings leading to four circular chapels, constructed in the four corners. The pilasters and columns of these supports are of the Corinthian order, fluted and carved with a degree of perfection not to be surpassed by any other edifice of the same period.

On entering the space beneath the dome, the visitor immediately perceives in face of him the baldaquin, which we shall describe further on, while to his left and right, respectively, are the chapels of the Holy Virgin and of Sainte Thérèse.

chisels of some of the great masters of the reign of Louis XIV., such as Coysevox, Pigal, William and Nicolas Coustou, Sigisbert Adam, Espingola, and others, ornament the chapels and command our admiration in every portion of the edifice, where sculpture can advantageously be employed in assisting her sister, architecture. The original plans, from which all these various details were executed, are due to Girardon.

The cupola of each of the chapels, as well as that of the dome, is covered with paintings relating to various traits in the lives of the four fathers of the church, under whose patronage the chapels were raised, and are reckoned among the finest productions of Michel Corneille, Bon Boullogne, and Louis Boullogne.

If we now return to the space beneath the dome, we shall be struck with admiration at the splendid sight presented by the general view of the edifice.

The whole vault of the sanctuary is either painted or gilt; Noël Coypel has represented on it the Trinity and the Assumption.

The roof of the four different portions of the nave is painted by Charles de la Fosse, and represents the Evangelists.

Jouvenot has painted twelve pictures of the twelve Apostles, placed between the principal arches, above the windows of the cupola.

But it is the ceiling of the upper dome which offers to our view the finest portion of this splendid specimen of the painter's skill : it represents Saint Louis received into Heaven, and is the greatest work of Charles de la Fosse.

In the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. divine service used to be solemnly celebrated here, in presence of the king, at certain fixed periods of the year.

On the pavement beneath the dome is yet to be seen the rich marble mosaic laid down in the time of Louis XIV., and in the ornaments of which are still to be traced, at each division of the design, the intertwined L's with the royal crown and the fleur-de-lys.

The dominant idea which presided over the conception of the plans for the emperor's tomb completely interdicted, as we have before said, every modification of a nature to change the primitive and historical character of the dome.

with his power and his glory, as he now serves to show by his tomb the vanity and emptiness of all earthly things.

From the opening of the crypt, which is so situated that the cupola of the church itself serves as the roof of the tomb, the spectator's glance falls on the altar before which the clergy will officiate at all the religious ceremonies that may be insti-

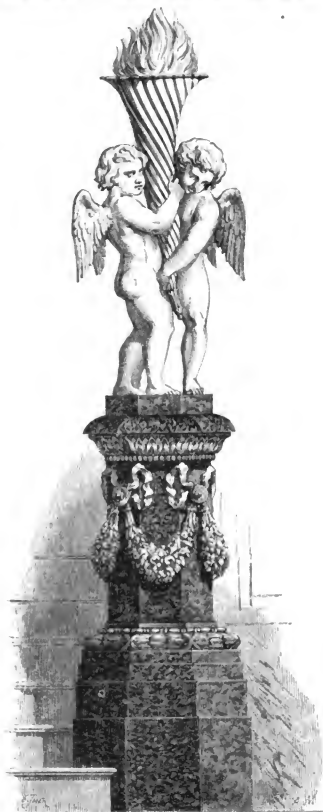


THE SEPULCHRAL LAMP.

It was in obedience to this idea, formally expressed in a programme from which the architect could not depart under any pretext whatever, that Mons. Visconti excavated the crypt, the opening to which, under the very centre of the dome, attracts the attention of the spectator immediately he enters the temple. It is surrounded by a balustrade of white marble breast-high, over which the spectator can look down into the interior of the crypt, and perceive all its various details at one glance.

We must not omit this opportunity of mentioning the beautiful finish of the sculptures ornamenting the balustrade. They consist of a system of coffers alternately filled up with laurel branches and separated by roses in the same style as the masks of the dome.

The windows of the eupola as well as those of the chapels are at present filled with violet-coloured glass, and allow only a dim mild light to penetrate into the interior of the dome. The appearance of mystery in which this envelops the edifice, and the aspect of solemn grandeur that seems to be a natural consequence of it, add another and deeper tinge of poetry to the impression which the visitor involuntarily feels in this last resting-place of a man who once filled the whole world



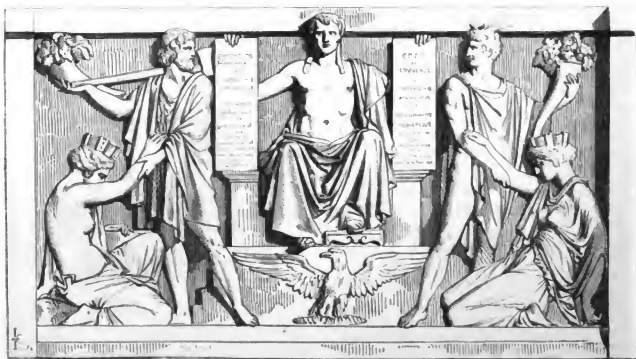
TORCH OF THE BALDAQUIN.

tuted in memory of the emperor. It is reached by seven steps twenty-three feet broad, hewn out of three blocks of Carrara marble, and is surmounted by a rich baldaquin of gilt wood, sculptured in the general style of the edifice, and supported by four beautiful spiral columns, twenty-three feet high, formed of black marble from the Pyrenees.

The baldaquin, which is in very pure taste and of a very



CARYATIDES.



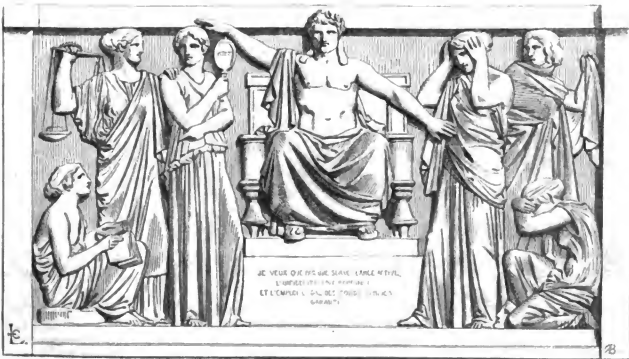
BAS-RELIEF—PROTECTION OF COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY.

elegant design, was planned by Mons. Visconti to replace that which formerly covered the altar, and which was considered

too poor both in its material and style of ornament to harmonize with the magnificence of the tomb.



CARYATIDES.



Bas-RELIEF—THE COUR DES COMPTES.

A bronze figure of Christ, cast after a model executed by Mons. Triquetti, is placed over the tabernacle, the richness and delicate workmanship of which are also worthy of remark. The altar, the balustrade surrounding it, the hand-rail, and



the pedestals which support the torches, are formed of black marble from the Pyrenees and green marble from the Alps.

The torches, placed on each side the altar-steps on the pillars that sustain the hand-rail, are supported by groups of angels in gilt-bronze, very well executed and most elegantly designed.

A grand flight of seventeen marble steps sweeps down from

large sum, Mons. Calla, an ironfounder, undertook to execute it so carefully by a process peculiar to himself, as to give it the same look, and, so to speak, the same value as if it had been wrought. The skilful artist did not fail to fulfil his engagement or realize his expectations; the most finished chasing could hardly produce a more delicate specimen of workmanship. It is a masterpiece which seems destined to open a new path to the founder's skill, and to promise, if



CARYATIDES WITH THEIR ENTABLATURES.

each side of the baldaquin to the lower pavement of the nave, which is arranged in such a manner as to serve as a vestibule to the tomb. It was formerly the sanctuary of the *Chapelle des Invalides*, at the time when the altar with the double table was common to the two churches. It is separated from the present church by a magnificent cast iron railing.

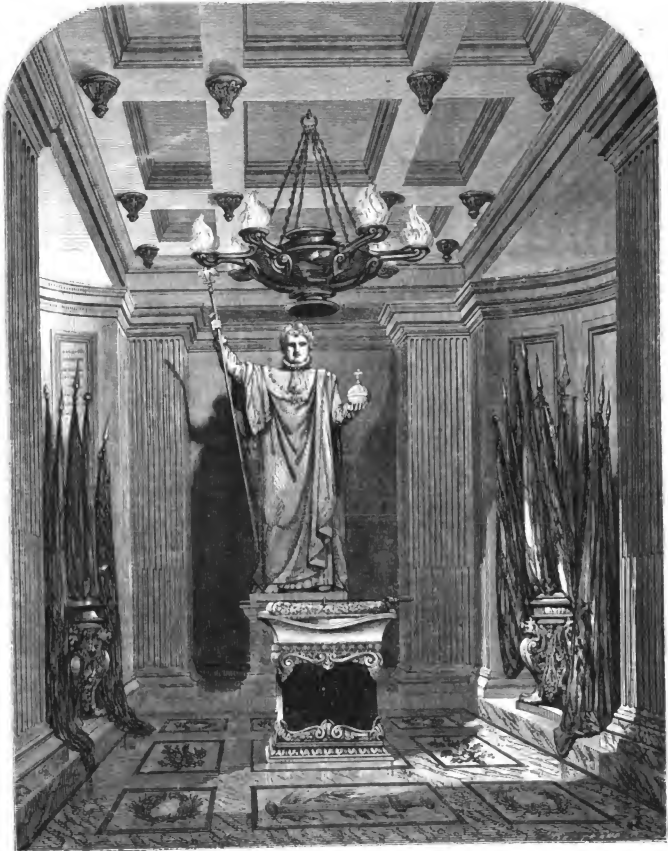
At first there was some idea of forging this railing in steel, but independently of the fact that this would have cost a very

we compare the price of a piece of sculpture thus cast and that of an ornament executed by the hammer, productions worthy of the most flourishing periods of art. The elegant and airy style of ornament adopted in this railing consists of an ingenious combination of interlacings of the Corinthian order, and branches of laurels, the emblems of military glory.

Both professional men and connoisseurs admire the precision with which all the delicate details of the model and the

truly antique rigidity of the lines have been preserved in the casting. We must observe, too, that the chaser's chisel has added nothing to the purity of the design; the iron is pre-

railing consists of an ingenious combination of interlacings of the Corinthian order, and branches of laurels, the emblems of military glory.



VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE RELIQUARY.

sented to us exactly as it left the moulds, having merely been scraped in order to get rid of the seams caused by the joins. The elegant and airy style of ornament adopted in this Vol. I.

TOMBS OF DUROC AND BERTRAND.  
The vestibule of the crypt, between the railing of separation and the gates of the tomb, has been selected as the

resting-place of Marshal Duroc, Duc de Frioul, and General Bertrand, who were, in turn, the emperor's dearest and most intimate friends.

Duroc was born in 1772, at Pont-à-Mousson, and killed by a stray ball at the combat of Wurschen, the 22nd May, 1813. From the 18th Brumaire until his death he was constantly attached to the person of Napoleon. He was named Grand Marshal of the Palace in 1804. He lingered twelve hours after having received his death-wound, and during this long agony received a visit from the emperor. "My whole life has been devoted to you," said the dying man; "and I only regret that I am about to lose it, because it might still be of service to you." "Duroc," replied Napoleon, "there is another world after this, and there it is that we shall one day meet again." A striking proof of the profound feeling of friendship which united these two men, in spite of the distance which a throne placed between them, is to be found in the fact of the idea entertained by Napoleon, in 1815, of asking permission to reside in England under the name of Colonel Duroc.

General Foy has characterised in the following manner the relations which existed between the Emperor and his Grand Marshal of the palace: "No other person was ever the depository of so many and such important political secrets. The peculiar turn of his mind, remarkable rather for the justice of its views than for their comprehensiveness, his irreproachable demeanour, and, more than all, the force of habit, had placed him on a footing of confidential intimacy. Had a prince of Napoleon's character been capable of having a favourite, the relations subsisting between him and Duroc would have been looked upon in a very different light."

Bertrand was born at Châteauroux, and first served in the engineers, in which corps he obtained all his grades up to that of general of brigade. In 1805, he was named aide-de-camp to the emperor, and became Grand Marshal of the palace after Duroc's death. He followed Napoleon to the island of Elba, and subsequently to St. Helena, where he performed the sad duties of closing his eyes for ever.

These reasons are most decidedly sufficient to justify the honour which France has shown these two faithful servants by laying their ashes near those of the great man whom they loved so well. Thus do the two Grand Marshals of the palace, who, during their lifetime, watched over the safety of the emperor's person, appear even after their death to be entrusted with the care of guarding his tomb.

It is in the masonry supporting the altar and the baldaquin, already described, and at the foot of the two flights of stairs leading from the dome to the vestibule, that the doorway opens into the crypt. It is closed by bronze gates, as simple in their style as they are severe. The ornaments consist of three superposed coffers of unequal size. The one nearest the bottom contains the imperial N. The smallest, in the middle, displays the thunderbolt, while the largest, occupying the upper portion of the gate, represents the victorious standard, twined with laurels, and surmounted by the eagle and the crown.

Two funeral genii of damaskeened bronze, the one bearing the globe, and the other the imperial crown, support the architrave of the door, on the pediment of which are sculptured the following words, contained in Napoleon's will:—

JE DESIRE QUE MES CENDRES REPOSENT  
SUR LES BORDS DE LA SEINE

AU MILIEU DE CE PEUPLE FRANÇAIS QUE J'AI TANT AIMÉ.\*

The two genii, modelled by Mons. Duret, are not deficient in style, but the gilding with which they are covered detracts greatly from their characteristic appearance.

#### THE CRYPT.

After passing the doorway, guarded by the two genii enveloped in their funeral crape, we arrive at a large flight of twenty-six granite steps. Before the first step, in the pave-

\* I desire that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people, whom I loved so well.

ment, is a mosaic rosette, whose centre is occupied by the imperial N. Two other mosaics, representing the eagle and the star of the legion of honour, are let into the flag-stones of the passage which extends from the last step to the opening of the crypt.

The obscurity which reigns in this vast corridor, the sepulchral silence, and even the feeling of cold which seizes on every one beneath these massive vaults, announce most plainly to the visitor, already greatly moved, that an imposing sight awaits him beyond the last doorway.

A dim, uncertain light, admirably adapted for pious reflection, envelops the sarcophagus in a veil of faint violet colour, the rays of which being caught in their passage by the slightest projection in the sculptures, tinge the marble of the caryatides with warm and mellow tints. This artificial light is obtained by means of the violet muslin curtains worked with silver, with which the windows of the cupola have been hung until such time as coloured glass can be substituted for that at present in use.

The crypt consists of a circular gallery, about six or seven feet broad, and of a round central space formed by twelve arches with a marble balustrade, breast-high, connecting them with each other, and separated by twelve caryatides about fifteen feet high. Lastly, there is a small funeral apartment intended for a reliquary, and opening into the gallery by a bronze door. The sarcophagus occupies the middle of the crypt, its extremities being turned towards the two doors.

#### THE GALLERY.

The gallery is paved with marble mosaics of various colours.

The outer wall is divided into twelve compartments, each of which corresponds to one of the arches. The door of the crypt and that of the reliquary occupy two of these compartments; the ten others contain ten marble bas-reliefs. Twelve bronze lamps, suspended from the ceiling of the gallery in such a manner, that a straight line drawn through the centre of one of the arches would likewise traverse the centre of the lamp hung opposite to it, are intended for the illumination of the tomb during the celebration of all religious ceremonies.

#### THE BAS-RELIEFS.

The ten bas-reliefs, due to the chisel of Mons. Simard, are destined to perpetuate, under the form of allegories, the remembrance of the grand institutions and of the most important acts of the Emperor Napoleon's reign. Counting them from the entrance, and commencing at the right hand, they represent, in the following order: The Institution of the Legion of Honour; Public Works, Encouragement of Commerce and Industry; Establishment of the *Cour des Comptes*; Foundation of the University; the Concordat; Promulgation of the Civil Code; Foundation of the Council of State; Organisation of Public Administration; and Pacification of Civil Troubles.

#### THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

The general arrangement and dignity of composition displayed in this bas-relief, are in perfect keeping with the character of the subject. According to the idea which presided at its establishment, the Legion of Honour was an essentially democratic institution, although it seemed to confer a kind of aristocratic privilege, and form, as it were, the base of a new order of nobility. It consecrated the principle of the equality of all in the eyes of national gratitude, and the fitness of every citizen to earn for himself a splendid reputation by the brilliancy of his merit and the services he might have rendered his country.

It is this idea which the artist has endeavoured to embody. Napoleon, standing up, crowned with laurels, and having merely an antique peplos thrown over his shoulders, is distributing recompences to the magistrates, scholars, artists, and warriors, who are crowding round him in attitudes at once noble and modest. A legend let into the stone at the bottom of the bas-relief has these words, taken from the *Mémorial de Sainte-Hélène*:

\* Audit Office.

"J'ai excité toutes les émulations, récompensé tous les mérites et reculé les limites de la gloire." \*

PUBLIC WORKS.

"Partout où mon règne a passé, il a laissé des traces durables de son bienfait." †

Such are the words which serve as an inscription, and which have furnished the subject for this bas-relief.

Napoleon, who is seated, and whose head is surrounded by a crown of rays, is stretching forth his two arms towards tablets bearing the names and purposes of the various monuments and works of public utility executed during his reign and by his order. Architecture and Civil Engineering, with their attributes, the compass and square, are holding the tablets. Two Glories are seated on the steps of the throne to the right and to the left.

In endeavouring to give his composition a monumental character in accordance with the idea suggested by the subject, the artist may, perhaps, with some justice, be accused of being rather heavy and obscure.

ENCOURAGEMENT OF COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY.

Napoleon, seated upon a throne in an attitude full of calm majesty, is resting his hands upon two tablets, which bear the names of two grand institutions—the Code of Commerce, and the Quinquennial Exposition of the Products of French Industry—founded expressly to protect commercial transactions, and give a greater impetus to industry.

Vulcan personifying Industry, and Mercury as the god of Commerce, each bearing his respective attribute, the hammer and the caduceus, are raising up and supporting two towns, Paris and Lyons, kneeling at the foot of the throne.

There is a great deal of grandeur about this composition, which is, at the same time, both simple and elegant.

ESTABLISHMENT OF THE COUR DES COMPTES.

Napoleon is seated on his throne, his body is naked, his legs only being covered with long drapery. His physiognomy is severe and his look implacable. He is stretching a protecting hand over Truth, Justice, and Order, who are placed on his right. The figure of Truth is simple, and the expression of her features one of candour; she is presenting her mirror with mild assurance. Justice is impassible, whilst Order, represented as a beautiful young female, at the foot of the throne, is inscribing in a book, with arithmetical impartiality, the sum of the expenses and of the receipts. The emperor is repelling with his left hand, and with a gesture of indignation, the affrighted figures of Illegality and Peculation, while Falsehood, whose mask has fallen off, is kneeling down terror-stricken, with her head bent and her face concealed by her two hands.

This bas-relief is the best conceived and the finest of all the ten. The dramatic movement of the composition and the happy opposition of the two groups impart to it a character of grandeur which is not met with to so great an extent in the other subjects, although several of them are very remarkable, and display the most extraordinary talent. At the bottom of the bas-relief are the following words, which sum up, in a clear and concise manner, the end and the utility of the institution it commemorates: "Cour des Comptes, décret du 16 Septembre, 1807.—Je veux que par une surveillance active, l'infidélité soit réprimée et l'emploi légal des fonds publics garanti." ‡

The Cour des Comptes was founded in virtue of the law of the 16th September, 1807.

The first article of this law runs thus: "The national accounts are kept by a Cour des Comptes."

In 1786, there were in France ten provincial audit offices (*chambres des comptes*) in various parts of the kingdom,

\* I have excited every kind of emulation, recompensed every kind of merit, and extended the limits of glory.

† Wherever my reign has passed, it has left permanent marks of its beneficial influence.

‡ Audit Office, decree of the 16th September, 1807.—It is my will that unfaithfulness shall be suppressed and the legal employment of the public moneys guaranteed by a system of active supervision.

namely, at Dijon, Grenoble, Nantes, Montpellier, Rouen, Pau, Metz, in the sovereignty of Lorraine, and that of Bar.

The unity introduced into the administration of government by the National Assembly was naturally followed by the foundation of a single audit office. However great a nation is, its affairs ought to be, and may be, administered with as much simplicity and regularity as those of an ordinary mercantile firm.

The first thing done was to create an account office (*Bureau de Comptabilité*), the National Assembly, however, reserving the right of scrutinising the accounts, which could only pass after they had been sanctioned by that body.

Under the Constitution of the Year Eight of the Republic, a decree of the consuls enlarged the field of action of this institution, which was definitively simplified and organised by the law of the 16th September, 1807. Subsequently, fresh laws and decrees introduced other changes, which are all summed up in the ordinance of the 31st May, 1838, headed, "General regulations concerning the public accounts."

It is the duty of the *Cours des Comptes* to verify the statements of the public expenditure and receipts presented to it by the receivers-general of finance, the paymasters of the public treasury, the registers of stamps and public domains, the receivers of the excise, the accountant-directors of the post-office, the directors of the mint, the central cashier of the public treasury, and the responsible agent of the *Virements des Comptes*. It likewise audits the annual accounts of the colonial treasurers, of the general treasurer of the naval pensioners, of the bursars of the public colleges, of the commissioners of powder and saltpetre, of the accountant charged with the transfer of the *Rentes* inscribed in the ledger of the public debt, of the accountant of the funds and pensions, of the cashier of the sinking fund and also of the suitors' fund, of the royal printing-office, of the administration of the salt works of the East, and of the receivers of the poor-house, hospitals, and other charitable institutions, whose incomes attain the sum fixed by the laws and regulations on the subject.

The Cour des Comptes ranks immediately after the Cour de Cassation.

FOUNDATION OF THE UNIVERSITY.

The following words are inscribed upon the legend of this bas-relief:—

"Décret du 10 Mai, 1806.—Il sera formé, sous le nom d'Université Impériale, un corps chargé exclusivement de l'enseignement et de l'éducation publiques dans tout l'empire." \*

The artist has treated this subject in the following manner: he has represented Napoleon seated in an attitude expressing the natural solicitude of the father of a family as well as the wise forethought of the sovereign. In his right hand he holds the sceptre, while with his left he is drawing towards him a youth who is nestling against his body as if to seek a refuge there. The five Faculties, each bearing the attributes peculiar to her, surround the throne, over which tower the busts of Aristotle and Plutarch.

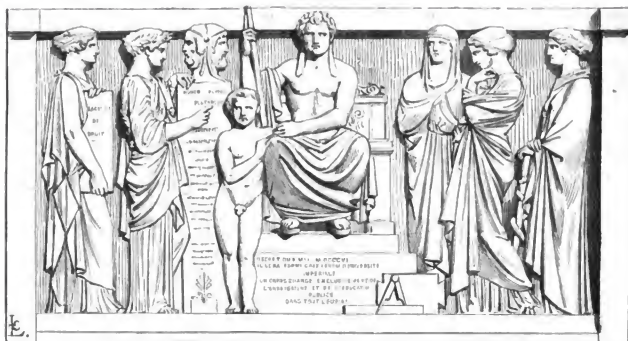
This bas-relief is one of the most mediocre, both as regards its ordinance and execution. The figure of Science, however is very fine, and of truly antique elegance.

The law of the 10th May, 1806, first decreed the formation, under the name of University, of a body exclusively charged with the education and instruction of all classes throughout the kingdom.

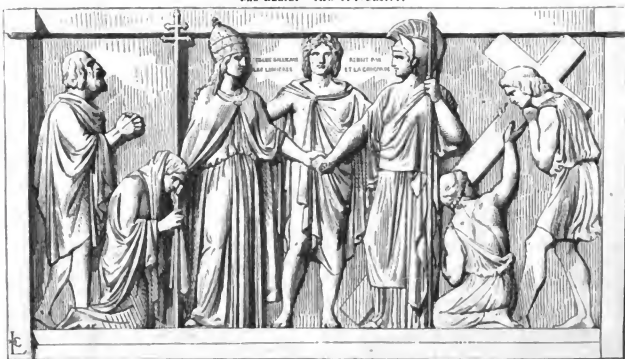
This law was further developed in the decree of the 17th March, 1808, of which the following are the first provisions:

"Public instruction, throughout the whole kingdom, is confided to the University. No school or any kind of establishment whatever for imparting instruction can be formed independent of the University, and without the authorisation of its head. No one can open a school or teach publicly, without being a member of the University, and having graduated in one of its faculties. The course of instruction in

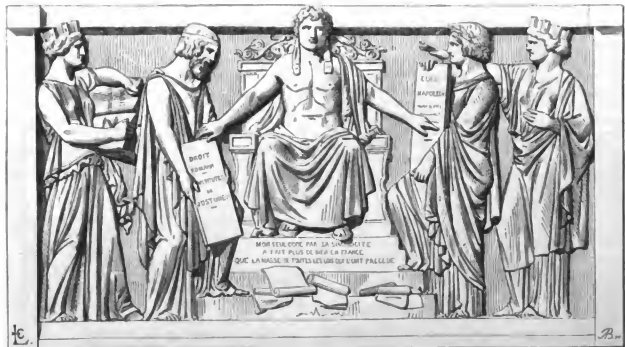
\* Decree of the 10th May, 1806.—A body will be formed, under the name of the Imperial University, charged exclusively with public education and instruction throughout the empire.



BAS-RELIEF—THE UNIVERSITY.

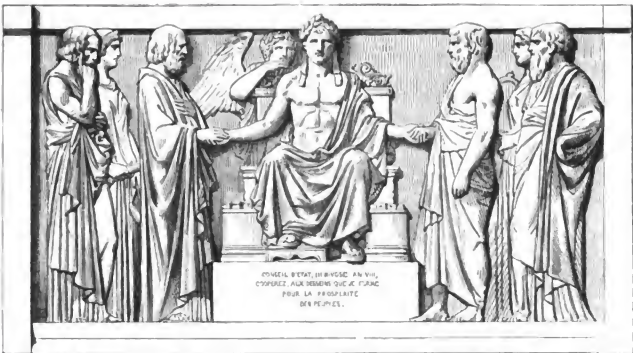


BAS-RELIEF—THE CONCOMIT.



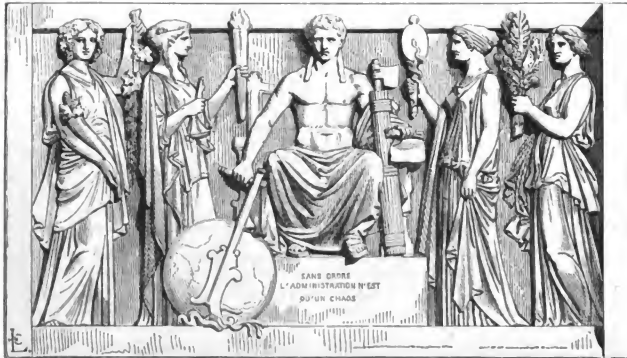
BAS-RELIEF—THE CODE NAPOLEON.





LES ÉCHOS DU GÉNIE

BAS-RELIEF—INSTITUTION OF THE COUNCIL OF STATE.



BAS-RELIEF—ORGANISATION OF THE PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION.



BAS-RELIEF—PACIFICATION OF CIVIL TROUBLES.

the clerical seminaries, however, is under the direction of the archbishops and bishops, each in his diocese, who have the power of naming and dismissing the professors. The University will be composed of as many academies as there are *Cours d'Appel*. The schools belonging to each academy will be placed in the following order:—1st, the faculties for the abstruse sciences and the conferring of degrees; 2ndly, the lycées for ancient languages, history, rhetoric, logic, and the elements of mathematics and physics; 3rdly, the colleges and parish schools of the second class, for the elements of ancient languages and the first principles of history and of the sciences; 4thly, the larger schools kept by private individuals, but in which the course of instruction is very similar to that pursued in the colleges; 5thly, the boarding-schools belonging to private masters, and devoted to a less solid course of study than that of the large schools; and 6thly, the small primary schools where the pupils are simply taught reading and writing, with the first notions of arithmetic."

These provisions have continued, up to the present day, to be the basis of the course of public instruction in France; although it is true that several very important modifications have since been introduced into the constitution of the University by the laws of 1850 and 1852. The circumscriptions are now modified, there being a rector to each department.

The difference of principle which separates the imperial law from that of the 15th March, 1850, is, however, very great. The first is based upon the idea that the state possesses in a greater degree than any private individual, or any collection of individuals, the tradition of the general spirit of the country, and is more deeply interested than any one else in directing each successive generation to the goal assigned by Providence to the nation. The second is founded on the directly opposite opinion, that, allowing the impulsion and direction of everything relating to the material interests of the country ought to flow from government, such should not be the case in what relates to its moral interests (Report of the Committee, 6th October, 1850). In 1817, M. Royer-Collard said:—"The University enjoys the monopoly of instruction in nearly the same manner that the courts of law enjoy that of justice, and the army that of the public defence. The University is nothing more or less than government applied to the universal direction of public instruction, to the municipal colleges as well as to those of the state, to private schools as well as to the colleges, and to country schools in the same manner as to the Faculties themselves." In 1850, M. Beugnot, the reporter of the new law, expressed himself in these terms:—"Whenever liberty shall be triumphant, and competition with the government schools allowed and encouraged, the state, as guardian of the rights and interests of the community at large, will no longer be able to identify itself with these schools. If it continues to support public educational establishments, it will do so for the sake of assisting and not crushing competition, and in order to contribute, according to its own notions, to the general improvement of education; but it will not defend the rights of its own particular establishments more warmly than those of establishments founded by private enterprise, for it is bound to show an equal interest in both, since it has exchanged its office of sole educator of the nation for that of overseer and protector of any person undertaking, in the name of the law, to bestow on youth the boon of education. If the external facts happen to remain the same, the right is changed."

#### THE CONCORDAT.

"L'Eglise gallicane renaît par les lumières et la concorde."\* Such is the motto of this bas-relief, in which the artist has been tolerably felicitous. Napoleon, standing up, dressed like a Roman emperor, is drawing Catholicism and France towards one another, and obliging them to grasp each other's hand. Around the principal group the people are represented as praying and raising the cross from the ground where it has been suffered to lie.

\* The Church of France springs into life again by intelligence and concord

The name "Concordat" was given to a convention concluded the 15th July, 1801, between the pope, Pius VII., and the French government. By this convention the First Consul restored to the Roman Catholic church a portion of the authority which it had lost in France since the year 1789.

The Constituent Assembly had adopted as a principle that the administration of the church ought to be assimilated to that of the state. It had, in consequence, established ecclesiastical districts on the same plan as the administrative districts, and erected each department into a diocese. It caused the bishops to be elected by the Faithful in the same way as the civil and judicial magistrates were named by their fellow-citizens. Lastly, it had suppressed the canonical institution, that is to say, the confirmation of the bishops by the pope.

In abolishing this system of the Constituent Assembly, the First Consul had to overcome numerous obstacles both at Paris and Rome. Most of the men by whom he was surrounded, whether ministers, generals, legislators, or councillors of state, manifested a spirit of opposition towards his endeavours to bring about what he called the reconciliation of the church of Rome with the Republic. Some entreated him not to mix himself up in matters of religion; others wished him to found a French church independent of Rome, and of which he, as first magistrate, would have been the head; while others strongly advised him to draw France over to Protestantism by himself abjuring the Roman Catholic faith. He rejected the advice of all these persons, braved the disapprobation of his companions in arms, and likewise resisted the efforts made by those at Rome to obtain more concessions from him than he had resolved to accord.

It was only after a series of long and difficult negotiations that both parties were enabled to come to an agreement. The following is the entire text of the Concordat, which people so often cite without ever having had the opportunity of reading, and which is still, with the exception of a few unimportant modifications, the basis of the legislation of France in matters concerning the Roman Catholic religion.

#### *Convention between the French Government and His Holiness Pius VII.*

"The government of the French Republic acknowledges the Apostolic Roman Catholic religion to be that of the great majority of the French people.

"His Holiness, on his part, acknowledges that this religion has already derived, and still expects, the greatest advantages and most brilliant results from the establishment of the Roman Catholic ritual in France, and from the especial fact of the consuls of the Republic professing it.

"Therefore, as a consequence of this mutual acknowledgment, both for the good of religion and the maintenance of the internal tranquillity of the Republic, they have agreed to the following Articles:—

"1. The Apostolic Roman Catholic religion will be freely followed in France; its rites will be publicly celebrated in conformity with the police regulations which the government may judge necessary for the public tranquillity.

"2. The Holy See, in conjunction with the government, will proceed to a new circumscription of the French dioceses.

"3. His Holiness will declare to the titularies of the French bishoprics that he expects from them, with the most entire confidence, for the sake of peace and unity, every kind of sacrifice, including even the resignation of their sees.

"After this exhortation, if they should refuse to make the sacrifice enjoined for the good of the Church (a refusal, however, which his Holiness does not expect), the government of the circumscription will be confided to other titularies in the following manner:—

"4. The first consul of the Republic will, in the course of the three months following the publication of his Holiness's bull, appoint persons to the archbishoprics and bishoprics of the new circumscription. His Holiness, in conformity with the forms established for France previous to the change of government, will institute canonically the persons thus appointed.

"5. The nominations to the bishoprics which may subsequently fall vacant, will also be made by the first consul, and the persons appointed will be canonically instituted by the Holy See in conformity with the preceding article.

"6. Before entering on their office, the bishops will, in the presence of the first consul himself, take the oaths of fidelity in use before the change of government and expressed in the following terms: 'I swear and promise to God, upon the Holy Evangelists, obedience and fidelity to the government established by the constitution of the French Republic. I likewise promise to have no communications, to take part in no council, and to enter into no league, either at home or abroad, inimical to the public tranquillity; and if I learn that, either in my diocese or elsewhere, there is any plot prejudicial to the state, I will make the government acquainted with the fact.'

"7. The ecclesiastics of the second class will take the same oaths in the presence of the civil authorities named for that purpose by the government.

"8. The following form of prayer will be recited at the conclusion of Divine worship in all the Roman Catholic churches of France (here follows the form of prayer).

"9. The bishops will make a new circumscription of the parishes of their dioceses, but this new circumscription will only be put into effect after having received the consent of government.

"10. The bishops will nominate persons to the various livings. They will only be allowed to choose persons approved of by the government.

"11. The bishops may have a chapter in their cathedral and a seminary in their diocese, but the government does not engage to endow them.

"12. All metropolitan, cathedral, parish, and other churches, not already alienated, and necessary for the celebration of public worship, will be placed at the disposal of the bishops.

"13. For the sake of tranquillity and the happy re-establishment of religion, his Holiness declares that neither he nor his successors will in any way disturb the persons who have acquired alienated ecclesiastical estates, and that consequently the right to the said estates, together with the privileges and revenues attached to them, shall remain incommutable in their possession or that of their assigns.

"14. The government engages to make a suitable provision for the bishops and curés whose dioceses and parishes shall be contained within the limits of the new circumscription.

"15. The government will also take measures to enable French Roman Catholics, if they choose, to make endowments in favour of the Church.

"16. His Holiness recognises in the first consul of the French Republic the same rights and prerogatives enjoyed at the Papal Court by the former government.

"17. It is agreed by the contracting parties that in the case of any one of the successors of the first consul not being a Roman Catholic, the rights and prerogatives mentioned in the preceding article, as well as the power of nominating the bishops, will, as far as such successor is concerned, be regulated by a new convention.

"This convention will be ratified at Paris, by the two contracting parties, within the space of forty days."

"Done at Paris, the 26th Messidor, year 11."

Some years afterwards, on the occasion of his coronation, Napoleon addressed the following words to a Protestant deputation, which had been admitted to an interview:—

"I wish it to be distinctly understood, that it is my intention and fixed resolution to maintain full liberty of religion. The empire of the law finishes where the indefinite empire of the conscience begins; neither the law nor the reigning sovereign can effect anything against this kind of liberty: such are my principles and those of the nation."

#### THE CODE NAPOLEON.

In none of his bas-reliefs has Mons. Simard succeeded in investing the figure of the Emperor with a nobler and better conceived air of grandeur than in this one. The figure is indeed that of a legislator, animated solely by the sentiment

of right and justice. Napoleon is stretching his hands over tablets borne by figures personifying the common law and the Roman law, as if he would seize, and then unite in one vast whole, the laws destined to form the code which bears his name, and which a nobly imagined figure is bearing proudly beside him. Underneath his feet is the following inscription:—"Mon seul code, par sa simplicité, a fait plus de bien en France que la masse de toutes les lois qui l'ont précédé."

It is well known in what a state of confusion French legislation was previous to 1789. In spite of the admirable labours of several of the first lawyers of the time, the multiplicity of ordinances, regulations, precedents, and jurisdictions, presented to the mind a very labyrinth of confusion.

The Constitution of 1791 had announced that a civil code, destined to be employed in all parts of the French territory, was in course of compilation.

On the 9th of April, 1793, Cambacérès presented to the assembly a project of codification, which the assembly threw out. This did not discourage Cambacérès, who returned to the charge, and presented his colleagues with two other codes, that of the 23rd Fructidor of the year 2, and that of the 24th Prairial of the year 4; but he was not more fortunate in these last two instances than he had been in the first.

On the 12th of August, 1800 (21 Thermidor, year 8), the consuls named a commission, charged with examining the measures taken, up to that time, for realising the wish of the Constitution of 1791, as well as with drawing up a plan and with discussing and preparing the various elements of a new code. This commission was composed of Messrs. Bigot-Prémeneu, Tronchet, Portalis, and Malleville.

In four months their plan was drawn up, and submitted to the *Tribunal de Cassation* and to the *Tribunaux d'Appel*. It was then discussed in the legislative section of the Council of State, and also in the general assembly of the same body. Lastly, in conformity with the prescriptions of the Constitution of the year 8, it was taken to the Legislative Body and the Tribunate.

The various laws composing the code civil, to the number of fifty-six, after having been first decreed one by one, and separately rendered executory, were collected into one whole, under the title of *Code Civil des Français*, by the law of the 30th Ventôse, year 12.

At the present day, the Code Civil is considered, and with justice, as one of the greatest things ever accomplished by the French Revolution and the consulate; but this important work was, at first, far from being received with enthusiasm or even approbation. For instance, the plan of the Code Civil was sharply criticised in the Tribunate. Among the members who opposed its adoption with the greatest warmth were Messrs. Andrieux, Benjamin Constant, Chénier, Ginguené, Thiéssé, Favard, and Siméon. It was reproachfully stigmatised as being a mere hurried compilation of the Roman or common law, of the institutes of Justinian, of Donat, of Pothier, and others. Persons obstinately refused to see in it a great and new creation, peculiar to French society. Mons. Portalis and his colleagues in the work replied, according to Mons. Thiers:—"That, in the matter of legislation, originality was not so important as clearness, justness, and wisdom; that they had not to create a new system of society, like Moses or Lycurgus, but to reform an old one in some few points, and restore it in many others; that French law had been in operation for ten centuries; that it was the result of Roman learning, of the feudal system, of monarchy, and of the spirit of modern times, all combined and acting in concert during a long series of years upon French manners; that the civil law of France, resulting from these various sources, ought to be rendered suitable to a state of society which had ceased to be aristocratic and become democratic; that it was necessary, for instance, to modify the old laws on marriage, on paternal authority, and on inheritance, in order to free them from all that was repugnant to the present age; that it was necessary to purge the laws relating to property of everything like

\* My code has, from its simplicity, effected more good in France than the whole mass of laws which preceded it.



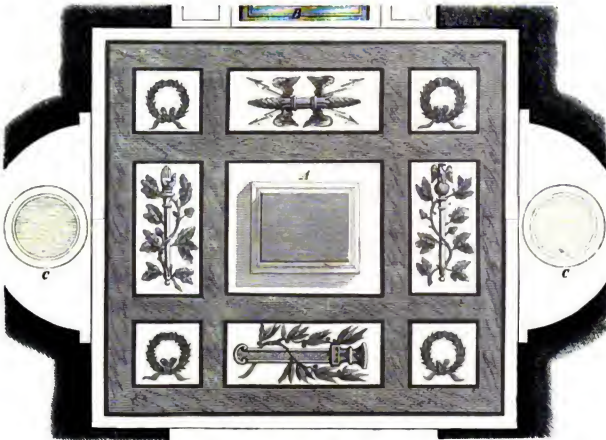
TOMB OF BERTRAND.



TRIPOD SUPPORTING THE FLAG.

feudal servitude; to draw up the whole body of prescriptions in clear and precise words, that would no longer afford scope

ment they had to raise." In spite of these remarks, the first portions of the code were rejected by the Tribunal, and the



MOSAIC OF THE RELIQUARY.



THE SWORD OF NAPOLEON.

for ambiguity and interminable disputes, and to arrange them in a convenient order; this," they said, "was the only monu-

government withdrew the bill. But in June, 1802, Napoleon, who was then first consul, caused the drawing up of the Code



Civil to be resumed. A section of the Council of State and a section of the Tribunalate used to meet daily for the purpose of carrying out the work, at the house of the Consul Cambacérès. Opposition was now out of the question, and the will of the first consul no longer met with any obstacle to thwart it.

It is well known that Napoleon himself assisted at the discussion of the code in the Council of State (towards the end of 1801). "Present at each of the sittings," says his historian, "he displayed, as president, an amount of methodical arrangement and clearness, and oftentimes views so profound, as to prove matter of astonishment to every one. Having been accustomed to direct armies and govern conquered provinces, no one had been surprised at finding him to be a good administrator, for every good general must necessarily be so; but it certainly was allowable to wonder that he was a good legislator. His education, in this branch of knowledge, had been quickly completed. Taking an interest in everything because he understood everything, he had asked the Consul Cambacérès for some books on law, and particularly for the materials prepared in the time of the Convention for the purpose of drawing up the Code Civil. He actually devoured them. Shortly afterwards, classifying in his head the general principles of the civil law, and adding to these few notions rapidly picked up his profound knowledge of mankind, and his extraordinary clearness of perception, he was enabled to direct in person a work of such importance, and to enrich the discussion with a large number of just, new, and profound ideas. Sometimes a superficial knowledge of the matter rendered him liable to defend strange notions, but he readily allowed himself to be led back to the right path by the learned professional men around him, and invariably proved himself superior to them all whenever it was necessary to draw from the conflict of contrary opinions the most natural and most reasonable conclusion. The principal service rendered by the first consul was his contributing to the completion of this grand monument a strong will, and the most determined resolution to work, by which he was enabled to overcome the two difficulties under which all previous efforts had succumbed, namely, the infinite diversity of opinions and the impossibility of working with anything like a continuance, in the midst of the agitated state of matters at that time. Whenever the discussion, as was often the case, had been long, diffuse, and obstinate, the first consul knew how to sum it up and decide it by a single word; and, besides this, he obliged every one to work, by working himself for days together. The reports of these remarkable sittings were published, but before sending them to the *Moniteur* the Consul Cambacérès always carefully revised them and suppressed what he deemed inexpedient to publish, either because the first consul sometimes gave utterance to singular opinions, or treated questions of morality with a familiarity of language which was not intended to go beyond the limits of a confidential sitting. All, therefore, that remained in the reports were the ideas, sometimes rectified, often discoloured, but always striking, of the first consul."

As we already know, the collection of laws adopted in these sittings was promulgated in the year 12 of the Republic, under the title of the *Code Civil des Français*. On the 3rd September, 1807, there was a decree commanding a new edition of them to be drawn up under the name of the *Code Napoléon*.

"Our Code Civil," said Mons. de Golbéry, in 1843, "still governs Belgium, a large portion of Germany, and several of the Italian states; it is once more being revived in Sardinia, where it had been abolished, and is on the point of becoming, in conjunction with the Roman law, the basis of a new system of legislation in that country. Our commercial code is imitated and perfected in Spain and Portugal. Our penal code became the model of that of Sicily in 1819, of that of Parma in 1820, and of that of Rome in 1832, and this great work, the subject of such frequent accusations, throws its rays as far as over the code of the Brazils. Bavaria is establishing in regenerated Greece our judicial organisation and our criminal law. England herself is abandoning the uncertainties of her common and statute law, and banishing from her system the cruel but inefficacious disregard of human life. We are

enabled to applaud the reform, undertaken in 1826, thanks to the efforts of Peel and Landdowne, and ardently carried out by the recent acts of parliament. We shall observe the same movement in the States of the American Union. Holland and Denmark are enriching themselves with new laws, and Russia itself, not being able to codify its ancient *ukases*, turns them into pandects."

#### THE FOUNDATION OF THE COUNCIL OF STATE.

Napoleon, seated in all the calm and serenity of his immense power, is drawing towards him scholars, philosophers, and magistrates, to whom he says:—"Coopérez aux desseins que je forme pour la prospérité des peuples." \*

Behind the throne, a winged figure, his familiar genius doubtless, is whispering something into his ear and appears to be advising him. This personage, that has no equivalent in the symmetry of the composition, produces a strange effect, and injures the equilibrium of the general outline, which is in other respects remarkable for its character of grandeur and elevated style.

"Previous to 1789," says a well-known writer, "the Council of State reflected, as in a mirror, the confusion that reigned in the various branches of the administration of public affairs. It took part in government and politics by its intervention in foreign affairs, financial questions, and commerce; in the execution of the law, by its regulations concerning the judges, its evocations and its annulment of judgments; and in the public administration, by the jurisdiction it exercised over the ordinances of the Intendants, and the decisions of the *Cour des Aides*, and the *Cour des Comptes*. But if it encroached upon the dominion of Justice, Justice, in her turn, disputed with it the possession of its own powers, and while she deprived it of any share in contestations purely judicial, obtained for herself, by means of the decrees of the parliaments, a share in matters of administration. What, at that period, composed the Council of State, was nothing but the union of five separate councils, forming as many distinct bodies. The law, the church, the army, and finance were all collected there.

During the French revolution, various laws weakened or changed the Council of State.

A consular decree of the 6th Nivôse, in the year 8, regulated the organisation of the Council of State, and confided to it the task: 1stly, of developing the signification of the laws on their being submitted to its judgment by the consuls; and 2ndly, of deciding in all disputes which might arise between the administrative and judicial authorities, and on all subjects of contention which had previously been sent to the ministers for decision.

These functions were successively extended by various decrees and *senatus-consulta*.

Under the consulate and the empire, the Council of State became a constitutional power. It drew up the laws, discussed them when brought before the Legislative Body, and interpreted them when passed. Functionaries of the highest rank, summoned before the committees chosen from among its members, were called upon to render an account of their conduct; the various persons connected with it, from the councillors of state themselves down to the simple auditors, were charged with the most important missions, administering the affairs of conquered countries, organising their finances and drawing up their codes. Men of the greatest consideration were summoned to take part in its deliberations, and esteemed themselves honoured by belonging to it. Subjected to the superior authority of this powerful body, exposed to its censure and almost entirely under its control, the ministers occupied only the second rank in the administrative hierarchy.

The Council of State ranked after the Senate and before the Legislative Body. It held its sittings in the palace of the Tuileries, near the Emperor's own cabinet. "There," says the author of "*Questions Administratives*," "appeared, in all their splendour, Cambacérès, the most didactic of legislators

\* Lend me your co-operation to carry out the designs I form for the prosperity of nations.

and the most able of presidents; Tronchet, the most learned of European jurists; Treillard, the most nervous dialectician of the council; Portalis, celebrated for his eloquence; Ségur, for his graceful turn of thought; Zangiacomi, for the sharp conciseness of his words; Allent, for the depth of his attainments; Dudo, for his erudition in all the matters of administration; Chauvelin, sparkling with unexpected sallies; Cuvier, famous for his strong reason and universal knowledge; Pasquier, who was so mild; Boulay, so judicious; Béranger, so cutting, so close in his reasoning, and so witty; Berlier, so profound and so copious; De Gérando, so skilled in the science of administrative law; and Andréossy, in engineering; Saint-Cyr, in military strategy; Regnault de Saint-Angely, that brilliant orator, consummate publicist, and indefatigable worker; Bernadotte, at present King of Sweden; and Jourdan, the conqueror of Fleurus."

#### ORGANIZATION OF THE PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION.

On this bas-relief is the following inscription: "Sans l'ordre l'administration n'est qu'un chaos." \*

It is a difficult task to explain the manner in which the artist has endeavoured to express this idea. If his other compositions speak plainly to the eyes, this one appears lost in an allegory as incomplete in its execution as it is obscure in its conception.

Napoleon, seated in his unvarying and rather monotonous attitude, holds in one hand the helm of state, and in the other the fasces of empire. He is summoning to him Justice, armed with a torch and a pair of scales, Truth bearing her mirror, and Plenty, her distinctive attribute. But these figures, grouped somewhat at hazard, do not strike us as in any way connected with the subject intended to be represented.

Before 1789 the administration of affairs in France was one of the most complicated description. Through the immense multitude of functionaries, or agents, and the great variety of administrative divisions into which the country was parcelled out, it was almost impossible to discern any kind of unity either in the plan or actions of the government; France was divided, in what regarded its ecclesiastical constitution, into eighteen archbishoprics; financially, into thirty-two intendancies and generalities; politically, into sixteen parliamentary districts and other sovereign courts; and militarily, into forty general provincial governments.

The councils, in which the great affairs of state were discussed, were: the King's Council, the Council of the Despatches, the Royal Council of Finance, the Royal Council of Commerce, the Private Council of State, or *des Parties*, and the Grand Chancellery of France.

In ordinary matters, justice was administered in the castellanies, provostships, viguieries, and other royal and seigniorial courts, forming the inferior class; and in the bailiwicks, seneschals' courts, and presidials, which were the middling or intermediate courts. Lastly, important matters were carried before the parliaments, or royal councils, and other superior tribunals. In 1789, there were in the kingdom thirteen parliaments holding their sittings in Paris, Toulouse, Grenoble, Bordeaux, Dijon, Rouen, Aix, Rennes, Pau, Metz, Douay, Besançon, and Nancy. To these we must add other institutions possessing the same authority as the parliaments, such as the Provincial Council of Artois, and the Sovereign Councils of Alsace, at Colmar, and of Roussillon, at Perpignan. The Parliament of Paris was composed of six chambers. Lastly, above all these magistracies, there were still two other tribunals; the Grand Council, and the Provostship of the King's Household. Several branches of the administration had separate tribunals; for instance, in the matter of taxes, there were the tribunals of the Treasurers of France, the *Cour des Aides* for the aids, tallies, and gabelles, besides many others.

The administrative and judicial organisation adopted by the French Revolution is as simple as that which it succeeded was complex and diffuse. France, divided into departments and *arrondissements*, is administered according to the same

system by a number of agents, all corresponding, through their various ranks, with one another, and with the centre, where a few ministers, at the head of the administration, are grouped in council around the head of the state, who, at every instant, is immediately informed of everything which takes place through the whole length and breadth of the country, and who, so to speak, from the cabinet in which he works, sees all the superior and subordinate administrative authorities, from the capital to the frontiers, performing their various tasks with almost mathematical regularity. Such is the plan traced out and perfected by the republican assemblies, and more especially brought into practice by the first consul. This plan has been compared to that of the spider's web, where the slightest shock given to one of the threads, even the most remote, is communicated to the centre with electric rapidity. There is no doubt that so beautiful and harmonious a system is open to abuses; but such perfect regularity does not necessarily exclude the possibility of real independence in each separate part of this kind of network, and on no hypothesis can a state of confusion and disorder, where it is lawful for the subordinate agents of the administration to turn to the profit of their own passions and interests the kind of veil which conceals them from the eye of the superior authorities, be considered as tending less to favour abuses.

#### PACIFICATION OF CIVIL TROUBLES.

This subject terminates the series, and closes the train of ideas by which art has undertaken the mission of expressing the dominant characteristics of the emperor's reign. Napoleon is crushing with his foot a man on the ground, who probably is intended to personify Anarchy; while, in obedience to the emperor's voice, France returns her sword to its scabbard, Religion resumes her rights, and Youth returns to the arms of Wisdom. The execution of this composition is heavy, and the figures are altogether deficient in character and grandeur.

#### THE CARYATIDES.

Twelve marble pillars, enormous blocks of stone, brought at a great expense from Carrara, support the crypt. Out of these blocks twelve caryatides, each about sixteen feet high, were sculptured by Mons. Pradier.

Caryatides are generally draped female statues, placed as supports or ornaments beneath the architraves of buildings. The following is their origin, according to Vitruvius: Caria, in the Peloponnesus, having been taken and ruined by the other Greeks, conquerors of the Persians, with whom the Carians had formed a league, the men were put to the edge of the sword, and the women carried away into slavery, in which state the most noble among them were compelled still to wear their long robes and ornaments. At a later period, in order to perpetuate the recollection of their treason and their punishment, the Grecian architects substituted, in several public edifices, figures of Carian women for the usual pilasters and columns.

In our modern architecture, caryatides do not always represent slaves; they are often, like those now before us, statues symbolical of the several sciences and arts, or of some divinity or other taken from the domain of Fable, but they have invariably preserved their original destination.

The caryatides of the Emperor's tomb represent figures of Victory bearing palm branches and wreaths. Two only, one on each side of the opening of the door, hold in their hands a bunch of keys; they are there as the guardians of the tomb, and their proud attitude forms a striking contrast with the calm and devotional repose of the ten others.

These caryatides are not all equally impressed with the marks of a large and grandiose style of execution. Two or three are very fine, and correspond with the grandeur of the subject and the majesty of the place, but some, on the other hand, are unworthy of their object and the fame of the artist who furnished the models. We must here mention that each caryatia, together with the pillar against which it is placed, consists of a single block. This circumstance, which cannot escape the observation of connoisseurs,

\* Without order every system of administration is but a chaos.

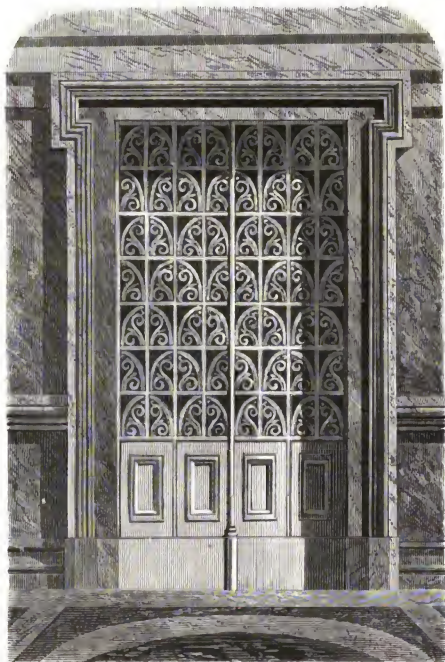
imparts an air of great magnificence to the mausoleum, and gives it that peculiar character of grandeur which is found in the gigantic constructions of Egypt and ancient Nineveh.

#### THE MOSAICS.

The whole space between the base of the caryatides and the foot of the sarcophagus is occupied by an admirable piece of mosaic, representing a system of rays of the colour of bright gold, which seem to spring from a colossal wreath of laurels. The inner circle of this mosaic forms a band, on which are incrustated the immortal names of Marengo, Rivoli, the Pyramids, Jena, Austerlitz, Friedland, and several other places.

tion, comes from the workshops of Messrs. Ciuli and Scagnoli.

We know that the origin of mosaics is very ancient; their great merit consists in their uniting brilliancy to solidity. The architects of Greece were constantly in the habit of employing them. Thanks to a marvellous kind of glaze called pouzzolane, made partly of lime and partly of a reddish volcanic earth found principally at Pouzzoles, the Italian artists have succeeded in imparting to their mosaics a degree of solidity which bids fair to defy the destructive effects of time.



ENTRANCE TO THE RELIQUARY.

In order to give the mosaic a brilliancy corresponding with the extraordinary splendour of the materials employed in the construction of the mausoleum, the richest enamels have been employed in its formation, so that we may justly affirm that it would be impossible to find, even among the precious relics of antiquity, anything displaying more brilliant and more intense colours. The wreath of laurels possesses all the vigour of a fine painting.

This beautiful specimen of an art which produced such marvels in the ingenious and able hands of the old Roman artists, and which offers such resources to modern decora-

#### THE SARCOPHAGUS.

Exactly in the centre of the mosaic stands the sarcophagus, composed of so-called Finland porphyry, placed upon a pedestal of Corsican granite. It is of the most imposing simplicity, and consists of the receptacle for the body and the cover, without any ornaments save rounded arrises and scroll-work of severe regularity. By the effect of contrast, the red tone of the porphyry stands out with majestic vigour on the bright green of the wreath of laurels.

The coffin containing the mortal remains of the Emperor Napoleon does not repose immediately within the sarcophagus



STATUE OF NAPOLEON.

itself; the first casing of tin is enclosed in a mahogany coffin, which is protected by two coverings of hard lead; these, in their turn, are placed within the ebony coffin that figured in the ceremony of the 15th December, 1840.

The sarcophagus is likewise lined with grey Corsican granite. Moved by a feeling of national susceptibility, the architect adopted this means to prevent the body of a French sovereign from reposing directly upon foreign marble.

The stone of which the sarcophagus is formed is not what is correctly termed porphyry; it is composed of quartz granite, which, although harder than real porphyry, will prove less durable. This stone, which was brought, by the greatest exertions, from the Schokischa quarries in the neighbourhood of St. Petersburg, did not cost less than £5,560 before it reached Paris. Its grain is so hard that a workman employed to saw it had not been enabled, at the end of ten months, to make an incision as deep as the blade of his saw. It was necessary to have recourse to greater power than that of the human arm; and Mons. Seguin, a skilful marble-worker, hit upon the idea of employing a steam-engine for sawing and polishing the colossal block.

The cover of the sarcophagus, formed of one slab of this rich stone, weighs about 32 tons.

Above the tomb is the large opening in the pavement of the church, through which the cupola appears with its admirable paintings, and its dim mysterious half-light which only reaches the spot where the spectator stands through the violet-coloured window-panes and their funeral drapes.

#### THE RELIQUARY OR SWORD ROOM.

Before leaving the gallery, we have yet to visit the sword room, which, on account of the pious mementoes collected there, has also been termed the reliquary.

It is a small chamber lined with white marble. At the arched end is raised a marble statue of Napoleon in his imperial costume, grasping his sceptre in one hand, and the globe in the other; these two distinctive signs of sovereign power, as likewise the embroidery of his mantle, are gilt. Before the statue, a small porphyry pedestal has been raised, and on it is a small bronze case made in the shape of a cushion. This contains a few objects which belonged to the emperor, namely, his little cocked hat of Austerlitz, his epaulets, and his orders. The sword of Austerlitz and the crown of gold voted by the town of Cherbourg are placed upon the cushion.

To the right and left is a gilt bronze tripod surmounted by an eagle, also of bronze. These two tripods support the fifty-two flags saved at the Luxembourg by the patriotism of Mons. de Sémonville.

On the walls are inscribed the names of the battles which Napoleon commanded in person.

The pavement, which is inlaid with mosaic, contains four medallions representing the four principal attributes of imperial power, namely, the sceptre, the hand of justice, the sword, and the thunderbolt.

A bronze lamp burns night and day in the reliquary, into which no one will ever be allowed to enter, and whose details can only be viewed through the ornaments of the gilt bronze grating.

Every year, on the 5th of May, the anniversary of the Emperor Napoleon's death, a funeral mass will be celebrated at the altar of the dome church. On this occasion, all the lamps, on the stairs as well as in the crypt, will send forth violet flames.

This monument, raised to the memory of the Emperor Napoleon, astonishes the spectator by the prodigious magnificence of the materials employed in its construction. We have already said, when describing each object successively, that the columns of the baldaquin are 23 feet high, and made out of one block of the black marble of the Pyrenees; that the steps up to the altar, ten in number and 23 feet broad, were hewn from no more than three blocks of white Carrara marble; that each of the twelve caryatides, together with the pillar against which it is placed, is composed of a single block of Carrara marble about 16 feet high, 6 feet broad, and

more than 3 feet thick. This great splendour imparts a most imposing appearance to the general aspect of the tomb, and prevents the eye from seizing, without an attentive examination, the defects of details and composition which we have pointed out in the bas-reliefs and the caryatides.

Not less than twelve years have been required for this great work.

In 1840, the Chamber of Deputies voted a grant of £40,000 for the purpose of transporting the mortal remains of the emperor to France. This sum having proved insufficient, a supplementary grant was voted by the law of the 25th June, 1841. In reply to the following words pronounced from the tribune, on the 12th of May, 1840, by Mons. Rémusat, minister of the interior—"Any monument France may raise in memory of the emperor should be simple in its beauty, grand in its form, and, in its appearance, of a solidity that nothing could ever disturb. Napoleon should have a monument as durable as the fame of his deeds"—the Chambers, by the same law of the 25th June, granted £20,000 for the construction of the tomb.

Artists were publicly solicited to send in plans; eighty-two did so. Mons. Visconti's idea of placing the sarcophagus below the level of the ground, in a crypt lighted from the dome, was the only one not conceived in opposition to the decided resolution of the government to reject every kind of external mausoleum which would have the effect of destroying the monumental character of the Dome-Church.

The plan was accepted; it overcame the greatest difficulty of the government programme, which imperiously insisted that the tomb should be placed beneath the dome; for we must not forget that this position had been irrevocably decided on by the Chambers, and M. Visconti's plan, while answering all the exigencies of the case, allowed the greatest scope to the architect, without in any way interfering with the aspect of the interior of the edifice such as it was conceived by Louis XIV.

#### SHORT BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE PRINCIPAL ARTISTS MENTIONED IN THIS NOTICE.

CHARLES HARDOUIN MANSART was born at Paris, in the year 1643. His father, also, was named Jules Hardouin, and had married a sister of the François Mansart whom we have had occasion to mention in the former portion of this notice, and who was first painter to his Majesty. The young Charles was placed under his uncle's care to learn his profession. He profited so well by the instruction he received, and was endowed with so delicate and agreeable a turn of mind, that he was fortunate enough to please the king, Louis XIV., who confided to him the most important architectural works undertaken during his reign. Proud of the favour of his sovereign, and naturally desirous of preserving it, Mansart succeeded in inspiring the king with that taste for building with which posterity has so often reproached him, and which was the cause of such vast sums of the public money being expended. Among Mansart's works may be mentioned the chateaux of Marly, the Grand Trianon, and Clagny,\* the Maison de Saint-Cyr, the Place Vendôme, and the Place des Victoires, the church of Notre-Dame at Versailles, and the chateaux of Vanvre, of Dampierre, and of Luneville. But what most certainly set the seal upon his reputation was his erection of the Château de Versailles and the Dome-Church of the Hôtel des Invalides. It is very rarely that any architect has so many buildings of such immense importance confided to him. Mansart did not, however, always satisfy the expectations entertained of him. With regard to the Château de Versailles, however, for which he has been severely criticised, we must not reproach him with the choice of the situation, nor the aridity of the soil on which the palace stands; and if the various buildings which form the exterior of the edifice on the same side as the Cour de Marbre present a mean and disagreeable contrast with the mass of those around them, the necessity the architect was under of preserving that portion of the palace erected in the time of Louis XIII., may in some degree excuse him. On the garden side, however, he had nothing to shackle his ideas, and

\* Built for Madame de Montespan, but no longer in existence.



therefore has no excuse. When viewed at a short distance only, the edifice produces an imposing effect by the immense extent of its lines; but when viewed from a long distance, its uniformity becomes fatiguing. It is a square building, flanked by two long wings, in a cramped style of architecture, full of projections, but without any contrast or opposition in its different parts, so that, at a certain distance, it resembles nothing more nor less than a long uniform wall. It is in the interior, however, that its defects are peculiarly apparent. The staircase is placed very far from the entrance, and in such an out-of-the-way corner that the visitor is obliged to employ a guide to point it out. At the top of the staircase there is no vestibule nor reception room; there are merely two or three small chambers conducting, at an angle, to an ante-room that is but half-lighted. There is no regular communication between the apartments, and in order to pass from one to the other, it is necessary to go first up and then down several small flights of stairs. Many of the details, however, are very beautiful, and among the buildings belonging to, although not actually forming part of, the palace itself, we may mention the orangery, an edifice ornamented with columns of the Tuscan order, grand and noble, yet, at the same time, extremely simple. If historians are to be believed, however, the plan is not due to Mansart. It is said that Louis XIV., being far from pleased with the plans which Mansart had submitted to him, asked Lenôtre for one. Lenôtre at first excused himself, on the plea that he was not at all familiar with this department of architecture; but his majesty having again pressed him, Lenôtre made a sketch which pleased the king extremely, and which Mansart was ordered to carry into execution, after having modified it in certain particulars. The chapel of Versailles, ornamented with isolated Corinthian columns, is very elegant and admirably planned, but the architect appears to have been cramped for space. It was his last work; in fact he did not live to complete it.

For constructing the dome-church of the Hôtel des Invalides, Mansart received the order of Saint Michael from Louis XIV., and Lenôtre being the first artists thus honoured. The great works with which he was continually being entrusted, and the constant favour of Louis XIV., enabled him to amass a considerable fortune. It has been said that, in order to please the king, Mansart was in the habit of employing means that would have done honour to the most subtle courtier; for instance, in his plans he would leave such absurd mistakes that the king discovered them at the first glance, whereupon Mansart would go into ecstasies about the profundity of the king's knowledge of the subject, and with such an appearance of simple and innocent candour, that the king was completely his dupe.

Mansart had many enemies, who did all in their power to ruin him in the estimation of the king. At last, they thought that they had hit upon a plan which could not possibly fail. Mansart was acquainted with a female, who robbed him of an order for 50,000 francs which the king had given him for some of the royal works on which he was then employed. The order was taken to Louis XIV., with the remark that it was thus that his Superintendent of Buildings used the funds confided to him for very different purposes. Unable to believe Mansart guilty, Louis XIV. summoned him to his presence. The architect had already discovered his loss; he confessed the whole truth, and had not much difficulty in proving his innocence to the king, who, to show his confidence in him, gave him back the order that had been stolen, and caused another of the same value to be sent to him, so certain was he that the money would not be badly employed.

Mansart was endowed with a very prolific genius. His conceptions are generally full of nobleness and grandeur; but his style is not chaste: he very often allows himself a license which has not always the advantage of producing a beautiful result. He died rather suddenly at Marly, the 11th May, 1708. His body was transported to Paris, and buried in the church of St. Paul, which was also that of his parish. His tomb, sculptured by Coysevox, was, during the first French revolution, removed to one of the rooms of the Musée des

Monuments Français. In 1818, however, it was transferred to one of the churches of Paris.

ANTOINE COYSEVOX was born of Spanish parents, at Lyons, in the year 1641. Before he was seventeen, he had established his reputation in his native town by a statue of the Virgin which he executed. He then went to Paris, and worked under Lerambert and other masters, with whom he made the most rapid progress. He was scarcely twenty-seven when he was selected by the Cardinal de Fürstenberg to go to Alsacia, and decorate his palace at Saverne. This work occupied him for 7 years, at the expiration of which period he returned to Paris. He first executed a pedestral statue of Louis XIV., with the two bas-reliefs of the pedestal, for the courtyard of the Hôtel de Ville, but they were all destroyed in the first Revolution. He then received an order from the States of Brittany for an equestrian bronze statue of the same king, fifteen feet high. In order to carry out this work with the same amount of perfection with which he had conceived it, he sent for sixteen or seventeen of the finest horses out of the royal stables, selected the best portions of each horse, and, after long studying their movements, imitated them. It is to this spirit of persevering industry that we owe most of Coysevox's finest productions. Our limits prevent our mentioning all his works; we will content ourselves with naming the tombs of Mazarin, Colbert, and Charles Lebrun. Most of his works fell a sacrifice to the vandalism of the first revolution, but those we still possess are quite sufficient to ensure his fame. He died at Paris, the 10th October, 1720.

NOEL COYPEL was born at Paris, the 25th December, 1628. He learned the elements of his art from an obscure master of the name of Guillerie, under whom he made such rapid progress, that, at the early age of eighteen, he was selected to work on the scenes of "Orpheus," a piece brought out at the Grand Opera. From this time forward he was almost always employed in the royal palaces. In 1655, he executed several works for the Oratory and the king's chamber, and also ornamented with the productions of his pencil the apartment of Cardinal Mazarin. It was he, too, who, on the occasion of Louis XIV.'s marriage, painted the ceilings of the queen's apartment in the Louvre, several rooms in the Tuilleries, and several in the palace of Fontainebleau. In 1663, he was received a member of the *Académie Royale de Peinture*, the picture he painted on that occasion being "The Death of Abel," which was greatly admired. After several years of untiring artistic activity, Coypel was named by the king Director of the Academy of Rome. During his directorship he painted four pictures, which for a long time formed the principal attraction of the guardroom of the queen's guards at Versailles. These pictures represent "Solon," "Trajan," "Alexander," "Severus," and "Ptolemy Philadelphos." The first was engraved by Duchange, and the three others by Charles Dupuis. Having been compelled by the disastrous wars of the latter part of his reign to limit the expenses of the crown, Louis XIV. abolished the office of First Painter to the King at Mignard's death, but to make some amends to Coypel for not bestowing the place on him, created him Perpetual Director of the Academy, with an annual pension of a thousand crowns. Coypel was seventy-seven years old when he painted his two grand pictures of the "Assumption," which are so greatly admired, over the altar of the church of the Hôtel des Invalides. He died two years afterwards, at Paris, on the 24th December, 1707. He was twice married, and had four children by his second wife.

Coypel was not always correct in the drawing of his figures, which he sometimes endowed with a somewhat too theatrical air, besides often being far from exact in matters of costume; but these faults are generally redeemed by his magnificent colouring and the vastness and grandeur of his composition, the style of which bears some similarity to that of Lebrun. He was equally at home in sacred and profane history, and had made an especial study of perspective and anatomy. To distinguish him from his sons, who were also painters, Coypel was commonly called by amateurs, Coypel le Poussin. We possess some excellent works by him on the principles of

painting and colouring, and also his portrait, painted by himself, and engraved by J. Audran.

JEAN JOUVENET was born at Rouen, on the 21st August, 1647. He received the first lessons in his art from his father; but the latter, soon perceiving that he could teach him nothing more, sent him to Paris, where, alone and without a master, but with nature as his guide, he prosecuted his studies with the greatest ardour. His first efforts were successful; and this so mortified a jealous rival, that he wrote to Jovenet's parents to say that their son, instead of applying himself to his art, was losing his time, and ruining his health, in debauchery and vice. On this, Jovenet received a letter, ordering him instantly to return home. The young man was justly indignant; but, conscious of his innocence, sent, as answer, the last picture he had painted: this opened his father's eyes, and Jovenet was allowed to remain in Paris. Not long afterwards, he achieved a brilliant triumph by his picture of the "Curing of the Paralytic." He was hardly twenty-nine years old when he executed it; but the boldness of design, the vigour of touch, and the grandeur of composition displayed in it, revealed the finished artist. By the kindness and protection of Lebrun, Jovenet was received a member of the *Académie de Peinture*, in 1675; and from this moment his reputation was firmly established; indeed, he could scarcely find time to execute the different pictures required of him. Jovenet became a special favourite with Louis XIV., who granted him an annual pension, and loaded him with many other marks of his protection. In 1713, he became paralyzed, in consequence of a severe attack of apoplexy. Every remedy was tried in vain, and Jovenet was obliged to renounce his pencil. But his love for the art was as strong as ever; and, not being able to work himself, he took a pleasure in directing the efforts of his nephew and pupil, Mestout. One day, the young painter could not clearly seize his uncle's idea, who wished him to correct the expression of a face he was painting. Jovenet takes the pencil, but in endeavouring, with his lame hand, to correct the head, spoils it. In a fit of despair, he endeavours to repair the accident with his left hand; and, to his great astonishment and unspeakable delight, perceives that it obeys, without the slightest effort, the dictates of his will. From this moment his illness is forgotten, and he sets to work again with increased ardour. There is no doubt that the pictures painted in this manner are not so fine as his former ones, but they still possess extraordinary merit. His last work was a "Visitation," known under the name of the "Magnificat," and executed for the choir of the cathedral of Notre Dame. Jovenet died on the 5th of April, 1717.

That which particularly distinguishes Jovenet from the other painters of his time, is the vast extent and grand effect of his compositions, the happy arrangements of his groups, and the boldness of his outlines. Although his colouring is wanting in truth, and has a yellowish tint, the knowledge he possessed of chiaro-oscuro imparts peculiar harmony and force to his pictures. His drawing is generally correct, but without revealing any knowledge of the antique; he is heavy, angular, and too often wanting in nobleness; his drapery is free and well-disposed, but it never allows the outline of the naked figure to be perceptible through its folds, and seems rather intended to hide than to cover the personage who wears it. His expression, too, is sometimes weak. In a word, as a general rule, his compositions have something theatrical and symmetrical about them, as if, while producing his effects, he was desirous to conceal from the observation of the spectator his defective knowledge of drawing and his ignorance of beauty of form. We have the more reason to be astonished at this, as it seems in direct contradiction to the principles which he himself professed, and regarding which he thus expressed himself: "Painting should resemble music, and, in order to be without fault, a picture should, by its arrangement and colouring, produce as perfect an accord on the eyes as a well-executed concert does on the ear." Perhaps the defects of this artist are not to be entirely attributed to his character and individual disposition, but to the fact of his never having quitted France.

CHARLES DE LAFOSSE was born in Paris, in the year 1640. His father was a jeweller, who placed him at an early age under Lebrun. His progress was so rapid that in a short time he obtained a pension from the king and the privilege of being sent to Italy. After studying correctness of drawing and grandeur of composition in the Roman school, he proceeded to Venice, where he perfected himself in colouring by meditating carefully and assiduously on the master-pieces of Paul Veronese and Titian. It was in Italy, too, that he learned the art of fresco-painting. On his return to France, whither his reputation had already preceded him, he received orders for various pictures from several persons of note, and among others from Louis XIV. himself, for whom he painted several pictures intended for the palaces of Trianon and Marli. In 1683, he was received into the *Académie de Peinture*, and, his reputation having extended to England, was invited over, some time afterwards, by Lord Montague, for whom he painted two ceilings in Montague House, which was subsequently known as the British Museum, but has since been pulled down to make room for the present building. These two ceilings represented the "Apotheosis of Isis," and the "Meeting of the Gods." The artist lavished on them all the riches of his genius, and particularly distinguished himself by the poetry of the composition, the magic of the colouring, and the beauty of the arrangement. King Charles II. was so struck with them that he endeavoured to persuade Lafosse to settle permanently in England, promising him considerable advantages and constant occupation in case he did so. But Lafosse refused every inducement held out to him, and hastened back to France, in the hopes of succeeding Lebrun, who was just dead, as First Painter to the King. Lafosse was a great friend of Mansart, in whose house he lived, and for whom he executed sketches of all the pictures for the church of the Hôtel des Invalides. Mansart, through whom he hoped to obtain the office in question and the task of executing all the pictures, happening to die before the matter was decided, Lafosse was not appointed, and was charged with the execution of a part only of the paintings. After Mansart's death, Lafosse took up his abode in the house of an intimate friend of his, Mons. Crezat, for whom he painted, on the ceiling of his gallery, the "Birth of Minerva." He painted, also, a great number of other pieces, and died at Paris, in 1716, without issue.

NICOLAS COUSTOU was born at Lyons, the 9th January, 1658, and came to Paris, at the age of eighteen, to study the art of sculpture under Coysevox, his uncle. He was highly successful, and, after a sojourn in Italy of some time, returned to his native country, where he produced many most beautiful works, remarkable for their purity of form and happiness of conception. His principal defect was a certain want of grandeur. This artist worked at his profession until the age of seventy-six years, and the last of his works, which death did not allow him to finish, is esteemed one of his very best. It is a medallion bearing a bas-relief of the "Passage of the Rhine." Coustou terminated his laborious career on the 1st May, 1733.

WILLIAM COUSTOU, who was even more celebrated than his brother Nicolas, was born at Lyons, in 1678. Like his brother, he studied under Coysevox, and, also, for some time in Italy, and, on his return, was received a member of the *Académie Royale*. Among his works may be mentioned "Hercules on the Funeral Pile," the figures of the Ocean, the Mediterranean, and the Rhone, and also the pediment of the Château d'Eau opposite the Palais Royal. The last, and, perhaps, the finest of his productions, are the two groups now at the entrance to the Champs Elysées. Each group represents a horse rearing up with a man holding it. William Coustou died at Paris, the 22nd February, 1746.

Monsieur VISCONTI, who is one of the first French architects of the present day, has been charged with the completion of the palace of the Louvre. He has also been appointed imperial architect.

For a notice of Mons. PRADIER, we refer the reader to THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. i., p. 280.

## NICHOLAS LANCRET.



THERE came a time in France, when Madame Tallien took the place of Madame de Pompadour, when the *petits maîtres* and



olly abbés of the court, who had been swept away by the revolutionary storm, reappeared in the shape of gay fops; and the gentlemen, instead of close coats and red heelpieces,

VOL. I.

walked about in Paris with box coats, cravats, and whiskers trimmed à la Barras. Thenceforward Lancret was no longer talked of. Alas! to fling this amiable painter into oblivion, there was no need of the three *Horaces*, and of *Brutus*, and some of Carle Vernet's *Incroyables*. Watteau might bid defiance to death, when it came, for Watteau was the creator of a branch of painting, the founder of a school. Watteau, in the time of Louis XIV., was a phenomenon; but Lancret, his pupil, who had not altogether the same claims to immortality, was shipwrecked with the old society, whose manners, whose attitudes, and whose graces—sometimes insipid to the verge of the ridiculous—he had faithfully sketched. It would require the advent of an era of eclecticism, like our own, to enable Lancret to shake off the dust of garrets, and to take possession of the drawing-rooms once more. At the present day, there would be no objection made to what we see figuring in a boudoir of the time of Louis XV., over chairs with rounded arms and bedecked with roses—the swing in which Madame la Présidente de B—— perches herself in Lancret's gardens.

It would be hard to find a painter who has more faithfully portrayed the features of his own time than Lancret. He entered more fully into its conventionalities, manners, and customs than Watteau, and more fully too than Pater, between which two we shall place him. A clever prose writer, speaking of Watteau, has told us in bad verse, that Dame Nature brought forth the painter of fashionable gaieties for the express purpose of admiring her own portrait in French dress; but he has overlooked the fact, that Watteau had a positive horror of

x

French costume—a horror which it was quite pardonable to entertain, even with regard to the fashions which prevailed in the first half of the seventeenth century—and that this able master always borrows from the wardrobe of the Italian comedy, the garments with which he fits out *Mezzino* and *Pantalon*, and adorns the inscrutable folly of Gille. Lancret stands on the boundary between real life and the stage; he verges close upon the vaudeville. Watteau, with his immortal types, and his gay landscapes, paints eclogues, travestied certainly, but still eclogues; he keeps sufficiently within the region of fiction to reach poetry. Lancret, without removing too far from reality, manages to throw a theatrical air around his works.

Certainly Lancret is not a poet, but he is an elegant prose writer. His ideal, for he was not altogether without one, is a drawing-room ideal; his fancy never rises above the conventional distinctions and the refinements of the fashionable world. His characters are all "persons of quality"—their figures graceful, their eyebrows arched haughtily, their mien defiant. We need not expect to see them rambling along wild fields: the painter introduces them into a conventional landscape, in the midst of masses of trees and shrubs, clipped into the form of arcades or gothic arches, in those artificial retreats which were then called *cabinets de verdure*. There he makes them keep time to the music of the *monaco*, or the slow cadence of the minuet. The cavaliers screw up their mouths, and wear beauty spots on their faces; the ladies appear in lackadaisical attitudes—one arm hangs gracefully over the skirt, the other holds a fan in such a position as to conceal only one half of the face, and leave full scope for the manoeuvres of their killing eyes. The little marquis, he is all grace; he smiles with an assuming air, and executes triumphant pirouettes. In truth, the Saxon porcelain makers, who executed for the furniture of the great those enamelled gentlemen, most unpolitely called "maggots," never invented anything so splendidly droll, so delightfully affected.

And yet such was the world at that time; such were the postures, and such was the turn of mind; it might be said even—if the human race is modified by the times and the manners—such were the men also. They carried their eyes on a level with the head; they assumed distorted attitudes and sly air, and consulted "The Laws of Good Breeding." As to the women, their beauty was delicate, no doubt, but it was "got up." We must not forget that it was in Lancret's time that Froissac becomes Richelieu, and the regent exhausts the very springs of his life. We find ourselves in the interval between the regency and Louis XV., and in this point of view Lancret's works are an admirable study, not merely for the connoisseur, but for the historian, who believes it to be his duty to make himself acquainted with the outside of things, the fashions, the cut of the coats, and even the make of the furniture.

Nicholas Lancret was at first intended for a mould engraver, but as he showed an inclination for painting, he was put to study under Peter d'Uin, a professor of the Academy. Having acquired the rudiments from him, he chose, as the department to which he intended to devote himself, the *scènes galantes*, picnics, gipsy parties, &c., which Watteau had at that time made very fashionable. He made such progress under this new master, that Watteau, it is said, became jealous of him. Some of young Lancret's paintings having been exhibited in public, were taken for Watteau's by some amateurs who piqued themselves upon their powers of discernment. Watteau, who was excessively sensitive, became more jealous than ever when he heard this, and all intercourse between the two painters was completely broken off. Lancret's reputation, however, became greater every day. People began to run after his works, which now found a place in the choicest collections. An amateur having ordered four at a certain fixed price, was so pleased with the first two, that he offered to pay a larger sum for the remainder. Lancret displayed great talent in those storied ornaments which were then employed so freely in the decoration of apartments. M. de Boulogne, Intendant des Ordres du Roi, instructed him to paint an entire hall in this style, and he executed the task to

perfection. The king hearing of it sent for the painter to Versailles, and commissioned him to paint for the dining-room of the small apartments, "a Collation served up in a Garden," some rural subjects above the gate of the Apollo Gallery, and a "Leopard Hunt," in which the painter represents the animal attacked by naked men.

D'Argenville, who was the contemporary of Lancret, and who was certainly acquainted with him, furnishes us with several interesting details regarding him. He declares him to have been a man of upright character and affable disposition. He gained the good-will of all honourable men by his gentleness, and won their esteem by his integrity. A broker, perceiving that Lancret's pencil could render him good service, by giving a delicate retouching to valuable pictures, proposed to him to undertake this sort of work, at the same time offering him a large salary. "I prefer running the risk of executing bad paintings," was the reply, "to spoiling good ones." The soundness of his judgment kept him on his guard against prejudices and hasty decision, and he often said—in reference to old paintings, which were praised and admired beyond measure simply for their antiquity—"You offer incense to idols." He often visited the great collections of the princes with the celebrated Lemoine, the only one of his brother artists with whom he kept up close intercourse. There everything was discussed, examined, criticised, and rated at its just value. It was in this way that Lancret acquired his great familiarity with the works of the ancient masters. Regarding these his glance even was infallible. An amateur, one day, wishing to test his skill, substituted a copy of a Virgin of Rembrandt in the place of the original, and in the same frame. As soon as Lancret had examined it, he exclaimed to a friend who was with him, "They are deceiving us. This is not the original that I have seen here so often." His friend inquired how he was able to tell, and the painter in reply pointed out some false touches in the arms of the child and of the Virgin. The original was then brought in, and proved the correctness of his statement.\*

With this rare accuracy Lancret united an inexhaustible imagination, and a fertility bordering on enthusiasm, to use the words of his biographer. What variety he has introduced into subjects so trite and hackneyed as "The Elements," "The Seasons," "The Four Quarters of the World," "The Hours of the Day," "The Twelve Months of the Year," "The Five Senses!" Some of them he has treated two or three times, and always in different ways. He was one of the most industrious of artists; underwent an enormous amount of labour, and yet never repeated himself. He passes for a painter who has wholly practised from a conventional type, created by Gillot and Watteau; and yet he never drew one line with his pencil without consulting nature. In the salons, in the streets, in the promenade, everywhere, he was constantly studying, watching the attitudes, the dress, and the gestures with the eye of a painter. The ladies whom he met with at the Tuileries were his models; the alley along which he had seen them trailing the skirts of their silk dresses with huge boucles, was, in his eyes, only the background of the painting in which he should introduce them. Sometimes the rustle of one of these robes, the passing vision of a fair marchioness, accompanied, as if for a pretext, by two pretty little children, would make such an impression upon him that he would leave his friends, on the moment, and go aside to sketch what had pleased him so much. Some time before his death he conceived the idea of painting a Savoyard in the act of exhibiting some little curiosity which he hawked about the streets. So he brought all the boys and girls whom he met with in the squares exhibiting live marmots, and arranged them in picturesque groups, or rather suffered them to arrange themselves, in his studio, so that he might observe at his ease their countenances and the varied expressions of their physiognomy. Just as he was preparing to sketch them thus, one

\* D'Argenville, "Abrégé de la Vie des plus Fameux Peintres," tome iv., p. 439. Paris 1762.

of his friends entered suddenly, and surprised him in the act of putting into practice his own constant advice to others, to paint from nature. This, in fact, in relation to his art, was his habitual thought. "Men," he said, "were not angels, and could not guess what was not always before their eyes. If you abandon nature too soon you will become false and affected; so that, when you wish to consult her again, you will look upon her with prejudiced eyes, and will render her in your usual style." Who would believe that it was Lancret who spoke thus—he who was himself so affected, the pupil and imitator of Antoine Watteau? How shall we reconcile these classical precepts with painting which borders closely on decline? The explanation of this apparent inconsistency lies in the fact that for seeing nature aright eyes alone are not sufficient; there must be also principles and a tradition—a key to translate her, to interpret her language; for she does not make herself intelligible to everybody. In the eighteenth century there existed a strong perception of reality, but the real sentiment of nature had disappeared. It was wanting in the poets, as well as in the literary men and the painters. With the exception of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and more recently of Bernardin St. Pierre, no writer possessed it—at least not in the degree in which a man must have it before he can be called an artist. French painters laid it down as a rule that nature should be studied, and yet never were they so far from her as when they were studying her. Boucher never painted the nude female figure without having a model before him; and yet his flesh was like wadding, his bones were broken, the sinews were softened down, and nature placed in subjection to the orthodoxy of art; and this was because he saw with the eyes of his age. Lancret, also, faithful to his professions, never took up a brush without having nature before him; but still, in spite of himself, he remained an imitator. Educated in the imaginary parks of Watteau, in the midst of his nymphs, bedecked with ribands, and his shepherds clothed in satin, the little tinge of reality that he mixed up with his remembrances of his master, only weakens his work; for, when one imitates Watteau, it is not worth while going to the trouble of improving him, and it is as well, we think, to remain in the regions of fancy. Lancret wished to systematise Watteau, but he deceived himself. One does not reason upon fancy. Consequently, beside the poetry of this charming artist, the prose of the pupil, elegant though it be, is, after all, nothing but prose.

Lancret's painting appeared excellent to his contemporaries. In his twenty-ninth year he was elected a member of the Academy, under the title of *Peintre des Fêtes Galantes*, which had already been given to his master; and in 1735 he was raised to the rank of councillor. The two pictures which he presented at his admission, and which adorned the halls of the building, were amongst those which were most highly thought of, and most readily pointed out to visitors. One of these represented "Country Pleasures," or "The Agreeable Conversation," of which Jacques Philippe Lebas executed so brilliant and so delicate an engraving. With regard to this, an occurrence took place which is worthy of record, as showing the high esteem in which Lancret was held by his *confrères*. It was the custom, whenever an engraver was received into the Academy, for him to engrave the portrait of one or two of the members as his reception piece. When Lebas was elected, the Academy thought proper slightly to depart from the established usage; and as Lebas had already engraved the portrait of one of the academicians named Case, he was now requested to engrave Lancret's picture, "The Agreeable Conversation." The fame of the picture was by this greatly increased, for, as Lancret was inferior to Watteau in delicacy, the softness of Lebas' inimitable style supplied the defect, and placed him on a level with his master.

Like a true Parisian, Lancret always possessed in a high degree that sentiment of propriety, and that worldly tact, by which he introduced himself into notice at a very early period of his career. He had that sort of education which is known as "good breeding" in a far greater degree than his Flemish rivals, Watteau and Pater. Watteau was brusque, irritable,

stiff, and caustic; while Lancret was polite, affable, and pliable. The one was but too familiar with the road to the public-house; the only resorts frequented by the other were the great houses in the fashionable quarters of the city. He presents himself before Madame la Marquise de B—— when she is receiving none but her intimate friends; he is present at breakfast, at luncheon, he reads with her; and even when M. le Duc is "not at home" to most callers, he is admitted at his levee. He owed to this sort of life the privilege which he enjoyed of composing upon canvas those familiar memoirs from which materials for a history of his age might readily be drawn.

Certainly Lancret is a little cold, but he is amiable; he has not the luxuriant palette of his master; he has not his lively expressions, which Watteau found more readily in his imagination than in reminiscences of the Italian comedy; he has not that brilliant and masterly pencil which makes painters beyond comparison, but he atones for these defects by agreeable accuracy. If he is wanting in fire, he at least sees correctly; and his observation, full of keenness, has this singular merit, that he reproduces most truthfully whatever is artificial in life. His people of quality, for example, have their armorial bearings and ensigns perfectly regular; they are not strolling mountebanks, accustomed to make grimaces before crowds at a fair for bad pay. Lancret neither liked nor was acquainted with any theatricals, except those of French comedy, of which he never missed a single play. There everything was conducted with decency and order; the daughters of high families did not suffer those little head-dresses then in fashion, and so like nightcaps, to be crumpled or ruffled by any one but their *femmes de chambre*. Lancret's assiduity in attending the theatre was the means of producing one of his best works—the closing scene in the "Glorieux" of Destouches. The painting is indeed a masterpiece.

It is easy to mark out the sphere in which each of the three French painters of fêtes moved. To Watteau belonged the poetry, the idealism, the heroism of *genre*; to Pater, the people, or the reality of scenes in low life; to Lancret, the elegant manners, the conventionalities of fashion, of society, and of the world. A distinguished German connoisseur, Hagedorn, has classed Lancret amongst painters of conversational pieces; and, in reality, this is his real distinction. And who will deny the importance of these charming artists? Is there anything, after all, more useful than the agreeable? We can understand why the paintings of the old great masters are placed beside ancestral portraits in the impressive gloom of a gallery in which the thoughtful seek to meditate solemnly, or the poet seeks inspiration and ecstasy. We can understand also why a dining-room should be decorated by Oudry or Landseer when Sneyders is no longer in existence. But how would you decorate a drawing-room, the scene of so much frivolous chit-chat, of so much caressing, trifling, and flirtation? What would you hang over a sofa, occupied all day long by readers of the last new novel? Would you place "The Death of Patroclus," "The Adventures of Ulysses," "The Greek Agora with Agamemnon presiding," in the midst of this scene of interminable gossip and babble? Conversational pieces are the only ones which will not clash with the overwrought refinement and delicacy of the place. The generation to which Necker and Rochambeau belonged, although already a little quakerish, nevertheless made use of the cameos of Boucher and his imitators; that of Richelieu hung Lancret's works above their doors.

The Marquis de Beringhen, wishing to decorate his splendid chateau at Jouy, commissioned Lancret to paint the Four Elements in the salon. Like a man of genius, Lancret eschewed dull allegory, and commonplace attributes. The age of Louis XIV. did not lose itself in symbols. "Water" was represented by a bath scene; "Fire" by a flirtation under the wide mantelpiece; but what, think you, did he paint in the panel set apart for the "Air?" Why, a marchioness in a swing abandoning her satin skirt to the indiscreet caprices of the element! Despite the want of mechanical facility displayed in Lancret's paintings, he must have been a laborious



man, and not less assiduous at his easel than in his attendance at the theatre. The works that are known to be his are very

the regency, his models the rivals of Madame de Prie, his ideal good breeding?



THE FALCON (STORY BY LA FONTAINE). FROM A PAINTING BY LANCRET.

numerous, and none can tell how many of those piers and door pieces are his which are discovered in Paris every day at the demolition of old houses. Although in painting he was Watteau's son, he was, nevertheless, his contemporary. Like the painter of Valenciennes, he had studied in the studio of Gillot. He left it to rejoin Watteau, just as the latter had obtained the brevet rank of *Peintres des Fêtes Galantes*. Without following in the track of this great artist, Lancret followed him in a more modest side-path, which led equally to the Academy. He was received there, as we have already said, under the same title as the founder of his school. He did not marry till he was fifty-two years of age. The object of his choice was the daughter of the poet Boursault, the author of "Esope at Court;" but he died two years after the union, on the 14th of September, 1743. In spite of the tortures which he inflicted upon the straight line, Lancret will live even for his defects. He was another Watteau, colder and more diminutive perhaps than the original; but agreeable, civilised, and historical. How can he perish when his theme was gallantry, his contemporaries the madcaps of

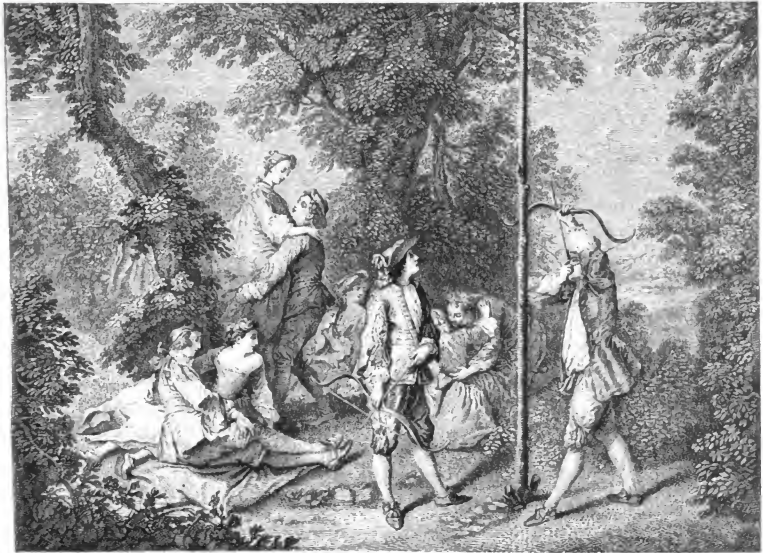
With Lancret the French school of painters, whose pencils were dedicated to love and gallantry, may be said to have expired. Those who came after him were too gross to entitle them to a place in the same category with him and Watteau. When he died, the sentiment of old France died with him, and the debauchery, unrelieved by one ray of taste or elegance, which ended in the revolution, except we allow it to have received a temporary blow from the amiable and unfortunate Louis XV., began to have free course. The painter of this latter period was Boucher; but how great the contrast between his creations and those of the amiable painter of the *fêtes galantes*. He admired him, studied him, copied and engraved him, it is true, and perhaps displayed no less talent; but he had fallen on a more evil time. The one belonged to an age in which vice was compelled at least to veil itself, and be pastoral and Arcadian; but the other, to an age in which decency was outraged to the last degree. In the works of Watteau, Lancret, and Boucher, we have a full history of the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. We see in them follies,



galeties, weaknesses, and virtues of the old regime. The picture is a sad one, no doubt; but there is a vast difference between the frailty of *Mademoiselle de la Vallière*, and the licentiousness of *Pompadour* and *Dubarry*. No one can ever read the story of the first without some touch of admiration and regret; but no one ever mentions the two last without regret. The simplicity, constancy, and truthfulness of *La Vallière*, her sorrowful and repentant end, are all full of an interest which the *blat* weariness of *Pompadour*, or the horrible death of *Dubarry*, can never afford. The two last were the goddesses of *Boucher*, while *Lancret* was inspired by the elegance of *De Prie*, and the beauty and grace, rather than the license, of the court of the *Grand Monarque*. Lan-

grown stones, picturesquely disposed, perhaps, but nothing more: he saw the moss which time had planted on them, but was blind to the halo with which history had enveloped them; and gladly did he take leave of the former abodes of the illustrious dead, in order once more to indulge in the light, frivolous, and profligate amusements of a generation of powdered triflers, who knew not the real value of life till they heard it from the lips of death itself, at the outbreak of that terrible revolution which their vices had had so great a share in bringing about.

But supposing what we say as to the picture of the old regime presented by these three painters being a true and faithful one being correct, what a horrible picture it is, refine



THE ARCHERS FROM A PAINTING BY LANCRET.

cret, we know, was an enthusiastic admirer of the old masters, and could, when he pleased, infuse into his conventional formalism some portion of admiration for stirring reminiscences, great names, or ennobling memories. But it was not so with *Boucher*. When he went to Rome, he found nothing to interest him there. For him the ruins of the imperial city—for him the streets through which the mighty *Cæsar* once swept along, in all the pride and pomp of a Roman triumph, to the capitol—for him the Forum, in which *Cicero* once held his hearers fascinated as by an irresistible spell—for him the Colosseum, the Pantheon, and all the other monuments of a sovereign race now passed away for ever, possessed no charms, nor caused any other sensation in his breast than what would be produced by mere heaps of moss-

or gloss over it as we may! What astonishment should we not feel at the blind stupidity which deplores the revolution as a calamity for the human race—at the shortsightedness of the great orator who saw in it the destruction of chivalry and of manly sentiment. Even if all we hear and know of the miseries of the people, of the reckless waste of the public money, of the corruption which reigned in every department of the administration, were totally untrue, the downfall of a society in which such manners prevailed in private was a blessing and a cause for rejoicing.

"*Lancret*, *Boucher*, and *Carle Vanloo*," says *Gault de St. Germain*, "were the three artists who furnished most abundant materials to the *Tremblins* and the *Beccots*—picture-dealers, who lived in the houses formerly covering the *Pont*

Nôtre Dame. These dealers were famous for the quantity of rubbish which they got manufactured after the designs of Lancret and Boucher to go over doors, or over mirrors, and after those of Carle Vanloo for country churches. The traced outline adopted in these establishments, and which the unhappy artists, who got their bread by working there, were obliged to follow, was filled up in a colouring raw and bright, laid on smoothly and without any sign of touch or execution. The word *daub* (*croute*) was supplanted by that of '*Pont Nôtre Dame*,' more expressive at that time, since it recalled the bad taste which prevailed there, and which some artists, who commenced in these shops, afterwards carried into the Academy."

In the first volume of the "*Archives of French Art*," published at Paris in 1852, there is a curious fragment, which we extract, relative to this painter. The precise period to which it refers has been ascertained by M. Mantz.

"During the queen's journey, a great many accidents took place, particularly between Provins and Montereau, where the second of the ladies' carriages stuck fast in the mud to such a degree that it could not be extricated.

"Six of the court ladies were therefore obliged to get into a cart filled with straw, though they were in full costume, and had their hair dressed; the six ladies must be represented as grotesquely as possible, in the style in which calves are carried to market, and the attendants must be made as ragged as possible.

"There must be another lady upon a cart-horse, harnessed in the usual way, but very lean and tired; and another across another cart-horse, like a sack, her hoop raised so high above the panniers that you may see her garters; all accompanied by some cavaliers who have been upset in the mud, and tattered-damplings holding lighted wisps of straw as torches.

"The carriage must be seen in the distance, stuck in the mud; and the whole scene must have as much grotesqueness and absurdity as the painter can put into it."

In the margin the following appears, in the handwriting of the eighteenth century:—"Copied from the original sent by the Duke d'Antin to the Sieur Lancret, who has executed the drawing." From this, however, M. Mantz has managed to extract conclusions, of the accuracy of which there can hardly be any doubt. The fragment relates to the journey made by Maria Lezinska, in 1726, for the purpose of joining her future husband, Louis XV., at the Tuileries. The Duke d'Antin was then Superintendent of Buildings, and it would have fallen within the sphere of his duty to order Lancret to execute a painting for the amusement of the young king and the court ladies. The heroines of the episode were the *élite* of the nobility—Tallard, Bethune, D'Épernon, De Prie, De Matignon, De Nesle—and to have seen them all in this plight, marchionesses, duchesses, and all, stuck in the mud, their hair dishevelled, their hoops raised, and their legs displayed, assisted by boors and lighted with straw, must have given a very lively turn to the wedding gossip, and furnished subject matter for merriment even to the ladies themselves, who, having started from Chantilly in the royal carriages, little expected to come back in carts, "in the way in which calves are carried to market."

It is Lancret's good fortune to have been reproduced by engravers as able as himself, and who, moreover, rendered immortal the splendid works of his master. Jacques Philippe Lebas, Cochin, De Larmessin, Cousinet, George F. Schmidt, of Berlin, have engraved Lancret's finest works, and we might almost say that he loses nothing by the transition. The principal engravings after him are:—

"The Agreeable Conversation," by Jacques Philippe Lebas. This was the name given to Lancret's reception piece at the Academy. It was previously known as "*Country Amusements*."

"The Italian Repast," by the same.

"The Game at Blind Man's Buff," by C. N. Cochin.

"Mesdemoiselles Sallé and Camargo, executing *pas* in a

Garden, surrounded by Musicians," by De Larmessin. This is one of the painter's best works, and is a real picture, though he only intended to make a portrait of it.

"One should never consider," by the same engraver.

"The Gaseon Punished," "The Maidservant Justified,"

"The Five Senses," by the same.

"The Amorous Turk," by G. F. Schmidt, of Berlin.

"The Beautiful Greek," by the same.

"The Mill of Quinquengrogne," by Elizabeth Crasinet.

"The Ages and the Elements," by Desplaces, Tardieu senior, Benoit Audran, jun.

Lancret's drawings are very like those of Watteau, but they display greater finish; and for that very reason, perhaps, have less freedom and warmth. "His figures," says Argenville, "are not wanting in length; and in this he has surpassed Watteau." He shows, however, correctness, lightness of touch, and gracefulness. His love for his art caused him to enter into the minutest details. The style of his paintings may serve to indicate that of his drawings.

The works of Lancret, in forty-six pieces—a far greater number is counted at the present day—were sold for only about £2 10s. at the Lorange sale, under the direction of Gersaint, in 1744, a year after the painter's death. At the present day, these same engravings would bring four or five times that sum.

At that same sale, two of Lancret's paintings, one representing thieves plundering a traveller, only reached about £3 5s.; but it is right to add, that "*The Chateau of Teniers*," one of Teniers' works, sold, on the same occasion, for only about £8 16s.

At the Lallive de Jully sale, in 1770, a "*A Pic-nic*," engraved by Moitte, reached little more than £8.

Like those of Watteau, which at the same time were hardly any dearer, Lancret's paintings were for a long time sold as screens for fire-places.

In 1845, at the Vasserot sale, "*The Pleasures of Angling*" sold for £32, and "*The Archers*" for £16.

In the same year, at the Cypierre sale, three of Lancret's paintings were sold:—1. "*A Fancy Ball in the Rotunda at Trianon*," £129; 2. "*A Ball in the Garden at Trianon*," £146; 3. "*A Young Shepherdess*," life size, in a landscape, £20.

## PRACTICAL AND ORNAMENTAL ART.

ONE prominent effect of the Great Exhibition was that of showing more clearly than before, that in the arts of ornamentation and design England was far behind her continental neighbours, and that she might learn much even from the study of ornamental works produced by the rice-fed and half-naked Indian artisan. Englishmen saw—not without regret—that though pre-eminent as manufacturers, and famous all over the world for cheapness and good workmanship, they were no match for other countries in point of elegance and taste; and that unless some great effort was made with a view to improvement in these respects, they would, at no distant period, be in danger of losing their proud position as manufacturers for the rest of mankind. Thinking men perceived this, journalists were not slow to make the fact patent in print, capitalists and employers of labour saw it, government also observed it, and took the only course left open to them, which was to raise up and educate, in the true principles of decorative art, an army of young men and women, so that, in a few years, England might regain the ground it had lost, and once more go into the markets of the world with not only the *cheapest* but the *best* of goods.

It was thus that the Museum of Practical and Ornamental Art came to be formed. A parliamentary grant of £5,000 was placed at the disposal of the Board of Trade for the purchase of articles from the Great Exhibition; a committee of taste, consisting of Mr. Pugin, the architect (since deceased), Mr. Owen Jones, Mr. Redgrave, R.A., and Mr. Cole, C.B., was formed, with power to select and purchase from the Exhibition

such articles as they considered necessary to form the nucleus of an Art Museum; and Marlborough House, which had been vacant since the death of the Queen Dowager, was appropriated to the reception of the objects purchased. On Monday, the 6th day of September, 1852, the museum, rendered as perfect as possible by the gift or loan of many valuable articles illustrative of the decorative arts, in addition to the £5,000 worth of purchases, was opened to the public. On Mondays and Tuesdays, and during Easter and Christmas weeks, the public are admitted free; on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, persons not students are admitted on payment of sixpence each, with liberty to copy any article on payment of an additional sixpence; and manufacturers may, by payment of a guinea annually, obtain a transferable ticket for any of their several firms or any person employed by them. Besides all this, classes for art education were speedily brought into active operation, and schools of design were formed all over the kingdom.

The objects which the promoters of this department of art have in view are threefold:—First, to bring together such specimens as will best serve to illustrate the history of various manufactures; secondly, to show, by examples selected from numerous sources and belonging to separate periods and countries, an approximation to the true principles of art in decoration, form, and colour; and thirdly, to teach in classes, by means of lectures and the employment of efficient masters, the following arts:—1, woven fabrics of all kinds, including embroidery, lace, and paper-staining; 2, the principles and practice of ornamental art applied to furniture, metals, jewellery, and enamels; 3, pottery and its kindred manufactures; 4, painting on porcelain; 5, instruction in the art of engraving on wood; 6, chromo-lithography; 7, the study of artistic anatomy, including drawing, painting, and modelling the human figure, with practical demonstrations; 8, architectural details and practical construction; and 9, practice in the various processes of casting and moulding. All these classes are open to both male and female students, except those for teaching wood engraving and chromo-lithography, which are at present confined to females. In a word, the instruction afforded at Marlborough House consists, briefly, of—the study and examination of the finest specimens of ornamental art; attendance at lectures, &c., on the principles and practice of art; and the study and practice of those special processes of manufacture which govern the character of design and lead to its production. This very comprehensive course is conducted by the most efficient teachers, assisted by a museum and library expressly formed for such students, who are permitted to study any one or more of the arts on payment of a very moderate scale of fees. In each of the classes, it is the aim of the teacher to render the most efficient service to the pupil, so as to fit him to go at once into the world, properly qualified for whatever branch of manufacture or art he may select.

To show, for instance, the methods pursued in these classes, we may extract so much of the prospectus issued by the council as relates to pictorial anatomy (No. 7), which is under the superintendence of J. Walsh, Esq.:—"The study of artistic anatomy, with practical demonstrations in drawing, painting, and modelling, are conducted in the following groups:—

"1. Drawing in chalk or charcoal, with a view to the correct study of structure through light and shadow. The study of the antique and of nature will, therefore, be prosecuted step by step, in careful comparison with the bony and muscular frame-work, from casts, prints, &c.

"2. Modelling in clay and in wax. In this class the principles of relieve are taught, and the study from the round, whether of original figures, or from fine examples, is carried on with constant reference to the test of anatomy. In both the above classes, the method of *analysis* is adopted, so that, according to the occasion, the drawing or model, or selected portions of it, are *anatomically rendered*.

"3. The *Painting* class comprehends the various methods of painting in water colour, tempera, oil, or fresco; commencing with

monochrome painting from plaster casts, and advancing to the study of coloured examples, with occasional reference to the living model."

The Art Museum at Marlborough House, which is thus thrown open for the instruction of the studious of both sexes and the public, is considered as yet far from perfect; but even now it contains a larger number of objects having a directly educational tendency than any collection hitherto brought together.

"The great sources of error," says Mr. Redgrave, in his essay on design, affixed to the Reports of the Jurors of the Exhibition of 1851, "in designing for garment fabrics are over ornamentation. The designs are too large for the fabric, or the colours are too violent, or the taste in the choice of both is questionable. . . . The 'up-and-down' patterns best suit the motion of the wearers, while the horizontal direction of pronounced forms quarrels with all the motions of the human figure, as well as with the long folds in the skirts of the garment. For this reason, large and pronounced checks, however fashionable, are often in very bad taste, and interfere with the graceful arrangement of any material as drapery." So, likewise, those cross-barred cloths so much worn by gentlemen are ungraceful and outré, because their horizontal lines interfere with the motions and form of the wearer. "If we look at the details of Indian patterns we shall be surprised at their extreme simplicity, and be led to wonder at their rich and satisfactory effect. It will soon be evident, however, that their beauty results from adherence to the true principles of decoration. The parts themselves are often poor, ill-drawn, and common-place; yet, from the knowledge of the design, due attention to the just ornamentation of the fabric, and the refined delicacy evident in the selection of the quantity and the choice of tints, both for the ground and the ornamental forms, the fabrics, individually and as a whole, are lessons to our designers and manufacturers, given by those from whom we least expected it."

Of the £5,000 placed at the disposal of the Board of Trade, £2,075 was expended on articles exhibited on the foreign side of the building; £893 on articles from the British side; and £1,501 on objects from the Indian collection. The apportionment of the sum may be thus epitomised:—Mixed fabrics, £1,080; metal works, £1,426; enamels, £844; porcelain, £348; and wood carvings, furniture, &c., £771; leaving a small portion of the parliamentary grant in hand for expenses. In the museum all these articles are catalogued and arranged for exhibition and study. Here are works in the precious and other metals—in pottery, glass, wood, and woven fabrics "chosen for qualities which illustrate true principles of design or display high excellence in workmanship." These are arranged in the several rooms and passages in such a manner as to best display their several excellences. Thus, on the staircase are carpets from India, tapestry from Hampton Court (lent by her Majesty), copies of Raphael's arabesques from the Vatican, and wall tiles from the manufactory of Messrs. Minton, of Stoke-upon-Trent; and in the gallery are casts of celebrated antique sculpture and ancient ornament, together (in the hall) with a collection of examples illustrating the stages of studies pursued in the schools of design in London and the provinces.

In addition to the statues, statuettes, friezes, baso-reliefs, busts, &c., in various parts of the building, there are arranged in the council room, for the use of the students, a large and valuable collection of prints and drawings, illustrative of the styles of the old and modern masters, the architecture of the most famous buildings of ancient times, and illustrations of the various uses of colours in decoration. A library of works on art is also rapidly approaching a degree of excellence worthy the institution; and in specimens of lace-work, embroidery, patterns for garments, and kindred articles of manufacture, the collection may already be said to be unrivalled.

In our small space, it is impossible to do more than indicate the principal sources of attraction in this noble museum, and our hope is, that it may become the first school of ornamental



art in the world. Suffice it to say, that both the materials collected, and the manner in which they are arranged, are

institution. Every enlightened lover of his country must feel an interest in whatever tends to the advancement of its manu-



"LA CONVERSATION GALANTE," FROM A PAINTING BY LANCRET.

admirably adapted to promote the excellent objects contemplated in the formation and support of this valuable

institutions, which are the chief sources of its prosperity in the present day.



## JEAN BAPTISTE MONNOYER.

There are two kinds of flower-painters. Some paint them for the love of the flowers themselves, others for love of the painting. The former see nothing in a bouquet, except a happy mixture of striking hues, which surprise and delight the eye. If the rose sheds its sweet colours on their canvas, if the carnation opens out its dazzling mosaic, if the drooping peony displays its large carmine petals, or the tulip exhibits its

whiteness of porcelain, and descending in the scabious to dark violet. Each flower is thus a sharp note, soft or deep, in this music of hues, and if the painter succeeds in pleasing the spectator he is content.

In the latter, on the other hand, the artist is lost sight of in the botanist. The individuality of each species strikes them and absorbs their attention. They must learn to smooth



HYACINTH, NARCISSUS, CLEMATIS, ANEMONE, TUBEROSE, PRIMROSE, TULIP, AND HONEYSUCKLE. FROM A PAINTING BY MONNOYER.

golden rays, it is not so much for the purpose of delighting the botanist, or calling to his recollection all the beauties that crowd the genus or species to which they belong, but to give the artist an opportunity of entering into competition with nature for the production of striking effects. The flowers serve as a sort of excuse or pretext for the execution of a painting containing a glittering gamut of chosen colours rising in the hyacinth to the hue of ivory, or in the lily to the

the rose-leaves, to draw the flower delicately, to touch the stamens lightly. They want to reproduce accurately the beautiful hair that hangs round the corollæ of the anemone, or the down that softens the vermillion of the peach; they wish to trace with the pencil the anatomy of their graceful models, to sketch the minutest petal that droops or falls, to take away none of the elegance of the attitude, to mark upon each the exact locality of the tone; and thus, being so

intent upon the parts, they lose sight of the whole. In their passionate worship of each flower, they can sacrifice nothing, or at least nothing save what the modesty of some flowers renders necessary.

Monnoyer may be classed among the first of these. He belonged to the age of Louis XIV., and possessed rather the instinct of decoration than the sentiment of nature. The French school of painting was at that time a good deal under the influence of the new school of philosophy. It wanted love for reality. With it a landscape was but a garden for heroes to amuse themselves in; all nature wore the hue of history; flowers were not looked upon as a branch of art in themselves, and were never seen except in books, and such beautiful collections of plants as those painted on vellum by order of Gaston d'Orléans, brother of Louis XIII. Those quaint and painstaking artists, who embellished the manuscripts of the middle ages with their brilliant illuminations, had entirely disappeared. It was the last of them who, at the commencement of the revival, so beautifully illustrated the primer of Anne of Bretagne. It was reserved for the eighteenth century, led back to nature by Jean Jacques Rousseau, to restore the painting of realities, to do for flowers what Chardin was doing for the spinning-wheel—that is, to load them with as much poetry as he had thrown around the household utensils of a decent and well-ordered dwelling. In the reign of Louis XIV. flowers were painted in France as part of a system of decoration, as ornaments for the sake of their rich colouring; but not as objects worthy of an artist's love and admiration. No one ever thought of prizing them as the Dutch protestants prized tulips. It is in protestant countries, above all, where the love of the people for quiet pleasures is developed by a calm, contemplative, and serious life, that the passion for flowers is found in its full vigour—in Holland, in parts of Germany, and in England. In these countries every villa, every cottage even, is surrounded with them as far as the owners' means will permit. Antiquity was dead beyond restoration. The swans have abandoned the Eurotas, and now build their nests on the banks of the Thames; Arcadia is no longer in the Peloponnesus, but in Holland and Germany.

Monnoyer was born at Lille, the capital of French Flanders, and studied in Paris. Who his master was is not known, and in fact but very little information of any kind has come down to us regarding his early life. At the age of thirty, in 1665, he presented himself for admission to the Academy and was elected. He painted, for his reception, a flower and fruit-piece, which met with immense praise. The branch he followed, however, was not recognised by the Academy, and he, consequently, did not obtain a professorship, but he was elevated to the council in 1679. He obtained a high reputation very rapidly, all the more so because he was at that time the only flower painter in France. His free manner recommended him to the designers of the decorations of the royal palaces which Louis XIV. had ordered, and his bouquets were consequently soon seen upon the panels of Trianon and Marly. He seized upon everything with delight that could extend his sphere, and serve as an accompaniment to his bunches of carnation and jasmine, his orris branches, and the stems of his poppies, or roses, or campanulas. The richness and pomp which Lebrun put in his historical paintings, and Rigaud in his portraits, he put into his flowers. Splendid carpets, thick and fringed with gold, were introduced to set off the main subject of the piece, which stood majestically upon tables of porphyry or marble. Large and beautiful vases, embossed with masks of silver and small figures, rested on rugs, lest they should, even to the eye, grate upon the polished surface of the stone. Stems of all shapes and sizes hung over in apparent confusion, but were mingled with such art, that instead of bewildering the sight, they delighted it. Sometimes japan porcelain was placed upon a piedouche of copper inlaid with gold; and then the delicacy and splendour of the colouring rivalled that of the flowers themselves, which appeared to be repeated on the enamel of the vase. At others the painter introduced an embossed cuirass, or helmet, to

counterbalance by its brightness the principal lights of the picture; but these rude images, though they contribute something towards the optical effect, break in upon the harmony of the impression. The eye cannot habituate itself to these combinations; on the contrary they offend it. The softness of a jonquil, or the austere melancholy of the tuberose, cannot consort with the iron of armour.

Monnoyer's reputation spread daily. The admiration of him begetting familiarity, the connoisseurs began to call him Baptiste simply; and under this appellation his fame passed the sea, and reached the ears of the Duke of Montagu, a passionate lover of art, who, in his pursuit of it, entirely overlooked national distinction. English, French, or Dutch mattered not; if a man could paint well, he found in him a munificent patron and a firm friend. Nor did he confine his attention to one branch of art. He was equally fond of the historical, the marine, landscape, dead nature, animals, and flowers. At this time, he was engaged in the construction of a magnificent mansion in London, which he intended to decorate with paintings, and for this purpose invited a great number of artists from all parts of Europe, but particularly from France, in which country he had resided for a length of time. The painters he chose in it were all academicians, or men of the highest standing in their respective departments—La Fosse, famous for his historical compositions; Rousseau, for his perspective; and Monnoyer, for flowers and decoration generally. The three arrived in London in 1690, and each of them executed the part assigned to him with admirable skill. Rousseau opened up imposing perspectives upon the walls, repeated the balustrades of the staircase, or continued the rows of pillars, thus creating an illusive grandeur and extent. La Fosse painted on the ceiling the Apotheosis of Isis, and the Assembly of the Gods; and Monnoyer scattered here and there his flowers, his gorgeous draperies, his vases of silver, or japan porcelain, full of orris, or poppies, or gilliflowers. Sometimes he introduced amongst these inanimate objects a bird of some southern clime, with luxuriant plumage; but it only appeared for the purpose of lending to the composition the glowing hues which flashed from its feathers—the bright scarlet, the lively emerald, or the deep azure. These colours are employed now to lend warmth to the painting, when the tints of the other objects have thrown an air of coldness round it; such as those of the lilac, or the white daisy; and again, to subdue the brilliancy of the peony.

When D'Argenville states, however, in speaking of Baptiste's flowers, that "these beautiful flowers wanted nothing except the odour which they seemed to exhale;" he gives the reins wholly to his fancy, and disregards facts. And Levesque, in his notices in the "Encyclopædia," grossly exaggerates when he says, speaking also of Baptiste, "He gave flowers the charm and freshness, and beautiful tints of nature; his pencil moistened them with morning dew." The fact is, that if Baptiste be compared to his rivals, he will be found on these points by no means their superior, but the reverse. He is full of truth, without doubt, but it is a bare, naked truth, which wants a veil to make it agreeable. Paradoxical as it may seem, a large amount of falsehood is necessary to reach that truth which captivates us, to call up that appearance of reality, the charm which is given to flowers by the surrounding atmosphere, by the caresses of the dew, and the kisses of the sun. We speak here not only of the large flowers painted upon the panels of apartments in the decorative style, such as we see at the Louvre and at Trianon, but those splendid bouquets in which he strove to give the roses all their honour, and the anemones all their glory, which he executed only at rare intervals, when he wished to captivate the gaze of some captious botanist. One of these, which is in his happiest style, may be seen in the collection of Messrs. Claude of Paris. It is not merely to the effect of the picture that the artist has looked; we might almost say, without being guilty of a pun, that each of these bouquets is the flower of the painting. The touch is skilful and varied, and it contributes, as well as the management of the chiaro-scuro, to the general truthfulness of the whole. We do not speak of that truth which shows

itself in minor details, and is the result of minute observation of nature, but of that which appears in the general harmony and beauty of tone, as much as in the manner in which the pencil shows by its handling the character of the flower. The glossy surface of the lily is rendered by an oily impasting apparently without thickness, and skillfully laid on. The delicate stems are treated with charming lightness, as the myosotis of the marsh, and the full-blown periwinkle. The double anemone, as also the live petals of the white hyacinth, are emphasised with a firm touch, thick and amplified. The brush, on the contrary, becomes softer in the light tints of the blue hyacinths, which serve as a transition to a united background of a neutral tint. The practice here is excellent, and may be cited as a model. His colours are laid on at the first effort, and with so much confidence, that the painter must have known by heart the form and outline of his copy.

Monnoyer has made one singular mistake, and one which has since been extensively copied—the mingling of spring flowers with autumn fruits. No better proof than this can be afforded of the assertion we made at the commencement of this article, that flower painting with him was simply a means of decoration. The eye is offended by seeing snowdrops, which appear in April, side by side with bunches of grapes, nuts, and apples. But it must be confessed that the fruit is treated with a master hand—not certainly with the delicate taste and with the light glazing of the Dutch, but with full paste, like the Italians, who knew no other way of painting fruits than in the style of Michael Angelo's battles.

Baptiste was so well treated by Lord Montagu, that he took up his abode in London for the remainder of his life. Kneller was then in his glory, and it was his custom to paint only the head himself, and leave the figure and drapery to inferior artists, so that he might accomplish a greater amount of work. The same motive induced him to seek the aid of Monnoyer, so that the portraits of persons of quality now began to appear with bouquets in their hands, or wandering in a garden, plucking roses or watering geraniums, &c.; and it is needless to add that these graceful adjuncts doubled the price of the picture.

Monnoyer was a clever and dexterous engraver, and his works in this department will probably live fully as long as his paintings, which, as we have said, have now lost much of the brilliancy and finish that were at first their greatest charm. In some of the chronicles of French art, we find descriptions of thirty-four of his etchings, divided into several series of small and large baskets of flowers, crowns, garlands, and opaque and transparent vases. It is from these that the designers of commerce, the artists who scatter flowers upon stuffs that veil the figures of the fair sex, the damask coverings of their furniture, the silk of their dresses, and the chintz of their curtains, derive their inspiration. It is at Lyons, above all, the great seat of the silk manufacture, that Baptiste is most worshipped. There he is the master *par excellence*. The thousand combinations of colour and form that may be created in a single bouquet, are a rich mine for the designers of the manufacturers. As to the painter himself, his works are easily recognised, with some few exceptions, by the splendour of effect and bold manner of their treatment. When you take a run over to Paris—and who now-a-days does not?—and are devoting your mornings to the study of the fine arts, if you enter any of those good old hotels of the departed nobility, built in the Mansard style, and belonging to the age of Louis XIV., which crowd the Faubourg St. Germain, but are abundant above all at Versailles,—if you see a large bouquet fitted in the wainscoting, relieved with gold; and if it stands in a vase adorned with lions, with satyrs, loves, bacchantes, and is composed of the largest and most gorgeous flowers, poppies, peonies and tulips, and is set off by splendid carpets, silken tassels; and if peacocks and golden pheasants perch upon the edge, so that the whole is brilliant, striking, and luxuriant in the highest degree; you must not say, "that is by Van Huysum, or Mignon, or Daniel Seghers;" but "that is by Monnoyer."

Monnoyer has left behind him a great number of pictures, and they are to be met with everywhere—among the dealers and amateurs, in the public galleries, and many in private collections in England, where he lived so long and so happily. He executed sixty for the chateaux of Trianon, Marly, and Meudon. As they were mostly intended to decorate the upper part of doors, or fill very large spaces, they are usually rough sketches; but the execution is broad, the arrangement good, and the touch skillful and masculine. Some of them are, however, so delicate and finely drawn, that they equal any of the works of the Dutch painters in this department.

The Louvre is very rich in Monnoyer's works. It is to be regretted, however, that their restoration was not confided to abler hands; the back-grounds, which have been almost entirely re-executed, are heavy, black, and without transparency, and the flowers, however beautiful they may be, exhibit the effects of this ugly bordering. We have already alluded to his engravings. Under the name "Little Bouquets," he has engraved a series of four pieces; under that of "Transparent Vases," nine; under that of "Middle-sized Baskets," four; "Large Baskets" in height, three; "Large Baskets" in breadth, four. Lastly, under the name of "The Coronets," two. To none of these engravings is there either cipher or monogram. Underneath is written, *J. Baptiste, sculpt. et ex. cum privilég. regia.* Some amateurs also attribute to him a book of every sort of flowers from nature, composed of twelve sketches, folio size in length, and bearing a cipher at the left hand side at the bottom. But this series was engraved by Vanquer, his pupil.

In the engravings of this painter may be found the following flowers:—Roses, stems of the tuberose, poppies, anemones, lilies, carnations, periwinkles, orris, orange blossoms, hyacinths, tulips, auriculas, jasmynes, columbines, pomegranates, snowdrops, ranunculi, peonies, and campanulas.

At the Lalive de Jully sale, in 1770, two were sold for £10; at the Prince of Conty's sale, in 1777, two pendants, representing very beautiful flowers in vases, brought by auction £14; two others only reached £5; two others, representing peaches and grapes, £1 15s.; and, lastly, a splendid garland of flowers, in the midst of which Stella had painted the Virgin holding the Infant Jesus in her arms, reached £18 10s.

These particulars, in the absence of a detailed description of the paintings—no very easy matter when flowers are the subject—may serve to show, if not demonstrably prove, that the works of Monnoyer, though good enough to be found in the best collections, yet have never risen to an exorbitant price;—£6, £8, or £12 will purchase one of his paintings, of greater or less dimensions and greater or less finish. If we compare the splendid paintings of Baptiste with those of Mignon, of Rachel Ruysch, of Sighers, of Van Huysum, we are surprised to find so great a difference in the price, considering there is so little difference in the talents of the artists. The real explanation lies in the low estimate formed by the French of the capabilities of their own artists—an absurdity common to all European nations except, we believe, the Italians. Baptiste never affixed any signature to his paintings. His etchings only bear his Christian name, *J. Baptiste*.

One of this artist's celebrated works is a looking-glass in Kensington Palace, decorated by him with a garland of flowers for Queen Mary II., who sat by him, it is said, the whole time he was doing it. He also painted six pictures of East Indian birds from nature, in water colours, on vellum, for the Duke of Ormond. They are elaborate productions, displaying exquisite skill and delicacy of touch.

Baptiste had two sons and one daughter. The latter was married to Blain de Fontenoy, the disciple and imitator of his father-in-law. Of the sons, one, Antoine, inherited his father's talent, and was elected a member of the Academy in 1704. The other travelled in Italy, where he became a Dominican monk, and adorned the walls of his monastery with tolerably good pictures, representing scenes in the life of St. Dominic. This is all we know of Baptiste or his family. He died in London in 1699.

## JOSEPH WRIGHT.

JOSEPH WRIGHT was called "Wright of Derby," to distinguish him from Richard Wright, of Liverpool, another artist, who acquired some celebrity in his day. He was the son of an attorney, and was born in September, 1734. He was sent to London, at the age of seventeen, to study under a painter named Hudson, as his father was led to believe, from his great love of mechanics and great power of observation, that he would eventually succeed as an artist. Hudson was at that time the chief portrait painter of the metropolis. He had formidable competitors in Vanloo and Liotard; but his thoroughly English style, and the air of bluff *bonhomme* that he was able to throw into his faces, made him a great favourite with the country gentlemen of the old school. He flourished

made the best possible use of his time, and became an enthusiastic admirer of the old masters, particularly of Michael Angelo, on whom he always lavished the highest expressions of admiration. His modesty, on his return to England, made him retire to Bath and Derby, his native town, instead of seeking the wider field for his talents which would have been afforded by residence in the metropolis; for such was his skill in portrait painting, that there can be no doubt he would have soon stood at the top of the ladder had he pursued it as his vocation. Rome had given him a higher idea of the artist's vocation, and he speedily abandoned portraits for history and landscape. He had the good fortune, during his stay in Italy, to witness an eruption of Mount Vesuvius; and the curious



LESSON IN ASTRONOMY. FROM A PAINTING BY JOSEPH WRIGHT.

in great splendour till Sir Joshua Reynolds, one of his own pupils, made his appearance on the scene; and then he had the good sense to perceive that his occupation was gone; so he retired to his villa at Twickenham, and died rich and happy.

He would, in all probability, be never heard of now, if it were not that it was his good fortune to turn out a greater number of pupils who afterwards rose to distinction than any other man whose own abilities were so poor. One of those was Wright, whose custom it was to bemoan his misfortune in having so stupid a master; but it would seem without just cause; for some of his earliest pieces bear evidence of careful instruction. He paid a visit to Rome in 1773, and during his stay of two years journeyed over most parts of Italy. He

phenomena of light and shade caused by the conflagration inspired him with an extraordinary desire to paint subjects in which these could be displayed to the greatest advantage. In firelight scenes, therefore, he was extraordinarily successful. Nor did he display less ability in historical subjects. "The Dead Soldier," "The Destruction of the Floating Batteries at Gibraltar," "Edwin at the Tomb of his Ancestor," "Belshazzar's Feast," "Hero and Leander," "The Lady in Comus," and "The Storm Scene in Milton's Comus," all display the highest ability.

Wright was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, but was so disgusted by Garvey's reception as a member before him that he resigned. He continued, however, to send pictures to the exhibition, occasionally afterwards.

## THE CRETAN BULL.

ANCIENT mythology has furnished a rich store of materials to our artists. It would be hard to find a fable or adventure recorded in the Greek or Roman classics which has not been illustrated or adorned by painter or poet. It was, in fact, only at a very late period that modern fiction or history was thought worthy of an artist's notice. They have recently, however, received a due share of attention from painters, but it is rarely that sculptors think anything belonging to their own time a proper subject for their genius to exercise itself upon, unless when they receive an order from an enthusiastic corporation, or a knot of "admirers" for the statue of some lamented great man, or it may be a very little man indeed. There have of course been some exceptions to this rule, as for instance, the "Oliver Twist," which was exhibited at the Great Exhibition in 1851; but they are few in number. Many that seem exceptions are not so in reality. The "Greek Slave" has nothing peculiarly modern about it.

One of the most remarkable of the personages who figure in the legends of Grecian mythology is Hercules, the personification of irresistible strength. According to one of these legends, Hercules was the son of Jupiter; and when the day of his birth arrived, Jupiter imprudently boasted, in the hearing of his jealous wife Juno, that on that day a son of his was about to be born to whom all others should be subject. Juno at once called upon him to confirm this declaration with an oath; and as soon as he had done so, she prematurely hastened the birth of Eurystheus, another of Jupiter's offspring. The consequence was, that Eurystheus was invested with dominion over Hercules, which he exercised in a very tyrannical way, by imposing upon him a series of most difficult and dangerous tasks, usually styled the twelve labours of Hercules. It is one of these labours—the capture of the Cretan bull—that is represented in our engraving, which is taken from a zinc cast from Berlin, now in the Dublin



THE CRETAN BULL. FROM A ZINC CAST AT BERLIN.

But for the chain it might be a Venus or Diana, or any one of a thousand nymphs. The same may be said of most others.

This is not a thing to be wondered at; nor should sculptors on this account come in for any share of patriotic indignation. The fact is, up to the present time modern civilisation has progressed in a great measure independently of the beautiful. It has been intensely rude in regard to externals, intensely fond of the practical and useful. That of ancient Greece was precisely the reverse. The prime and chief element in it was the beautiful. The keen perception of it was the leading characteristic of the Greek mind. It, therefore, showed itself at the very earliest periods in their poetry and mythology. They had hardly a single superstition which was not artistic; hardly one which was not graceful in whatever way expressed, on canvas, in stone, or in poetry. That modern art should look back to it as the Golden Age, and even seek a return to it, need, therefore, cause us no surprise.

This bull was said by some to have been that which carried Europa across the sea; but according to others, it was sent out of the sea by Poseidon, that Minos, the king of Crete, might sacrifice it to him. The monarch, however, was so charmed with its beauty, that he kept it, and sacrificed another in its stead. This so enraged the god, that he made it mad; and it committed terrible havoc in the island, till Hercules was sent by Eurystheus to capture it. This he did—took it by the horns, and carried it home on his shoulders; but then set it free again. We afterwards meet with the animal in the stories of the exploits of Theseus.

The work is at present attracting great attention in the Exhibition. The idea of "irresistible might," of which Hercules was the personification in ancient legend, is admirably displayed in the muscular development of the hero; but it seems to us, that the bull scarcely throws as much force and energy into his struggles for escape, as an animal of his size ought, in such a predicament, to display.



## BRIDGEWATER GALLERY.

LONDON is not so destitute in point of art-exhibitions as might at first sight appear. For, to say nothing of the National Gallery, and the fine Dutch and Flemish pictures at Dulwich, open to all comers, there are plenty of art-treasures to be seen in London. In fact, the very best pictures in England—the most genuine and undoubted “old masters,” and the most famous specimens of the modern English and French schools—are in the galleries and houses of private collectors and purchasers. Just to mention a few of these:—there is first, her Majesty's private gallery at Buckingham-palace—a noble collection of Dutch and Flemish pictures, formed at a great expense by George IV., with some good portraits of Sir Peter Lely and Reynolds, Wilkie's celebrated “Penny Wedding” and “Blind Man's Buff,” and Sir William Allan's “Orphan,” representing Annie Scott standing near the vacant chair of her father, Sir Walter. Admission to view these may be obtained from the Lord Chamberlain, during the absence of the court, by written application, enclosing a stamped envelope for an answer. Then there is the Grosvenor collection, at Grosvenor-house, formed by Richard, first earl of Grosvenor; the Vandyckes at the Earl de Grey's in St. James's-square; the collection of the poet Rogers, at 22, St. James's-place; the Hogarths and the Canaletti at the Soane Museum, in Lincoln's-inn-fields; the three fine Reynolds' at the Thatched-house Tavern, St. James's-street; the Duke of Sutherland's Murillos; the Holbein at Barber-Surgeons'-hall; Mr. Need's collection, at 6, Grosvenor-square; Sir Robert Peel's Dutch pictures, at Whitehall; the fine collections at Northumberland-house and Apsley-house; Lady Garvagh's Raphael, at 26, Portman-square; Lord Ward's collection; the portraits, &c., at the Herald's college, Doctor's-commons; the splendid gallery of pictures collected by Henry Hope, Esq., at the corner of Dover-street, Piccadilly; Baron Rothschild's collection; Mr. Holford's gallery; Lord Ward's pictures; the English collection of Mr. Sheepshanks; and Lord Normanton's private gallery; to say nothing of the Vandycke pictures at Windsor, and the Raphael “Cartoons” at Hampton-court. All these, with the exception of the two last, which are open to the public, may be seen by written application to their several owners.

But what we wish now to bring before our readers is—the superb collection of pictures, belonging to the Earl of Ellesmere, known as the Bridgewater Gallery. There is no difficulty in obtaining admission to the gallery—every Wednesday during the earl's stay in town, which may generally be considered to last through the London season, or the session of parliament rather, being set apart for the reception of visitors. The house, which stands in Cleveland-square, with a front towards St. James's-park, was built by Francis, the present earl of Ellesmere, from the designs of Sir Charles Barry, R.A., the architect of the new palace at Westminster. Though commenced in 1847, it is even now unfinished, as far as the interior is concerned. It stands on the site of what was formerly called Berkshire-house, the town-house of the Howards, earls of Berkshire. It was purchased by Charles II., and presented by him to the beautiful Barbara Villiers, Countess of Castlemaine and Cleveland, whose portrait by Sir Peter Lely is in Hampton-court Palace, with the rest of the court beauties. It then changed its name to Cleveland-house; the Earl of Castlemaine lived here in 1668, and the countess, alone, in 1669. Lord Clarendon was a resident in it for a short time after the Great Fire, after which it had several tenants. In 1691 it belonged to the Earl of Nottingham. The house was eventually bought by the great Duke of Bridgewater, the collector of the picture-gallery which bears his name, who altered and re-faced the front, and called it Bridgewater-house. The earl dying in 1803, left his pictures, then valued at £150,000, to his nephew, the first Duke of Sutherland (then Marquess of Stafford), with remainder to the marquess' second son, Francis, the present Earl of Ellesmere. The last noble possessor pulled down the old house, and erected the present structure in its place.

The Earl of Ellesmere, who appears to have inherited all his ancestor's love of art, has added numerous fine paintings to the original collection, which now consists of about 320 pictures, besides 150 original drawings by the celebrated Italian painters Ludovico, Agostino, and Annibale Caracci, who flourished in the sixteenth century; and eighty large paper drawings by Guilo Romano, which he purchased at the sale of the Lawrence collection, in 1836. Forty-seven of the finest of the pictures originally belonged to the celebrated Orleans collection. The contents of the present gallery may be thus epitomised:—Italian, Spanish, and French pictures, 127; Flemish, Dutch, and German pictures, 158; English and doubtful pictures, 35.

Mrs Jameson, in her “Handbook to the Picture-Galleries,” remarks, that the Bridgewater Gallery is deficient in examples of early Italian pictures; but that the series, since Raffaele, is the most complete of any existing as a private collection, not even excepting the Lichtenstein Gallery at Vienna. Since that remark was made, however, the earl has purchased a “Tantalus” illustrative of the school of Bologna; a “Holy Family,” by Andrew Del Sarto, who was contemporary with the great Italian, and one or two others. There is also a fine “Head of a Girl,” by Leonardo da Vinci, who was born about the year 1450, more than thirty years before Raffaele, and died in 1519, only one year before his great contemporary.

The first object in the great Hall, on entering from the door in Cleveland-square, is, the beautiful marble group of “Ino Nursing the Infant Bacchus,” by Foley; a subject which has been extremely popular in engravings, and has been successfully reduced in Parian by John Bell. This may be really considered the most poetical, if not the finest, marble produced in the British school of sculpture. See how delicately round, and yet how full and soft, the flesh of the child is, and how the mother's fingers press into its little sides. It is really an exquisite piece of work. The marble is unpolished, and the prism-cut glass in the roof throws down a kind of glory upon the group.

The Picture-gallery is a noble apartment, lighted from the roof as a matter of course. The pictures are ranged in something like chronological order; the Italian, Spanish, and Flemish pictures in the places of honour. There are four Raffaeles. They are all of one character—“Holy Families,” the Virgin and Child, with infant St. Johns and adoring St. Josephs in all but one, in which the Virgin, a pure Italian maiden with a sunny face, is holding the infant Jesus in her arms. Then there is that celebrated picture which once belonged to the Marquis d'Aumont, and is known as “La Sainte Famille au palmier.” It is in a circle about four feet high; and the head of Joseph, which is that of a fine old man, with a good, reverent expression, is said to be a portrait of Bramante, the architect. The marquis sold it to M. Delanoul, whence it found its way into the Orleans gallery, and thence into the possession of the Duke of Bridgewater. It has been well transferred from panel to canvas, and is by many considered the gem of the collection. In another “Holy Family,” the Virgin is lifting the drapery from the sleeping figure of the infant Jesus with all a mother's care; and in another, St. John is paying him homage. In all of them there is the same exquisite expression of love and reverence. These Raffaeles are engraved in the well-known “Crozat-gallery.”

We pass on to the Claudes. Claude Lorraine was born in the year 1600, and died full of years in 1682. Another kind of enthralment comes over the gazer's mind. Deep shadowy landscape scenery, with here and there a figure; in the foreground a noble pile of buildings, with Corinthian pillars and porticoes, and, in the distance, great blue mountains, or dark, thought-provoking, deeply-flowing waters, which stretch into dim mist, and seem miles and miles away! Look at that “Demosthenes on the Sea-shore.” The orator is pacing the sand-bank near the ruins of a beautiful Grecian portico, studying, perhaps, some thrilling Philippic to hurl at the head of the arch-enemy of his country. A couple of ships lie at anchor in the still waters, and a wide expanse of blue stretches itself away and mingles in the distance with the sky. This

picture belonged, during the life of the painter, to M. de Boulemonet, and afterwards to Mr. Clarke and the Hon. Edward Bouverie; from the latter of whom it was purchased by the duke. It is engraved in the *Liber Veritatis*, No. 171, and also in the Stafford Gallery. Many engraved copies have been made of this true picture, which is fully described in Smith's "Catalogue Raisonné."

There are in this collection five specimens of Rembrandt's skill,—a group representing Samuel and Eli, and four portrait studies. One, the head of a burgomaster, an old white-bearded man, seated in an arm-chair, attracts us very much. It is painted in exactly the manner which we have been taught to consider the Dutchman's best style—full of colour, deep, grave, harmonious, and without those ugly misshapen outlines so frequently seen in the pictures of this master. Rembrandt (born 1606, died 1674) appears to have paid greater attention to colour than to form; but as a portrait painter he was unrivalled in his day.

Then, these four Titians, all good, but dimmed and yellowed here and there with age, especially in the flesh-tints of his nude figures. The "Diana and her Nymphs interrupted at the Bath by the Hunter Acteon," a picture nearly eight feet square, with six female figures in various attitudes of surprise and shame, is a gem. It was formerly in the Orleans collection, and has been engraved in the works known as the *Galerie du Palais Royale* and the *Stafford Gallery*; as are also the "Venus rising from the Sea," a single half-length naked figure, and the "Diana and Calisto," a companion to the "Diana and Acteon," painted on a canvas of the same size. These two pictures were painted, Vasari informs us in his "Historia Pittorica," for Philip the Second of Spain. They afterwards came into the possession of our first Charles, whence they found their way into the Orleans Gallery, and from it to their place upon these walls. They are distinguished by all the peculiarities of this great master (born 1477, died 1576), who may be said to have been the founder of the Venetian School, the painters in which usually drew their figures direct from the living model, without first preparing a cartoon, or paper drawing. Thus we find, as in the Venus, both the beauties and the blemishes of the actual figures transferred to the canvas. "An Allegory of the Three Ages of Life," an undoubted original by the same master, is not so successful as those we have mentioned, three children gathered together in a group in one corner, being mere bags of flesh colour. The same subject has been several times chosen by Titian, one treatment of it being in the Borghese Palace at Rome, and another in the Manfrini Gallery at Venice. The one before us was painted for Giovanni de Castelli; and subsequently passed through the collections of the Cardinal of Augsburg, the Queen of Sweden, and the Duke of Orleans.

One picture, "The Entombment," by Sebastian del Piombo (born 1485, died 1537), is supposed to have been designed by the celebrated painter, Michael Angelo Buonarroti, from whose pencil no example is to be found in the Bridgewater Gallery. "A Female Head," by Luini, also in the style of Michael Angelo, is very fine.

There are here four specimens of Tintoretto (born 1512, died 1594), one a portrait of a Venetian councillor, "The Presentation in the Temple," a small sketch from the Orleans Gallery, and two Portraits of Gentlemen. Velasquez (born 1594, died 1660) is also represented in this gallery by three portraits; but to judge of what this noble Spaniard is really capable, the connoisseur should see his "Boar Hunt in the Prado," in the National Gallery, a work which, though injured by time and bad cleaning, has been pronounced by no less an authority than Sir Edwin Landseer, as one of the best in the collection.

Salvator Rosa (born 1615, died 1673), Guido Reni (born 1675, died 1642), and Murillo (born 1613, died 1685), are each well represented in the Bridgewater Gallery. The first by two fine landscapes, one of which, from the collection of the Duc de Praslin, was known as "Les Augures," or "The Soothsayers." It is a very fine picture of bold mountainous

scenery, the principal feature of which is a large overhanging rock at the mouth of the Tagus, and known by the sailors as the rock of Lisbon. Guido is here seen to perfection in an "Assumption," after the manner of, and almost as fine as, that famous picture of Murillo's which was purchased by Louis Napoleon, at the sale of Marshal Soult's pictures, for £22,000. This beautiful picture was purchased by the Earl of Ellesmere from Messrs. Smith of Bond-street, into whose possession it came at the dispersion of Mr. Watson Taylor's collection at Earlstoke in 1832. By the latter gentleman it was bought of M. de la Haute, who purchased it in Paris of General Sebastiani, and he obtained it from the Cathedral at Seville. Its pedigree, therefore, is perfect. The pure, beautiful, star-crowned virgin, surrounded by angels, who bear her up into heaven, was never more simply or enchantingly rendered. This picture is a perfect gem, and, in point of colour and preservation, is far before the "Venus Attired by the Graces," by the same master, in the National Gallery. It has lately been well engraved by Mr. H. Watt. The Murillo is a recent acquisition by the Earl. The subject is the parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus. It is a fine, spirited painting.

Domenichino, of whom there are five examples here, and Guido, were the most celebrated pupils and followers of the Carracci school of paintings. Nowhere, says Mrs. Jameson, can the Carracci style be so well studied as in the Bridgewater Gallery. And, in truth, the thirteen specimens of Ludovico and Annibale may be said to be unapproachable for beauty and perfect preservation. They are all religious subjects, altar-pieces, except the Danse of the latter painter—a fine painting, eight feet by five, from the Orleans collection.

Seven pictures called "The Sacraments," painted at Rome by Nicolo Poussin (born 1613, died 1675) for M. Chantelow, occupy the centre of the right wall of the gallery. They are fine specimens of the Frenchman's manner, but the colours appear to have "gone in," probably from some peculiarity in their composition, so that the outlines of some of the figures can scarcely be seen through the darkness. The picture, called "Penance," represents Mary washing the feet of Jesus, and is extremely full of figures; and that, called "Ordination," shows Our Saviour giving the keys to Peter. They are very fine compositions.

Other pictures—by Correggio, Paul Veronese, Emanuel De Witt, F. Müllé, Palma Vecchio, Parmigiano, Carlo Cignano, Valentin, Schiavone;—two, full of figures, representing a procession in front of St. Peter's, and the interior of a picture gallery, by Giovanni Panini (born 1691, died 1758), and a fine copy of Murillo, by Grimoux, representing the Youthful Saviour as a shepherd, with his hand on the head of a lamb—the original of which is in the National Gallery—will attract the visitors' attention.

But we must hasten into the inner rooms, which are devoted to the Flemish, Dutch, French, and English schools. Here are so many fine pictures that to notice a title of them would swell our sketch to too great a length.

There is, in the front gallery, a Vandervelde, which is considered by many the most famous specimen of the master. It is a grand sea view, with stormy weather, and a rolling sea. In the front is a Dutch packet with the sea breaking over her bows, and stretching back is a long perspective of water, painted with great truth and force. In the Dutch room, in so bad a light as only to be seen, and that imperfectly, from one point of view, is a companion to this Vandervelde, by our countryman Turner. They are much the same size, and the Englishman's picture is painted in the same style as the Dutchman's, and represents squally weather, rolling sea, grand distance, fishing boats in front. Comparing one with the other, it is difficult to say which is the finest picture. They are both excellent.

We must not conclude without a brief mention of Paul de la Roche's celebrated picture of Charles I. in the guard-house, which represents the soldiers insulting the unhappy king with their coarse jibes, and drinking and smoking. It is unquestionably one of the finest specimens in the gallery.

# "THE DELUGE," BY POUSSIN.

POUSSIN has, in this celebrated picture, rendered the threat of the Almighty, in the sixth chapter of Genesis, in the most striking form of which it is capable. The fountains of the great deep are broken up. The waters have rushed forth, have covered the plains, and are rising towards the mountain tops. The scene is half hidden by a hazy damp atmosphere, a great waste of waters has blotted out green fields and pleasant valleys, towns and cities, and all that made earth beautiful; and have surprised men eating and drinking and making merry. All that is yet living is to be found on the summits of the hills, but the mist and opaqueness of the clouds tell but too clearly that this last refuge will also soon be destroyed.

the waters are at the very moment crumbling them away beneath his feet. Death stares them in the face whichever way they look.

Poussin knows how both to sympathise and furnish food for thought. In reproducing these terrible scenes, he at once recalls their origin and surrounds them with an air of religious grandeur. In the foreground of the picture upon a bare rock, he shows us the serpent crawling from the rising waters, and thus connects the memory of Adam's fall with the calamity which is engulfing the world. He seems to struggle against impending death, and to be resolved to perish only with the last of the race which he has ruined and betrayed.

In reference to this, St. Pierre tells an interesting anecdote



THE DELUGE. FROM A PAINTING BY POUSSIN.

In the midst of this wide-spread desolation man appears standing at bay with death. The painter has, with admirable skill, detailed the universal disaster which has befallen the species, and, still more, has represented the different stages of it without doing any violence to the general unity and harmony of the whole composition. In the prow of the boat which has been upset, an old man, standing up and in view of impending death, makes a last appeal to heaven, while his younger and more vigorous companion seems still disposed to struggle against fate. Another boat is just touching the land, impelled by a pole which a man pushes in the stern. Another on the bank is leaning over to lay hold of his child, which his wife hands up to him, in the hope that they may all find shelter from the torrents upon the rocks behind him, though

of Jean Jacques Rousseau. "One day," says he, "when we were speaking of Poussin's 'Deluge,' Rousseau sought to fix my attention upon the serpent creeping up the rock for the purpose of avoiding the water, with which the earth was everywhere covered. After having heard what he had to say, I replied, 'It seems to me that in this sublime painting there is a still more striking feature—the infant which the mother is handing to its father upon the rock; the child aids their efforts with its little legs. The spirit is struck in the midst of all the crimes and follies of earth, by the spectacle of innocence, subjected to the same law as crime, and of maternal love more powerful than the love of life.' He then said to me, 'Oh, yes—it's the child, there can be no doubt that it's the child which forms the principal object.'"

## DON DIEGO VELASQUEZ.



ONE day, as Velasquez had just finished the portrait of the Grand Admiral of Castile, Don Adrian Pulido Pareja, Philip IV. entered the studio of his principal painter, and, perceiving the admiral's portrait, addressed it in the following terms: "What are you doing there? Is it thus that you execute my orders? Is it not to you that I have confided the honour of

most flattering tribute which could be paid to the genius of Velasquez, a genius of a high and haughty order, which looked upon painting only as a means of recommending the task of creation.

Don Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez was, according to the testimony of the Spanish writers, born at Seville in 1599, and not in 1594, as so many of his biographers have stated. His family, which was noble, and, indeed, claimed to be descended from the ancient kings of Alba Longa, was originally Portuguese, but, being reduced by adverse circumstances, left Portugal and established itself in Spain. His father and mother were far from being rich; they were not able to give their son wealth, but they resolved that he should, at least, enjoy the advantage of a liberal education, and they accordingly placed him under the care of the most learned preceptors. During his literary studies, Velasquez evinced great talent for drawing, and his parents determined that he should follow the bent of his inclination. His first master was Francisco Herrera, commonly surnamed *The Old*, a man of horrible temper and indomitable roughness of behaviour, who had formed for himself a style of painting in harmony with his natural character. He was a contemporary of Caravaggio, and possessed that artist's sombre humour, as well as his savage boldness and spirited touch. But he treated his pupils and his family in the same fashion that he painted his pictures,—that is to say, with a sort of savage fury. The consequence was that he estranged every one from him; and Velasquez was soon obliged to quit the school of a master who was abandoned by even his own children. Velasquez's stay with Herrera the Old was, however, of use to him. He contracted a taste for a free, energetic, and spirited style of execution, which formed a favourable contrast with the timid manner of the former painters of Andalusia! and, by dint of seeing his master succeed through his audacity, he accustomed himself to a mode of painting that was full of freedom and vigour.

At this period there lived at Seville a fellow-disciple of Herrera the Old, namely, Francisco Pacheco, who was as quiet



my flag?" The fact is, that on entering the dimly-lighted room, the monarch at first supposed the portrait to be the admiral himself; perceiving his mistake, however, he turned towards Velasquez and said: "My son, you completely deceived me." • This was, without the slightest doubt, the

• "Os aseguro que me engañe." Palomino Velasco, "Las Vidas de los Pintores Españoles," in vol. iii. of the "Museo pictórico y Escala óptica." Madrid, 1724.

VOL. I.

and moderate as Herrera was impetuous. On quitting the studio of Herrera for that of Pacheco, Velasquez found in his second master not only a good painter, especially in fresco, but also a clever author and a poet, whose house, says Palomino, was the golden prison of painting,—*el carcel dorado del Arte*. Around him used to be collected all the literary celebrities that inhabited Seville, or merely passed through it, and, among others, Herrera, *The Divine*, author of a treatise on painting; Francisco Quevedo de Villegas, an ingenious poet; and the immortal author of "Don Quixote de la Mancha," Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. How charming is the history of art! It is she who raises certain portions of the hangings which the political historian has never touched; it is she who introduces us unexpectedly through a secret door into the abodes of painters, showing us personages whom we never expected to meet, and who have come there to spend the pleasantest hours of life, namely, those that are passed among philosophers, artists, and dreamers. What a piece of good fortune for a young painter to grow up in the company of such men, and to benefit his mind with the rich treasures of their conversation! We can easily imagine that in this studio, where two ardent young students, Alonso Cano and Velasquez, might be seen at work, the days must have glided very quickly by, and that every moment must have been well filled up, either while Pacheco was drawing the portrait of Cervantes in red and black chalks,\* or the portrait was inspiring Quevedo with a number of pleasing verses, or lastly, while, the illustrious novelist was recounting the prowess of the last of the knights-errant, or opening a door to the imagination of his auditors through which they might look out upon that rugged landscape of the Sierra-Morena, which resembles no other in the world.†

Although, from the portrait, painted by himself, it might be supposed that Velasquez was a man of violent temper, he was, on the contrary, sociable and mild. Pacheco, seeing him already so skilful, and so attentive to the noble conversation of his visitors, took a particular liking to him. He showed him all the pictures which at that period were sent to Seville from Rome, Naples, Venice, and even the Low Countries, and procured for him permission to study and copy them. But none of these numerous works possessed the same charm for Velasquez as the pictures of his compatriot Luis Tristan de Toledo, whom he admired for his fine colouring and vivid conception. This was, without a doubt, because these qualities agreed best with his own peculiar ideas; for, as a general rule, what artists admire in others is a portion of themselves. It is, however, a remarkable fact, that Velasquez, thereby proving that he was a painter born, had succeeded in appreciating his two masters at their proper value, and appropriating what struck him as the best points in each of them. He detested the natural savageness of Herrera the Old, but he borrowed his vigorous and bold style; he admired Pacheco's cultivated taste, but he could not adopt that learned professor's chastened and quiet manner; so that he formed his palette from the one and his mind from the other. It was at the conclusion of this double course of education, when he was about twenty years of age, that Velasquez married his master's daughter, Dona Juanna, as Pacheco has told us in his "Treatise on Painting."‡

As we all know, the *ideal* was never the domain of the Spanish painters. By *ideal* we mean the grand style. The lot of this vigorous school was to express passion, to seize on reality, and represent subjects palpitating with life. In this sense Don Diego Velasquez was the most Spanish painter of all the painters of Spain. He must be followed and observed step by step, in the path conducting to that kind of perfection which he was destined to attain. His favourite master, that

master whom he placed above Pacheco and Herrera the Old, was nature. He consulted nature every moment of the day. His first sketches were taken from everyday life, and represented the personages he met in the streets and *pasadas* of his native city. They are peculiarly valuable for the true picture they afford us of the manners and characteristics of the lower classes in Spain at the period in which he lived. They also exhibit a great luxuriance of still life. When his friends reproached him with not selecting higher subjects, Velasquez was accustomed to reply, that the foundation of his art must be strength; delicacy might follow afterwards as the superstructure. In these first productions of his pencil he coloured in the style of Caravaggio, but he altered his style after having seen some pictures by Lanfranc, Guido, and Pomerancio. His model for heads was Domenico, surnamed *el Greco*, a most strange and extravagant artist, who would have been much greater than he was, but from an absurd apprehension of being taken for a copyist of Titian, under whom he is said to have studied. But Velasquez never copied Domenico servilely, observing, that "what this master did well was the best of all things, and that what he did ill was bad in the extreme." He had taken into his service a young peasant, who never left him.§ He used to study his slightest gestures, and place his body in a thousand different positions, carefully noting in his physiognomy the expressions of gaiety or sadness, of attention or indifference, of pleasure or fear, produced by the events of everyday life. There was, in a word, no nice delicacy, no difficulty of drawing, no case of foreshortening that he avoided. In this manner did he study humanity in one man, and endeavour to seize in this model, always the same and yet always changing, not only the trace of the ordinary emotions of the soul, but every advantage which painting can derive from the different attitudes of the human body. He studied upon this peasant's face the furrows caused by smiles as well as those produced by tears—furrows which, according to the remark of a certain philosopher, serve to express joy as well as grief. Nor, while Velasquez was thus indefatigable in the actual use of his pencil, did he neglect the theoretical part of his art, but read every author of credit who could form his judgment or expand his mind.

So great was the confidence of Velasquez in the rich variety of nature, that whenever he drew upon her inexhaustible treasury, he almost invariably did so at hazard, being very certain that he should everywhere meet with beauty, and that he should be able to represent it to others. Setting out from this principle, he, at first, had no other end in view than a scrupulous imitation of the form and tone of every object, finishing each portion of it with the same care, and imparting to it all the vigour which he thought he saw in it. Is it not to this that naturalism must inevitably lead its votaries, at least at the commencement? If we consider art as a mere counter-impres of nature, everything in the latter immediately enchants us. Exclusively absorbed by the wish to render our copy a faithful one, we attach the same importance to the accessories as to the principal parts; taking each detail separately, we begin by working on it with passion and energy, without consenting to sacrifice a single one. The consequence of this is, that the various plans, which we should have distinguished from each other, are all confounded together, the relative value of the tones escapes us, and, from our very desire to obtain accent and relief everywhere, we inevitably become harsh. This is exactly what happened to Velasquez in the first trial of strength that he made with nature. His celebrated picture of "The Water Carrier of Seville" (p. 116) belongs to this style. The truthfulness of this picture is, however, so striking that it actually causes the spectator's throat to feel parched, for he beholds a man of the lower classes drinking so eagerly and with such evident enjoyment out of the water-carrier's jug, that he himself would willingly suffer thirst for a long time in order to revel in the pleasure of

\* Quillet, "Dictionnaire des Peintres Espagnols," 1816.

† See the life of Francisco Pacheco, in Quillet's "Dictionnaire." This work is a useful compilation from Palomino, Cean Bermudez, and the best Spanish books on painting.

‡ "El Arte de la Pintura, su Antigüedad y Grandezas." En Sevilla, 1619.

§ "... Le servía de modelo en diversas acciones y posturas, ya llorando, ya riendo. . . ." Pacheco, "El Arte de la Pintura." En Sevilla, 1619.



quenching it in a similar manner. An "Adoration of the Shepherds," once in the possession of the Count de l'Aguila, and the same which formerly made so magnificent an appearance in the Spanish Gallery of the Louvre, at Paris, must have been executed at the same period of rigorous imitation, as well as the familiar scenes and interiors which Velasquez painted in the style of David Teniers; such, for example, as the piece of Bacchanalian buffoonery known by the name of "Los Bebedores," or "The Drinkers" (p. 125). This picture represents the reception of a new member in a sort of low masonic lodge, where a drunken fat president, with a polished skin, almost naked, and crowned with vine leaves, is initiating the novice into the mysteries of gourmandising and generous wine, while, ranged around the cask on which the jolly-faced monarch sits enthroned, five or six other rascals in rags are filling and emptying their cups, or laughing boisterously, in a manner which is supremely trivial it is true, but which is also so hearty, frank, and catching, that it almost makes the spectator wish to join in it, just as the "Water Carrier" inspires him with a desire to drink.

In the spring of the year 1622, Pacheco's son-in-law set out from Seville to Madrid, where the canon Fonseca, his fellow-townsmen, who held a situation in the palace, procured him the means of visiting the galleries of the Prado and the Escorial, and of seeing and copying there whatever he chose. Being anxious to patronise a young man whose high destiny he foresaw, Juan de Fonseca busied himself in procuring Velasquez more powerful patrons than he himself was, and succeeded so well that the painter, who had been recalled to Seville, received there, together with fifty gold ducats, a letter from the Count-Duke of Olivares, Minister of State, and favourite of Philip IV., inviting him to set out once more for Madrid. This time, Pacheco accompanied Velasquez, in order, as he said, to be a witness of his son-in-law's glory. All that was necessary to enable Velasquez to assume his proper rank was, that he should paint and exhibit his works. The canon Fonseca, who had received the artist in his own house, asked him to paint his portrait, and hardly was it completed ere he hastened to the palace, where he exposed to the view of the king and the courtiers his protégé's production—a sterling, highly-coloured work, full of life, in which the canon's head seemed to be reflected as in a mirror. The very same day Velasquez was admitted at court, and Philip IV. expressed a wish to have his own portrait taken by so great an artist. To obtain the favours of fortune, the Spanish painter had done violence to her.

Attacking boldly one of the greatest difficulties of the painter's art, Velasquez represented the King of Spain encased in armour, and mounted on a magnificent charger, that he had to depict rearing up in the air, in the midst of an apparently boundless landscape. His success was marvellous. He received permission to exhibit the picture in a public street of the city, near the steps of San Felipe. The court was in ecstasies with it, and the poets celebrated it in commendatory verses. "In spite of his bold neglect of all the artificial resources of the art," says Monsieur Louis Viardot, "has not Velasquez attained the utmost possible limits of illusion? Has he not placed upon the canvas all the characteristics of life? How perfectly natural is the posture and accordance of the limbs, as well as the general appearance of the body? Is not the hair agitated by the wind? Does not the blood circulate underneath the white and living flesh? Are not the eyes gifted with sight? Is not the mouth about to open and speak?"

Meanwhile the rare talent possessed by Velasquez had increased. The scrupulous exactitude which he had at first preserved in his imitations had led him to adopt a style which, as we have said, was not free from dryness. He corrected this, however, from remarking that distance renders the forms of all objects undecided, and alters their appearance. His touch became more easy and ethereal, and he imitated nature not as she is, but as she appears to be.

• Les Musées d'Espagne, d'Angleterre et de Belgique. Paris, Paulin, 1843.

Having been created painter to his majesty, *pintor de cámara*, Velasquez was overwhelmed with presents and gold ducats. Great things were now expected from him, and Velasquez determined to gratify the wishes of his admirers by producing some grand work, which should stamp him at once as one of the first artists in Spain. His competitors for public favour, Caxes, Carducho, and Nardi, had each painted the "Expulsion of the Moors from Spain." Velasquez selected the same subject. This was a bold step, but the success fully proved that Velasquez had not mistaken his powers. He completely distanced his rivals, and the king's delight was so great, that he increased his stipend, and made him usher of the royal chamber. In this picture, Spain is represented as a noble matron, in Roman armour, standing near a portion of a stately edifice. At her feet is this inscription:—"Philippo III., Hispan. Regi Cathal. Regum pientissimo, Belgico, Germ. Afric. pacis et justitie cultori, publicis quietis asseritori, ob eliminatos felicitas Mauros Philippus IV. robore ac virtute magnus, in magnis maxinus, animo ad majora nato propter antiq. tanti parentis et pietatis observantique ergo tropæum hoc erigit, anno 1627." Besides this inscription, there is also the following at the bottom of the picture:—"Didaeus Velasquez Hispanensis Philip IV. Regis Hispan. pictor ipsius jussu fecit, anno 1627." Philip IV. was not a great king, although he every day heard himself compared to the sun; but he cherished literature and painting, the former in the person of an illustrious poet, Calderon, and the latter in that of an excellent painter, Velasquez. Both of these great men were admitted into the royal intimacy, and were, so to say, regular visitors at the palace. They were members of the King's household, and honoured him with their friendship. In their company he forgot the gradual dismemberment of the monarchy of Charles V.; and when this *nonchalant* prince received the news that he had lost Portugal, that he had lost Roussillon, or that he had lost Flanders, he was found listening to some charming comedy, *de cape et d'épée*, or leaning on the shoulder of Velasquez, and immersed in the contemplation of some landscape that represented the vast and verdant plains of his kingdom.

Velasquez was no landscape-painter after the fashion of the Dutch artists; that is to say, he was not elaborate like Karel Dujardin, careful in the nice details of the ground like Wynants, finished like Van de Velde, or pleasing like Poelenburg; he painted landscapes with a rough freedom of touch, and treated them in that broad summary manner which appears natural to historical painters, and which was that followed by Rubens. In the works of the Spanish artist, it is not the landscape itself which forms the principal object; it merely serves as a ground for the animated episodes which the artist has imagined with the intention of bringing them out in strong relief. The "View of the Prado" is made subservient to a boar-hunt, in which the movement of the dogs, the horses, and the huntsmen, interests us quite as much as the savage character of the site, and the aspect of the wood. The "View of Aranjuez" represents a gravelled avenue, celebrated in Spain under the name of the Queen's Walk (*la Calle de la Reyna*), and seems merely a pretext for introducing to us a promenade of the ladies of the court, in company with the most accomplished cavaliers of the day, under the shady foliage of an earthly paradise. As regards the execution, these landscapes, which, like most of the best works of Velasquez, belong to the *Museo del Rey*, are painted in a bold rough manner, and must be viewed from a distance. If we examine them nearly, we shall be shocked by the carelessness of the touch, the crudity with which certain objects are brought together, and the vague manner in which the trees, ground, and sky, are massed, and, apparently, confounded; but let us contemplate these pictures from a distance, and all this confusion ceases, all the various objects harmonise with one another, each element in the painting assumes its proper place, each tone its proper value; the light shines forth, and nature and life appear before us with all the force of truth. To such a degree is the illusion carried, that we are tempted to draw near once again in order to penetrate the mystery of an effect

combined with such artistic skill, and obtained with such certainty.

We think we have discovered the secret of treating painting in this cavalier fashion, and why Velasquez succeeded so marvellously in it. He had commenced by painting objects in the order they presented themselves to his view: birds, fish, fruit, *frutas, aves, peces, y cosas inanimadas por el natural*, says Cean Bermudez,\* and nothing is more capable of forming or perfecting a colourist than the severe study of what is called still

fascinate it. The eye of a painter making the round of a calville, for instance, would find pleasure in remarking the fine gradations which would lead him from a pale-yellow to a carnation. The goldfinch, again, with its red head and gold-tipped wings, presents the artist with a whole system of colouring. By imitating nature, and bringing together those colours alone which he felt were related to each other, Velasquez avoided the necessity of blending them. He was thus enabled to preserve their solidity and freshness, because,



THE WATER-CARRIER OF SEVILLE.

FROM A PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ

life. By a course of study of this description we may penetrate some of the mysteries of creation, and learn some of the rules which govern its harmonious natural arrangements. The first objects taken at hazard, the stone on the high road or the wild flower of the fields, contain in themselves the principle of the alliance and the opposition of tones. Their contrast serves to excite our attention, and their harmony to

knowing that he could not possibly offend the eye by the juxtaposition of such colours as harmonised naturally with each other, he applied them boldly and surely, exactly where they were wanted, and thus was not under the necessity of working them up.

Meanwhile the news was spread about the Spanish court, that a celebrated painter, Peter Paul Rubens by name, had just arrived in Madrid. Rubens was the bearer of certain official presents from the Duke of Mantua. An hour was appointed for his introduction to Philip IV.; and what hap-

\* *Diccionario de los mas illustres Profesores* . . . &c. vol. vi. Madrid, 1800.

pened? The officer whom he meets at the door of the king's apartment, the king's intimate friend who is charged with the duty of introducing him, is no other than Velasquez! • The day that these two great painters beheld each other, for the first time, must indeed have been a happy one for them! How comes it that historians have mentioned nothing of this interview? Is it less interesting than that between Philip IV. and Louis XIV. in the Isle of the Conference? Were not these two illustrious princes, we mean Velasquez and Rubens, the most brilliant impersonifications of Spanish and

native originality, or of a spirit of nationality more easily recognised, than Velasquez and Rubens.

However this may be, Velasquez, with the permission of the king, who with difficulty parted from him, embarked at Barcelona the 10th August, 1629, on board the vessel of the Marquis de Spinola.† Touching at Venice, he immediately hastened to visit the pictures there. Titian appeared to him as grand as Rubens predicted he would. Veronese enchanted, and Tintoretto captivated him. He copied the "Calvary" and the "Communion of the Apostles" of the latter spirited



THE INFANT. FROM A PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ.

lemish art, respectively? Who would ever have believed it? It was Rubens who inspired the painter of the Spanish monarch with the desire to see Italy; Rubens, whom neither the ideal school of Florence nor the Sixtine Chapel had been able to change; Rubens, who had beheld and copied the "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci with the eyes and the pencil of a master of the Flemish school? Never, perhaps, did nature create two men endowed with a greater degree of

master, with the intention of offering the two paintings to his friend Philip IV. At Ferrara, at Bologna, at Rome, Velasquez everywhere met with an honourable reception—thanks to the orders sent by the Duke of Olivares to all the representatives of Spain in Italy. The pope, Urban VIII., lodged the artist in the Vatican, and ordered the keys of those apartments which contained paintings to be given to him.‡ Velas-

\* Velasquez then held the post of gentleman-usher, *Usher de Camara*. At a later period he was created chamberlain, *Aposentador*.

† Pacheco, "Arte de la Pintura, su Antigüedad y Grandezas," libro primero, p. 103.

‡ Ibid., p. 104.

quez made chalk drawings of the "Last Judgment," the "Prophecy and Sybils of the Sixtine Chapel," the "School of Athens," "Parnassus," and the "Incendio del Borgo." So intense, indeed, was his application to study, so incessant were his endeavours to improve himself in his deeply-cherished art, that his physical powers gave way, and he became so ill that he was obliged to move to a more airy and salubrious spot. No sooner had he recovered, however, than he resumed his former course of life, and devoted himself to the study of the antique, every moment of his time being so taken up, that he had scarcely any leisure left to execute two original compositions, "Joseph's Garment," one of his most famous pictures, and "Vulcan's Forge." Both these paintings are *chef-d'œuvre* in their way.

We say "in their way," because there are certain qualities which we must not look for in Velasquez; these are, elevated style, traditional convention, as it was understood by Nicolas Poussin, and that nobleness in the choice of the contour, which, surpassing mere correctness, actually goes so far as to substitute for the forms presented by nature the refinements invented by genius or by taste. Velasquez never pays, save in the coin of Spain; that is to say, he reduces the heroes and the scenes of the most elevated description to types of a kind of trivial laughtiness. In his eyes, the gods of Olympus are merely men, and, for him, a man is the first comer, whether he be the muleteer who passes along whistling as he goes, or yonder beggar majestically draped in his tattered cloak. We must not, therefore, expect to find in "Vulcan's Forge" that slim and elegant Apollo whom the ancient sculptor produced from the marble, radiant with grace, beauty, and youth, and gliding lightly over the ground with the step of a god. No—in the picture painted by Velasquez, Latona's son, when he comes to inform Vulcan of the infidelity of Venus, is merely a young blacksmith's apprentice, who would be very much surprised could he see the aureola of splendour with which his head is encircled. In spite of the laurel branch which crowns this apprentice, disguised as the God of Art, the scene is one of the most common description, and takes place in some village inn, or, we may say, blacksmith's shed, where Velasquez once, perhaps, saw the mules of the Spanish king being shod, for, most assuredly, neither the shield of Achilles nor the armour of Æneas was ever forged in such a place. But, on the other hand, if we once accept the vulgar treatment of the subject, what an assemblage of brilliant qualities must we not acknowledge! How simple, how forcible is the expression, both in the pantomime of Vulcan, more astonished than he should be at the infidelity of Venus, as well as in the naïve looks of the three assistant smiths, who have temporarily interrupted the measured blows of their hammers, and left the anvil to repose! All that a French painter would have sought in poetic inspiration, Velasquez seeks in simple reality. In place of the contrast of the two natures, the divine and the human, it is the contrast of the two lights, the fire of the brazier and the light of heaven. How correct is the anatomy of those superb bodies illuminated by the sun, of those supple and nervous arms, so well set and so admirably foreshortened? Why should the artist divorce himself from nature, when he can espouse her with so much passion and when she is so fruitful!

Velasquez returned from Italy as much a Spaniard, as much Velasquez as ever. The study of the antique had not elevated his style to the height of the ideal. His destiny was to reign exclusively in the domain of reality. If he did not possess wings to soar into the clouds and seize there the expression of superhuman nature, he was, perhaps, the greatest of all those whose feet touch the earth. From its strongly-marked character, his painting became sublime, and frequently, when seeking merely truth, he found poetry. He would imbue a simple portrait with more poetry than others would throw into a sacred or historical composition. But then what painter ever had more splendid models from which his genius might draw inspiration? The models copied by Velasquez were not of that heavy, thick, and fleshy nature that were to be found in the painting-rooms of the Flemish and Dutch

painters, but specimens of Spanish individuality, exuberant with life and passion, and full of courage, devotion, and pride. When he was placed before one of these chivalrous beings, whose countenance was as haughty as his own, his model increased in importance as he worked, till the moment arrived when the portrait became transformed into a historical picture!

The portrait of the Count-Duke of Olivares, his patron, is an example of this. Velasquez represented him encased in a suit of armour inlaid with gold, with a hat surmounted by a flowing plume, and with the staff of a commander in his hand. He is mounted on an Andalusian charger of the finest breed, flying to the fight, while his face appears bathed in perspiration from fatigue and the weight of his arms. In the background we perceive the shock of two bodies of cavalry meeting. Never was any one more successful in rendering the movement and beauty of the horses as well as the ardour and truthfulness of action. Palomino Velasco,\* who has written with such care the lives of the Spanish painters, is unable to repress his emotion when speaking of this picture. "We see," he says, "the thick clouds of dust and smoke rolling before our eyes; we hear the clash of weapons; we are present at the carnage."†

In instances like this, Velasquez becomes the equal of Titian and Vandyck. No one is better acquainted than he is with the build, the motions, the skeleton, and the appearance of the horse. Vandyck has, perhaps, made his horses more elegant, but Velasquez has succeeded in bringing out their various muscles more prominently, and imbuing them with more fire, especially their heads, which possess a rare amount of nobleness and beauty. Nothing can be more dignified and more manly than that cavalier, with his mustachios twisted up, who, with his face turned towards the spectator, while his horse is carrying him off into the midst of the action, is ordering the charge, and appears to command not only in virtue of his rank, but in virtue of his courage as well. Was it not this picture which inspired the French painter with the idea of his "Capitaine des Guides?" Was it not the recollection of the heroic picture painted by Velasquez which caused Géricault to hit upon another manner of becoming sublime?

We recollect visiting, in 1836, the gallery of the Prince of Orange, since King of Holland, at Brussels. After admiring a great number of *chef-d'œuvre*, and among others an astonishing landscape by Rubens, in which the barking of the dogs in a boar-hunt was, so to speak, audible, some figures by Perugino, and some admirable heads by Francisco Penni, unnamed *Il Fattore*, we were introduced into an empty room, no one side of which was hung the "Belle Anversoise," by Vandyck, and the portrait of a Burgomaster clad in black, and wearing a fine collar with small plaits, while, on the other side, were suspended the portraits of the Count-Duke of Olivares and of Philip IV. by Velasquez. Never did any pictures produce a more profound sensation on any young and ardent admirer of art. Those who were visiting the gallery with us having gone on, we remained alone for some moments in presence of these four full-length figures that stood drawn up before us. The gravity of their fixed expressions inspired us with respect, and involuntarily we assumed their noble attitude. Wavering, however, between these two grand painters, and dazzled by both, we felt our enthusiasm pass from Vandyck to Velasquez, and from Velasquez to Vandyck, while each, in turn, obtained the preference. The skilful and rich pencil of the pupil of Rubens had not more fascination for us than the frank, vigorous, and rober style of the Spanish painter. The one caused us to admire Art, while the other concealed it, and showed us merely Nature.

Philip IV. had awaited the return of Velasquez with impatience. The painter's society was a necessity for him, for

\* "Museo Pictorio y Escala Optica." Madrid, 1724.

† "Pare que se vi el polvo, se mira el humo, se oye el estruendo, y se teme el estrago." "Las Vidas de los Pintores Espanoles," vol. iii. p. 333, of the "Museo Pictorio."

Velasquez was one of those intimate friends who were styled, in the language of the court, *privados del Rey*. During his absence, Philip IV. would not sit to any other painter, although he had in his service such men as Caxes, Carducho, and Nardi. Being a passionate admirer of art, and delighted that it lay in his power to discover, at all hours, its naive manifestations, its various stages, and its different secrets, the king caused a painting-room to be constructed for his favourite in the gallery del Cierzo, keeping for himself a second key, with the right of entering whenever he chose, of surprising the artist's ideas in all their crudity, and of amusing himself by following the development of each thought, and the progress of each picture, from the moment that it appeared only as a confused and shapeless sketch, until it had received the highest finish of execution. It was to the family of Philip IV. that Velasquez first devoted himself on his return. He painted, in succession, the Infants and Infantas. In the museum of the Louvre, at Paris, before the heirs of the ex-king, Louis Philippe, had them removed, there might be seen some specimens of this series of paintings, too sincere and free to be the work of a courtier. Mounted upon their high heels, or tied to long rapiera, these little princely personages, no higher than their spaniel, presented us with a picture of quasi-royal solemnity, which was not without its charm, namely, that of historical truth.

In the museum at Madrid are preserved the large equestrian and the full-length portraits of the Infant Don Balthazar Carlos. In the latter (p. 120), Velasquez has represented him holding his carbine in his hand with a bold dashing air, surrounded by his dogs, with his small hat placed knowingly on his head, and standing in the midst of one of those undulating landscapes which, we believe, are to be found nowhere else but in the works of Collantes; in the former, he has depicted him on an Andalusian horse, which seems as if it were about to spring out from the canvas at full gallop. Nothing can be more interesting than this embryo cavalier, with his large black eyes, who is seated so calmly, so naively, and so much at his ease, on his fiery steed, with his legs encased in large leather boots as becomes a hunter already a first-rate adept in equitation.\*

Velasquez attacks without the slightest hesitation, and reproduces without the least difficulty, all the varied effects of nature observed at hazard, and all the phenomena of light, from the intensity of a mid-day sun to the most transient and doubtful gleam. Nothing embarrasses, nothing astonishes this great master, as long as there is no question of idealising his model. It is as easy for him to group a number of persons in the penumbra, as to dash off a single individual in the midst of an open country. If he happens to visit a manufactory of tapestry, where he sees a number of women working half-naked, on account of the excessive heat, in a light deadened by the external hangings, he will be struck by the charm of this *chiaro-oscuro*, and represent the spinners, "*Las Hilanderas*," carelessly exposing their naked forms to the half-light, while ladies more completely dressed, and bargaining for tapestry that is ready for sale, are merely placed there as objects which the painter makes use of to exhibit the miracles which his incomparable pencil is capable of producing, to augment the illusion of the perspective, and to afford scope for the effects of a subdued and carefully-managed light. Were we actually to go, and, through some secret opening, look into the interior of a manufactory of this description—were we to surprise a number of half-dressed workwomen, listlessly engaged at their work, while the mild daylight is caressing their shoulders, which appear bathed in the warm air of the south—we should behold nothing more nor less than the very fac-simile of the Spanish painter's picture. This was felt by Raphael Mengs, who, when speaking of this particular work, and of the portraits painted by Velasquez, exclaims, "It seems as if his hand had had no share in the

execution of his paintings, but that everything about them was created by a simple act of volition."†

For some time Philip IV. had entertained the project of establishing a public academy of fine arts at Madrid; but to do this it was necessary to possess some models. The king commissioned Velasquez to travel through Italy, and to select, at the cost of the Spanish Government, whatever might strike him as worth being purchased.‡ In obedience to the royal command, the painter left Madrid in the month of November, 1648, and embarked at Malaga, in company with the Duke de Naxera, who was charged to proceed to Trent and receive the Queen Maria-Anne of Austria. But Velasquez was so impatient to revisit Venice, whither he was attracted by his old recollections and by so many marvellous colourists, that he would not wait the arrival of the queen. This second voyage of Velasquez was one which proved highly beneficial to his native land. Whenever he heard of any fine pictures to be sold, he bought them for the king; whenever he met with any celebrated fresco-painters, such, for instance, as Colonna, or the Metelli, of Bologna, he represented to them that Spain was a country where they would find a glorious and profitable field for the exercise of their talent. At Florence, Velasquez feasted his eyes on the masterpieces of Andreas del Sarto, and at Parma on those of Correggio. At Modena he was received with great distinction by the duke, who remembered that when he was at Madrid he had once sat to our painter. Fatigued, however, with the honours that were everywhere paid to the agent of Philip IV., he proceeded incognito to Rome, and thence to Naples, where he was to concert measures with the Viceroy, who had orders to supply the *pintor de cámara* with all he required. At this period, Ribera was a person of great importance at Naples. Velasquez was naturally desirous of meeting his illustrious countryman. He was able readily and truly to admire the works of this great master, being made to inspire jealousy in others, but never giving way to it himself.

Velasquez was compelled, however, to return to Rome, where the Pope Innocent X. received him in a most magnificent manner, which was immediately imitated by the Cardinal, his nephew, and the rest of the Sacred College. The Cavalier Bernini, l'Algarde, and Pietro de Cortona, paid the Spanish artist every possible mark of respect, which was changed into enthusiasm as soon as he had painted the pope's portrait. It was one of the prodigies of art, and its success was most triumphant. It was carried with great pomp in procession, and had the honour of being crowned. It renewed the illusion formerly produced by the famous portraits painted by Raphael and Titian, those of Leon X. and Paul III. respectively. That priest with the ruddy face, clad in a red camail, seated in a red arm-chair, and standing out from the red hangings, was in reality the sovereign pontiff himself. A hem of ermine round the purple cap, and a few touches boldly dashed in on the luminous points of the nose, the cheek-bone, and the forehead, had been sufficient to effect this surprising feat of artistic strength, and imbue the picture with relief, roundness, accent, and life. The Pope presented him with a medal, and the academicians of Saint Luke elected him a member of their body, and forwarded his diploma after him to Spain.

During this time, Philip IV. was suffering impatiently the absence of Velasquez. He missed the daily presence and conversation of the artist, for, as we have said, he liked to see him at work in the silence of his studio of the Cierzo, into which he, Philip, could alone enter at all hours, as Charles V. used to do into that of Titian. The monarch's uneasiness was remarked by a courtier, Don Fernand Ruiz de Contreras, who wrote to Velasquez on the subject. Before setting out to return to Madrid, however, the intelligent missionary of art remembered that, on the occasion of his first journey, he had ordered a picture of each of the twelve best painters of Italy, and that he had to carry back with him to Madrid these

\* The amateur may obtain an idea of these portraits by consulting the "Coleccion litografica de Cuadros del Rey de Espana," Madrid, 1826, vol. i. This work is incomplete in the print-room of the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris.

† Raphael Mengs, "Description des principaux Tableaux qui sont dans le Palais du Roi, à Madrid." Vol. II. of his works.

‡ Guillet, "Dictionnaire des Peintres Espagnols," p. 375.



twelve rival productions. Guido, Domenichino, Lanfranc, Joachim Sandrat, were the twelve painters to whom fame Joseph d'Arpinas, surnamed Josepin, Pietro de Cortona, then assigned the first rank. Is it not a curious fact, that at



THE INFANT DON BALTAZAR CALLOS. FROM A PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ.

Guercino, Valentin Colombo,\* Andreas Sacchi, Poussin, the Chevalier Massimo (Stanzioni), Horace Gentileschi, and

\* There is no doubt that this artist, who is mentioned in the works of Bernadex and Palomino, is none other than Valentin de Coulommiers, who, as we know, was still living in 1630, at the period when Velasquez first visited Italy. He enjoyed a great

the present day we acknowledge the justice of the judgment pronounced on these masters by the Italians of their own reputation at Rome. Besides this, one of his best productions, "The Martyrdom of St. Lawrence," which must have been one of the twelve pictures brought back by Velasquez, is in the Museum at Madrid.

time, and that we find them occupying very nearly the same position in public opinion which they did two centuries ago?

The war which Mazarin was then waging against Spain prevented Velasquez from traversing France and visiting Paris. He re-crossed the sea with his rich store of statues,

and art, and with the king of Spain at his side, seventeen years of his life had glided so quickly by. Possessing a straightforward character and an honest open heart, the Andalusian painter was not one of those courtiers who await the signal of their master before they dare entertain a single



THE INFANT DON CARLOS. FROM A PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ.

busts, and pictures, and was accompanied by Jerome Ferrer, caster in bronze, as well as by the sculptor, Dominic de Rioja. Philip rewarded Velasquez by conferring on him the title of Grand Chamberlain of the Palace, *Aposentador Mayor*; his salary was increased to a thousand ducats a year, and he once more returned to that studio where, in company with nature

thought. The Duke d'Olivares having fallen into disgrace, Velasquez hastened to give his old protector fresh proofs of his gratitude, a feeling which others would have reckoned it dangerous to manifest. Velasquez had known the Marquis de Spinola, who had taken him on board his vessel when he embarked at Barcelona. Our artist consecrated one of his

greatest pictures, a masterpiece, to the glory of the illustrious commander. "The Surrender of Breda," called in Spain the "Picture of the Lances," represents the Marquis landing in front of his troops to receive, with all the grace and dignity of a generous conqueror, the keys of the fortress from the hands of the vanquished general. On one side are drawn up the light-haired, well-fed Flemings, with their open, ruddy countenances; on the other stand the grave, pale, bilious-looking Spaniards, slight in form, but with a natural haughtiness peering through their attitude. Among them, under a large slouched hat, in one corner of the picture, may be seen a noble and manly face, which is that of Velasquez himself. Between the two armies lies an apparently boundless landscape. We appear to feel the very breeze that fans it; we seem as if we could step in it, walk in it, breathe in it!

The only poetry, the sole Muse acknowledged by Velasquez, was Truth! He never troubles himself with embellishing Nature, he lets her do that herself. Whatever crosses his imagination is but a part of his recollections; he only invents what he has seen. But then, what an eye is his! How it embraces every object both in its fullest extent and in its minutest details! How he penetrates to the very core of all things—how he touches them! How he seizes the positive, the exact, or rather the apparent tone of everything, for that is the only correct one! Nothing escapes his piercing reason and his unfailing certainty of execution! He measures the distance of the various bodies by the degree of intensity alone which is given to the colours by the interposition of the ambient air! Nothing can deceive the eye of Velasquez; but, on the contrary, it is he who deceives that of everyone else!

On traversing the Palace of Madrid, the visitor will meet Velasquez, and go up and speak to him, for he is there in person standing at his easel painting the Infanta Marie-Marguerite of Austria. Decked out in black lace, and lost in a gown of light silk, which bulges out at the bottom like a bell, the blonde Infanta, with her chubby cheeks and round eyes, is in the act of taking in her little hand a little cup of Japan china, that is, doubtless to amuse her, offered by a dwarf of honour. At the side of the future empress are two dwarfs, very celebrated in the annals of the ante-chamber, Marie Barbola and Nicolas Pertusano. The latter, who is dressed exactly like a Knave of Spades, is worrying a large dog that is lying down motionless in the foreground. Before the spectator extends a long gallery, and, at its extreme end, there is a door which opens on the gardens, letting in the rays of the sun, and showing, on a flight of steps beyond, the gentleman who has just opened it. Near this door, through which the sun penetrates with dazzling splendour, there is a glass in which the reflection of the figures of Philip IV. and his wife announces the neighbourhood of those royal personages. Never has a human pencil, either before or afterwards, obtained such a degree of magical illusion. As far as simple imitation is concerned, this picture is the *ne plus ultra* of art, and, if it were not for the frame which surrounds it, we should with difficulty believe it to be a painting. "It seems," says Francesco Prezioso, director of the Spanish Academy at Rome, "that we are in the same room with this group of children and dwarfs, and that they are all alive." \* We know that when Charles II. showed this family picture to Luca Giordano, who had recently come to Spain, the Italian painter exclaimed enthusiastically: "It is the *Theology of Painting*!" thus placing the work of Velasquez in the same rank that theology holds amongst the sciences.

The picture still preserves the name bestowed on it by Luca Giordano. After Velasquez had finished it, he presented it to his friend the king, and asked him whether there was anything wanting. "Yes, one thing," said Philip IV., taking the palette from the painter's hands, and drawing upon the

breast of the artist, who is represented in the picture, the cross of the order of Santiago. The cross has remained up to the present day exactly as it was painted by the royal hand. This is a charming trait on the part of the Spanish king, and proves that he possessed the delicacy and good taste of a true gentleman. Velasquez was not regularly invested with the order until some time afterwards. When the president, according to the usual custom observed on the reception of a new knight, was about to investigate our artist's family pretensions, and asked for his genealogical papers, Philip IV., who was present, said with a smile: "Give him the order, for I know his noble birth and the right he has to it." In order to afford a still more convincing proof how high Velasquez stood in the estimation of his royal patron, the investiture took place in full court, on the festival of San Prospero, amidst general rejoicing, festivity, and magnificence.

A great and important ceremony now brought the Grand Chamberlain, *Apoventador Mayor* of Philip IV., conspicuously into public notice. The Treaty of the Pyrenees, signed the 7th of November, 1659, put an end to the war between France and Spain. Louis XIV. was to marry the Infanta, Marie Theresa, and it was agreed that the princess should be delivered, at Irun by Philip IV., into the hands of the young king's representatives. Velasquez, in virtue of his office, set out in the month of March, 1660, to prepare lodgings for the Court, and it was he who arranged the tent in which the two monarchs met, in the Isle of Pheasants, since called the Isle of the Conference. Charles Lebrun has chosen this ceremony as the subject of a grand picture in the Museum of Versailles. Velasquez figures in it among the other personages, for the French artist has taken care not to omit him. The Spanish painter is represented as old and harassed, for he was no longer what he once was when he painted the admirable portrait of himself, which Monsieur Taylor succeeded in obtaining for the Spanish gallery of the Louvre at Paris. How often have we stood wrapt in contemplation before this head, which is one of the marvels of the painter's art! The glance is so searching that it penetrates into our very souls! It is altogether a priceless work, in which, by a rare combination, firmness of touch is united to the most beautiful softness. The form is distinct, and yet it is impossible to distinguish the outline. The model is most perfectly exact, and stands out in astonishing relief, and yet we are totally unable to say where the light finishes, and where the shade begins. It contains a whole theory of painting.

It is but too true that, in 1660, Velasquez had aged quite as much as he is represented to have done in Lebrun's picture. The fatigue incidental to his office and travels had weakened a constitution that, in spite of the energy of his face, was naturally delicate, as we may see by the peculiar fineness of the skin. On his return to Madrid, his family were afflicted by the alteration visible in his features. Philip IV., on hearing of the state of his friend's health, lost no time in sending the royal physicians to attend upon him, but Velasquez survived a few days only; he breathed his last on the 7th August, 1660. The grandees of Spain, the court, and the knights of all the different orders, took part in his funeral. His widow died of grief at the expiration of a week, and was buried by his side in the Church of San Juan.

If painting were merely a second process of creation, Velasquez, without doubt, would be the greatest painter that ever lived. As portrait painters, Vandyck, Rubens, and Titian equalled, but did not excel him. His design was correct, his colouring true, even to sublimity; there was not a single illusion of physical nature which could escape his power of imitation. He began by merely reproducing his model upon the canvas dryly and crudely; he then took into account the phenomena of the visible world; he perceived that form is not abstract, but that it is modified by the presence of the atmosphere, and that the colour of all objects depends upon their distance, and the greater or less degree of light in which they are placed. He now painted nature as she appears to us, so as not to wound but please the view. At last, when he had reached the utmost limits of perfection, he suppressed all signs

\* "... Che pare, a chi lo vede, di trovarsi in quella camera, e che tutto sia animato." "Raccolta di Lettere su la Pittura, Scultura, et Architettura," tomo sesto, p. 320. In Roma, 1768. Compare what is said by M. Viardot in his "Notices on the Aguado Gallery," folio edition.

of art, so that nature alone was all that remained upon the canvas. In the works of Velasquez, we must neither look for the profound thought of Poussin, the exquisite feeling of Le Sueur, the fine style of the antique, nor the idealism of the Florentine school of the fifteenth century. Velasquez saw in heaven only men, and in men he beheld merely Spaniards,—that is to say, so many beings moved by the empire of the passions, and existing around him. His works, consequently, are deficient in style; but, to make up for this, they are invariably remarkable for one great characteristic quality, and that is, Truth.

In order to form an exact idea of the genius of Velasquez, we must study it in the *Museo del Rey*, in presence of his sixty-four pictures there, for we may safely say that, with the exception of a few rare specimens which are to be found out of Spain—either from having been given away by the munificence of different kings, or from having been the spoil of victorious armies—all the works of this eminent artist are in the Museum at Madrid.

Velasquez attempted, and succeeded in, every branch of his art. He has painted sacred and profane history, historical and other landscapes, full-length as well as equestrian portraits of men and women, of extreme youth and of old age; hunting-scenes, battles, animals, interiors, flowers, and fruit.

Among his picturesque landscapes, the most celebrated are: "A View of the Prado" and "A View of Aranjuez." In the first of these two compositions he has represented a boar-hunt, with all its tumultuous and confused crowd of men, dogs, and horses; in the second, he has depicted "The Queen's Walk" (*la Calle de la Reyna*), which is still so celebrated. Among his historical landscapes, we must mention "The Visit of Saint Anthony to Saint Paul, the Hermit." The canvas in this picture is scarcely covered. The ground, trees, and sky, when looked at nearly, are all massed together without any apparent attention to the separate objects, but if we retire four steps, everything becomes clear and full of animation.

It is at Madrid that we find the portrait of Philip IV. on horseback, in the midst of a naked country. Its effect is perfectly bewildering; it is impossible for illusion to be carried further. The portraits of the queens, Elizabeth of France and Marianne of Austria, as well as of the Infanta, Margaret, and of the Infant, Balthazar, who at one time is represented galloping on an Andalusian charger, and at another, in the pose of a young king, excite our admiration in an equal degree. We must likewise mention the portrait of the Count-Duke d'Oliveras, on horseback and armed for a campaign; the Marquis de Pescaire, the Alcade Ronquillo, the Corsair, Barberossa, and, lastly, a little male dwarf and a monstrous female dwarf.

Among the sacred paintings, there are at Madrid only two painted by Velasquez: "The Martyrdom of Saint Stephen," and a "Christ upon the Cross."

His profane subjects are tolerably numerous. The Museum possesses five of the best: the one called "The Spinners" (*las Hilanderas*), representing the interior of a tapestry manufactory, is a most remarkable work on account of its perspective and the management of the light. Next comes "Vulcan's Forge" (*la Fragua de Vulcano*), a composition full of air and depth. We must also mention "The Surrender of Breda," commonly called "The picture of the Lances" (*el Cuadro de las Lancas*), and "The Drinkers" (*los Bebedores* or *Borrachos*), two very remarkable works, despite the different styles to which they belong. The one charms us by the grandeur and magnificence of its general arrangement, and the other by the astonishing truthfulness of the different personages and the disposition of the groups. The French Government, on the proposal made by M. Charles Blanc, who was then Director of Fine Arts, charged an artist of merit, M. Ponce, with the task of copying these two pictures. The copies are at present exposed to view in the Palais des Beaux Arts.

As a mere imitation of nature, there is another picture still more remarkable, perhaps, than "The Drinkers;" this is the one which represents "The Family of Philip IV.," and in

which the artist has painted his own portrait. It is perhaps the most important work ever produced by Velasquez.

The old Spanish gallery in the Louvre at Paris, contained, as we all know, twelve pictures by Velasquez,—ten portraits, an "Exvoto," and the "Palace of the Escorial."

The Museum of the Louvre possesses three pictures by Velasquez; a three-quarter portrait of the "Infanta, Marguerite-Theresa," presumed to be the study for the painting representing the Family of Philip IV., and the last one mentioned as forming part of the collection of the Museum of Madrid; "The Portrait of a Monk," a well-painted picture, but one which the administration of the Museum need not have given themselves any trouble to acquire; and, lastly, a "Re-union of Artists" (p. 124), a well-grouped composition, full of atmospheric effect, but restored, and badly restored. The first is said to have cost £160, and the second, £800.

The Gallery of the Belvedere, at Vienna, prides itself on possessing six pictures by Velasquez: "A Countryman laughing, and holding a flower in his right hand," a half-length; "The Painter's Family," a composition of twelve figures, size of life, three-quarter length; "The Portrait of Philip IV.," three-quarter length; "The Portrait of the Infanta, Marguerite-Theresa," that of her sister, "Maria-Theresa," and that of "Don Balthazar Carlos."

The Pinakothek at Munich is said to contain an equal number: "The Portrait of the Artist," "A Beggar," "The Portrait of Cardinal Rospigliosi," and three other portraits.

In the Gallery at Dresden is preserved a "Portrait of the Duke d'Oliveras," holding a paper in his hand.

At the Hermitage of St. Petersburg there are thirteen pictures which have the great name of Velasquez attached to them. We think, however, that the majority of them must be looked upon as apocryphal. The exceptions are the two famous portraits purchased by the emperor, in 1850, at the sale of the late William the Second, King of Holland; one of them is a full-length "Portrait of Philip IV.," and the other that of the "Count-Duke d'Oliveras." The cost of the two, including the expense of the sale, was £3,542. We may also account as genuine three studies: "A Young Peasant laughing;" the first "Sketch for the Portrait of Innocent X.;" the "Bust of the Count-Duke d'Oliveras;" and, perhaps, the two views, one of "Saragossa," and one of "La Caraca."

The following are some of the works of Velasquez in England, as given by Bryan:—

"Lot and his Daughters;" formerly in the Orleans' collection, now at Cheltenham. Lord Northwick.

"The Finding of Moses;" at Castle Howard. Earl of Carlisle.

"The Virgin kneeling, with outstretched arms, supposed receiving the Annunciation;" at Leigh Court, Somersetshire. W. Miles, Esq.

"Head of John the Baptist in a charger." Lord Northwick.

"St. Francis Borgia arriving at the Jesuits' College," a composition of eight figures, life-size; Stafford House. Duke of Sutherland.

"Los Borrachos," composition of six figures; the first study for the celebrated picture; at Heytesbury House, Wiltshire. Lord Heytesbury.

"Las Meninas, or the Maids of Honour," a finished sketch for the celebrated picture, by some considered to be a small repetition; at Kingston Hall, Dorsetshire. G. Banks, Esq.

"The Alcade Ronquillo," called the Fighting Judge, who was sent to reduce Segovia in the war of the Comuneros in 1520. He is standing, in a dark dress, on a floor paved with brown and white marble, with his hand resting on a walking-stick. London. James Hall, Esq.

"El Aquador de Sevilla, the Water-carrier of Seville;" engraved by B. Ametller; at Apsley House. Duke of Wellington.

"The Signing of the Marriage Contract between the Infanta Margarita Maria, daughter of Philip IV., and the Emperor Leopold;" an unfinished picture, and probably the last from the hand of Velasquez. In the hands of a dealer.



Three small studies; "a Repast," "a Man with Dogs," and "an Equestrian Portrait of Philip IV." London. Lord Cowley.

"An incident in the life of St. Charles Borromeo;" a sketch. Stafford House. Duke of Sutherland.

"A rocky Landscape, with figures on horseback asking their way of two beggars." Stafford House. Duke of Sutherland.

"Two Landscapes, with equestrians and other figures." Bowood, Wiltshire. Marquis of Lansdowne.

"A Hunting Scene," probably at the Pardo. London, Piccadilly. Lord Ashburton.

"Two Landscapes with figures." "The Grange." Ditto.

"A Woodland Prospect," probably in the Chase at the Pardo. London. Earl of Clarendon.

"The old Almedor of Seville." London. Ditto.

"Philip IV.," an equestrian sketch. Leigh Court. W. Miles, Esq.

Ditto, in shooting dress, with dog and gun; full-length, life-size, unfinished. London. Col. H. Baillie.

Ditto, standing in a black dress, and holding a paper; sold in the Altamira collection by the editor in 1827. G. Banks, Esq.

Ditto, standing, in a black dress trimmed with silver, holding in his hand a paper with the name of Velasquez. Hamilton Palace. Duke of Hamilton.

Ditto, small full-length figure. Earl of Ellesmere.

Ditto. Lord Northwick.

Ditto, bust, in crimson and ermine. Dulwich.

Ditto, bust, life-size, in a black dress. Lord Ashburton.

"The Cardinal Infant Don Ferdinand in shooting costume," unfinished, life-size. Col. H. Baillie.



REUNION OF ARTISTS. FROM A PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ.

"The Infant Don Balthazar Carlos on a pony;" a study. Dulwich.

Ditto, on a piebald pony, in the court of the manège, with attendants. Marquis of Westminster.

Ditto, on a black pony, a repetition of the foregoing, with variations. S. Rogers, Esq.

Ditto, standing, in a rich black dress ornamented with silver, his right hand resting on the back of a chair, his left on the hilt of his sword; full-length, life-size. Sold in the collection of W. Wells, Esq., of Redleaf, in May, 1848, for £682 10s.

Ditto, bust, life-size, in a black dress trimmed with silver. Col. H. Baillie.

"An Infant of Spain, supposed to be Don Prospero, son of Queen Mariana, who died in his fourth year," lying in a rich bed, the face only seen. Marquis of Lansdowne.

"Don Juan of Austria, natural son of Philip IV.," in a rich military dress. Lord Northwick.

"Boar-hunt at the Pardo;" formerly in the royal palace at Madrid; presented by Ferdinand VII. to Sir H. Wellesley, afterwards Lord Cowley, and sold by him to the trustees of the National Gallery for £2,200. London. National Gallery.

A study of part of the preceding. Lord Northwick.

"Landscape, with a fortified place, and figures dancing." Apsley House. Duke of Wellington.

"A white Poodle smelling at a Bone." Earl of Elgin.

"Fish hanging by a string; Grapes and Citrons on branches; and a basket of Apples." Keir in Perthshire. W. Stirling, Esq.

"Chalices and other vessels, and Fruit;" doubtful. Ditto.

"A Boy standing with a plumed Cap in his hand;" a sketch in black crayons. Ditto.

"The Count-Duke of Olivares on a White Horse." Earl of Elgin.

We have now to mention the prices fetched by the pictures



of Velasquez at public sales. As the reader may easily suppose, their number is extremely limited.

At the sale of the Duke de Choiseul, in 1772, two pictures by Velasquez were put up to public competition; a *Danaë*, which was knocked down for £24, and "*Mars and Venus*," which fetched £44 12s. 6d. They were again brought to the hammer, at the sale of the Prince de Conty, when the former only fetched £18 8s. 4d., and the latter £24.

After this period, in order to obtain any trace of the pictures of Velasquez at public sales, we must go as far back as 1817. At M. Laperrière's sale, a head of Philip IV. fetched £98, while that of a Cardinal was knocked down for only £18. In 1823, at a second sale of the same connoisseur, "A full-length Portrait of Philip IV. in a hunting dress" fetched £300; "another Portrait of the same Monarch, in a satin suit," £311; the "Portrait of the Duke d'Olivares," £461; "a Hunter," £40; and the "Portrait of a Young Princess," £5.

At M. Erard's sale, in 1832, a "Portrait of Don Diego Rodriguez de Citray" fetched £72.

At M. Dubois's sale, in 1840, "The Portrait of Philip IV." was knocked down for £94 8s. 4d.; that of the Queen, his Wife, for £114; and that of his Brother, for £206.

M. Aguado possessed seventeen pictures by Velasquez in his gallery. At the sale of his collection, in 1843, the following is a list of the prices obtained for the best ones: "The Young Girl and the Negro," £18; "The Lady with the Fan," which was engraved by Leroux, £582; the full-length "Portrait of a Corregidor," £61; and a "Scene of Beggars," £48 8s. 4d.

The only other pictures that we have to mention, are those possessed by the late King of Holland, William II., which were sold in 1850. We have already said that the portraits of Philip IV. and of the Duke d'Olivares were knocked down to the Emperor of Russia for the sum of £3,542. The Portrait of a Woman fetched only £53, and that of a Young Girl, £71.



THE DRINKERS. FROM A PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ.

#### BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON.

On January 25th, 1786, the father of the ill-fated artist, whose biography we propose briefly to sketch, enters in his diary which he seems to have kept as religiously as his more celebrated son, that "Sally was taken in labour, and at nine at night was delivered of a fine boy." This is the first entry we find concerning our hero, and the little circumstance here narrated appears to have taken place in Plymouth. Haydon's ancestors were loyal, public-spirited men. His father loved his church and king, believed England to be the only great country in the world, swore Napoleon won all his battles by bribery, did not believe there was poet, painter, musician, soldier, sailor, general, or statesman out of England, and at any time would have knocked down any man who dared to disbelieve him, or have been burnt in Smithfield for the glory of his principles. In time, these principles, with some very slight modifications, became the hereditary property of his son.

In common with most artists, young Haydon early displayed an overpowering love of art. Self-willed, passionate, in the moment of his wildest fury he was always pacified when his mother entered the room with a book of engravings in her hand. Soon he began to draw himself. One of his favourite studies was drawing the guillotine, with Louis taking leave of the people. His schoolmaster, Dr. Bidlake, encouraged his talent in this way. At thirteen Haydon was removed to Plympton grammar school, where Sir Joshua Reynolds was brought up. Here drawing was still pursued as usual, and here his classical schooling, which does not appear to have been very extensive, was completed. He was then sent to Exeter to study book-keeping, and at the end of six months was bound to his father for seven years. Young Haydon, of course, made a wretched tradesman. He insulted the customers: he hated the town and the people in it. He was determined to be an artist or nothing. His father remonstrated, his friends reasoned, his

mother wept—all was in vain; as usual, self-will won the day. Haydon collected his books and colours, packed up his things, and took his place in the mail for London, 10th May, 1804. He took lodgings at 342, Strand, and the next day was hard at work drawing from the round, studying Albinus, and breathing aspirations for high art. For nine months he saw nothing but his books, his casts, and his drawings. His enthusiasm was immense; his devotion to study that of a martyr. He rose when he woke at three, four, or five; drew at anatomy until eight, in chalk from nine till one, and from half-past one till five; then walked, dined, and to anatomy again from seven to ten and eleven. Haydon had come up from Devonshire armed with an introduction to Prince Hoare, who introduced him to Northcote, Opie, and Fuseli; and the latter got him into the Academy of which he was keeper. Here he associated with Sachom and Wilkie, and by means of his intimacy with the former, got a commission from Lord Mulgrave for "Dentatus." By means of Wilkie, he became intimate with Sir G. Beaumont, who appears, according to Haydon's version, to have taken a pleasure in bringing geniuses out and leaving them to sink or swim. In reality, he seems to have acted the part of a kind and consistent friend. In 1807, Haydon's first picture of "Joseph and Mary resting on the road to Egypt," appeared; and when the season opened the artist started as a fashionable man, lived at the Admiralty, attended routs, mingled in a circle of ministers and ladies, generals and lord chamberlains, men with genius and without. In 1808, he ventured upon taking a first floor at 41, Great Marlborough Street, and commenced his "Dentatus" in earnest. At this time also he first saw the Elgin marbles: the effect they produced on him was overpowering. "I felt the future," he writes in his memoirs, "I foretold that they would prove themselves the finest things on earth—that they would overturn the false beau ideal where nature was nothing, and would establish the true beau ideal of which nature alone is the basis. I felt as if a divine truth had blazed inwardly upon my mind, and I knew they would at last rouse the art of Europe from its slumber in the darkness." The "Dentatus" finished, notwithstanding it was badly hung, Haydon's vanity grew greater than ever. "I walked about my room," he writes, "looked into the glass, anticipated what the foreign ambassadors would say, studied my French for a good accent, believed that all the sovereigns of Europe would hail an English youth with delight who could paint a heroic picture." His next work was a "Macbeth," for Sir G. Beaumont. His "Dentatus" had brought him a prize of one hundred guineas from the British Institution, and the "Macbeth" he was determined should win the three hundred guinea prize offered by the directors of the same institution; and truly he needed the money. His father had done all he could for him. He then commenced that system of getting into debt and borrowing which was the curse of his whole after-life. "Macbeth" did not get the prize, and Haydon relieved himself by quarrelling with the Academy, and painting "Solomon." His difficulties at this time were great—he traded, lived, and clothed himself on trust; yet he had friends, some of them equally talented and more fortunate than himself. His usual companions were Hazlitt, the Hunts, Barnes (of the *Times*), Wilkie, Jackson, C. Lamb, and John Scott (of the *Champion*). His "Solomon" achieved a temporary success. It was sold for six hundred guineas. It was praised by the nobility. The British Institution voted one hundred guineas to him as a mark of their admiration of it, and he was also presented with the freedom of his native town. Canova paid him a visit, and Wordsworth wrote sonnets in his praise. Haydon's painting room was attended by the beauty and fashion of the metropolis, and the academicians, whom he had beaten by his defence of the Elgin marbles, when he "met them at a conversazione or a rout, stood by pale and contemptible, holding out a finger as they passed." In 1820 the "Entry of Christ into Jerusalem" was completed and exhibited. While the enthusiasm was at its height, a gentleman asked if a thousand pounds would buy it. "No," was the reply. Lord Ashburnham gave Haydon one

hundred pounds as an expression of his high esteem of so beautiful a picture. By exhibiting it in town he made a clear profit of £1,298. In Edinburgh and Glasgow, also, nearly another thousand pounds was raised. Haydon then returned to town to finish "Christ in the Garden," for which Sir G. Phillips had generously advanced the sum of five hundred guineas, and to sketch his "Lazarus," which he determined should be his grandest and largest work. But before the picture was completed he had much to go through. He was in love and unsettled, he was in debt and arrested. He managed to get free and get married. For a short time we find him happy—leading a more peaceful life, breathing a purer air. On the last day of 1821 he thus wrote: "I don't know how it is, but I get less reflective as I get older. I seem to take things as they come, without much care. In early life everything being new excites thought. As nothing is new when a man is thirty-five, one thinks less. Or, perhaps, being married to my dearest Mary, and having no longer anything to hope in love, I get more contented with my lot, which God knows is rapturous beyond imagination. Here I sit sketching, with the loveliest face before me smiling and laughing, and solitude is not. Marriage has increased my happiness beyond expression. In the intervals of study, a few minutes' conversation with a creature one loves is the greatest of all reliefs. God bless us both. My pecuniary difficulties are still great; but my love is intense, my ambition intense, and my hope in God's protection cheering." Unhappily this sunshine lasted not long. Happy in his wife—in his aim—burning with noble aspirations for English art—thus twelve months passed away, and then Haydon's career again became stormy—antagonistic—darker and darker every year. No wonder that Haydon revelled in such philosophic formulae as these:—"Art long, time swift, life short, and law despotic."

In 1823, "Lazarus" was finished, and the proceeds of the exhibition did not this time keep the wolf from the door. In April we find him dating from the King's Bench. His friends rallied round him; Brougham presented his petition to the House of Commons. In July, he passed through the Insolvent Debtors' Court, and got free to commence dunning ministerial ears with plans in favour of public employment for artists. In vain were ministerial replies, curt, cold, unsatisfactory—from the letters of Sir C. Long to Sir Robert Peel. Haydon persisted, and the result was the statues and frescoes and oil pictures in the new Houses of Parliament. Haydon now took to portrait-painting; had he taken to it more kindly he would have been a happier man. "How much of degradation and dependence would he have missed. A Mr. Kearsey for a little time engages to allow Haydon £300, on condition that he sticks to that lucrative branch of art. But the agreement over, again Haydon plunged into difficulty and debt. In 1826, "Pharaoh" was finished, and "Venus appearing to Anchises" begun and finished; and "the finest subject on earth," "Alexander taming Bucephalus," begun. Lord Egremont gave him a commission for the work. In 1827, "Eucles" was painted, and, for a wonder, in cabinet size—"the darling size of England"—for which Lord Egremont again generously gave him a commission. Another arrest for debt also took place this year; and, at the suggestion of Mr. Lockhart, a public meeting was held at the "Crown and Anchor," Lord Francis Leveson Gower in the chair, "for the purpose of raising a subscription to restore Mr. Haydon to his family and pursuits, he having been imprisoned one month in consequence of embarrassments arising from an over-eagerness to pay off old debts, from which he was exonerated, and the want of employment for eight months." The result was Haydon's release. Also the "March Election," which was sold to George IV. next year, and the "March Charing," the net receipts from which two pictures, including the produce of the exhibition and the sale of drawings, amounted to £1,396—"a sum," observes Haydon, "which, in better circumstances, and less expense, would have been a comfortable independence for the year." Truly many a better man than he has been compelled to manage to live with less. "Punch"

was painted in 1829. In 1830, another arrest takes place. Haydon begs and borrows, as usual; and gets an order from Sir R. Peel for a picture of Napoleon at St. Helena. He seems to have considered it unpardonable that the Minister of England should have mistaken a fragment of the Elgin Marbles for the Torso of Apollonius. In 1831, Haydon was absorbed in politics, yet he painted "Walters" for the *Times*, and again had recourse to the pen. This paved the way for his picture of "The Reform Banquet" in Guildhall, for which he received a Commission from Earl Grey. The occupation suited his taste, because he had access to the leaders of the reform movement, and felt himself one of them.

The destruction of the Houses of Parliament by fire of course led to fresh activity on Haydon's part in pressing upon the ministry the propriety of some arrangement for art decoration in the new building; but to Haydon himself nothing seems to have brought pecuniary ease. He painted the Duke, Achilles, Cassandra; and began lecturing in 1835 at the Mechanics' Institution, in Southampton-buildings. The lecture was a success, and was speedily repeated at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, and elsewhere. Dr. Birkbeck said, as they went out, "You have succeeded; it is a hit." Haydon was delighted. At length an English community would do him justice, and English art would be reformed. But his hopes now were greater than his powers. He had become worn and weary. He had been wasted in the battle of life. Time was lost in hunting up money—in putting off creditors—in the fashions and gaieties of May Fair. His next ten years of life were a fearful struggle. In spite of his aspirations, his paintings were careless, unworthy of his fame—mere potboilers, to use a technical term, with which men of Haydon's class are but too familiar. Yet all was vain; for again we find him in the King's Bench. The year 1843 brought still heavier sorrow. It brought the consummation of what Haydon had so long wished for—a competition of native artists to prove their capability of executing great monumental and decorative works; but with this came his own bitter disappointment at not being among the competitors. His cartoons were not among those selected for reward. He professed to have been prepared for the disappointment; but it was great and terrible, nevertheless. It revived all the old horrors of arrest, execution, and debt. His beloved and loving wife felt the misery of the blow. When Haydon told her he was not included, her expression was a study, as she mournfully exclaimed, "We shall all be ruined!" In 1846 the curse came; the cloud grew darker—the anguish more intense. On Monday morning, the 22nd of June, Haydon wrote in his diary:—

"God forgive me! Amen.

Finis

B. R. Haydon.

"Stretch me no longer on the rough world."—*Lear*.  
End of twenty-sixth volume."

"Before eleven," says Mr. Taylor, "the hand that wrote it was stiff and cold in self-inflicted death." On the morning of that Monday Haydon rose early and went out, returning apparently fatigued at nine. He then wrote. At ten he entered his painting-room, and soon after saw his wife, then dressing to visit a friend at Brixton by her husband's especial desire. He embraced her fervently, and returned to his painting-room. About a quarter to eleven his wife and daughter heard the report of fire-arms, but took little notice of it, as they supposed it to proceed from the troops then exercising in the park. Mrs. Haydon went out. About an hour after Miss Haydon entered the painting-room, and found her father stretched out dead before the easel, on which stood his unfinished picture of "Alfred and the first British Jury;" his white hairs dabbled in blood, a half-open razor smeared with blood at his side, near it a small pistol recently discharged, in his throat a frightful gash, and a bullet wound in his skull. A portrait of his wife stood on a small easel facing his large picture. On a table near were his diary, open at the

page of that last entry, his watch, a prayer-book open at the gospel for the Sixth Sunday after the Epiphany, letters addressed to his wife and children, and this paper, headed, "Last Thoughts of B. R. Haydon, half-past ten:—

"No man should use certain evil for probable good, however great the object. Evil is the prerogative of the Deity. I create good—I create—I the Lord do these things. Wellington never used evil if the good was not certain. Napoleon had no such scruples, and I fear the glitter of his genius rather dazzled me; but had I been encouraged, nothing but good would have come from me, because when encouraged, I paid everybody. 'God forgive the evil for the sake of the good.' Amen." Besides this paper was his will, which began as follows: "In the name of Jesus Christ our Saviour, in the efficacy of whose atonement I firmly and conscientiously believe, I make my last will this day, June 22, 1846, being clear in my intellect, and decided in my resolution of purpose." The coroner's jury found that the self-destroyer was in an unsound state of mind when he committed the act. The debts at death amounted to about £2,000, the assets were inconsiderable. The bereaved family and widow received the sympathy and help of friends, and especially of one whose private career seems to have been as much marked by generosity as his public was by patriotism. The reader will at once guess the honoured name of Peel. Many an unhappy child of genius has shared a similar bounty from the same liberal hand. Yet the world gave him little credit for it. Sir Robert did not his alma before men; his right hand knew not what his left hand did.

We have thus watched Haydon's career from his cradle to his grave. The great secret of Haydon's failure was pecuniary embarrassment. He was always in danger, always pestered by lawyers and arrests. He had a high notion of art; but it was not the highest—his idea was, that the nation should keep him, Robert Haydon; that if the nation would not keep him the nobility should; and that if neither the nobility nor the nation did their duty, he was to beg and borrow of whom he could. On half Haydon's income many a better man than he has lived. Barry lived on infinitely less; but Haydon must mix in high life. Hence he was always poor, and always in trouble.

As a man Haydon was self-willed, inordinately vain, unscrupulous in conduct, yet sometimes religious in feeling; that he did good none can deny. He lived to see his teaching sanctioned by the Academy and parliament, and his pupils—such as Eastlake and Landseer—rising up to honour and wealth. The "Judgment of Solomon" is his finest work as an artist. "His art," says Mr. G. F. Watts, "is defective in principle and wanting in attractiveness; not possessing those qualities of exact imitation which attract, amuse, give confidence, and even flatter, because they take the spectator into partnership and make him feel as if they were almost suggestions of his own. I cannot find that he strikes upon any chord that is the basis of a true harmony. To particularise—I should say that his touch is generally woolly and his surface disagreeable; that the dabs of white on the lights, and the dabs of red in the shadows are untrue and unpleasant; that his draperies are deficient in richness and dignity, and his general effect much less good than one would expect from the goodness of parts, which, I think, arises principally from the coarseness of the handling; that his expressions of anatomy and general perception of form are the best by far that can be found in the English school, and I feel even a direction towards something that is only to be found in Phidias. But this is not true invariably; his proportion is very often defective, especially in the arms of his figures; and his hands and feet, though well understood, are often dandified and uncharacteristic." Haydon's fame as a theorist and lecturer will last longer than as a painter. His great historical works are already nearly forgotten by the public; but if the public and the government feel now what they never did before, that art is a national concern, and if art and its professors be benefited in consequence, the consummation is one almost attributable to Haydon alone.

## GODFREY OF BOUILLON.

THE present King of Belgium is making praiseworthy efforts to foster the spirit of nationality in his prosperous kingdom, by reviving, in every way in his power, reminiscences of the past glories of old Flanders, and of the distinguished part it played in ancient times in all the great movements of the continent under the Dukes of Burgundy, so famous in war, and love, and romance. No one amongst them all was better worthy of a place in the midst of the capital than that grand old Fleming, Godfrey de Bouillon, so brave, so modest, so

mighty arm; how wisely he ruled over Jerusalem; what sagacity he displayed in the famous *Assizes*, which he caused to be enacted for the government of his new kingdom; how piously he died, and how he was buried on Mount Calvary close to the tomb of Christ; and how the Christians all wept for him as a father, and friend, and strong deliverer, and the Mussulmans as a beneficent and just ruler? His very name recalls all the virtues and all the besutes of the heroic age in which he lived.



STATUE OF GODFREY OF BOUILLON AT BRUSSELS.

devout, the very type of chivalry, the model and predecessor of Bayard and Gaston de Foix? Who has not heard how, when sick unto death, he made a vow to deliver the Holy Sepulchre from the infidels, and when he recovered how he sold a large part of his dominions and his seigniorial rights to defray the expenses of the expedition; what discipline and order he preserved amongst his forces on the march; how he starved himself that the starving women of the camp might have food; what an enormous number of Saracen giants he slew; what visions from heaven appeared to him and encouraged him; what a commanding countenance he had, what a

The equestrian statue, represented in our engraving, was inaugurated in August, 1848. It stands in the Place Royale of Brussels, on the spot formerly occupied by that of Charles of Lorraine, which was erected by the States of Brabant, but which was destroyed by the French in 1794. It was cast in bronze by M. Soyer, of Paris, after a model by Eugene Simonis, which was one of the most striking objects in the Great Exhibition of 1851. The great crusader is represented holding the banner of the cross in his right hand, his left curbs his impatient charger, and his eyes are raised to heaven as if invoking the Divine benediction on his army.

## FRANCIS MIERIS (THE ELDER).



GABRIEL METSU gives us glimpses into the interior of the houses of the wealthy middle classes of Holland. From him we learn the precise appearance of the morning *negligé* of the

VOL. I.

ladies, what dress they wore at noon, when about to take their lessons on the harpsichord, or receive the visits of the gallant officers or gay cavaliers who at that hour called upon them clothed in black from head to foot. Francis Mieris also shows us, as in a mirror, this same elegance, these same domestic comforts, the same carved furniture, the same polished lustres, the same splendid glasses glittering with golden liqueurs. He paints for us, in his own way, and with certain peculiarities of his own, manners in which he certainly did not partake. There was this singularity in Mieris, that while his pictures bore the expression of refined thoughts, his habits did not. His works, instead of revealing his life, concealed it.

This celebrated painter was the son of a lapidary. He was born at Leyden, on the 11th of April, 1635. "Perceiving his taste for painting," said Houbraken, "his father placed him under the tuition of Abraham Torenvliet, a famous painter on glass and a good designer. Thence he entered the school of Gerard Douw, where in a very short time he surpassed all his companions, and thus gained the affection of his master, who called him the prince of his scholars. After the lapse of some years, his father removed him to study under Abraham Van Tempel, an historical painter; but he did not remain long with him, as his natural inclination led him to adopt Gerard Douw's manner, which was extremely delicate, and required extraordinary care."

This Abraham Van Tempel was a man of large and powerful intellect, if we may judge from those of his paintings which we have seen at the Hague. His full-length portraits have a bold outline, and he was admirably calculated to inspire Mieris with a taste for historical painting; but the fact that the latter let

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alip this opportunity of enlarging his style—and we were going to say his thoughts—proves beyond doubt that he perceived from the first that his true road to success lay in the track of his old master, Gerard Douw. He, therefore, returned to the studio of the latter, and continued to labour under his eye with all a pupil's modesty, often taking his advice when he was himself far more competent to judge. However, there were at Leyden several amateurs, who admired him greatly, and frequently expressed to him their surprise that he did not begin to work upon his own account and shake off the dust of the school, since he had already surpassed his master. As they were warm friends who held this language to him, he would probably have put it down to pardonable partiality, and have continued his old course, if one of them, Professor Silvius, had not volunteered, in proof of his sincerity, to purchase every painting that came from his pencil.

So flattering a proposal had the desired effect. Miéris left Gerard Douw, and began to work for himself, and, thanks to the friendship of Silvius, he was soon enabled to make a striking display of his talents. The archduke Leopold William was passionately fond of painting; Silvius persuaded him, without difficulty, to give Miéris an order, assuring him that he would receive a *chef-d'œuvre*. The artist did honour to his friend's recommendation. It was, in fact, upon this occasion that he executed the famous work so well known in Germany as "Die Seidenhändlerin," *The Silkmercer*. It is, in truth, a gem of art. In it Miéris put into practice everything that Gerard Douw had taught him; he was perfectly competent to render the rich fabrics in all their varieties of shade and hue, lustring, satin, and velvet; he knew how to arrange the light so as to throw out the figures and the most remarkable objects into strong relief, leaving all else buried in deep but transparent shade. By tricks of the brush he was able to render the nature of each substance evident at a glance—the down upon feathers, the polish of steel; it seems as if we could touch with our finger the silky hair of a spaniel, as well as the rich woof of a Turkey carpet. Miéris knew how, in short, to lend to the actors in a scene borrowed from ordinary life all the *finesse* of expression necessary to relieve the simplicity of such a subject, and give piquancy to a matter of such slender interest.

The painting executed for the archduke represented a silk-mercer's shop, attended by a young woman of passing beauty. A nobleman, elegantly dressed, with feathers in his hat and a sword at his side, has entered, and, struck by the charms of the fair owner of the shop, cannot resist the temptation of touching her lightly under the chin with his fingers, with all the polite impertinence of a gay man of the world. The lady blushes, smiles, and continues to turn over the pieces of silk; but the gentleman is far less occupied with the richness of the articles he has come to purchase than the charms of her who shows them. At the further end of the shop, before a large fireplace, sits a man, most likely the jealous husband of the fair mercer. He has caught the stranger's movement with the corner of his eye, but not daring to give vent to his feelings before so dashing a customer, contents himself with shaking his finger ominously at his wife, as if threatening a certain lecture of no ordinary severity. The archduke was delighted. He paid Miéris a thousand florins, and offered him a pension of a thousand rix-dollars if he would consent to go to Vienna, and work there for the court, in which case his labours would be liberally recompensed. But the artist politely declined, alleging as an excuse the disinclination of his wife to leave her native country.

He forwarded the painter of Leyden found himself eagerly sought after by the amateurs. All strove which should have his works at any price. Cornelius Praats, whose son was alderman of the town of Leyden, and who had himself taken some lessons from Francis Miéris, entered into an agreement to pay him a ducat of gold for every hour it might take him to execute a painting representing the "Smoozing of a Young Girl." Miéris discharged his task in Praats's house, and received not less than fifteen hundred florins. The grand duke of Tuscany having come to Leyden, on seeing this painting

was so charmed with it, that he offered Praats three thousand florins for it, but the latter would not part with it upon any terms, nor with a portrait of Madame Praats, painted also by Miéris. The same thing has probably never occurred with regard to any family portrait as with regard to this. Attempts were made to purchase it while the original was still living, as if the excellence of the work itself was sufficient to supply the want of any interest in the subject.

Not being able to meet with any amateur who would sell him a Miéris, the grand duke paid a visit to the painter himself, and amongst the works which he found in his studio in an unfinished state, was a very fine sketch, which he begged of him to complete—"An Assemblage of Ladies." Houbraken somewhere calls Metzua a painter of fashions. This singular appellation might, in this instance at least, be applied to Francis Miéris, but not in a bad sense; though there is no doubt that here the dress, or the materials of which it is composed, has an undue importance given it. If his figures were not so handsome, we might imagine that they were but a pretext for making a gorgeous display of velvet jackets, of satin petticoats, and furs. In fact, every conceivable device of luxury, every grace and elegance of fashion, appear in this work. In the background, in a sort of gallery, magnificently decorated, appear a lady and cavalier promenading up and down, and evidently engaged in agreeable chit-chat. Here a young girl, in a rich mantle of purple velvet trimmed with fur, is raising to her head a glass of some delicate wine, while a page stands before her with a silver salver; there a lady in white satin stands up with a lute in her hand, as if about to play. Opposite these splendidly attired ladies, Miéris painted a young man, wearing a short cloak of black velvet. Splendid carpets, glittering plate, a dish of bonbons, which a mischievous little monkey is eating by stealth, half-hidden under the folds of a curtain of lustring, complete the composition, which certainly displays no great depth of imagination; but the rendering of each object is marvellous, and if the hands had not been drawn in the style of Metzua and Vandyke, and had there been less distinction in the choice of the heads, one might have thought that Francis Miéris himself kept a silk-shop, like the pretty woman of his first painting, and that, unlike the gentleman in the same composition, he was more occupied with the beauties of dress than beauty of face or figure.

The search after the beautiful is one of the points in which Miéris distinguished himself, and it is upon this that his renown rests. Certainly the art of imitating dress, of polishing it by the aid of the pencil, is not sufficient to lend lustre to a painter's name, unless, indeed, he were to reach such a pitch of perfection in it as has never yet been witnessed. Paintings live only upon condition of being well executed and well touched, just as books live only on condition of being well written. But this mere excellence in form or outline is not sufficient; there must be food for the mind, and something to excite some emotion in the heart. Sometimes, we admit, when the form is exquisite, and the style of the book is piquant, though it treats of nothing—when the painter's touch is charming, and, if we may use the expression, intelligent, as in the case of a basket of strawberries, or a simple glass of water glittering with purity and freshness—it may happen that mere form will supply the want of other qualities. Thus Chardin and Metzua knew how to lend interest to the simplest scenes and incidents; but we must confess that their style is so charming, that the subtlest portion of their ability, the very essence of their character, seems to have passed into their painting; and it is in this sense that we may attribute to them great talent in execution. But if the artist has not reached this stage in his art, at which the most refined feelings of his heart drop from the point of his pencil, it is difficult for his works to survive him in the absence of some happy, animating thought. Why, then, are the works of Miéris valued as much and more at the present day than they were two hundred years ago? Because of that endearment after the beautiful of which we just now spoke. Am amongst so many Dutch painters who have chosen to copy nature at random, it is pleasant to find one who thought it not beneath him to

select models, and who, preferring grace to ugliness, has preferred painting handsome women, elegantly dressed, to sketching grotesque country wenches. This is the great secret of Miéris' success, as of that of Gaspar Netscher, of Schalken, and some others.

The grand duke of Tuscany gave a thousand rixdollars for "The Assembly of Ladies," but was not content with this alone. He wanted also, not his own portrait by Miéris, but that of Miéris by himself. The artist executed it with a good will. He painted himself showing one of his works, representing one of those subjects with which he was most familiar, "A young Girl taking her Lesson at the Harpsichord." This portrait of Miéris, which was in reality the mirror of his person and the coloured definition of his talent, was looked upon as an able work; but, according to Houbraken, the price was not this time proportioned to the value. The grand duke, at the instigation of some of his courtiers whom Miéris had offended, sent so small a sum, that the artist took umbrage at it, and refused to execute any works ever after for the Tuscan court.

Campo Weyermann relates, in the same way as Arnold Houbraken, the story of Miéris' rupture with the grand duke; but Gerard de Laireasse, in his "Great Book of the Painters," explains it differently. He says, "He who has executed works on a large scale, may afterwards execute them on a small scale if he wish; whilst those who are always occupied with little things, cannot pass to great ones but with difficulty. Miéris, who was so justly celebrated for works on a small scale, has lost all the esteem in which the grand duke of Tuscany, his Meccenas, held him, through attempting to paint portraits in life size; and it is the same with many others." It is not difficult to believe Gerard de Laireasse in this matter, not only because he was a man of distinguished abilities, who made no assertion lightly, but because he was on terms of intimacy with Miéris. He had, in fact, undertaken the education of one of the artist's sons, John Miéris, who went to practise painting in Italy, where he died. By a fortunate, but curious contradiction in his character, Francis, whom the example of Jan Steen had led into habits of tippling, detested the vice in others. So Gerard de Laireasse, grave and solemn in his looks, was a bit of a libertine in his manners, and for this reason Miéris removed his son from his care, lest his example should corrupt the youth's morals.

This contrast between their lives and their works is a comparatively rare feature in the history of painters. Miéris, who devoted his whole talents to search after beauty, or to the delineation of the interior of the luxurious abodes of the middle classes of Holland, then the richest and yet most austere in the world, was,—we are sorry to say it—a drunkard. He was on terms of close intimacy with a painter of Leyden, the famous Jan Steen, an amusing philosopher and a professed tippler. Steen's lively conversation, his jovial disposition, his witty sallies, his careless, joyous way of living without a thought of the morrow, had a seductive influence upon Miéris, who, at last, was so fascinated that he could never tear himself away from his company. Steen having become a tavern-keeper Miéris became one of his best customers, and the two often passed the night drinking and carousing with John Lievens, Ary de Voys, and some others. Steen was soon ruined and obliged to take down his sign, and then Miéris accompanied him to other taverns, and the two artists and their old comrades often protracted their revels far on in the night.

Houbraken tells a curious anecdote regarding one of these merry-makings. One night, after a very jovial meeting, Miéris set out to come home alone, and in crossing a narrow bridge fell off it into a deep drain. He was quite fuddled, and as it was not likely that there was any one near at such a late hour, there was every prospect of his career coming to an inglorious end. However, he roared lustily, and as good luck would have it, there was a cobbler living close at hand, and was still at work, singing and hammering away. His wife heard Miéris' cries, and having called her husband's attention to them, they both took a light and ran in the direction from which the sound came. There they found our painter, gor-

geously dressed, with gold buttons on his coat, stuck fast in the mud. They dragged him out, took him to their house, and, having dried his garments, sent him home. Miéris was thoroughly sobered by the time of his release, but was so much ashamed of the adventure that he concealed his name.

Being, however, very kind-hearted, the painter determined to reward the poor people for the kindness they had shown him, and what better token of gratitude could an artist bestow than one of his paintings. He, accordingly, set to work upon one, the subject of which has not reached us, but as he could only labour at it at intervals, it was not finished for two years. As soon as he had given it the last touch, he went one evening to the cobbler's, with his canvas concealed under his cloak. He found nobody there but the wife, and having entered into conversation with her, found that she really did not know the name of the man whom they had rescued. He then produced the picture and presented it to her, telling her to keep it as an acknowledgment of the service she had rendered him in getting him out of the drain. "But if," he added, "you would prefer money, take it to M. Praats." He then disappeared abruptly, without saying who he was. The woman showed the present to several of her neighbours, all of whom assured her it was very valuable. Her curiosity was at last thoroughly roused, and she took the picture to Jacob Vandermas, burgomaster, residing in the Hoygraft, in whose house she had lived as a servant, who was surprised to see an article of such value in her possession, and at once recognised it as the work of Miéris, and valued it at one hundred ducats. "I would give that sum myself, but first go to so and so," said he, mentioning the names of some of the amateurs, "and ask eight hundred florins, and you will be sure to get them." She did as he directed, and was successful.

We have many times heard connoisseurs, in talking of painting, place Gabriel Metz above Miéris. It seems to us that Miéris' touch is sometimes painful, and even scraped and dragged, when compared with the light and intellectual touch of Metz. There is a picture of the former in the Dresden Gallery, which well illustrates the excellences of Miéris' style, and proves beyond doubt that the works of every artist, however great his genius, vary vastly in quality. In this, of which we present our readers with an engraving, (p. 136) a young girl, of light character, is listening to the proposals of an old matron. The subject is in itself rather gross, but the painter has treated it with great delicacy. The thought is clearly indicated, and yet there is nothing to shock us in the expression of it. The careless attitude of the young woman is so *distingué*, if we may be allowed the word, that it atones for the plainness of the meaning, and there is an indescribable air of voluptuous modesty about it, which interests us in the highest degree. Without showing her handsome face, except in profile, to save her the embarrassment which a little stretch of fancy will induce us to believe the full view of the spectator at such a moment would cause her, she leaves her beauty to our imagination, but lets us see her grace. The light falls upon her ear, and extends slightly upon her cheek, leaving the greater part of it in transparent shadow. Nothing can be more charming than the turn of her neck, and the knot in which her auburn hair is fastened, with pearls intermingled with the tresses. She wears a satin robe, and a sort of jacket, embroidered with gold. Her fine head leans languidly upon her left hand with a sort of lascivious indolence, the other falls gracefully over the back of the chair, and between her fingers she crumples a letter, which she has just been reading. Upon the table, on which her elbow is resting, we see a book and a maidkin. In the background appears the exterior of a palace, but within the apartment, a little to the left, may be seen a piece of furniture in the shape of an altar, on which is written the word *Amor*. The whole is finished with such exquisite delicacy, that one might fancy it was executed upon ivory. As it is considered very valuable, it is placed under glass, which gives it the appearance of a large miniature. No lover of painting could gaze on this picture without feeling the fascinating influence of female charms stealing over him.

Gerard de Lairesee, in the chapter in which he speaks of painters on a small scale, and mainly of Miéris, has put several opinions upon record, which we feel it to be our duty to combat here, notwithstanding the weight they must have in coming from such a quarter. "We must remember," says he, "that objects painted on a small scale cannot be truth, nor even the appearance of truth; for there can be no doubt that paintings which represent objects thus should only be considered as nature seen from a distance, through a door or window, whether within or without a building, so that they ought to be painted in such wise that on being hung against a

artist who paints diminutive pieces, as Miéris, intends not to exhibit distant objects, but, on the contrary, to bring them nearer that they may be better seen; and if he diminishes their real size, it is in order that the spectator by approaching as closely to the picture as he please may be enabled to seize upon the minutest details. In the distance we see nothing but large masses; the various parts appear confused and undecided, the *contour* is lost; the angles are softened down, the precise shape of an object, and *a fortiori*, the small points in its physiognomy escape the eye completely. If, then, the painter executes his work under these conditions—that



MIERIS AND HIS WIFE. FROM A PAINTING BY MIERIS.

wall, they may not appear to be a panel or painted canvas, but that they should truly resemble a window, through which one really sees nature; a result which cannot be obtained by warm shadows or brilliant colouring, but by soft and feeble colouring, broken by the interposition of the surrounding air, according as it is serene or loaded with vapour."

To this "laying down of the law" we take exception, and, in our humble opinion, a painter, who acted upon such principles, would be sure to go astray. If it were admitted that a small painting should represent nature as she appears in the distance, the painter would plainly defeat his object. An

is, with that weakening of the tone which aerial perspective demands—what follows? Why, the spectator, by an inexplicable delusion, will see things close at hand which ought to be lost in the indistinctness of distance, and touch with his finger objects which, nevertheless, should escape him, being two hundred yards off. Is not this, then, a monstrous contradiction between the actual effect of a picture and its intention? Why does the amateur delight in the works of Gerard Douw, of Slengelandt, and Miéris? Because he wants to have in the narrow limits of his own abode an epitome of all the wonders of the pencil, an

entire gallery in a space twelve feet square. To satisfy him you must give him the incidents and characters of the outer world, condensed, as it were, into the smallest possible dimensions, the heroes of everyday life (some of them might readily be comprised within a frame of twelve inches square); and, if this be true, what becomes of *Lairesse's* theory? Would the fortunate owner of these masterpieces in miniature be content to see these figures, which he wished to have within easy eye-reach, fading dimly in the shifting hues of the atmosphere, and flying altogether from the tranquil but confined abode in which he wished to retain them, that he might feed his eyes

Molière, Richelieu, Louis XIII., and other "glasses of fashion" at that period. He has painted himself under various aspects—sometimes as a soldier, at others as a simple citizen. The Museum at the Hague exhibits him in the interior of his own house, in his everyday dress, leaning over his wife, and amusing himself by pulling the ears of a little spaniel that his wife holds upon her knees. (See our engraving, p. 132.) The Dresden Gallery contains not less than three pictures, in which Miérís has given his own portrait with great complaisance. In one we find him in his studio conversing with a handsome girl, of whom we, however, see



THE PHILOSOPHER. FROM A PAINTING BY MIÉRIS.

upon them? These observations of Gerard de Lairesse are all the more surprising as coming from the pen of a painter, for it would be impossible to execute a picture in accordance with them, since it would have no foreground except the frame. Think of a picture without a foreground! It must be confessed that if Miérís did not know how to execute works upon a large scale, Lairesse did not know how to talk of pictures on a small one.

If we may judge by the portraits which Miérís has left us of himself, he had a handsome face, gay-looking, but the expression slightly sensual, a brilliant eye, a prominent mouth, overhung by a soft moustache worn in the style adopted by

nothing but her back, who has come to sit for her portrait, but her face appears on the canvas as in a mirror. Both the painter and the model are dressed with a richness and coquettishness which happily the graver is able to render almost with as much accuracy as the colours of the master himself, as may be seen by the example which we furnish (p. 144). Miérís is dressed in black velvet, with tight silk breeches of bright blue, fastened below the knees with garters ornamented by rosettes, and ribbon shoe-ties. Nothing can be more elegant or *recherché* than his appearance. Stultz could not surpass it. While the model is resting, a servant is bringing in refreshments. In another Miérís has evidently made him-

self rather the subject for a painting than the original of a portrait. It is evidently himself whom we see dressed as a trumpeter in the picture bearing that name. (See our engraving, p. 140.) This was, no doubt, executed to have the pleasure of painting himself in the magnificent uniform worn by the Spanish soldiers who were sent into the Low Countries to suppress the insurrection. The costume certainly is very picturesque. If the head were not in this instance full of life and vigour and intelligence, one would think that "The Trumpeter" was chosen merely for the display of a dashing uniform. A tight blue jacket, covered with trappings, and furnished with yellow sleeves, a mezzotine cap of the same colour as the jacket, green gaiters with golden fringes, and a sword with glittering hilt—such is the uniform. And whether Miéris exhibit himself in warlike panoply or by the side of his easel, he is still ever in the midst of luxury. All the objects which make up the learned confusion of a studio contend, we will not say for the spectator's attention, but for whatever of it he has to spare after having bestowed sufficient upon the principal figure. A violoncello resting against a piece of furniture, covered with a curtain, announces the fact, that the painter solaces his labours by occasional performances upon it.

One would imagine that if Miéris displayed in his house as much luxury and magnificence as he affects in his paintings, he would soon have been ruined, in spite of the high price which he put upon his works. Add to this, that owing to the extraordinary delicacy of finish which he bestowed upon all his pictures, he could execute comparatively a small number only, not to speak of the indolent habits which he acquired from his friend Steen. Accordingly we find in many works in which he is mentioned, and notably in the "Catalogue de Lorange," by Gersaint, his conduct was anything but orderly. His habits were expensive, and involved him in a number of debts, for which he was several times put in prison. One of his creditors kept him there a long time, and when his friends urged him to paint something that would procure his release, he replied, "that the sight of the bar and the sound of the bolts rendered the imagination sterile." Gersaint travelled a good deal in Holland, and while there picked up much information regarding the painters; and it is, therefore, not unlikely that he learnt some of these details from Miéris' own friends. Certainly neither Houbraken nor Campo Weyermann make mention of this circumstance.

Francis Miéris died in 1681, at the age of forty-six, leaving two sons, John and William; the last of whom imitated his manner with considerable ability, and maintained the celebrity of the name. Francis exhausted life rapidly. As a painter his sentiment of the beautiful was lively; as a man he was ever tending towards the bad and degrading. He loved what was tasteful and distinguished, but lived in a public-house; he loved luxury and ruined himself by it. By dint of admiring Steen's wit, he came to imitate his joyous indolence, and his wicked and dishonest carelessness; laughing, glass in hand, at the amount of his debts. But in spite of this gross existence, Miéris always preserved enough love of the beautiful and elegant to impel him to the choice of fine features, delicate complexions, handsome heads, graceful attitudes, and tasteful dress, and those splendid fabrics which were indispensable in his painting, since he never dared to paint the naked figure.

It is not difficult to decide what rank Miéris should assume among painters of familiar scenes. The distinction between the various masters, Terburg, Meuz, Gerard Douw, and Miéris, consists rather in shades of talent than degrees of merit. If we examine them closely, we shall find that Miéris is rather below his three rivals. As compared to his master, Gerard Douw, he has, without doubt, a more brilliant colouring, and is more delicate than he in the common features. His celebrated picture, "The Strolling Tinker" in the Dresden Gallery, proves, beyond doubt, that he was able to give great delicacy to the most vulgar physiognomies. It is not easy to forget, when once seen, the expression on the face of this tinker, as he raises a kettle between him and the light, to enable him to see the cracks, with an air worthy of a

learned antiquary who is trying to decipher a precious manuscript, or to verify the enamelling of a piece of old armour, while the woman who owns the article stands at the door of her tavern, shaded by a vine-branch, and awaits the result of the investigation with anxious impatience. But though delicate as Douw, Miéris has not the same nobility and elevation of mind. He could never have painted pictures so full of pathos and simple dignity as "The Dropsical Woman," and "The Reading of the Bible." His works, in short, always make us desire more sentiment and less satire.

Miéris always ably availed himself of the resources of chiaro-scuro to subordinate the accessories, and give full prominence to the principal objects. He could soften down unpleasant details by great masses of shadow. He was skilled also in the proprieties of chiaro-scuro, if we may be allowed the expression; as, for example, when he painted a facile nymph buried in sleep, her head resting on cushions, and discharging through her open corset a bosom of snowy whiteness, at the farther end of the room an old duenna, who is receiving money from a cavalier, with his hat pulled down over his eyes; he reserves all the light for the sleeping beauty, and casts the act of the old woman into the shade, as if he saw some connexion between the chiaro-scuro of morality and of art. But as regards touch, Terburg and Metzux seem to us superior to Miéris. Without doubt, the execution of the latter painter is valuable. He impresses his character on each object; he renders the flesh, the silk, the ermine, the velvet, the marble, the ebony, all the drapery, the substances, and it seems at first as if it was perfection itself. At the same time, if we compare Miéris with Terburg, and, above all, with Metzux, we perceive all at once that there is still a degree above merit of this sort.

We have stated that Miéris was, *par excellence*, the painter of the Dutch middle classes. Accordingly, many of his subjects are drawn from scenes in their life, and illustrate their costume and manners. "The Lady with the Parrot" (p. 141), now in the collection of Sir Robert Peel, is one of the best, and decidedly the most celebrated of this class. There is an air of pleasant and abstracted reverie about her face as she feeds her favourite. In the dress Miéris displays all his great powers of imitation. The painting first became celebrated as the "Red Corset."

In "The Philosopher," which we have engraved, Miéris gives evidence of a much higher kind of talent than he has displayed in his other works. In this the elaboration of details, though still carefully attended to, occupies only a secondary position. The main interest of the piece is centred in the principal figure. The old man's head is a fine expression of the idea of calm clear-headedness, of deep thought, and of a life far removed from the petty passions, tumults, and turmoil of the world without.

Finishing is not the great difficulty in painting, if we understand by this the mixing of colours, and the polish obtained by patience and a scraper, the extreme care bestowed upon all the details, and a certain propriety of pencil which never errs through negligence or oversight. Many Dutch masters have given what was then called the *fine finish*; but the real finish is that which is not perceptible, giving the work the final touches without suffering the trouble bestowed on it to be visible—those expressive touches, we mean, which lend it an air of freedom and boldness. Finishing, in the right acceptation of the word, is rubbing out by a light, graceful, and eloquent touch that wearisome propriety, that solemn uniformity, as fatiguing for the spectator to see as for the painter to create. To finish is to give character to a plan, shading to an outline, and to the essentials of a painting—to the flat parts of the face, for example, or the rendering of a hand—that last emphasis which is life.

Considering that he lived only forty-six years, and finished all his works with extraordinary care, it was impossible that Miéris could have produced a great number. Smith, in his "Catalogue Raisonné" of the most eminent Dutch, Flemish, and French painters, enumerates one hundred and fifty-six works known to be Miéris'. We shall proceed to mention the



principal galleries and collections in Europe in which they are to be found.

In the Belvedere Gallery at Vienna.—“A Sick Girl,” a doctor feeling her pulse. Small figures as far as the knees, signed *Franz Miéris, f. 1656*.

“The Silkmercer”—of which we have previously spoken at length—a young woman exhibiting her wares, and a cavalier with his hand on her chin, signed *F. Van Miéris, 1660*. The Pinacotheca of Munich contains sixteen of Miéris' works, amongst which may be seen his portrait, in which he represents himself wearing a red cap with ostrich feathers; “A Lady playing with her Parrot, and another Lady with her Dog;” “A Breakfast of Oysters;” and, last of all, the celebrated painting known as “The Sick Woman,” one of his masterpieces. It represents a lady fainting away in the presence of her physician. This was a favourite subject with Miéris, as well as that of the woman with the parrot and dog.

In the Dresden Gallery we find twelve of this master's works. Of these we shall mention “Tempting Proposals,” a splendid work, to which we have already alluded at some length. This is sometimes called “The Teller of Good Fortune,” but from what we have said above it will be seen that this title is hardly appropriate. “The Tinker,” a composition containing several figures. “A Young Soldier smoking his Pipe.” “The Painter's Studio” (p. 144): in this Miéris is represented with a young lady, whose portrait appears on the canvas. Another “Painter's Studio”: in this the artist, with his palette in his hand, is standing beside a visitor showing him a picture which he has just commenced.

The Museum of Amsterdam.—“A Lady seated before a table writing, and a Servant awaiting her orders.” “A Lady playing the Guitar by lamplight.”

Royal Gallery at the Hague.—“The Painter and his Wife,” (p. 132). “Portrait of Horace Schuyl,” *Professor of Botany at Leyden*. “A Child blowing soap bubbles.”

The Hermitage at St. Petersburg.—“The Dutch Rising,” a lady rising and playing with her little dog.

The Leuchtenburg Gallery.—“A Woman holding a cage open upon the table, and giving liberty to a bird.” “A Lady walking on a garden terrace,” accompanied by a cavalier, who holds his hat in his hand, and followed by a little dog; painted on wood, and signed *F. Van Miéris, 1676*; these two paintings have been etched by Muxel.

The Florence Gallery.—“The Sleeper,” “A Young Man with a Bottle,” “An Old Man offering Money to a Young Woman,” and a “Portrait of the Painter.”

The Montpellier Collection.—“The Pearl Stringer,” a young girl seated before a table covered with a rich cloth; to the left, in mezzotinto, a young waiting woman.

In the Louvre there are four of Miéris' works.

“A Lady at a Toilette waited upon by a Negress.” Under the Empire this was valued at 1,000 francs, under the Restoration it rose to 5,000.

“Two Ladies, dressed in satin, taking tea in an apartment ornamented with statues.” This is a painting of exquisite finish.

“The Interior of a Household.”

“Portrait of a Man,” signed *Franz Miéris*.

In Sir Robert Peel's collection, a young woman feeding her parrot (p. 141), a work of great beauty, of which we give an engraving. It was purchased by Sir Robert for the sum of 305 guineas.

The Bridgewater Gallery.—“A Young Woman at her toilette, dressed in a blue satin jacket, and having her cap tied under her chin.”

“An Interior; a Girl laughing, and an Infant at her side.”

“Portrait of the Painter.” This is taken from the St. Victor and Pourtales collections. It is a little doubtful, however, inasmuch as the same painting appears at Munich, and Waagen makes no mention of it.

In the possession of Queen Victoria, in Buckingham Palace, there are four of Miéris' works.

“A Child playing Frolics,” dated 1663; a repetition of the painting which may be seen at the Hague,

“A Woman with a Parrot;” in this the same red corset appears which we see at Munich and in Sir Robert Peel's collection.

“A Smoker, and a Young Girl presenting him with a glass of water.” Figures half length.

“Miéris and his Wife.” The painter is pulling the ears of a little dog which his wife is holding on her knees; in the foreground is the mother of the animal. We have engraved this picture (p. 132).

Mr. T. Hoppe's collection.—“A Gentleman wearing a brown cap with blue feathers, in a coat of olive green;” before him is a bottle of wine, and a violin resting against the window. A young woman with her back to the spectator writes down the bill. The painting is dated 1660. This is one of the *chef-d'œuvre* of the master.

Gallery of the Marquis of Bute at Sutton House.—“The Discovered Letter.” A mother reproaching her daughter, who stands in tears with a letter in her hand.

Miéris' drawings are very scarce. They are extremely delicate. There are some studies of heads, sketched with black lead, known to be his, executed with the utmost care. They are often washed in Indian ink; the truth of the flesh and the excellent rendering of the draperies are as remarkable in the drawings as in the paintings.

Miéris had under his tuition Peter Lermans, Karel de Moor, and his two sons, John and William Miéris; the last was known as the younger Miéris. In the last century, a grandson of Francis was still living, who had been the pupil of his father William, and who was the author of many works, a list of which he himself gave to Argenville, from whom we borrow it:—“A Description of the Episcopal Seals and Coins of the Bishops of Utrecht.”

“History of the Princes of the Houses of Bavaria, of Burgundy, and of Austria, who have reigned over the Low Countries.” 3 vols. folio; with more than a thousand medals drawn by the author from the originals.

“Chronicle of Holland,” Leyden, 1740—1744.

“Chronicle of Antwerp,” Leyden, 1743, 1744.

“Dissertations upon Feudal Law in Holland,” Leyden, 1748. 8vo.

“The Great Book of the Charters of the Counts of Holland,” Leyden, 1748. 8vo.

“The Great Book of the Charter of the Counts of Holland,” Leyden, 1753. 4 vols. folio.

“The Privileges and Customs of the Country of Delfland,” Great numbers of engravers have reproduced Miéris' works. Amongst those best known are—

Bary.—“The Drunken Woman Asleep.”

Basan.—“The Dutch Rising.” “The Dutch Breakfast,”

“The Lace-worker” of the old gallery of Brühl. “The Fair Gardener.” “The Dutch Nap.”

Blotting.—“The Portrait of Miéris.”

Greenwood has engraved “The Portraits of Miéris and his Wife, and the Little Dog,” in the same style.

Iggonnet.—“The Flemish Market-woman.”

Migneret.—“A young Girl giving alms.”

Haid.—“The Trumpeter awaiting orders,” a painting in the Burghaase collection. “The Surgeon,” in the Kiesen collection at Augsburg.

Villain.—“The young Man with Bottle,” in the Florence Gallery.

Wille has engraved us one of Miéris' works, “The Dutch Knitter,” which, however, has been attributed to Kelscher. “The Absent Observer,” from the Paten Cabinet, which we have engraved: a boy looking out of a window at something passing outside with an abstracted expression. “The Dutch Cook.”

In England, as we have more than once remarked, there are rarely large sales of pictures—an evidence of national prosperity which has seldom been remarked. There can be no surer sign of increasing wealth and stability, than the immobility of moveable property. To obtain any idea of the market value of pictures, therefore, we are obliged to resort to the great continental sales, where the overthrow of proud houses

has brought the heirlooms of many generations to the hammer.

The Gaignat sale, 1768. Three pictures of Miéris:—"A Young Girl," "An Invalid and her Physician," painted on wood; price £238. "A Lady in a scarlet dressing-gown," trimmed with white ermine, and a straw-coloured petticoat. She is giving some cake to her parrot. This is the famous "Red Corset," of which we have already spoken, and of which we give an engraving (p. 141), now in the collection of Sir

the door of a porch. A painting on wood, originally from the collection of the Duke de Choiseul; price £20. "A Woman feeding a Bird," with another painting of G. Schulcken; together, £92.

The Argenville sale, 1778. A drawing of F. Miéris, representing a Female bust; price £6 10s. A Man's bust with a hat on his head, drawn on vellum like the preceding.

Calonne sale, 1778. "A Lady and her Dog." She wears a straw bonnet trimmed with satin and white feathers, and on



TEMPTING PROPOSALS. FROM A PAINTING BY MIÉRIS.

Robert Peel. It was sold for £124. It is painted upon copper. "A Smoker," half-length, leaning his elbow on the table, and wearing a hat ornamented with feathers. Price £7.

The Randon de Boisset sale, 1777. "A Young Lady writing," upon a table-cloth of red velvet; a young man awaiting her orders, and a dog sleeping upon a pillow. Price £324.

The Prince de Conti's sale, 1777. "A Blind Man led by his Dog," and accompanied by a little boy, asking charity at

her bosom a gossamer handkerchief. This came from the Lublin collection at Amsterdam; price £58.

Choiseul Praslin sale, 1793. "A Young Woman feeding her Parrot"—the "Red Corset" of which we have already spoken. This time it was sold for £338. "An Artist examining an antique Statue by candlelight." Another figure stands close beside him, and farther off two students, one of whom bears a light also. This is a splendid display of skill in *chiaro-scuro*.

Solirene sale, 1812. "Sarah and Abraham," £32. "The

Song Interrupted;" a lady in a morning dress of red velvet, holding a music-book upon her knees, another figure offering her a glass of wine. Price £112.

Clos sale, 1812. "A Young Girl brought back by a Gipsy Woman." She is on her knees asking pardon of her mother; her father is in the background. Price £88.

Laperrière sale, 1817. "The Registrar Fagel," a painting mentioned by Descamps. Price £64.

Erard sale, 1832. "A Young Lady studying a Piece of

of pearls in her hair. From the famous Braamkamp collection at Amsterdam; also purchased by M. Demidoff for £200.

Perregaux sale, 1841. "The Song Interrupted." This painting, which we have just seen figuring in the Solirene sale, where it brought only £112, in 1841 rose to £880.

Giroux sale, 1851. "A Young Lady," elegantly dressed, and holding a mandolin in her hand, offering bread to a spaniel; beside her a gentleman leaning on a table covered with a rich cloth. Price £42.



DIVERSED ATTENTION. FROM A PAINTING BY MIERIS.

Music." A mandolin lies before her on a table decorated with sculpture. She wears a satin robe, but without neckerchief or head-dress. Price £69.

The Duchess de Berri's sale, 1837. "Portrait of a Magistrate," half-length, beneath a peristyle, through which appears the entrance to a park. This was purchased by M. Demidoff for £240. "The Lady of Quality." She is descending a staircase, which leads to the avenue of a park. She is dressed in white satin, with red ribbons and loose trimmings; a cluster

The following are facsimiles of Mieris' monograms and signatures:—



*F. van Mieris*  
*Fran Mieris*  
 1675

## COPPER-PLATE ENGRAVING.

ENGRAVING is an art essentially popular. It diffuses the beauties of painting without lessening them. It prevents their remaining exclusively in the possession of the wealthy and the fortunate, and places them within the reach of the poorest. It elevates the masses by making them participate in the ennobling thoughts which arise out of the contemplation of the masterpieces of great minds. What printing has done for science, engraving has done for art. These two splendid discoveries, which have shed abroad beauty and enlightenment, ideas and forms, have this peculiarity—that we cannot conceive them separate, and that they seem to be born, if we may use the expression, of one another. Thus printing, which seems to owe its origin to wood engraving, in its turn produced engraving on metal, by the facilities which it exhibited for the production of prints.

There are several kinds of engraving: copper-plate, etching, aqua-tinta, dotted, stippling, outline; but it is copper-plate engraving alone which may be called classical; and with it we shall occupy ourselves here.

Most people know that copper-plate engraving consists in cutting the copper with a sharp instrument called the *graver*, or *burin*, and thus tracing upon it clean, regular, and divided lines, which, on being impressed on paper, after receiving a coating of ink, not only produce the sum of black and white sketched in the drawing, but, by their direction, their turn, their form, their thickness or attenuation, indicate the character of the objects they represent—the shading and moribondezza of the flesh, the polish of metal, the softness of drapery, the airy lightness of feathers, the weight and hardness of marble. Stroke engraving, or rather the art of taking proof impressions from engraved steel or copper-plates, only dates from about the middle of the fifteenth century; and it is somewhat surprising that the ancients, who understood die-cutting and cutting reliefs both on stone and metal so well, should never have thought of taking impressions of their works upon paper, or parchment, or papyrus. What treasures would have come down to us if the art of engraving had been known in the time of Pericles! Although its origin is rather obscure, it appears to be tolerably well ascertained that engraving, or rather the idea of printing engravings, first saw the light in the workshop of a Florentine goldsmith, Maso Finiguerra, who first learned to take impressions from *niello*—that is, of the little ornaments placed on gold and silver plate by stamping; but the word *niello* properly signifies *black enamel* (*niellum*), which was melted and poured into the hollows of the engraving, to make them stand in higher relief.

There are many curious stories told of the origin of this invention. According to one, a laundress, having by chance placed some wet linen upon a vessel which Finiguerra had just engraved, was surprised to find on removing it that it bore a distinct impression of the ornaments upon which it had been resting, and upon her master's hearing of it, it furnished him with the key to the new branch of art, that of taking impressions of engravings. We say of taking impressions, because there is no doubt that the art of engraving, of damaskeening, of inlaying, was known to the ancients; and previously to his discovery, Finiguerra himself, according to Vasari, had engraved for the church of St. John the Baptist, at Florence, little figures of the Passion upon those silver patenes, then called *peaces*, because upon them the faithful bestowed the kiss of peace at religious festivals. In the year 1452, also, the same year in which Gutenberg and Faust printed their first Latin Bible at Mayence, Finiguerra having engraved the *peaces* of which we have just spoken, and wishing to ascertain the state of his plate, having poured the niello upon it, took an impression of it with plaster, in accordance with the usual custom of goldsmiths. Upon this plaster, the lines of which were in relief, he poured sulphur, and in the hollows of the sulphur he passed smoke black, which produced the same outward appearance as niello.\*

\* Of niello we have spoken in the ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR AND MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. i. p. 200, when describing a vase in that style now in the British Museum.

But in order that he might see the effect upon a clearer ground, and thus judge of it better, he thought him of taking proofs upon moist paper, as was the custom with engravers on wood. This experiment was repeated with more durable ink upon the silver paten as the work advanced, and the impressions thus obtained were the first engravings. One of these proofs, a relic of inestimable value, is preserved in the Cabinet des Estampes in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, where it was discovered about half a century ago, by the Abbé Zani, who, after diligent research and careful comparison, at last put his hand upon the earliest productions of the art.\*

He also found by a happy accident that the *peaces* engraved and enamelled by Finiguerra for St. John's Church at Florence were still there, as also the register in which the sum paid to the artist is recorded, and which enabled him to fix the date of the work with accuracy—1452. There are extant, also, besides this proof on paper in the Cabinet des Estampes, two proofs in sulphur, which belonged to the famous amateurs, Serrati and Durazzo, so that there is no gap in our knowledge regarding this curious process.

The invention had hardly issued from the laboratory of its author, when it began to spread abroad; but still its progress was not rapid. The *peaces* of Finiguerra were remarkable for beauty of execution, delicacy of outline, and the expression of the figures, to the number of forty-two, symmetrically grouped according to the usage of the time, and representing the "Assumption of the Virgin." But Baldini and Sandro Boticello, to whom Finiguerra first confided the results of his discovery, were slow in following it up. The plates which the two artists produced, and which were drawn by Boticello and engraved by Baldini, representing principally scenes in Dante's "Divina Comedia," bear all the marks of inexperience and simplicity. Nevertheless, at the same time that Italy produced engraving, Martin Schongauer, a painter and goldsmith, and a native of Culmbach, in Germany, about the year 1460, produced some pieces displaying the utmost finish and delicacy, and great firmness and clearness in the lines,—and altogether so admirable, that it was almost certain that these were not the first results of the kind obtained in Germany; and their beauty has been adduced as a proof that Germany, and not Italy, was entitled to the honour of having first produced the new art.

The second half of the fifteenth century saw a number of engravers appear, who, with better materials and greater experience, would have risen to sublimity. We do not here speak of Pollajuolo only, who foreshadowed historical engraving in those large plates in which he imitated the easy play of the brush; but, above all, of Andrew Montegna, who, with a process which was still but rudimentary, revived the Greek style in those gems of his which breathe all the fragrant odour of antiquity. The truth is, however, that the glories of engraving did not begin until the sixteenth century, the age in which Albert Durer, Lucas de Leyden, and Mark Antony flourished. If we take, for example, the engraving of 'St. Jerome,' we must acknowledge that in it Albert Durer has pushed both variety and precision to their limits. What originality, what harmony, what delicacy there is in every line of this work, though traced more than three centuries ago! A bright light enters by two glass windows into the anchorite's chamber, and throws the trembling shadow of the frame upon the embrasures. The saint, whose head displays great character, is seated before his pulpit, and appears buried in the study of the Scriptures. A multitude of objects enter into the composition, and yet, for the first time perhaps, each of them preserves its own physiognomy. A fir plank is rendered with marvellous truth. A lion and a fox crouching in the foreground are treated in such a manner as to express well the fine hair of the one, and the coarse and shaggy covering of the other. The lines are throughout delicate and close without meagreness, and so drawn as to mark the perspective, the form, and the nature of the thing delineated; and the copper is cut with a

\* The history of this discovery of Zani may be found in a work which he published at Paris, in 1802, entitled, "Materiale per servire alla storia dell' Incisione in rame e in legno."

clearness and propriety which charm the eye. We might mention a great many other works of the same master, in which we know not which to admire most—the gloomy and fantastic genius which has suggested them, or the exquisite feeling which presided at their execution:—"The Armoury with the Death's Head," "The Cavalier and the Lady," and "Melancholy," in which, without mentioning the sublimity of the thought, he has so happily rendered substances so different—the polish of metals, the lightness of feathers, the hair of a sleeping dog; "The Prodigal Son," so remarkable by the exquisite rendering of the swine eating from the trough; "The Arms with Cock's Head," which in execution are perhaps amongst the highest efforts of art; "The Satyr," in which he has displayed so much talent in landscape; "St. Hubert;" and lastly, the "Death's Horse," all unite numberless but different beauties, and the proofs of them, already so scarce, will soon be priceless.

As an engraver, Durer failed in aerial perspective. Lucas of Leyden, his contemporary, was the first who rightly applied its principles to the practice of the new art. From the age of fifteen he engraved with facility etchings on copper-plate—compositions admirable not only for richness of arrangement and the expression of the figures, but also for the distribution of the light; and he first discovered the method of indicating the respective distances of objects by greater lightness or heaviness of touch. In valuable engravings, such as the "Ecce Homo," "Jesus on the Cross," "The Prodigal Son," in which great delicacy of execution is combined with the charming simplicity of the gothic style, Lucas gives some lessons that painters themselves might learn with profit. "The varied colours of painting," says Vasari, "could hardly display in the different stages of a picture so much harmony and truth." During this time Mark Antony, although so fascinated by Durer's engravings as to be tempted to imitate them, attacked the designs which he purposed reproducing, whether his own or those of Raphael, with a ruder and more robust hand. Far from seeking to render, by nice or curious labour, the character of each object, the lightness of the hair for instance, the variety of dress and drapery, the softness of ermine, the brilliancy of steel, he contented himself with carrying the shade in great thick masses to the edge of the light, suppressing all minor tints, and scattering over the plate large patches of pure white, which gave the work an appearance of bold and energetic relief, and produced a very powerful effect. When applied to admirable designs, which could easily dispense with the niceties which Lucas de Leyden and Albert Durer introduced into the accessories, this decided manner of Mark Antony dealing with a few forms of almost godlike beauty, was the means of introducing into the history of art one of its most brilliant phases, and at the same time first showed the capital importance of good drawing to the engraver.

Before passing to the most flourishing periods in the history of the art, we must not forget to name here those wonderful artists known as *little masters*—Albert Aldorfer, so clever in wood-engraving, Jacob Binck, Sebald Beham, George Pens, and Theodore de Bry, who put so much character, so much grandeur, and so much pure and masculine drawing into their diminutive works. Side by side with Lucas de Leyden, Durer, and Mark Antony, or rather under their influence, there grew up a school of engraving in the Low Countries, the principal members of which were Dietrich, Van Starren, the Breughels, Jerome Cock; in Italy, Mark of Ravenna, the favourite pupil of Marcus Antonius, Augustino Venetiano, Æneas Vieux, Martin, who attempted to engrave on a small scale the last judgment of Michael Angelo, &c.

The second half of the sixteenth century witnessed several important revolutions in the art of engraving. A Dutchman who went to Venice to study painting was fortunate enough to labour under the eyes of Titian himself in reproducing the works of that great master. Colour was born of itself under his graver by the breadth, the freedom, the swelling or attenuation of the lines, or some strongly marked touch, or by able distribution of the light. Then came Augustino

Caracci, who, surpassing Cornelius Cort, whose pupil he was, executed real pictures with the graver, principally the "Virgin appearing to St. Jerome," after Tintoretto, an admirable work, the proofs of which are now very scarce, and which would almost lead us to believe that engraving had even then reached its limits. Augustino was, however, an exception. If painting could ever inspire engravers with a taste for richness of tone and finish, it would be the painting of the Venetian colourists, Giorgione, the Palmi, Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese; and it must nevertheless be acknowledged that in the engravings which were made of them, the prominent characteristics of these great masters were not preserved. The air and expression of the head were no doubt faithfully rendered, but the general effect of the picture was lost; that is to say, the effect produced by the relation of tones and the distribution of light and dark colours. The time was not yet come in which the Wostermans and the Bolswerts, inspired by the genius of Rubens, invented a complete gamut of hues between pure white and extreme black.

It was reserved for Rubens to give engraving its last and greatest impulse. This extraordinary man, of whom it might so truly be said that *nilhil tetigit quod non ornavit*, and who seemed to display equal ability in all branches of art, personally directed the labour of Pontius Wostermann, the two Bolswerts, Witduck, Peter de Jude, and taught them that proper colour contributes to the general effect of the chiaroscuro, because a light colour carries with it a mass of light, a dark colour a mass of shade. He taught them that they should not neglect local tone, which in his own paintings always played so prominent a part. He showed them, for instance, that Naples yellow, being a lighter colour than cinnabar, should be rendered in the engraving by a high stage of white. From this arose the colourist engravers, and a complete revolution in the art. Pontius and Wostermann became warmer and more brilliant, and instead of showing outlines by a stroke merely, they merged them in the surrounding objects. Sometimes they revealed the colour by scattering here and there large lights, and at others by vigorous and bold lines. Sometimes, even, when the graver wrought in obedience to strong feeling, it imitated the picturesqueness of etching. Bolswert was passionately fond of painting, and followed all the movements of the muscles, the form of the bones, and varied folds of drapery. As soon as the unbroken line became unsuitable, he substituted rough fragments of lines, and rows of dots and points; and by degrees, as he became more and more inspired by the fire of his model, he tarnished his work without hesitation, confused it, and made it contradictory by bold, firm touches, always intent not upon the graces of the burin, but the beauties of the plate.

The art had not yet reached its perfection, when, and in Germany above all, it began to manifest symptoms of decline. Henry Goltzius, an engraver of great talent, would have carried it to perfection, if perfection had consisted in the dexterous management of the burin. What boldness, what lightness, and yet what energy there was in his style! Unfortunately, however, his exploits in the use of the graver led him to neglect more important matters. He was a mannered imitator of Michael Angelo, sufficiently skilled in anatomy, but too fond of showing it, and being devoid of taste he gives to all the painters whom he copies his own stiff and barbarous style. He could never bring himself to represent the drawing, style, and expression of the painting he was reproducing. He forgot the character of the original, and became intent only upon showing his own dexterity. This great master—for great master undoubtedly he was, but he set a very bad example—had taken the mechanism of art for art itself. John Müller, his pupil, carried the audacity of engraving to the highest degree, and at the same time the great defect of long parallel lines. Lucas Kilian, agreeable in his little works, exhibits the same vanity and the same defects in his larger ones. These two artists, following the example of their master, often employ but a single cutting, and this gives their works an agreeable transparency; but as soon as



they cross their lines, their manner becomes intolerable; their squares and lozenges, in place of indicating the flatness of flesh, resemble a piece of network thrown carelessly upon the plate, and each figure enveloped in it.

The example of Goltzius, Muller, Kilian, and Mathan was not without influence, and gave force to the tendency towards exaggeration which began to prevail in all the arts. In the seventeenth century the process acquired an extraordinary and excessive importance. Engraving became a separate and

several excellent compositions. The "Holy Face," which he produced by means of a single line commencing at the end of the nose, is a unique specimen of his style, upon which some have bestowed too great a degree of admiration, and others too great a degree of depreciation; but which, in any case, fatigues the sight and leads the way to faults for which others could not make amends, as Mellan did, by excellent drawing and deep feeling. Schools of engraving began about this time to be opened, which rapidly degenerated into mere mechanical



THE TRUMPETER. FROM A PAINTING BY MIERIS.

independent branch of art, with its own beauties, its own resources, its admirers, independently of the works which it reproduced, and the character of the masters with which it occupied itself. It now seemed as if the engravers were tired of spreading others' fame, and now aspired to acquire some for themselves. The singularities, the oddities, the tricks of hand, became a fashion. Then appeared Claude Mellan, who affected to engrave by means of single lines of greater or less depth; but who, nevertheless, was able by this to produce

workshops, in which all the precepts taught and the rules laid down were arbitrary and often ridiculous. Our space will not permit us to enter into them.

All the artists did not, however, fall into this dry routine system. John Morin, the pupil of Philip de Champagne, reproduced all those austere, bold, and energetic portraits of the Jansenists, which his master had painted with a fine, bold, and irregular point, but, nevertheless, singularly expressive. Flesh, above all, he rendered with a liveliness,

relief, and force, not to be found anywhere except perhaps in Vandyke's etchings. Jonas Suyderhoef, also, neglecting the cold regularity of lines, and occupied solely with painting his engravings, if we may use the expression, scratched and nibbled his plates, and reproduced the impastments and proud retouched lights of Rembrandt, the free manner of Huls, the touch of Ostade; whilst another artist, also superior to acquired rules, Wenceslaus Hollar, imitated with the fire-point of the burin and with etching, splendid plates much sought after by amateurs, and the finest of which represent churches,

skilful and bold style which has since made his works classical. He was a man of genius, possessing in the highest degree both ability in drawing and skill in cutting, the art and the dexterity of hand; he expresses in different ways the various beauties of Raphael, of Leonardo da Vinci, of Correggio, of Philip de Champagne, of Guido, of Lebrun, and of Jouvenet, and from the manner in which he translates the qualities of these great masters, one would imagine that he possessed them himself. What a fine time for engravers! While Rembrandt shut himself up in his studio, there to



A YOUNG WOMAN FEEDING HER PARROT. FROM A PAINTING BY MIERIS

landscapes, animals, furs, insects—for instance, "Antwerp Cathedral," "Westminster Abbey," "Hunting," "Fishing," after Barlowe, "The Dead Mole," "The Hare," "The Muffs."

The seventeenth century was a brilliant era in the history of engraving. In it Cornelius Bloemart displayed talent previously unknown in managing the insensible transition from strong light to deep shade, and varying the tones according to the distance of the plans. In it Gerard Edelinck, invited to France by the great Colbert, taught there that

dream over his mysterious and fantastic etchings, and while Prince Rupert, the nephew of Charles I., made his debut in the manipulation of the mezzotinto, of which it might be said he was the second inventor, copper-plate engraving pursued its slow and solemn march. Nanteuil, with a correct, ingenious, and delicate hand, gave a second life to the portraits of all the great men of that great age—made intellect, benevolence, and dignity shine out through their eyes—made their mouths breathe and smile, folded their collars neatly, and curled their flowing hair. Masson renewing, and even going

beyond the fancies of Goltzius, gave his burin capricious and singular but expressive movements. Cornelius Wischer, though differing so widely from Edelinck, disputes the first rank with him; the Audrans produced masterpieces of art. One of them, Gerard, copied both on copper-plate with the burin and in etching, the splendid "Battles of Alexander" by Lebrun, and with so much skill as to make us sometimes doubt whether the painter's or the engraver's art was the greater.

It was not until a comparatively late period that the art began to flourish in England. The first engravings worthy of note which appeared in this country were those which accompanied an edition of "Vesaluri's Anatomy," about the year 1545, which were engraved by Thomas Geminus. They were, as might be expected, full of defects, but we can readily overlook these in consideration of its being a first attempt. The art was greatly patronised by Archbishop Parker, in the reign of Elizabeth, who constantly employed a painter and two engravers in his palace at Lambeth. One of the latter, Remigius Hogenbergh, engraved his head twice, and this is said to have been the first attempt at copper-plate engraving ever made in England. He was followed by Christopher Caxton, who undertook to make a complete set of maps of the counties of England and Wales; he engraved many of the plates himself, and they were the first set of county maps ever seen in England. But for nearly a hundred years after this, copper-plate engraving made no advance, but retained all its original coarseness and simplicity. Reginald Elstriche, who lived at the close of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries, seems to have introduced a little more neatness of finish into his works than his predecessors, but none of them ever displayed a particle of taste. The art received another impulse in advance from foreigners—the family of the Passes, from Utrecht, who settled in England early in the seventeenth century. Simon de Passe was a man of literary tastes, and displayed indomitable industry. His labours formed the commencement of a new era. They displayed great neatness, clearness, and judgment, and were ably followed up by his sons, Crispin, William, and Simon, as well as by his daughter Magdalen. The native artists of his day were all below mediocrity, and limited themselves to maps, cuts, and small portraits for books.

The first English engraver of note was John Payne, a pupil of Simon de Passe. He possessed great talents, as his works testify; but they are not numerous, as he led an irregular life and died early. The principal are frontispieces and other book-cuts and portraits; he also executed a variety of other objects,—landscapes, animals, flowers, fruits, birds; but several of his portraits are very fine, and by far the best of his works; these he executed entirely with the graver, and in a fine open style, and they have a very pleasing effect. He also engraved a large print of a ship, called the "Royal Sovereign," on two plates, which, when joined, were three feet long by two feet two inches high. He died about the year 1648.

Charles I. was the first English monarch who was sufficiently alive to the beauty of engraving to appoint an engraver royal, and Robert Vander Voest was the man on whom the honour was conferred. He engraved a portrait of the king's sister, and a plate from a picture painted by Vandyke, to supply the place of one of Titian's "Cæsars," which by some accident had been lost or destroyed. He handled his graver in a bold, fine, and commanding style. The style of Vestermann, a rival and contemporary of Voest, exhibits, however, more careful finishing and painter-like feeling, and must on the whole be allowed to be superior to that of his rival. He not only translated, but may be said to have stereotyped the great works of Rubens and Vandyke. His etchings, in particular, were excellent.

Faithorne is the next English engraver who merits our attention. He was a man of great genius, and being obliged to leave England during the civil war, he went to Paris, where he derived great advantage from the instructions of Nanteuil; and on his return to his native country, he executed a great number of portraits, and several historical

subjects, in an excellent manner. He worked almost entirely with the graver. In the early part of his life he imitated the Dutch and Flemish manner; but on his return from France he greatly improved it. His best portraits are admirable, and are finished in a fine but delicate style, with much force of colour. His drawing of the human figure is by no means correct, nor in good taste; but as he dedicated so much of his time to portraits, the few historical works he has left are not fair specimens of his talents. His portraits are numerous, but not of equal merit; his best ones are very valuable.

He was followed by Robert White, who was born in London in 1645. Besides many portraits on vellum in black-lead, in which he was very successful, he has left many engravings of portraits, frontispieces, and book-decorations. His portraits are excellent, as they are all strong likenesses; but his engraving was far inferior. He had a son also an engraver, whose works display a good deal of merit, but nothing very striking. The palm was again destined to be carried off by a foreigner, Sir Nicholas Dorigny, a native of France, but educated in art at Rome. He there became known to several English noblemen and gentlemen, who persuaded him to come to England. On his arrival, he undertook to engrave the Cartoons, and presented two splendid sets of prints to George I. After having completed this great work, his sight began to grow dim, and he returned to France, where he was elected a member of the Academy, and died at the advanced age of eighty-nine. In copying Raphael's forms he has often lost much of their exquisite grace and chasteness, and has rendered the expression of the heads coarsely; yet there is a manly energy and freedom in his style bridled by simplicity; his shadows are full-toned, clear, and rich; the lines are often conducted over his draperies with great freedom and elegance, of which the figure of "St. Paul Preaching at Athens" is a good example; as also the same apostle in the cartoon of "Elymas, the Sorcerer, struck blind."

Vivares must be considered the founder of the English school of landscape engraving. He was a native of France, and learned the principles of his art from Chatelain, in London; but, being a man of great genius, he improved on the style of his master. He was followed by Woollett in the same department, whose works were models in beauty of execution and of style for landscape. Like Vivares, he carried his plates a considerable way with the point, and gave them the necessary depth with the graver, touching them up in the more delicate parts with the dry point. His works have all the delicacy and clearness of the French masters, with all the spirit and taste of Vivares. He likewise executed several historical plates and portraits with great success. His chief works are the large landscapes which he has engraved from R. Wilson and others; the death of General Wolfe, after West.

The next remarkable engraver we have to mention is Sir Robert Strange. He is greatly admired for the breadth of his effect, and the beauty of his execution; but his great excellency is the delicacy and softness of his female flesh. In this last he has seldom been equaled, and never surpassed, by any other master, as his engravings from the works of Titian, Guido, Correggio, and other painters of the Italian school, sufficiently show; but his drawing is extremely incorrect.

We shall pass over many junior celebrities and hurry on to Hogarth, whose works exhibit a walk of art untrod before him by any. He made engraving an instrument of high moral teaching, and a vehicle for the keenest satire and the most brilliant humour. His execution was unrivalled for what it professed to be. Having on a former occasion spoken of him at considerable length, we shall not now dwell upon him any further. Since his time innumerable artists of the highest talents have appeared in every branch of engraving.

Some years ago a machine was invented by Mr. Lowry, of London, to facilitate the engraving of parallel lines. It has since undergone considerable improvement, and is now employed in most engravings, particularly in the sky, water, and the architectural parts. Wherever parallel lines are required, whether straight or circular, it executes them with elegance,

accuracy, and facility. The efforts of copper-plate engravers, in more recent times, have chiefly been directed to the illustrations for books; steel having generally taken its place for all larger and more important works, owing to its greater durability.

In the year 1785, Alderman Boydell conceived the idea of establishing a Shakspeare Gallery, in London, for the exhibition of works of art, upon a grand scale. Designs were opened up to competition, a prize of one hundred guineas being offered for all accepted by the committee. They were painted by some of the most eminent artists of the day. The first engravers in England were employed to transfer them to copper; amongst others, Sharpe, Bartolozzi, Earlom, Shaw, Simon, Middimann, Watson, Tytler, Wilson, and many others. Probably no plates ever had the same pains bestowed upon them. As much as five years was expended upon a single plate, and proof impressions were taken at every stage of the work for the subscribers. It was not completed till 1803, a period of twenty years from its commencement.

France has always been celebrated for her triumphs in this branch of engraving. The precision of copper-plate has always suited the character of French art better than the vagueness of dot engraving. During the eighteenth century the burin bore the sway, but there was always much to be desired in the drawing. The influence of David and Regnault, however, caused greater attention to be bestowed upon it, and its effects were soon perceived in engraving. The imperial epoch was remarkable for the extreme purity of style. It was at this period that Bervie executed those celebrated engravings known as the "Education of Achilles" and "Dejanira," and classical engraving was restored to the post of honour. To all the processes of the revolutionary period, to the fine point of Duplessis-Bertaux, to the stippling of Cossa, and the aqua-tinta which popularised the fine caricatures of Karl Vernet, succeeded the perfection of the academic lines, renewed from Edelinck, and Drenet, and Polly. The breast of the Centaur, by Nessey, was copied by Bervie, the author of the "Laocoon," by means of very curious and delicate labours, which please the eye by their elegance and their symmetry, as well as by the skill which displays throughout the flatnesses of the flesh and the presence of the bones and sinews. Such excellence in the mechanical portion of the process was never before exhibited in combination with so much refined feeling.

The triumphs of the graver continued under the Restoration; at one time they were slightly interrupted by the movement known as *Romanticism*. The "Shipwreck of the Medusa" was engraved in the dotted style by Reynolds, and soon after the "Patrol of Smyrna" revived the recollection of Rembrandt; but the methods of this great master were far sooner learnt and understood than his genius. Innovations, variations, expeditious modes and plans became all the rage, but, nevertheless, the tradition of the old masters was upheld by Desnoyer, Tardieu, and Richomme. The first applying himself to Raphael, translated him with great feeling in the "Beile Jardinière;" the second raised himself to the rank of master by his fine portrait of the Earl of Arundel, after Vandyke, and by the "Communion of St. Jerome," in which he preserved all the power and expression of Domenichino; and the third had courage to measure himself against Edelinck in his rendering of one of Raphael's *chef-d'œuvre*.

After this rapid historical sketch, it may not be amiss to give a short outline of the observations which professors, books, and academicians have made of the code of engraving.

Generally the burin should follow in its course the hollows and the cavities of muscles and folds, and widen the cutting as it approaches the light, and narrow them as it enters the shade, and finish the outlines without hardness. The various series of lines should be in union, although each object should be treated in its own style. It often happens, for example, that the line which is first in an open space may serve in returning to form the second, when in place of developing the muscle or fold, the engraver has only to strengthen the tone. He must neither indulge in odd and

capricious turnings, nor adhere too closely to straightness of line, which though doubtless easier to make, has always a stiff and monotonous aspect.

With regard to draperies, care must be taken to distinguish them by the nature of the manipulation; in engraving linen, for example, it should be closer and more delicate than in the case of other cloths, and in most cases should be made by a single line; white cloth by two lines only, and with a breadth proportioned to the texture of the material; in shining substances, such as silk, the work should be straighter, and the folds should be imitated by abrupt breaks, and also by an interline, slipped into the intervals of the main lines; woollen and silk velvet with an interline also, but with the principal lines strongly marked, and the second lighter, but still well sustained. The interline, which answers the purpose of producing a shining appearance so well, may also be employed with success in rendering metals, gold and silver vases, and armour and weapons of polished steel.

In architecture the lines must obey the laws of perspective and help to create the necessary optical illusion; that is, the lines which cover receding or diminishing objects must concentrate in the point of view; they must conform also to the direction in which the objects present the greatest dimensions. Entire columns, for example, are engraved by perpendicular lines, to avoid the discord which would arise between the lines of the capital and those of the base. In sculpture care must be taken not to do too much. The work should be light, and appear reflected, as white marble and stone always does. There should be no point of light placed in the pupil of the eye; and the hair should not be represented, as in nature, in detached fibres, but in a mass. Landscape should be commenced by careful and discreet etching, so that, when giving it the finishing touches, the coarseness may be removed without totally destroying, in every place, the picturesque roughness. In earth, walls, trunks of trees, mountains, and rocks, the lines should be broken, interrupted abruptly, trembling, and should cross almost at right angles, to imitate the cold smoothness of the rocks; and should have a nibbled appearance, to imitate the rugosity of bark, and the inequalities of the ground or walls. The intervening air must also be taken into consideration, and allowance made for its influence by making objects close to the horizon very soft and delicate; and the aerial perspective found in the painting or drawing should be reproduced.

Water, if calm, should be represented by right lines parallel with the horizon, and with light interlines, and some breaks, which express very well the glitter and polish of the surface. By perpendicular seconds, the form of objects reflected in the water, and overhanging its banks, may be rendered, taking care to make their shape apparent, and to mark their relative distance from the spectator. If they are trees, their form can be best produced by a light outline, particularly if the water is quite clear. When the waters are agitated like the waves of the sea, the principal lines should be like the movement of the wave, and the interlines should be lozenge-shaped, as they best express the transparency of fluids. In cascades or waterfalls, the lines should follow the course of the fall, with interlines, and a good deal of abruptness in the lights. Clouds are rendered by horizontal lines; if they are those light, hanging vapours that lose themselves insensibly in the blue of the sky, care must be taken that the line, instead of forming a distinct edge all round the cloud, should verge towards the extremity, and disappear there gradually. If the clouds are tempestuous, murky, and agitated, the graver should give itself up to their forms without reserve. The crossings of the lines should be made lozenge-shaped, because this gives transparency and an appearance of motion; but the first should in every case be more prominent than the second. The lines must not be too wavy, because they give the cloud the appearance of a fleece of wool or a bundle of tow. The blue of the sky is rendered by straight, horizontal lines.

Care must be taken to engrave the flesh of women and children different from that of men, and to make the first part of the work close and thick, so as to represent the softness and

delicacy of their skin. The square which expresses hardness must be avoided, as also the losenge. In general, flesh should be produced by dots; that of men by long dots, such as are put at the end of lines or lozenges, intermingled with round

that the thickness of the coating of wax deceives, from some cause or other, it sometimes happens that when the plate is duly bitten, in spite of all the regularity observed, they come out badly arranged, and if any attempt be made to set them



MIRRIE IN HIS STUDIO. FROM A PAINTING BY MIRRIE.

dots, and that of women with round dots, prepared by etching, in order to avoid that rough labour produced by elongated dots. "The dots," says Abraham Bosse, "should be arranged like bricks in a wall; above all, great order and regularity should be observed in disposing them, for whether it is

right with the graver, the flesh will appear as it covered with some cutaneous eruption." When the aquafortis produces them in the right place, however, and they are afterwards mingled with the long dots produced by the burin, the effect is excellent.



## ADRIAN BRAUWER.



We do not know whether Vandyck lent his personages any of that dignity which he possessed in so large a degree him-



self; but on seeing the portrait of Adrian Brauwer, which he has left us, we can hardly fancy that a man with such a lordly air, who could twirl his moustache so haughtily, and fold his

VOL. I.

cloak so gracefully, could have been the painter of sottish peasants, debauchees, and low players. It must be confessed, that if the portrait be not flattering, the painter has not given us any means of forming an idea of his personal appearance from the figures he drew. But, unfortunately, it is only too true that his own habits were exactly those which he was fond of depicting, that he lived a drunkard, and died in an hospital, and that he was one of those prodigals who never think of returning, but to whom pardon is granted because they have loved painting not wisely but well.

Houbraken has recounted Brauwer's life in such a way as to surround him with interest, and make a full display of the accuracy and depth of his own information. A letter of Nicholas Lix, burgomaster, quoted by Houbraken, proves that Brauwer was born at Haarlem, and not at Oudenarde as stated by Cornelius de Bie, the Flemish writer, and also by M. de Piles. He belonged to a poor family, and was possessed of a natural genius which his parents were unable to develop by education. Chance, however, brought it to light. His mother was milliner and dressmaker for the peasant women of the neighbourhood. Her son sketched for her with a pen the flowers, fruit, birds, and other little ornaments that she embroidered on the collars, caps, &c. A painter of considerable reputation, Francis Hals, was one day passing by their little shop, and saw little Brauwer designing, and struck by the ease and taste which his sketches exhibited, stepped in and asked him whether he would like to be a painter. The boy said he should, if his mother would allow him. The latter consented, but only on condition that his master should support him until he was able to support himself.

Hals agreed, took the boy home with him, and installed him in his studio, but kept his promises very badly. Perceiving very soon the advantage he might derive from talent displaying so much freedom and originality as that of Brauwer, he separated him from his other pupils, and shut him up in a

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little garret, where he made him work from morning till night without rest or relaxation, and gave him barely food enough to keep him alive. Adrian's disappearance, however, awakened the curiosity of his fellow-students, who seized an opportunity afforded them by their master's absence to pay a visit to the prisoner. They ascended to the garret in terror, and, by peeping in through a little window, were able to discover that he was executing very good pictures. One of them proposed to him to paint "The Five Senses," at two-pence each. Brauwer accordingly completed a sketch, in which the subject, trite as it was, was treated in a manner entirely new, for he had never seen it from any other hand, and yet with great simplicity. Another ordered "The Twelve Months of the Year," also for two-pence each, but promising at the same time to increase the sum if he would work out his sketches.

It was a piece of rare good fortune for the poor recluse thus to find employment for such leisure moments as he was able to snatch without awakening the suspicions of his master. But Hals and his worthy spouse, who was, if possible, still more niggardly and hard-hearted than himself, soon began to perceive a falling off in the amount of Brauwer's labours, and set a watch on him; so that he was compelled to fag away without ceasing, and, by way of punishment for past remissness, they diminished his rations. Happily it is with boys as with young ladies in love: if you want to give cunning and address to the simplest or most stolid, you have only to shut them up. So Brauwer began to plan an escape. But here we shall let his biographer Descamps tell the tale:—

"He escaped, and ran through the whole town, without knowing where he should go, or what he should do. He at last went into a baker's shop, and laid in a store of ginger-bread, sufficient to last him the whole day, and ensconced himself under the organ-case of the Great Church. Whilst he was ruminating on his position and prospects, he was recognised by a passer-by, who frequented his master's house, and who readily guessed how matters stood from Brauwer's forlorn aspect. He inquired what ailed him; Brauwer, with his usual frankness, recounted everything that had happened, dwelling at length upon the covetousness of Hals and his wife, who, not content with the profit they drew from his labour, were letting him die of hunger and nakedness. The pallid looks and the rags of the narrator corroborated his statements, and interested his hearer to such a degree, that he took him back to his master, and promised him that he should receive better treatment in future."

The remonstrances of his new friend were not without their effect. He experienced more kindness, and was rigged out in a new suit of second-hand clothes. He now set to work with renewed vigour, but still for his master's benefit, who sold his little paintings at a high price, pretending they were the productions of a foreign but unknown painter, and thus stimulating the curiosity of the amateurs. Brauwer, inspired with new vigour by his good clothes and good food, gave full vent to the inspirations of a talent of which he alone was ignorant, but which was already making a good deal of noise out of doors. Amongst his fellow-students was one destined afterwards to be a great painter, Adrian Van Ostade, who was better able than the others to appreciate Brauwer's genius, and the delicacy, warmth and harmony displayed in his works. Ostade was indignant at Hals' conduct, and told Brauwer that he was a fool not to break loose from his servitude; that he was talented enough to live by his art, and draw from it, not profit only, but honour; that with a very little energy he might regain his liberty and make a name for himself; and advised him to go to Amsterdam and seek his fortune, where, as he was credibly informed, his paintings already sold at a high price. Brauwer was easily persuaded, escaped a second time, and made his way to Amsterdam, where he had no friends, relatives, or any recommendation whatsoever. On his arrival, his good genius led him to the French Crown Inn, kept by a certain Van Sommeren, who had practised painting in his youth, and whose son, Henry Sommeren, executed very good landscapes and flower-pieces. He could not have fallen into better hands.

Our young vagabond, finding the cookery of the French Crown better than that of Madame Hals, took heart, and opening his haversack, took out his colours, and sketched some pieces which astonished his hosts, and induced them to make him a present of a fine copper-plate, upon which he was to display all the talent of which he was capable. He accordingly painted a gambling quarrel between some peasants and soldiers—representing the tables overturned, the cards scattered on the ground, the players throwing pots of beer at one another's heads; one of whom, badly wounded, lies foaming with rage upon the floor, half-dead, half-drunk. The picture was full of nerve, and executed in a warm tone, with great vivacity in the figures and truth of expression. He was at once recognised as the "foreign artist" of whom Hals had boasted so much. M. du Vermandois, a distinguished amateur, gave him no less than ten pounds for this work as soon as he saw it. Brauwer could hardly believe his eyes—he who had begun by two-pence each picture! He took the money, lay down on his bed, and kicked and rolled for joy. After a little, he jumped up and ran out without saying a word. It was evident that so much wealth was burdensome to him, and that he was already longing to see the end of it. At the end of nine days he re-appeared, singing and laughing, and when asked what he had done with his money, exclaimed, "God be praised, I have got rid of it!"

This anecdote alone portrays Brauwer's character to the life. His rude apprenticeship in Hals' garret, as well as the ardour of his own temperament, made him prone to the free enjoyment of life. Painting was in reality but a secondary passion with him. His chief aim was, to eat, drink, and be merry—we were going to say, his chief talent, for it was from this sort of life that he drew his inspirations, being able to paint drunkards all the better from being constantly in their society. His studio was the workshop which he made the scene of "The Gamblers' Quarrels," and the furniture of which consisted of a cask on which the clowns have just thrown down the four aces, a broom, a kettle, which the light fills with golden hues, and a bucket turned upside down, and upon it the smokers' chafing-dish, without reckoning the burden leaning against the wall, as we always see it in Teniers' pictures. It was from this locality, when harassed by his landlady for payment of her bill, that he sent his paintings for sale to the amateurs. If they did not bring the price he expected for them, he burnt them, and set to work anew upon others, upon which he bestowed more care, till at last he got what he wanted.

There is no species of pleasantry or facetiousness that the Flemish or Dutch biographers have not attributed to Brauwer. Cornelius de Bie states, that having been plundered by pirates on the coast of Holland, he betought himself of getting a coat made of coarse brown holland, and on it painted flowers and foliage in imitation of Indian shawls. Having then given it a shining appearance with gum or varnish, he walked about the streets, attracting great attention from the ladies, who were in raptures with his costume, and were inquiring on all sides where they could procure this new stuff. He then went in the evening to the theatre, and at the close of the piece managed to mount upon the stage, where he walked up and down with a wet sponge in his hand, calling upon the audience to examine the material of his coat, of which he said, he was the sole maker, and carried the only piece in the world upon his back. Then, to the great astonishment of the pit, he rubbed off the painting with his sponge, and revealed the calico in its native coarseness, declaring it to be an emblem of human life, upon which one should place as little value as upon the wretched garment which a moment before had appeared so costly and beautiful. This "pointing of the moral," otherwise commonplace enough, was performed by him with a better grace upon another occasion. Some of his relatives invited him to a wedding, evidently, as he believed, because he had just got a new and very showy velvet coat. At dinner he took some of the greediest and thickest sauce on the table, and smeared the coat with it, saying that the velvet had a right to the good cheer, inasmuch as it was the velvet

which was invited. He then threw it into the fire, and went back to the tavern for his old rags.

James Houbraeken, who ably engraved the portraits which illustrate his father's "Lives of the Painters," conceived the idea of placing a monkey beside Brauer's portrait, to express that buffoon humour which, far from diminishing as age advanced, in Brauer's case only increased and became more repulsive. In fact, what in the child might be called drolleries, in the man were nothing but gross tomfooleries, which smelt of the places frequented by their author. Happily, Brauer, during his lifetime, achieved better things than pasquinades and farces, and has rendered his name immortal by some masterpieces of expression, touch, and colouring, to which the graver of Vischer has lent new life. Their scarcity, too, has enhanced their value. What nerve, what life, and what accuracy of observation do they not display! Nowhere else, save in the reality, do we find those grimaces, those red and bloated faces, that coarse merriment of tatterdemalions, and those indescribable attitudes and postures of beastly drunkenness. What imagination could conjure merely up by guess those physiognomies of the gamblers—the winner singing with all his might, the crest-fallen visage of his antagonist, and the bumpers which the spectators are engulfing in their huge throats in honour of the occasion? No one but an *habitué* of taverns could have risen to the height, or rather descended to the lowliness, of scenes like these. In wine Brauer found the truth of his sketches.—*In vino veritas.*

It would, doubtless, have been far better for such a painter if his life were wholly unknown to us, and nothing remained of him except these admirable little works, which might lead us only to suspect his taste for carousal. But it would seem as if history had a predilection for scandal, if we may judge from the complacency with which she records all the follies and weaknesses of her heroes, while she is silent regarding so many charming artists who needed nothing but the *éclat* of a great vice to make them famous, and hand down their names to posterity. Brauer lived at Amsterdam until, having earned a great deal, but spent more, he had to fly from his creditors. He took the road to Antwerp; but as he was not so well versed in the current politics of the day as in the gossip of the tap-room, he was imprudent enough to present himself at the gates of the town without a passport from the States General, which were then at war with Spain. He was arrested as a spy, and imprisoned in the citadel. He there met with the Duke of Arenberg, also a prisoner by order of the King of Spain. Taking him for the governor of the place, he recounted to him, with tears in his eyes, all the misfortunes which had befallen him, and assured him most solemnly that he was merely a painter, who had come to Antwerp to make use of his talents, and offered to prove his statements if he were furnished with a palette and brushes. The duke immediately sent a message to Rubens, asking him to forward the articles; and the latter forthwith sent back canvas, colours, and everything that was necessary. In the meantime, some Spanish soldiers had set themselves down to play at cards in the courtyard in front of the painter's window. Brauer took them for the subject of his picture, and painted the group with extraordinary truth, exhibiting the minutest traits of character, attitude, and physiognomy in each. Behind them appeared an old soldier seated on his haunches, and watching the game. His face was striking and original, and between his half-open lips appeared the only two teeth that were left him. The artist had never succeeded so well—had never displayed so much fire and vigour. As soon as the duke saw the picture, he burst out laughing, and sent for Rubens to come and see if the work of his dauber was worth preserving. Rubens came, and had no sooner cast his eye upon it, than he exclaimed, "It's by Brauer; no one else could paint subjects of this kind with such power and beauty." When pressed to value it, he named seventy pounds. "You are right in thinking it is not for sale," said the duke; "I intend it for my own collection, as much because of the singularity of the incident, as for its intrinsic excellence."

Rubens used all his influence to get Brauer out of prison.

He went to the governor and succeeded in convincing him that the supposed spy was a painter of genius, and obtained his liberation, upon his becoming security that his *protégé* was in reality what he said he was. He then took him home to his house, assigned him a chamber, a place at his table, and procured him suitable dress. But Brauer, instead of being grateful for these acts of kindness, was only embarrassed by them. The libertine and riotous hero of tavern brawls and merriment felt but ill at ease in the well-ordered, sober, but elegant mansion of Rubens. In a few days our hero was heartily sick of it, and took to his heels, sold his clothes, and returned to his old haunts and associates, declaring that life under Rubens' roof was to him as insupportable as imprisonment in the citadel.

There was then at Antwerp a baker, named Joseph Van Craesbeck, a native of Brussels, who professed to be very fond of painting, and sometimes acted as a broker. Brauer made his acquaintance, and seeing he had a handsome wife, conceived it to be incumbent upon him to fall in love with her. But, in accordance with the old saying that husbands generally pave the way for their own misfortunes, it so happened that Craesbeck offered Brauer board and lodging, in case he taught him painting. This was exactly what the artist wanted, and he accordingly snapped at the proposal with the utmost eagerness. No two men were ever better matched. They had the same tastes, the same characteristics, and they soon had the same style. By dint of admiring and imitating Brauer, Craesbeck began to display some talent, but he made no better use of it than his master, for he employed himself mostly in painting drunkenness, debauchery, and pots of beer. "It appears that the two painters had, doubtless at the close of some carousal, some difference with the police, which obliged them to quit Belgium and take refuge in Paris. Brauer did but little work there, and soon returned to Antwerp, carrying disease with him, and died miserably in the public hospital in that town, in 1660. He was buried in the cemetery of the plague-stricken, that is, on a straw bed, at the bottom of a well. On hearing of this sad end of a life of so much glory and shame, Rubens, it is said, was moved to tears. He was unwilling, however, that due respect should not be paid to art in the person of one of its great professors. Accordingly he caused the body of Brauer to be exhumed, and paid the expense of the funeral rites, which he caused to be celebrated with great pomp. Roger de Piles has made the assertion that Rubens caused a magnificent tomb to be erected to Brauer in the church in which he was buried. The truth is, that Rubens did entertain the idea of erecting such a monument, and sketched a design for it, but his own death prevented his carrying his intention into execution, and consequently the epitaph given by Cornelius de Bie, in Flemish verse, had no existence save in his own imagination.

The best proof of Brauer's power and imagination lies in the fact, that, though Hals' pupil, his style differed completely from that of his master. Hals is impetuous, and consists mainly in bold touches so placed as to conceal the precision, often painful, of the sketch, and to produce their effect at a distance—and at a distance only. On the contrary, Brauer's pencil is free and easy; he expresses and finishes his objects without minuteness and without coldness. His pictures are only finished sketches—the impastment is so thin that the prining of the canvas appears through it. But besides this, Brauer had another style, in which there was more impastment and visible touches; in which lightness and softness are united to firmness, and delicacy to breadth. Fine and *spirited* as Teniers, Brauer is warmer in his tones, shows more of reddish brown, and in this approaches Ostade and Rembrandt. In a word, Brauer is as much to be imitated in his execution as his example is to be avoided in his choice of subjects. Ostade and Rembrandt are never ignoble, because they never seek to be so; while Brauer, having boldly and openly renounced decency, never fails to call up those feelings of disgust which every man, however blunt his perceptions, must feel at the sight of a vagabond or ruffian engaged in his orgies. And, nevertheless, Brauer, despite the coarseness of his models,

the vulgarity of their acts, and the ugliness and repulsiveness of their visages, has succeeded, during two centuries, in delighting all lovers of art by the delicacy, the warmth, and the harmony of his works.

Brauer executed, with a good deal of skill, some etchings, of which M. Heinecke has furnished a list: they are nineteen in number:—

8, 9, 10.—“Two Peasants,” a piece marked, *Abraham Brauer, fecit.*

11.—“A Tall Man and a Little Woman with an Ape smoking,” with the inscription, *Wats dit voor en gedrocht.*

12.—“A Peasant Girl making Cakes.”

13.—“A Peasant lighting his Pipe at a Chafing-dish held by a Woman.”



THE FIDDLER.—FROM A PAINTING BY BRAUER.

- 1.—“Four Peasants,” underneath, *T'sa vrienden.*
- 2.—“A Peasant Girl playing a Flageolet, and two Peasants dancing”—*Lustig spel.*
- 3, 4, 5, 6.—“Three Peasants smoking”—*Wer aent smoken.*
- 7.—“A Peasant sleeping in the foreground, and in the background three Peasants drunk.”—*Brauer.*

14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19.—“A series of Peasants and Peasant Girls;” six pieces without any mark: the first represents a “Woman asking Alms.”

The portrait of Brauer, painted by Vandyck (p. 145), has been engraved by Schelte: John Gole has also engraved it, and Boulonnais has copied it. Adrian Brauer is one of the

Dutch painters who has been most engraved. The names of the principal engravers are Meyssens, Blooteling, MacArdell, Lebas, Basan, Bary, Brenden, Delfos, Demouchy, Wenceslas Hollar, John Gole, T. Major, Malouvre, Mathan, Marinus, Nicholds, Ploos Van Amstel in his "Imitations of Drawings after the principal Flemish and Dutch Painters;" Riedel, father and son; Van Schagen, Seiler, Schenck, Van Sommer, Spilsburg, Spooner, Jonas Suyderhoef, Wallcrant Vaillant, Le Vasseur, Verkoljic.

drinking. This painting, which we have reproduced (p. 148), is called in Holland "The Fiddler."

John de Vischer has also engraved, after Brauwer, a series of four tap-rooms, all of which are excellent, particularly in point of colouring.

This is not all; the famous Lucas Wostermann has engraved, after this master, "The Seven Mortal Sins," represented by half-length figures. Voluptuousness is there sketched in two ways, so that the seven sins form eight pieces. They bear



THE DRINKERS.—FROM A PAINTING BY BRAUWER.

Amongst these we must distinguish, as beyond comparison, Blooteling, Lebas, Hollar, John Gole, and Suyderhoef, and we must add to the list the great name of Vischer. He has executed, after Brauwer, two pieces of the greatest beauty, and greatly sought after by amateurs, "A Surgeon dressing a Man's Foot," the first proofs of which bear the inscription, *U're, secus, pugn.*, and a tap-room, in which one man is playing a fiddle and winking his eye, three others singing, and one

the cipher V.; and the "Five Senses"—five pieces. We see in Brauwer's drawings a pen outline, aided by a little wash of Indian, and a few bold touches and hatchings of the pen, which produce all the effect that could be expected from them. The short, thick-set figures, their grimaces, and the appearance of their heads, covered with straight, stiff hair, indicate their author at a glance.

Lebrun informs us that David Teniers painted in his earlier



style (not the fine silvery gray) some paintings which have been often attributed to Brauwer, in order to enhance their price, and because they did not seem handsome enough for Teniers himself.

The following are some of the prices which Brauwer's works have fetched:—

The Laroque Sale—Gersaint, 1745: A small landscape, in a gilt frame, 16s. 8d.; a small beginning certainly.

The Caulet d'Hauteville Sale, 1774: "A Dispute at Play, containing six figures, and forming a pendant to one of Cornelius Dusart's, was sold for £2 only. It is true that at the same sale a fine Rembrandt, engraved by MacArdell in the dotted manner, brought only £24.

Randon de Boisset Sale, 1777: "A Tap-room," representing a man sitting down and lighting his pipe by a live coal; another, leaning on the back of his chair, is puffing out smoke; a woman holds a pot—3 fine painting, £98.

Burggraaf Sale, 1811: A little painting containing two peasants smoking beside an upturned cask, and a third in the background, £2 10s.

Erdard Sale, 1832: "The interior of a Public House," on wood, from the Wille Cabinet: ten figures, £38.

Cardinal Fesch's Sale, 1845: "The Card Players;" four peasants seated upon upturned tubs; the game appears to be decided. A wooden partition divides the group from three other figures warming themselves at a large fire-place. £31.

There is but one of Adrian Brauwer's paintings in the Louvre, the "Interior of a Tap-room." A man seen from behind is asleep upon a table; a smoker is lighting his pipe, and another is kissing the maid. In the background two men are chatting with a little girl.

Amongst Brauwer's pupils were Gonzales, Craesbeck, Tilburg, Bernard Fouchers, and Jan Steen, who was also the pupil of Van Goyen. The following is his monogram:—

AB A

#### VAN HUYSUM'S SECRET.

THE setting sun was glittering on the windows of a small house in the suburbs of Amsterdam. In a balcony opening upon a parterre sown with anemones, tulips, roses, and may-flowers, stood a man whose pale and haggard features, bent figure, and white and scanty hair, but too clearly indicated the rapid approach of old age and decrepitude.

It was Van Huysum, the celebrated flower painter, whose pictures, treasured in all the collections of Spain, Switzerland, Holland, and Belgium, are distinguished from all others by a softness and freshness of which he alone seemed to possess the secret.

Before him lay a palette charged with colours, several brushes scattered about, and some sketches apparently just commenced, one of which he still held in his hand; though, as if forced to suspend his labour, he reclined in an arm-chair, his head leaning back, and his eyes half-closed, as if in a swoon. Suddenly a young girl made her appearance at the lower end of the gallery, ran towards him, and asked him with an anxious air what had happened to him.

"Nothing, nothing!" he muttered in reply—"a little weakness, but nothing more; it's over now. I have been trying in vain to set to work to finish those sketches that were promised so long ago; but I'm not able."

"The doctor has warned you, uncle," said the girl gently, "that you must take rest till you are better."

Van Huysum made a gesture of impatience and chagrin. "And when will that be?" he asked in feverish accents; "don't you see there is no sign of it, Gotta?"

"Patience, dear uncle," was her reply; "you see the fine days are coming back again."

"Yes," said the old man, raising himself with a look of animation, "the garden is beginning to bloom, and the birds are singing and building their nests, and the butterflies flit-

ting about; but what avails all this when I can no longer paint them?"

"Oh, in a few weeks more," rejoined Gotta, "you will be able."

"A few weeks! do you know—or are you forgetting how time passes—that before the end of the month I must pay Vanbruk the next instalment of the price of this house, and that I was hoping to meet it by two paintings that I promised Salomon, and that the sketches are still upon the easel just as I left them three months ago? Vanbruk will call for his money in a day or two, and not getting it, will take possession of the house, and deprive me of my flowers and my sun. Delay, you see, is ruin and desolation."

Gotta stood motionless while the old man was speaking, and when he had done, after a short pause said softly, "Trust in God: I know he'll not desert you."

Van Huysum shook his head, and there was silence for some moments.

"And still," he added a moment afterwards, in a low voice, as if soliloquising, "and still, if I could get assistance, like other painters whose pupils help them."

"And so you can, uncle, whenever you please," said Gotta.

"Aye, and let them discover my secret," interrupted the painter, with an angry look, "so that no one could distinguish my works from theirs; no, no, the bouquets of Van Huysum shall always remain the only ones of their kind."

So saying, he closed the box containing his colours with testy haste, and drew the curtain over his canvas, and casting a suspicious glance at his niece, exclaimed, "I'll engage you would like to learn yourself, Gotta, what patience and perseverance have taught me. But no—if you please—you shan't know. When presents are too costly, the recipients are apt to be ungrateful. Find it out, my girl, find it out, as I found it out myself. Since I grew ill you have painted more than usual. Have you made much progress? Let me see, Gotta; show me your latest attempts."

"Oh, they're not worth your notice, uncle," said Gotta, blushing and looking rather embarrassed.

"Come, come, show them to me," replied Van Huysum. "I mustn't refuse you good advice; you have the stuff in you to make a good painter; but you must seek out your own style."

There was nothing for it but to comply; so Gotta went out and brought in a small square piece of canvas in a frame, and on it painted a bouquet of flowers, principally snowdrops and campanulas. Van Huysum examined it attentively, and at first his countenance darkened.

"Ah! you paint very well, Gotta," said he; "your tone is delicate, your drawing is correct and harmonious; here are some leaves which are absolutely perfect; it's a masterpiece, my dear; in the long run you'll form a school, and throw Van Huysum into the shade."

This was said in a tone half earnest, half ironical and bitter. It was evident that the painter's jealousy was struggling within him with the man's affection and generosity. He placed the picture at a little distance from him, that he might better observe its effect; and after looking at it in silence for some minutes, his face became lighted up with a smile.

"Yes," he said slowly to himself, "the little thing has some taste; but yet it's not my style, nor my colouring. Let us see, Gotta, how much will Salomon give you for this?"

"What he gave me for the former ones, I suppose, uncle—five ducats."

Van Huysum rubbed his hands with delight. "Good," said he; "I could sell one of the same size for fifty ducats. Ah, there's no doubt there's nobody like me; I alone can make the flowers grow out under the brush." Then, as if recurring to his former train of thought, he exclaimed—

"But what good does my skill do me if I can't use it! Miserable that I am! the mine of gold is there, but I have not strength to work it! What day of the month is it, Gotta?"

"The twenty-ninth, uncle."

"Twenty-ninth! is it possible? And Vanbruk will be here in two days—in two days! What shall I do? God has

forsaken me. I'm ruined—hopelessly ruined!" he exclaimed, sinking back into his chair.

Gotta, thinking he was about to faint, administered some cordial, which had the effect of reviving him, and endeavoured to soothe and encourage him by kind words. At this moment the door opened, and Salomon the Jew appeared. Gotta uttered an exclamation of surprise, and waved her hand to him to retire; but it was too late, Van Huysum had seen him.

"There he is," said he, in a querulous, despairing tone; "there he is, coming for his pictures, and the money with him."

"Yes, master," replied the Jew, shaking the gold in a leathern bag and making it chink, "and in good Portuguese pieces, such as I know you like."

"Take them away," said the painter feebly; "don't come here to increase my trouble by the sight of money which I want, but am not able to earn."

The Jew removed his spectacles, and looked at him with an air of astonishment.

"What do you mean?" said he; "don't you want my money?"

"No; because I can't give you the paintings."

"But I've come to pay you for those which you have sent me."

Van Huysum looked at him fiercely—"That I sent you!" he exclaimed; "what do you mean?"

Gotta made several attempts to put a stop to the conversation, which was evidently fatiguing her uncle, and preventing any explanation; but he insisted upon having one.

"I faith," said the Jew, shrugging his shoulders, "it is easily given; your niece has given me two small pictures, for which I am about to pay you ten ducats, and a large one for which I shall pay you two hundred ducats."

"Pictures of mine!" repeated the painter.

"Yes," replied the Jew, "your large vase with the nest and the snail. It is a masterpiece; and I am now taking it to the Duke of Remberg."

"You have it with you then?" said Van Huysum.

"Yes, I have left it in the parlour."

"Show it to me; show it to me!"

The old painter rose and advanced towards one of the glass doors looking out upon the gallery. Salomon followed him, and on removing the cloth which covered a middle-sized picture, revealed to Van Huysum the work of which he spoke. The latter recognised at a glance one of the sketches which his illness had compelled him to abandon, but so well finished in his own style, and with the processes which he thought known only to himself, that on seeing it he started back with a cry of astonishment. A more minute examination, however, enabled him to discover certain touches which betrayed another hand.

"Who sold you that?" said he to Salomon, in a voice hoarse with anger. "Where is the villain that has stolen my secret?"

"Here, uncle," said a soft imploring voice beside him. He turned, and there was Gotta on her knees, her hands clasped together, and big tears coursing rapidly down her marble cheeks.

"You!" said Van Huysum; "this painting by you! How did you find out my method?"

"Quite unintentionally; by watching you while at work," replied the girl.

"So, all my precautions were useless," said the painter, "since I had a spy in my house. And how long have you known it?"

"A long time," murmured Gotta. Van Huysum looked at her steadily.

"And why, then, did you not make use of it sooner?" he asked.

"Because then I only should have profited by it," was her reply; "so long as you were able to hold the brush, I had no right to interfere with your discoveries; but when sickness came, and when I knew the time for paying Vanbruk the money due to him was approaching, and when I saw you

careworn and anxious, I took courage, and thought that if I employed the knowledge I had stolen from you to give you comfort and repose, it would not be a theft, but restitution. Forgive me, uncle, if I was mistaken; but let me continue to work while you are no longer able to do so, and as soon as you are recovered, I promise you I will forget all I have learnt."

Gotta raised her streaming eyes to his, and the tears that hung on the dark lashes glistened like pearls in the sunbeams that were reflected from the window. He took her tenderly by the hand, and thus proceeded:—

"God, my child," said he, "has taught me a great lesson, by setting your example before me. He has taught me that our gifts, whatever they may be, should not be selfishly kept for ourselves alone, but that our true happiness should be in sharing them with others. Keep the brush which to-day has proved our salvation. Until now there was but one Van Huysum; henceforth, I am willing there should be two."

#### MR. BANVARD, THE AMERICAN PANORAMA PAINTER.

We are all by this time tolerably familiar with panoramas; but probably not many of our readers have seen one of the same dimensions as that which Mr. Banvard, an American artist, is said to have executed. It represents the mighty Mississippi, with the varied scenery through which it flows; and certainly, so far as mere size is concerned, must be no unworthy representation of that majestic river; for we are told it measures no less than *three miles* in length. The idea of travelling such a distance with the eye to get from the beginning to the end of a pictorial view, is quite a novelty to the steady-going inhabitants of the Old World. We are indebted to an American authority for the following account of the artist and his work, which we think will be read with interest, both as showing what ingenuity and perseverance can accomplish, and as a fresh chapter in the history of art.

There was a young lad of fifteen, a fatherless youth, to whom a very extraordinary idea occurred, as he was floating for the first time down the Mississippi. He had read in some foreign journal, that America could boast the most picturesque and magnificent scenery in the world, but that she had not yet produced an artist capable of delineating it.

On this thought he pondered and pondered, till his brain began to whirl; and as he glided along the shores of the stupendous river, gazing around him with wonder and delight, the boy resolved within himself that he would take away the reproach from his country—that he would paint the beauties and sublimities of his native land.

Some years passed away, and still John Banvard (for that was his name) dreamed of being a painter. What he was in his waking, working moments, we do not know—probably a mechanic. But at all events, he found time to turn over and over again the great thought that haunted him; till at length, before he had yet attained his twenty-first year, it assumed a distinct and tangible shape in his mind, and he devoted himself to its realisation.

No idea of profit was mingled with his ambition; and, indeed, strange to say, we can learn nothing of any aspirations he may have felt after artistical excellence. His grand object, as he himself informs us, was to falsify the assertion that America had no "artists commensurate with the grandeur and extent of her scenery," and to accomplish this by producing the largest painting in the world.

John Banvard was born in New York, and "raised in Kentucky"; but he had no patrons either among the rich merchants of the one, or the wild enthusiasts of the other, whose name has become a synonyme for all that is good, bad, and ridiculous in the American character. He was self-taught and self-dependent; and when he determined to paint a picture of the shores of the Mississippi, which should be as superior to all others in point of size as that prodigious river is superior to the streamlets of Europe, he was obliged to betake himself for some time to trading and boating upon the mighty stream,

in order to raise funds for the purchase of materials. But this was at length accomplished, and the work begun. His first task was to make the necessary drawing, and in executing this he spent four hundred days in the manner thus described by himself:—

For this purpose he had to travel thousands of miles alone in an open skiff, crossing the rapid streams, in many places more than two miles in width, to select proper points of sight from which to take this sketch. His hands became hardened with constantly plying the oar, and his skin as tawny as an Indian's, from exposure to the rays of the sun and the vicissitudes of the weather.

He would be weeks together without speaking to a human being, having no other company than his rifle, which furnished him with his meat from the game of the woods or the fowls of the river.

When the preparatory drawings were completed, he erected a building at Louisville, in Kentucky, where he at length commenced his picture, which was to be a panorama of the Mississippi, painted on canvas *three miles long*; and it is noted, with a justifiable pride, that this proved to be a home production throughout, the cotton being grown in one of the southern states, and the fabric spun and woven by the factory girls of Lowell.

What the picture is, as a work of art, many thousands have had an opportunity of ascertaining personally; and we know that it received the warmest eulogiums from the most distinguished of his countrymen, and a testimony in favour of its correctness from the principal captains and pilots of the Mississippi.

At the meeting in Boston, his Excellency Governor Briggs, of Massachusetts, who was in the chair, talked of it with



TAVERN BRAWL.—FROM A PAINTING BY BRAUER.

When the sun began to sink behind the lofty bluffs, and evening to approach, he would select some secluded sandy cove, overshadowed by the lofty cottonwood, draw out his skiff from the water, and repair to the woods to hunt his supper. After killing his game, he would return, dress, cook, and, seated on some fallen log, would eat it with his biscuit, with no other beverage than the wholesome water of the noble river that glided by him.

Having finished his lonely meal, he would roll himself in his blanket, creep under his frail skiff, which he turned over to shield him from the night dews, and with his portfolio of drawings for his pillow, and the sand of the brink for his bed, would sleep soundly till the morning, when he would arise from his lowly couch, eat his breakfast before the rays of the rising sun had dispersed the humid mist from the surface of the river, and then start afresh to his task again.

enthusiasm, as a "wonderful and extraordinary production;" and Mr. Calhoun, president of the Senate, moved a series of resolutions expressive of "their high admiration of the boldness and originality of the conception, and the indefatigable perseverance of the young and talented artist in the execution of his herculean work;" and these being warmly seconded by Mr. Bradbury, speaker of the House of Representatives, were carried unanimously.

Soon after Banvard's panorama appeared, its popularity brought scores of rival panoramas before the public—Panorama of the Hudson, Panorama of a Voyage round the World, Panorama of the Rhine, and others without end. We should suppose at the present moment, that many artists thus employed, who might otherwise have languished in poverty, find panorama painting a great source of pecuniary profit.

## RICHARD WESTALL.

RICHARD WESTALL, one of whose works we have reproduced, is best known to the public as an illustrator of British poetry—

Cheapside. He was allowed to devote his evenings to attendance on the lectures at the Royal Academy, and here he



• A PEASANT BOY.—FROM A PAINTING BY WESTALL.

certainly as delightful, if not as useful, a task as an artist can undertake. He was born in 1765, and was bound apprentice to an engraver of heraldry on silver, &c., in Gutter-lane,

formed an acquaintance with Mr., afterwards Sir Thomas, Lawrence. This became so intimate, that as soon as Westall was out of his apprenticeship the two friends took a house

together in Greek-street, Soho, dividing the doors between them—that opening out in Greek-street being Westall's, and the one in the square, Lawrence's.

The course upon which Westall entered in the practice of his art, was one well calculated to insure his popularity with the public, in the then state of taste and feeling, whatever we may think of its real excellence. The spirit of elegant sentiment, which afterwards gave birth to the "annuals" and "keepsakes," and made a great deal of poetry that is denominated "namby pamby" in the highest degree acceptable, was then abroad, and Westall was just the man to minister at its altar. His pencil, as well as his nature, was prone to elegance, grace, and refinement, though with a large amount of affection. He sketched love and love scenes under every possible type and symbol; and a great many of the best or most artistic—if we may be allowed the expression—incidents in classical mythology; Sappho in the Lesbian shades, the boar that killed Adonis brought before Venus, Calypso entertaining Telemachus in her grotto, the marriage procession on the shield of Achilles, and an immense number of Venuses in every variety of attitude, and attended by a large number of Cupids. The first production, however, which called public attention to him, was a picture exhibited in 1785, representing a scene from Chaucer's "January and May." Two years afterwards he again made his appearance with "Mary, Queen of Scots, taking leave of Andrew Marvel," "Esau asking for his Father's Blessing," and a "Scene from the Wife of Bath's Tale." His first great work, however, was illustrations of Milton and Shakespeare, which he was employed to execute by Alderman Boydell, the founder of the Shakspearian Gallery. In those of Milton he seems to have caught some measure of the poet's spirit, and in some instances he makes an approach to the poet's sublimity and grandeur; but in those of Shakespeare it can only be said that he is invariably correct, and that there is nothing to offend. For Bowyer he painted subjects from the history of England, and met with the same success.

He now came before the world as the painter of the *properties* of genteel and fashionable life *par excellence*. He was in art pretty much what Thomas Haynes Bayley was in poetry. He afterwards illustrated the various ceremonies of the church of England with a decorum, an accuracy, and solemnity that delighted the hearts of the large body of worshippers in that communion. He soon became one of the

most popular book illustrators, and was greatly run after by the publishers; but all his drawings were wanting in vigour. He, however, ministered successfully to the public taste, and for any faults in his style he was not himself entirely to blame.

He was elected a member of the Academy in 1794, the year in which Lawrence and Stothard were also elected. In 1808 he published a volume of poems, entitled "A Day in Spring," which was illustrated with engravings by S. O. C. Heath from his own designs. He taught Queen Victoria drawing; and certainly, whatever were the merits of his works, his pupil does honour to his powers as an instructor.

Probably no man who was so conversant, as an artist must be, with works of art, could have been so miserably deceived in his speculations as Mr. Westall was in his picture dealing. The fact that he was ruined at it, is the most convincing proof that was ever afforded of the folly of connoisseurship. The art of imitating pictures—of giving them the tone of age, and the traces of certain masters' manner—has of late years been brought to the highest pitch of perfection; and to detect a fraud is a much more difficult matter than to discover excellence. The mistake of the connoisseurs is in laying claim to the greatest skill in both, and, in fact, proclaiming that the one is inseparable from the other. The great anxiety on the part of the public, of late years, to become possessed of the works of great masters, has created a corresponding anxiety on the part of the dealers to supply them. In the case of cotton or calico this would not be a difficult matter; but the pictures of Titian or Giorgione do not admit of unlimited multiplication. When Westall entered the lists against dishonest imitators, he found himself completely outwitted. *Chefs-d'œuvre*, for which he thought himself only too happy to pay large prices, turned out to be clever copies. Before he had discovered the cheat he often spent large sums in restoring the colouring, in framing or regilding them. His handsome fortune was soon dissipated in this way, and the unfortunate man ended his days a pensioner on the fund set apart by the Royal Academy for the relief of any of their members who are reduced to destitution. His death took place on the 4th of December, 1836.

His "Peasant Boy," which we have engraved (p. 153), was one of the best of his works. The drawing is excellent, and there is an air of unaffected simplicity and contentment in the expression of the face, and the accessories are all in excellent keeping.

## DR. FAUSTUS, AFTER REMBRANDT.

THE story of Dr. John Faustus, as it was popularly believed by our grandfathers, and upon which so much wit and ingenuity and research have been expended, ran pretty much as follows:—

He was born in Germany of poor parents. His father was unable to bring him up, but he had a brother living near him, who took a great fancy to his nephew, and resolved to make a scholar of him. So he put him to school, and afterwards entered him at the university to study divinity; but this was by no means to the youth's taste, and though he applied himself to it with tolerable diligence, he applied far more diligently to necromancy and magic, charms and sooth-saying, witchcraft, and the like. At last, he reached such a pitch of perfection in the black art, that he attained to the power of commanding the devil to appear whenever he pleased. One day he was walking in a wood near Wirtenberg with a friend, who expressed a desire to see some evidence of the doctor's art, and asked him, could he then and there bring the demon Mephistopheles before them. Upon the first call given by Faustus, the devil made a noise as if heaven and earth were coming together, and then made a roaring as if the wood had been full of wild beasts. The doctor then made a circle for him, and round it he ran with a noise like that of ten thousand waggons going at full speed over rough pavement.

After this, it thundered and lightened as if the whole world had been on fire. Faustus and his friend were amazed at this noise, and, tired with the devil's long tarrying, thought to leave the circle, whereupon the latter personage uttered such ravishing music as was never heard in this world.

After many other wonderful prodigies, the worthy doctor succeeded in so mastering the refractory spirit, that he bound him over to appear to him at his house by ten o'clock next day. Mephistopheles accordingly appeared, and Faustus informed him that he wished him henceforward to serve him with whatever he wanted. This was declined unless he signed an agreement with his own blood to deliver himself up to Lucifer, the Prince of Darkness, at the expiration of a certain date. After much bargaining and chaffering, the lust of power and enjoyment so overcame Faustus that he consented and signed the fatal bond.

When he had done so, he called Mephistopheles and delivered it to him, whereupon the spirit told him that if he did not repent of what had happened, he should enjoy all the pleasures his thoughts could conceive, and that he would immediately divert him. He caused a kennel of hounds to run down a hart in the hall, and immediately vanished; then a bull danced before Faustus; then appeared a fight between a lion and a bear; and then followed some most exquisite



music, to the sound of which some hundreds of spirits danced. When these had disappeared, ten sacks of silver appeared on the floor, but it was so hot that no one but himself could handle it.

The report of what Dr. Faustus had done soon got abroad, and none of his neighbours would keep his company; but his attendant spirit was constantly with him, and executed his bidding in all things. Not far from his house lived the Duke of Bavaria, the Duke of Saxony, and the Bishop of Salisburg, whose houses and cellars Mephistopheles used to visit, and carry away the best of everything they contained. One day the Duke of Bavaria had invited most of the gentry of the country to dinner, for whose entertainment an abundance of provisions was got ready. The gentry being come, and all ready to sit down to dinner, in an instant of time Mephistopheles came and took all away with him, to their great terror and astonishment. If at any time Faustus had a longing for wild fowl, the spirit would call whole flocks in at the window, so that no lock or key could keep them out. He also taught Faustus to fly in the air, and perform a variety of other extraordinary tricks.

The worthy doctor was ere long favoured with a glimpse into the lower regions, and saw and heard all the unfortunates who suffered torments there. He found that the whole region was divided into a number of cells, or deep holes, and in every one of these there was a devil, whose duty it was to punish the inmates. He was much struck by the sight, and inquired of Mephistopheles what sort of people they were that lay in the first dark pit. He was told they were physicians, who had poisoned many thousands in trying experiments upon them, and were now treated in the same manner as they had treated their patients, though not with the same effect, for death never came to release them from their misery. Over their heads was a shelf laden with gallipots, full of poison. Having passed them, he came to a long entry, in which there was a great crowd, and he asked him what they were in the other world, and was told they were pickpockets, who loved to be in a crowd, and so, to content them, they were put in a crowd here. He saw many other varieties of evil-doers, in various stages of torment, which space will not permit us to enumerate.

The fame of Dr. Faustus having reached the emperor's ears, he expressed a desire to see him and some of his tricks and exploits. So the doctor paid a visit to court, and while conversing with the emperor, saw a nobleman looking out of a window. He instantly fastened a pair of horns on his head, so that he could not get his head in till Dr. Faustus took them off for him. But he was greatly enraged at being thus made the laughing-stock of the court, and resolved upon being revenged upon Faustus. He therefore lay in wait for him outside of the town, intending to stop him and chastise him on his return from the court. Faustus, coming by a wood-side, beheld the lord mounted on a prancing war-horse, and immediately ordered the spirit to whirl him aloft, and set him down in the emperor's palace with a pair of horns on his head, which he could never get off till his dying day.

On another occasion, the doctor was rambling through a field, and out of frolic devoured a load of hay in the presence of the farmer who owned it, and then placed it again on his cart in the twinkling of an eye. Looking out of a window, he saw some students fighting, thirteen against seven, and struck them all blind, so that they fought at random, and hit their friends, to the great amusement of the bystanders. As soon as they had separated, he restored them their eyesight. Another time he was disturbed by the shouting and bawling of some drunken clowns in an inn, so he made them all dumb. He found a young gentleman pining for love of a young lady, who steadfastly refused to receive his addresses, and gave him an enchanted ring, with instructions to slip it suddenly on the cruel fair one's finger. The moment it touched her, she began to burn with love for him whom before she had hated, and sought his company unceasingly, and when he again proposed to her, she accepted him joyfully. He also made a herd of unruly swine, whom their owner could not drive to market,

go the whole way dancing and fiddling into the town; and performed a thousand other tricks, which are recorded by his chroniclers.

At last the inevitable hour drew near. The twenty-four years for which he had agreed to sell himself drew to an end, and the spirit served him with a solemn warning that he must prepare to fulfil his part of the compact. On the day following the receipt of this, in order to drive away dull care, he sent for the doctors and bachelors of art, and the other students, to dine with him, and provided fine music and entertainment for them. But all could not keep up his spirits, for the time was at hand. Whereupon his countenance changing, his guests inquired the cause of his uneasiness, and in reply he confessed all his transactions with the devil. He had no sooner finished his narration, than there came on a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning. Faustus then went into the great hall, the doctors and masters staying in the next room, intending to hear his end. About twelve o'clock the house shook terribly, as though it would have tumbled down about their ears; and suddenly all the windows were shaken violently and broken to pieces. Then came another great clap of thunder, and the door flew open, and a mighty rushing wind entered, with the hissing of serpents, and the most hideous and dreadful screams and cries, upon which they heard Faustus shrieking piteously, as if in the greatest agony, followed by dreadful roaring and blaspheming, and then all was silent. When daylight came, they mustered up courage to enter the hall, and found his brains beaten out against the wall, the floor sprinkled with blood, and his two eyeballs lying in it. They searched in vain for his body, but at last found it lying on a dunghill outside, smashed and torn to pieces. Out of respect to his learning and other qualifications, it received a decent burial.

Such was the story which one citizen whispered to another with white lips a century and a half ago. In a ballad, supposed to have appeared in 1670, and entitled "The Just Judgment of God upon one John Faustus, Doctor in Divinity," which was once popular in London in no small degree, the doctor is thus made to describe his fate, though how he came to publish his recollections in bad doggerel after his death, is more than we can well understand.

"Woe to the day of my nativity,  
Woe to the time that once did foster me,  
Woe to the hand that sealed the will,  
And woe to myself, the cause of all my ill.

At last when I had but one hour to come,  
I turned my glass for my last hour to run,  
And called in learned men to comfort me,  
But faith was gone, and none could comfort me.

By twelve o'clock my glass was almost out,  
My grieved conscience then began to doubt;  
I wish the student's stay in chamber by,  
But while they staid they heard a doleful cry.

Then presently they came into the hall,  
Whereas my brains was cast against the wall,  
Both arms and legs in pieces torn they see,  
My bowels gone, and this was the end of me."

Now for the moral—

"You conjurors and damned witches all,  
Example take by my unhappy fall;  
Give not your souls and bodies unto hell,  
See that the smallest hair you do not sell."

The story of Faustus has furnished materials for the ingenuity and industry of numerous German writers, both in the last century and in this. And it has, as we all know, derived new and undying interest from having been the subject of Goethe's great drama. It has also been ably illustrated by Rembrandt, in an etching which we reproduce (p. 156). It is thus described in the Chevalier Claussin's *Catalogue Raisonné de Rembrandt's works*: "Faustus is standing up, his profile towards the spectator, dressed in a long robe and a

white cap. His two hands are resting, the right upon a table, and the left behind the arm of a chair. He is in an attitude of reflection, and appears to be examining with attention several magic characters, which show him in a mirror, the hand only of which is visible to us. Lower down to the right appears the half of a globe." This is, however, simply a description for the use of amateurs; but our imagination can

the powers of the universe to strife, and drags some soft, gentle, yielding nature down with him in his fall. Such has Goethe pictured him; but from the hands of Rembrandt he comes simply an old magician in his laboratory. We need hardly say that it is extremely doubtful if such a personage as Faustus ever existed. Some author has supposed that the legend had its origin in the invention of printing, the honour



DR. FAUSTUS.—AFTER AN ETCHING BY REMBRANDT.

readily supply what it wants. At first sight, we can hardly imagine that this old man, with his dressing-gown and night-cap, is the famous Doctor Faustus, the bold pioneer of philosophy, the modern Prometheus, the rash and ambitious genius who roused the fire of Marlowe, whom Goethe has immortalised, and who filled Byron's sleep with dreams. We figure him to ourselves as young, proud, energetic, sombre, and secluded—with flashing fiery eyes, and with a defiant spirit, which dares

of which belongs in part, as we all know, to John Fust, or Faust. It appears, nevertheless, more probable that the hero of all these tales was a student in theology, born at Weimar, or at Kundlig, in the fifteenth or the beginning of the sixteenth century. The first written work on the subject of which we have any knowledge, is the "History of Faust and of Christopher Wagner, his valet, by George Rodolph Widman: Frankfurt, 1587."

## INTERIOR OF A COTTAGE, BY ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.

Our engraving is an excellent illustration of the best points and greatest beauties of Adrian Van Ostade's style as a delineator of the home-life of the Flemish peasantry. An old woman tending a nursing; two children, one of them drinking eagerly from a cup, whilst the other shares its breakfast with a dog; the cradle neglected in a corner; the pot overturned, and the whole household in disorder—this is the

in the background, and the thousand streaks and sparkles on the linen, the basket, or basin. The painter of Lubeck found here a whole course of art. Attracted by the variety of lines and the melody of colour, if he found these he needed nothing else. His pencil reproduced what had charmed his eye, and not what had found favour with his thoughts. Hence the tendency amongst painters of the Dutch and Flemish schools



INTERIOR OF A COTTAGE.—BY ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.

whole scene, and simple as it is, few but Adrian Van Ostade could depict it so well, because he was the patient and simple painter of reality. One might ask, however, what could induce an artist to select a scene so vulgar, types which boasted no beauty, and accessories which have nothing to recommend them but their rudeness and rusticity? To this Van Ostade would reply by showing you the jet of light which plays across the figures, the harmonious shading which reigns

to scenes of what we call "low life." They are the painters of material life, but hardly ever attain to the poetic sublimity of the Italians. Their inspiration is short-winged, and scrapes the ground. It is a domestic bird, with splendid plumage, but of vulgar appearance, which never goes far from the house; while Italian art is one of those stately but graceful swans which float calmly and majestically on limpid lakes, or soar through blackening clouds.

## MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

VASARI tells us, with charming quaintness, that the Deity looking down upon the earth, and perceiving the fruitlessness of so many labours, the ardent studies pursued without any result, and the presumptuous self-sufficiency of men, which is further from truth than darkness is from light, resolved, by way of delivering us from such great errors, to send to the world a spirit endowed with universality of power in each art and in every profession.

He was born of a most noble and most ancient family, and at a most propitious moment, Mercury and Venus exhibiting a friendly aspect, and being in the second house of Jupiter. His father had a farm about three miles from Florence, which contained some valuable quarries, in which stonemasons and sculptors were constantly at work; and to the wife of one of the former the nursing of the future genius was confided. "Giorgio," said Michael Angelo to Vasari, in after life, when honours were thick upon him, "if I have anything good in me, it comes from my birth in the pure air of your country of Arezzo, and perhaps, also, from the fact that with the milk of my nurse I sucked in the chisels and hammers wherewith I make my figures." His other brothers were placed, as they grew up, with wool and silk-weavers, his father being of a commercial turn of mind; but Michael exhibited an unconquerable inclination for drawing, and he was set apart for an artist. So he was placed in the studio of Domenico Ghirlandajo, who did for him all that a good and kind master could do with a pupil who in a few months knew more than himself. Very soon after his entrance into Ghirlandajo's studio, he corrected some female figures drawn by his master, exhibiting the perfection of form, with a few strokes of his pen. Some sketches, also, which he made of scaffolding and the workmen engaged upon it in repairing a building, caused Domenico to exclaim, "This boy knows more than I do." He did many marvellous things of the same kind, till at last an accident brought him before the world with the happiest prospects. Lorenzo di Medici, the magnificent Lorenzo, the glory of Florence, the *dulce decus et presidium* of Italian literature and art, chanced to be greatly desirous of forming a good school of painting and sculpture under the superintendence of the aged Bertoldo, the disciple of Donato. So he desired Domenico to send him any youths from amongst his pupils who evinced a marked taste for sculpture. Michael Angelo and Francesco Gronacci were the two selected, and on repairing to the Medici garden, on the piazza, in which Lorenzo had collected a great number of gems of ancient art, they found a youth of the Torrigiano family modelling in clay certain figures given him by Bertoldi. Michael immediately entered into competition with him, and with such success, that Lorenzo was convinced he was in truth a youth whom he was bound to assist and put forward in every way in his power. This favourable impression was increased by the sight of a marble copy from the antique of the head of a faun, made by Michael about the same time, with marvellous accuracy and ability, though he had never handled a chisel before.

A room in Lorenzo's own palace was accordingly set apart for him, and the great merchant prince signified to Ghirlandajo that it was his intention henceforth to provide for his maintenance and education.

Buonarotti was now sixteen years old, and he lived in Lorenzo's palace during the next four years, namely, till 1492, when death deprived him of his patron. During this period of his career he executed in marble "A Battle of Hercules with the Centaurs," which looked more like the work of a master than that of a youth in his teens. It is still preserved in the house of the Buonarotti family at Rome, and remains in possession of the artist's descendants. Lorenzo entrusted him with the keys of his famous garden, and gave him a general superintendence of it. These honours excited the jealousy of his fellow-pupil, Torrigiano, to such a pitch, that he began to jeer him one day, and struck him so violent a

blow in the face that he broke his nose in such a manner that he bore the marks of the injury for life.

Michael Angelo returned to his father's house in great sorrow upon the death of Lorenzo. He had, in truth, good reason for his grief. We can fancy what delightful, happy hours he must have spent in that delicious abode, steadily pursuing the arts he loved, and surrounded by the finest productions of antiquity, and smiled upon by him whose smiles made happy the wisest, wittiest, and bravest men of the day. After this he wandered through various parts of Italy, visiting, amongst other places, Bologna and Venice, and leaving in each some of his masterpieces. His first visit to Rome was owing to a curious circumstance. He executed at Florence a sleeping Cupid, life size, which was pronounced by all who saw it a work of rare excellence, particularly by Baldassare del Milanese, who strongly advised him to bury it for a time and then send it to Rome, where he would then obtain a high price for it as an antique. It is said that Michael Angelo allowed him to do so for him, and he accordingly sold it to Cardinal San Giorgio for 200 crowns. The cardinal, however, soon heard that the statue had been at Florence, and was greatly enraged by the banter and ridicule he had to undergo in consequence of the deception. He sent it back to Milanese, who had sold it to him, and compelled him to return him the money. But the affair made such a noise that it raised Michael Angelo's credit greatly. He was consequently soon after invited by Cardinal San Giorgio himself to go to Rome and reside at his house; but the cardinal, knowing little of art, never set a proper value on him, and they soon parted. Jacopo Galli, a Roman gentleman, perceived his talent early, and commissioned him to make a Cupid the size of life, and with a Bacchus ten palms high. The union in outline and expression of masculine energy and passion with female softness and roundness of form, was so admirably rendered in this work, that it was now acknowledged upon all hands that Michael Angelo far surpassed all modern sculptors. Amongst his greatest achievements of this period was his "Dead Christ"—a work not for any one age or generation, but for all time. Every muscle, nerve, and vein is rendered with an accuracy which displays consummate knowledge of anatomy; an attainment the more wonderful from the fact, that at that time the structure of the human body was but very imperfectly understood. "There is," says Vasari, in his simple but expressive language, "a most exquisite expression in the countenance, and the limbs are affixed to the trunk in a manner that is truly perfect; the veins and pulses, moreover, are indicated with such exactitude, that one cannot but marvel how the hand of an artist should in such a short time have produced such a work, or how a stone, which just before was without form or shape, should all at once display such perfection as nature can but rarely produce in the flesh."

Michael Angelo appears to have placed a high value upon the work himself, as he engraved his name on the Virgin's girdle, a thing which he never did on any other occasion. It says little for the value of fame, however, that one day when he entered the place where it was erected, he found a large crowd admiring it, and on inquiry being made who had executed it, some one said, "Our Hunchback of Milan," without any one's offering to correct him or set him right.

There was a huge block of marble at Florence at this time, out of which a certain Sinone de Fiesole had commenced to make a colossal figure, but had so botched it, that the authorities shut up the marble, and did not suffer him to proceed. Michael Angelo's friends now advised him to try and obtain it, and he succeeded in doing so. He measured the mass, with the view of accommodating his figure to the shape of it, and finally executed a young David holding a sling in his hand. It was erected in front of the Piazza del Signori, and was the admiration of everybody; but the Soderini, a muni-

cial officer of Florence, in all the flush of aldermanic dignity, must needs say something depreciatory, to show his judgment in matters of art. Michael Angelo perceived at once that he was standing in such a position that he could not see it properly, but, in order to satisfy him, slyly gathered up a little dust in his hand, and going up to the nose, tapped it with the chisel, but without taking any off, and at the same time let fall a little dust. "Look at it now," said he to the Soderini. "Ah!" replied the good man, "I like it better now." By all competent judges, however, the work was looked upon as almost faultless, and the Soderini paid him four hundred crowns for it. A bronze cast of it was made and sent to France.

His next great work was a design for the façade which he constructed for the Great Hall of Council, in competition with Leonardo da Vinci. It was entitled "The War of Pisa," and represented soldiers surprised.

His fame was now so great that he was invited to Rome by Pope Julius II., and charged with the construction of his sepulchral monument, upon which he intended to display extraordinary magnificence. Upon his arrival he went to the quarries of Carrara, and excavated a prodigious quantity of marble, and having collected it at Rome, sketched a design and began the works. The tomb was to stand within the church of St. Peter, which was to be rebuilt for that purpose. It was to stand apart, and around the whole was to run a range of niches, interchanged by terminal figures, clothed from the middle upwards, and bearing the first cornice on their heads, while to every one was bound a captive, in a strange and abased attitude, the feet of each resting on the projection of a scroll or basement. These captives symbolised the provinces, or *partes infidelium*, which Pope Julius had subdued and brought within the jurisdiction of the mother church. Other statues there were also, representing the Arts and Sciences captive, and in mourning attitudes, emblematic at once of their subjection to Religion, and their sorrow at being deprived by death of their patron and promoter. Above the cornice appeared friezes in bronze, with figures of cherubim, and over all two figures—one, Heaven, carrying a bier upon her shoulder, and smiling with joy that so great and good a man was entering her portals; the other, Cybele, or Earth, bewailing her misfortune in losing him.

It is sad, after having called up before our minds the image of, so noble a work, to learn that it was never completed. Many of the statues were executed, but as the building was not forthcoming, they were scattered far and wide. Two of those representing the captives were given to Roberto Strozzi, a gentleman at whose house the sculptor had lain during his illness, and by him they were presented to Francis I. of France. They remained for a while at St. Emon, but are now in the Louvre.

The works of the tomb were, however, still proceeding, when an unexpected and rather curious incident brought them to an abrupt termination. Some marble arrived one day from the quarries, and as the carriers had to be paid, Michael Angelo went to the Pope for the money. On his arrival at the palace, he found that he was engaged in transacting some very important business. He accordingly returned, and paid the men himself, believing he would be reimbursed next day. But on repairing to the Vatican for that purpose, the servants refused him admittance. He was astonished—declared there should be some mistake;—but no; the orders regarding him were express and positive. He instantly left the city, and returned, post-haste, to Florence, where he formed the intention of going to Constantinople, and entering the service of the Sultan, who had invited him to his court for the purpose of constructing a bridge to connect the capital with Pera on the other side of the strait. The Pope in the meantime was writing furious letters to the Florentine authorities, demanding his return; but Michael Angelo, who resented affronts keenly, positively refused to do so. At last, so imperative did the language of the pontiff become, that he feared to return, even if he had felt desirous of doing so; and it was not till the Soderini offered to secure him against all harm by invest-

ing him with the sacred character of a Florentine ambassador, that he at last consented.

When he reached the Pope at Bologna, he found that the idea of completing the tomb was abandoned, and he received a commission for a statue in bronze of his Holiness. The clay model was completed before the pontiff left Bologna for Rome, and he came to see it. The right hand was elevated with an air of great dignity. The Pope, not knowing what was to be in the left, inquired whether he was supposed to be blessing the people or anathematizing them. The sculptor replied that he was "admonishing the Bolognese to behave discreetly," and suggested that a book should be placed in the left hand. "Put a sword into it," said the visible head of the church; "of letters I know but little." This statue was placed over the gate of St. Petronio at Bologna, but was afterwards destroyed by the Bentivogli, and the bronze was sold to the Duke Alfonso of Ferrara, who made a piece of cannon of it which he called *Julia*. Of the fragments, the head only was preserved, which remained for some time in the duke's wardrobe; but what afterwards became of it is not known.

On Michael Angelo's return to Rome he was commissioned to paint the ceiling of the chapel in the Vatican, which Julius had constructed in memory of his uncle, Pope Sixtus, known as the Sistine Chapel. His disappointment at not having the execution of the tomb was amply compensated for by the triumph which he now achieved in this splendid work. It was completed in less than two years, and still continues to excite the astonishment and admiration of every spectator.

After the death of Julius, though his successor Leo X. was one of the greatest and most munificent patrons of art the world has ever seen, Michael scarcely comes before us at all during his pontificate. He appears to have been mostly employed as an engineer, in which his talents were as great as in art, working quarries, making roads, bridges, aqueducts, &c. During the reign of Adrian VI., Leo's successor, he resumed the construction of the monument of Julius; but civil war and political troubles interrupted it, and drove him back to his native city, which his talents in engineering proved successful in defending against a large besieging force, so that it could not have been taken had not treachery rendered the great man's labours fruitless. When peace was restored, he returned to Rome, and employed himself for some time on the monument of Julius. His next, and in many respects his greatest, work was his painting of the "Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel. It was finished in 1541, and is perhaps the most sublime and even awful work which has ever issued from human hand. Thousands of persons came from all parts of Italy to see it. He afterwards painted the "Martyrdom of St. Peter and St. Paul;" but being old at the time, it cost him great effort and fatigue. Monuments of his genius as painter and sculptor there are, plenty and glorious; but perhaps none of them are so striking and famous as that which testifies to his architectural skill—the Church of St. Peter's at Rome. It was begun by Julius II., in 1506, and was by him committed to the hands of various architects, each of whom acted on a different plan from his predecessor. In 1540 it came under Michael Angelo, and he speedily infused harmony and unity into those parts which had been already completed, and made designs for the remainder, which, though he did not live to witness the completion of the edifice, were faithfully acted upon, and resulted in producing the noblest structure ever devoted to Christian worship.

Michael Angelo died in 1563, and his funeral rites were celebrated with a splendour and solemnity worthy of his great life and great deeds. Sculptor, painter, architect, engineer, and poet: there was hardly anything he did not touch, and he touched nothing that he did not adorn.

We have been unable to discover whether Michael Angelo's drawing, "The Dream of Human Life," which we reproduce (p. 160), is still in existence; and it is impossible even to learn anything of its history. It has been preserved and handed down to us by successive engravers, with slight differences of one kind or another. One only of these versions, however, is recognised by Landon in his works of Michael Angelo.



In the absence of all explanations whose accuracy may be relied upon, we are compelled to fall back upon our own imagination in search of the meaning of the allegory depicted in the drawing, and our readers will be consequently justified in rejecting or modifying the one which we venture to supply.

gratification of material appetites—symbolised by the roasting of the goose. Higher up, the youth leaning listlessly on a table, and dreaming vague dreams of ambition and glory. Then he becomes fond of sensual enjoyment, as his passions awaken and expand. Further on he loves, and woos, and we



THE VISION OF HUMAN LIFE.—FROM A DESIGN BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

Man is reposing upon an open tomb, in which a great number of masks are lying scattered representing the different ages and conditions of life, and its passions and vanities. Suddenly, a trumpet from heaven sounds in his ear, and around him is a mysterious arch, which depicts the various stages in human existence. First, Infancy, wholly given up to the

afterwards find him surrounded by the cares and sorrows of a family. Then the world comes strong upon him and chains him down. He loses the nobility and generosity of his youth, and becomes covetous, dishonest, ungrateful. Last of all, he descends into the tomb, leaving children behind him to weep his loss, and run the course over again that he has run.

## ALBERT DURER.



ALBERT DURER was born at Nuremberg, on the 20th of May, in the year 1471. His father a native of Pannoniâ,\* was



\* "Albertum Durerum à Pannoniâ oriundum accepimus," says Camerarius, in the preface to his translation of Albert Durer's Vol. I.

a celebrated goldsmith. In his youth he had studied in the Netherlands, under the famous masters of the school of Bruges, who had imparted to him their style, so full of delicacy and truth. But in the year 1455 he relinquished the fertile meadows of Flanders for the fresh valleys of Germany. At the age of twenty-eight he settled at Nuremberg, and there married a young girl, named Barbara Hellerin, who became the mother of the famous artist. It is probable that Albert Durer began to assist his father in his trade at a very early age, but he always manifested a preference for engraving. Some authors, among others Kaael van Mander, maintain that he received lessons from Martin Schöngauer, a celebrated engraver, surnamed "Le beau Martin," and known by the name of Martin Schön. But this vague tradition is without foundation, and in the account which Albert Durer has himself written, and which Sandrat has preserved to us, there is nothing to lead us to suppose that his father had any intention of placing him under the tuition of Martin Schöngauer, who resided at Colmar. Durer only says, "Having already acquired the art of working in gold, I felt a greater inclination to turn my attention to painting than to pursue the trade of a goldsmith. When I communicated my wishes to my father he was much displeased, for he regretted that I had wasted so much time in learning my trade. Nevertheless, he acceded to my desire, and on St. Andrew's Day, in the year 1486, placed me for a term of three years with Michael Wohlgemuth." Unaffected and pious, living without ostentation in the bosom of a quiet family, it was long before he became aware of the extent of his powers. The first plate executed by him bears

German work: "Alberti Dureri clarissimi pictoris et geometre do symetriâ partium in rectis formis humanorum corporum libri in Latinum conversi." Nuremberg, 1534.

the date of 1497; it represents four naked female figures, and far from having been copied, as is asserted by the historian Baldinucci,\* from a copperplate of Israël van Meckenen, was an original work, which Israël van Meckenen copied. His first picture, a portrait of himself, was executed in the year 1498; it is now to be seen at Florence, in the gallery set apart for the reception of autograph portraits. The artist has drawn himself in half length, seated before a window, his hands resting on a maul-stick; he is dressed in festive attire, a white tunic striped with black, and a mantle thrown gracefully over one shoulder. His beautiful hair is arranged in long rich curls. Although the lines are very decided, and the drawing hard, there is a boldness in the execution, and a softness in the touch, which is not to be met with in his later efforts. The noble expression which the master has given to his countenance was no flattery, but with this air of dignity he has blended an ingenious satisfaction with his personal appearance.

Albert Durer was not only handsome, he was also very proud of his beauty, as we learn from his letters to his intimate friend Willibald Pirckheimer. An innocent pride in the painter, which was only one form of his admiration for all the works of God. It seems, indeed, as if nature had been as bounteous with her outward gifts as she had been prodigal of her intellectual endowments. "She had given him," says Camerarius, "a commanding figure, and a body worthy of being the temple of so exquisite a mind."† His features were remarkably regular, his eyes bright, his hair abundant and glossy, and his nose aquiline, while the slender elegance of his neck, his expansive chest, sinewy limbs, and hands of exquisite delicacy, completed his personal attractions.

Albert Durer was fifteen when he commenced studying under Michael Wohlgemuth, one of the old masters, who, full of modesty and honour, practised his art in an obscure studio, caring little for glory, diligently reading his Bible, studying nature, and labouring as if to fulfil a moral obligation.

Having completed the term of his apprenticeship, the young artist left Wohlgemuth, in order that he might seek something of the world. He travelled through Germany, and also visited the Netherlands and Italy; but we glean little of this first tour, which, made at the early age of nineteen, must have had a decided influence on his character. "I set out," says Durer, "just after Easter, in the year 1490, and returned in 1494, after Whitsuntide, when Hans Frey negotiated with my father to give me his daughter in marriage, and with her a dowry of 200 florins. Our nuptials were celebrated on the Monday before St. Margaret's Day, 1494." If we are to judge by the portrait of Agnes, painted by her husband, she must have been possessed of extraordinary beauty; but with this beauty was mingled an expression of irritability, more especially when anything unusual happened to annoy her. Albert Durer, warned of this failing by the delicacy of his

perception, could not help entertaining gloomy forebodings. He thought of the young girl promised him in marriage, as one of those sinister prophecies which the Pythoness of old was wont to elute in brilliant language. But he submitted to what he considered his destiny.

The newly-married couple lived happily together for a short period. Soon, however, clouds began to gather. Durer, whose character was mild and gentle, had not the determination to commence a strife with the charming, though formidable, Agnes Frey. The disconsolate artist sought comfort and advice from a near friend, in whom he ever found a ready sympathiser in his sorrows. Being married himself, Willibald Pirckheimer was the better fitted to be his counsellor, though his domestic life formed a strange contrast to that of Albert Durer. His partner was a model of grace and gentleness; no discord had ever disturbed their harmony. But he was destined to have his share of the troubles of this world; his wife died, and her loss was a mutual grief to the two friends. The artist, deeply impressed with the memory of Crescentini, painted her stretched on her death-bed, holding in her failing hand a lighted taper and a crucifix, and receiving extreme unction from a priest seated at the bed-side, while a kneeling Augustine friar reads the prayers for the dying. This painting was executed with pious care. At the side of the weeping Willibald are seen the nuns of St. Clair, who are come to soothe the last hours of his wife. At the top of the canvas Durer wrote, in letters of gold, words dictated to him by his friend.

In the meantime Agnes Frey, tormented by avarice, restless, haughty, and violent, allowed no repose to the husband she had tamed, to the melancholy painter of "Melancholy." She urged him to work, even threatened him, and at last locked him in his studio. He wrote sorrowfully to his faithful friend, Willibald Pirckheimer: "I hear that you have taken to yourself a wife; take care that she prove not also a master." Once he managed to get beyond the reach of this Xanthippe, by making a second visit to the city of lagoons, the home of Italian art, beautiful Venice. He was induced to make this journey, by the pleasant reminiscences of his former sojourn there. This was in the year 1506. The wonderful engravings of Albert Durer were already beginning to astonish the lovers of the fine arts in Italy; his renown had crossed the Alps and reached the ears of Raffaele. These two great masters having discovered that their admiration was reciprocal, exchanged portraits, Durer sending with his some of his fine engravings. The famous engraver, Marc Antonio, of Bologna, was at that time in Venice. He observed in these engravings what was wanting in his own. He remarked the admirable guidance of the graver, the exactitude and delicacy of the figures, and the great precision with which the copper was cut. Admiring also the free and bold style of Durer's wood-engravings, he attempted to imitate it. By degrees he was led on by his success to counterfeit thirty-seven pieces of "The Passion," and to make them complete, placed upon them, instead of his own mark, the monogram of Albert Durer. Vasari relates, that Durer, warned of this fraud by the receipt of some of the proofs, hastened to Venice, brought an action against Marc Antonio, and obtained an order from the magistrates forbidding the Bolognese engraver to use, for the future, the cypher of Albert Durer. This anecdote has been contradicted, and has been pronounced by Bartsch to be one of those fictions so frequently met with in the books of art of the period. The reason he gives for his opinion is, that the pieces of "The Passion" are dated 1509 and 1512, and that, consequently, they could not have appeared for several years after Durer's visit to Venice in 1506. It would be necessary, he justly observes, to prove that Albert Durer made another journey to Venice; but of this we have no account. This argument is forcible, and, we may say, conclusive, when we remember the numerous inaccuracies of which Vasari has been found guilty. From the confidential letters which Albert Durer wrote to his friend Willibald Pirckheimer from Venice, we may gather, that the sojourn of the Nuremberg artist caused quite a sensation among the *Walsche* (it was thus that

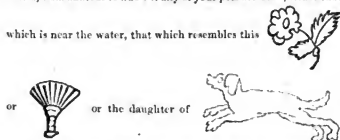
\* We read in Baldinucci (Vita di Alberto Durrero): "Altro non si vede di quel tempo fatto da lui, che una stampa sulla data del 1497, anno venezuellesimo dell' età sua, e quella anche aveva copiata da una simile intagliata da Israël de Menz. . . ." There is certainly a mistake here, arising from the fact of the engravings signed Israël van Meckenen having been attributed to Israël the elder instead of to his son, Israël the younger, who has been proved, both by the Abbé Zani and Adam Bartsch, to have been the real author. The learned iconographer enumerates several other copies by Israël van Meckenen after Durer, which are very inferior to the originals. Bartsch, vol. 6 of the "Peintre Graveur," and the Abbé Zani, "Materiali per servire alla storia dell' incisione" Parma, 1802.

† Doderat hujus natura corpus compositione et statura conspiciam, aptumque animo specioso quon contineret. . . . Erat caput argutum, oculi micantes, nasus honestus, et quem Græci *εὐκλειαν* vocant Proceriusculum collum, pectus amplum, castigata venter, femora nervosa, crura stabilia. Sed digitis nihil diuissis vidisse elegantiam." Camerarius *ubi supra*. In the preface to the Latin translation of Albert Durer's German work, are to be found some most valuable details of the life, character, and habits, of this great artist.

Albert Durer named all those who were not Germans). His house was continually besieged by visitors. Nobles, musicians, and learned men sought him, and so disturbed his German tranquillity, that he was sometimes obliged to conceal himself, in order to gain a few hours' quiet. With the characteristic penetration of a German, Albert Durer made his observations on the good people by whom he was surrounded, among whom he detected many of those witty amiable loungers, of whom such numbers still exist in Italy: "One would take them," says he, "for the most charming men. They are well aware that one is not ignorant of their numerous follies, but they only laugh at it." With the solitary exception of Giovanni Bellini, with whom he formed a close friendship, and who overwhelmed him with praises, Durer had ever cause to complain of the painters. Thrice they had him dragged before the magistrate, to compel him to pay the dues of their companies.

"I have many friends among the *Wälsche*," he writes, "who have warned me neither to eat nor drink with their painters, among whom I have many enemies. They place copies of my works in the churches, and in every building where they can possibly have them; afterwards they speak disparagingly of them, say that they are not antique, and are worth nothing. But Giacomo Bellini praised me in the presence of many gentlemen. He himself paid me a visit for the purpose of asking me to paint him something; he promised to pay me well. Everybody tells me that he is a good and pious man, inasmuch that I have conceived a great affection for him. He is very old, but is yet the first painter. The thing which pleased me so much eleven years ago, does not please me at all now.\* I only began to-day to sketch my picture, for I have had so great an irritation in my hands, that I have not been able to work, but it is now better. Be, then, as I am—patient. Dear friend, I am anxious to know if any of your pets are dead, either that

which is near the water, that which resembles this



or the daughter of

\* Dated at Venice, at nine o'clock, on the night of the Saturday after Candlemas, in the year 1506.

"ALBRECHT DURER."

The painting to which Albert Durer refers in this letter was executed by order of the German community established at Venice, under the name of "The Fondaco dei Tedeschi." The price agreed upon was eighty-five ducats. As soon as it was placed upon the altar of the church for which it was destined, the doge and the patriarch went to see it. Every one praised it, except such as were painters of only moderate fame; for the great artists, on the contrary, acknowledged the splendour of this foreign genius. Giovanni Bellini extolled him. Andrea Mantegna, a native of Mantua, wished to become acquainted with him, and Durer set out to visit him, but before arriving at Mantua he heard of the death of this painter.† Jacopo da Pontormo, having engaged to paint "The Passion of Jesus Christ," attempted, without disguise, to imitate the Gothic style of Durer, and Vasari himself admits, that the inventions and beautiful conceptions of the German painter were of great assistance to the Italian masters.‡ But this sway, exercised in the very heart of Italy, by a German—that is to say, a barbarian, could not fail to

excite the jealousy of the Venetians. Perhaps there never lived a man more happily constituted, and gifted in a higher degree with qualities calculated to gain the affections and dissipate all ill-feeling. Durer was kind and generous to all, and always mild and gentle in his bearing. His conversation, which displayed at once his high appreciation of art, and his profound knowledge of the mathematical and positive sciences, particularly geometry and architecture, was so agreeable and interesting, that his hearers dreaded the moment when he should cease to speak.§ He was never at a loss for words, in which to express himself, and his manner was so noble and dignified, that the highest potentates, Ferdinand, King of Bohemia, and Maximilian, Emperor of Germany, took pleasure in conversing familiarly with him. The latter, having formed the highest opinion of his talents, retained him at his court, where he employed his graver and his brush alternately. It is related, that one day, when engaged in painting some large object, his ladder proving too short, Maximilian requested one of the nobles who surrounded him to hold the ladder, that the artist might mount with safety to the top. But the noble lord considered it beneath his dignity, and refused to obey. "You are noble by birth," exclaimed the irritated Emperor, "my painter is ennobled by genius;" and to show how much easier it was to make a noble than a great painter, Maximilian forthwith commanded that a patent of nobility should be made out for Durer, giving him for armorial bearings—three shields on a field of azure, two on the chief, and one on the base. These arms became subsequently those of all the societies of painters.

At the age of forty-nine, Albert Durer again visited the Netherlands. Unfortunately, Agnes Frey, his terrible spouse, followed him there. Antwerp being at that time the most important town in the Low Countries, and the centre of commerce, was the first place they visited. The evening of their arrival, the agent of a rich banking-house—that of the Fuggers||—gave them a splendid supper. The following days Durer was escorted through the city, and the painters invited him to a dinner which was given at their hall, of which the illustrious guest gives the following account:—"No expense was spared; the banquet was served on silver, and all the painters, with their wives, were present. When I entered with mine, they separated on either side, as if I had been one of the nobles of the land. There were present many persons of high station, who greeted me respectfully, manifesting every desire to be agreeable and obliging in all things. When we were seated, Master Rathporth offered me, in the name of the corporation, four measures of wine, in token of their good will and esteem. I thanked them, expressing my gratitude. . . . The entertainment was continued until a late hour of the night, when we were conducted home by torchlight, amid overwhelming protestations of friendship."¶

At Ghent and at Bruges Durer received a similar welcome. Proofs of esteem were lavished upon him, in the shape of invitations; delicacies abounded, the wine flowed plentifully, and every evening he was reconducted to his abode by torchlight. Margaret of Austria, regent of the Netherlands for Charles V., hearing that Durer was at Brussels, despatched an officer of the court to assure him of the favour of herself and the emperor. In gratitude for this politeness, the Nuremberg engraver presented to Margaret some of his finest plates, "St. Jerome in the Room," engraved on copper with wonderful delicacy, a copy of "The Passion," and afterwards he gave her copies of his entire collection of engravings, with the addition of two subjects drawn on parchment with great labour and care, which he

\* Should not the thing alluded to, be a person?

† Camerarius, in the preface to his translation of Albert Durer's work on the "Proportions of the Human Body."

‡ Figurò tutte quelle cose così celeste, come terrene, tanto bene che fu una miravaglia, e con tanta varietà di fare quelli animali, e mostri, che fu un gran lume a molte de' nostri artefici che si sono serviti poi dell'abundanza e copia delle belle fantasie e invenzione di costui. "Vita di Marc-Antonio, ed altri." Parte quarta.

§ . . . Sermoneis autem tanta suavitatis atque is lepor, ut nihil esset audientibus magis contrarium quam finis.—Camer. ubi supra.

|| The Fuggers were the Rothschilds of those days.

¶ See Albert Durer's Journal of his stay in the Netherlands, in the years 1520 and 1521. This Journal has been published by Mürr, in vol. X. of his "Art Journal." It is translated into French, in the "Cabinet de l'Amateur et de l'Antiquaire." Vol. I., 1812.

valued at thirty florins. But he soon began to feel the effects of intrigue: the envious prepared snares for him so artfully, that after the favourable reception which Margaret had given him, her manner suddenly changed towards him. Durer showed her a portrait which he had painted of the Emperor Charles V., when she assumed so disdainful an air, that the artist was compelled to remove his canvas in silence. On another occasion, in order to ascertain whether this contempt were felt for his talents or his person, he begged for the little book of Master Jacob (Jacob Cornelisz), which was embellished with choice miniatures; but the lady replied sharply that it was promised to her painter, Bernard Van

spicuously in his memorandum-book these vengeful words "In all my transactions, whether in selling or in buying during my sojourn in the Netherlands, in all my intercourse with the high or low classes, I have been wronged, more particularly by the Lady Margaret (of Austria), who has given me nothing in return for all my presents and labours." Regarding the portrait of the Emperor Charles V., which the regent had appeared to despise, Albert Durer was obliged to part with it for a pocket-handkerchief of English manufacture. Happily a citizen of Antwerp, Alexander Imhoff, accommodated him with a loan of one hundred golden florins, for which he put his hand to a bill stamped with his seal, and



CHRIST TAKING LEAVE OF HIS MOTHER.—AFTER ALBERT DURER.

Orley. Then and there ended their connexion, much to the gratification of the crafty and the envious. This celebrated engraver was not worse treated by the Austrian princess than by private individuals, for in Brussels he painted six portraits, for none of which the remuneration was forthcoming. His abode at Antwerp provoked the following remark:—"I have made here many drawings and portraits, the majority of which have brought me nothing." In consequence of this, although he worked hard and practised the strictest economy, he became involved in pecuniary difficulties. Hurt by the contrast which he remarked between his splendid reception and the strange proceedings which followed it, he wrote con-

payable at Nuremberg. Just as he was meditating his departure, Christian II., king of Denmark, made his appearance in the city, and, hearing that Durer was still there, sent for him, loaded him with favours, and desired to have his portrait taken by so great an artist, for which he paid him liberally. Gratified by the splendid engravings presented to him by Albert Durer, Christian invited him to a banquet, at which the Emperor, the Princess Margaret, and the Queen of Spain were present; but none of these august personages deigned to address a word to the noble and handsome guest, whose genius did honour to a royal entertainment. Soon after this, our artist left Belgium, carrying with him bitter



reminiscences, which made his native Germany appear more charming than ever. There, at least, he had only to bear his customary grief, conjugal strife, a grief which was unvarying and inconsolable, and which was revived, from time to time, by the passions of Agnes.

The study of the Flemish paintings, and his own acute observation, had by degrees worked a considerable modification in Albert Durer's view with regard to the nature and aim of art. The correspondence of his friend Melancthon, as well as the later works of the painter, proves to us that, towards the close of his career, his mind underwent a vast change.

unable to support the double burden of labour and vexation, inasmuch as Agnes Frey became every day more peevish and ill-tempered. In the abode in which the unhappy couple passed their stormy existence, where should have reigned that peace and quiet so dear to artists, and the poetic and softening influences of memory, ill-humour, defiance, anger, all the irritated and irritating passions were let loose. Tortured by the foolish fear of poverty, the avaricious and beautiful Agnes harassed the patient engraver with her lamentations. She watched him with a commanding look, and held his genius captive to her sordid spirit, demanding what was to



SAMSON SLAYING THE LION.—AFTER ALBERT DURER.

Instead of the profusion of detail which characterised his more youthful productions, he now sought to throw into his pictures a simplicity and harmony of conception, which he found made a much nearer approach to nature, than the laborious variety which he crowded into his former pictures. He regretted that he had not discovered this earlier in life, for, at his age, it was difficult to alter his style of painting; but with these noble regrets was mingled the still more noble desire to improve the style and general character of his works. Such is the energy of the true artist! Then it was that he painted the sublime figures of the *Apostles*, which are to be seen at Munich.

A fatal hour was approaching for Albert Durer. He was

become of her should she be left a widow.\* Those friends who would have solaced and entertained him were driven away,

\* *Nemini mortem imputare queat, quam uxori ejus quæ cor ipsa usque adeo eroserit, tantoque cruciata eundem affligerit, . . . ut nullam a labore remissionem querere, vel societati quædam interesse poterit, ob continuas querelas, quibus ad laborandum noctu atque interditi rigore eum compulerit, ut pecuniam saltem quam moriens ipsa relinqueret, lucraretur . . . etc.*—“*Letters of George Hartman*,” a friend of Durer. Bayle, in his “*Dictionary*,” quotes a letter from Prince Anthony Ulric, of Brunswick, which proves that Durer suffered all the misfortunes, with all the patience of Socrates: “*Ipsam domi Xanthippen habuisse pessimam et divinæ sui mentis flagellatricem acerrimam.*”

and the poor old painter, tired of life, and worn out with struggling, lost his energy, and gave himself up to despair. An eyewitness relates, that his reason sometimes seemed to wander. Albert Durer died on the 6th of April, 1528.

At the cemetery of St. John, at Nuremberg, is shown the spot where this great master, after a life full of troubles and anxieties, found a haven of rest. "It is impossible to imagine a more gloomy place," says one of our contemporaries.\* Not one of those country graveyards, so full of nature's poetry; no weeping willows drooping their melancholy branches; no dark towering cypress mounting towards the skies; no flowers, green turf, or garlands, pious offerings from the living to the memory of the dead. The tombs, ranged in long rows, like the beds of the patients in a hospital, are merely flat stones laid over the graves. No railing encloses them, no cross surmounts them; their burying-place might be compared to a camp-bed set up for a night. Meanwhile, the lichen spreads its dusky stains, and the mass of rank verdure announces that oblivion is already beginning to swallow up the memory of those beloved beings to whom the epitaph promises eternal tears.

On Albert Durer's tomb-stone is the following simple inscription:—

Me. Al. Du.  
 QUIDQUID ALBERTI DURERI MORTALE FUIT  
 SUB HOC CONDITUR TUMULO  
 EMIGRAVIT VII IDUS APRILIS MDXXVIII.

Willibald Pirckheimer, the faithful friend of the great painter, died, after this short epitaph, a brief catalogue of his virtues, and mentioned the universal grief which was felt for his loss. It well became him to engrave this last farewell on Albert Durer's tomb-stone, for he had strengthened and consoled him all his life. Even fate seemed to respect their old attachment, for they are laid side by side in the same graveyard.

So much for the man: let us now briefly examine the works by which he is known. Having already (*ante p.* 37), on presenting our readers with the beautiful allegorical design called "Melancholy," by Albert Durer, spoken at some length of the peculiarities of his style, it will be unnecessary to go over the ground again. On the contrary, we believe it will be more profitable if we consider with attention the subjects we are enabled to introduce into these pages as illustrations of the genius of the great German artist.

Albert Durer lived in troublous and stirring times—times favourable for the development of genius wherever it was possessed; for, while he sat in his study and imagined moralities and satires upon mankind, while he indulged in those fantastic dreams which he has revealed to us in so many shapes, while he travelled to Venice, to study the arts—and to escape the tongue of Agnes Frey,—Columbus, and Americus Vesputius, and Sebastian Cabot, were opening up fresh fields for the enterprise and commerce of mankind. While he was busy over those wonderful sketches of the great Passion of our Lord, Luther and Melancthon were fiercely battling with old Rome, and the dawn of the Reformation broke upon the world. While he was painting that grand picture of St. Mark and St. Paul and St. John and St. Peter, as a parting gift to the people of Nuremberg—that famous picture, removed a hundred years afterwards to a more princely resting-place, the Protestant inscriptions on which, written by his own hand, were rudely cut away, lest they should offend the courtly eyes of the elector of Bavaria—during that time, Laurentius in Haarlem, and William Caxton in Westminster, were perfecting that "divine art" which has done so much to advance the liberties and increase the comforts of mankind; the people of western Europe were just beginning to appreciate and understand the sciences which the Moors, now driven ignominiously out of Europe, were wont to cultivate in the fair city of Granada; Sir Thomas More was improving the literary taste, of which

\* M. Alfred Michiels, author of "Études sur l'Allemagne," where it is to be found a summary of the history of German Painting.

Geoffrey Chaucer and old John Gower had laid the foundations in England a century before; the great Raffaele was adorning the Vatican with those beautiful frescoes, which have been the wonder and study of artists ever since; and men were just beginning to wake up out of their long sleep of apathy and ignorance, never, it is to be hoped, to doze again.

The art of engraving and etching upon copper had not long been invented when Albert Durer was born: before he was twenty, however, he had made such progress in its practice as to be looked upon as Michael Wohlgemuth's most promising pupil; and by the time he was twenty-three, he had established himself as a "painter, engraver, architect, and sculptor," in his native place, that:

"Quaint old town of toil and traffic,  
 Quaint old town of art and song."

Henceforth he was destined to be the principal painter and engraver of Germany, and to leave on the works of all future German artists the impress of his own peculiar treatment. He found in the works of his predecessors a dreamy, wild, fantastic energy; and he followed in their path with such success as, in his earlier works, to surpass anything that had gone before, in eccentric spirit and vague mysticism.

Of this peculiar manner, this singular treatment, this fantastic, thought-provoking style of drawing, which

"While it charms repels, and while it horrifies enchants,"

we have numerous examples in the works of Albert Durer. Thus, besides the allegory of "Melancholy," already given in these pages, we are enabled to present our readers with two other specimens of what may be called Albert Durer's first manner. In "The Lord and the Lady" (*p.* 173), we recognise one of those strange German moralities of which the painters of that day were so extremely fond. Here is an allegory of human life, not difficult to translate. The lord is whispering "soft nothings" in the lady's ear, while, in the shadow of the bare and leafless tree, the conqueror Death stands waiting by. Hour-glass in hand, he watches their every motion, as if, at no distant time, he meant to claim his own. Honour and wealth, and pride and station, possess no spells to charm the destroyer; youth and age, ruddy health and tottering disease, beauty and deformity, bravery and cowardice, strength and weakness, genius and stolid ignorance, all fall beneath his restless dart—all succumb, as it were, to an irrevocable Nemesis from which there is no escaping.

Of a like character, both as respects the high degree of careful finish given to the work, and the mysterious darkness of the theme, is the "Death's Head Coat of Arms." Who can fail to read and understand the dread lesson it essays to teach? The most subtle and learned king-at-arms never emblazoned heraldic picture such as this. Here, upon honour's shield, is painted the escutcheon which every man must hang above his door at last—grim, grinning Death! Oh, the painter is a moralist indeed! A bare, eyeless skull, supported by civilisation and barbarism—the crowned lady and the naked savage—is the picture which our mortality holds up before the eyes of our pride. It is a lesson we may every one of us take to heart. And the crest to this dread coat of arms is an empty helmet, fantastically crowned with eagles' wings and leaves, emblematical of the emptiness of worldly honours and the worthlessness of pride! Well may the satyr leet into the lady's eyes; for the jewel-crowned head, no less than the beggar's, must come, one day, to be a thing like that depicted on the shield.

Albert Durer's mature manner shows itself in more plainly understood, but not less powerful, imaginings. In such designs as "The Passion of Christ," "The Apocalypse of St. John," "The Martyrdom of the Ten Thousand Saints," "The Knight, Death, and the Devil"—a sort of condensed expression of the spirit of the "Pilgrim's Progress," says Sir Edmund Head; in "Madonnas and Apostles;" in "The Triumphal Arch and Car of Maximilian;" in "The Life of the Virgin;" and lastly, in portraits of friends and homelike

pictures, such as are used to hang over the fire-places in good citizens' houses.

The first-named work consists of two great series of woodcuts, afterwards rendered in more enduring copper. "The Great Passion" comprises representations of the main incidents in the eventful life of our Saviour—his birth in the manger, his dispute with the doctors, his way to Calvary with the cross upon his shoulders, the taking down of his body from the fatal tree, his burial and resurrection.

In all these subjects, says Kugler, the most perfect grouping is made consistent with the greatest simplicity of design; and however indifferently the engraver has executed his part, the very varied expression of the single figures, and the peculiar grace of the lines and movements, cannot be concealed. When we look at such fine works, we easily comprehend why the wily Italians valued Durer's compositions so highly, and how it was that a translation of them into Italian was so much desired.

"The Lesser Passion" consists, as the name implies, of a series of the more domestic incidents in the life of Christ—pictures in which the mysterious events related are all brought before the spectator, as in a moment of time, with truth, power, and the liveliest feeling of the beautiful. Of these, the most celebrated are—"Christ washing the Feet of his Disciples," in which a great number of figures are artistically grouped in a small space, which, nevertheless, is not crowded or confused, but leaves the principal group, in which the Saviour is of course the prominent figure, clear and distinct from all the rest; "Christ praying on the Mount of Olives," one of those simply beautiful compositions in which dignity and feeling are blended with the greatest tenderness and the most profound repose; "Christ taking leave of his Mother," previous to the accomplishment of his great mission (p. 161), another of those touching incidents which Durer, in his best period, knew so well how to depict; "Christ appearing, after his Resurrection, to Mary in the Garden, and to his Mother in the Chamber," both compositions of great beauty and simplicity of arrangement—one of these, "Christ taking leave of his Mother," our readers will be able to form their own judgment. The noble tenderness of the son, the anguish of the mother, and the sympathy of the attendants, all evince the hand of a master in their development. In this series the utmost carefulness in the arrangement of his groups has been observed, and in the disposition of the drapery there is a noble fulness and simplicity which displays the figures to the utmost advantage. It has been noticed, in Albert Durer's oil paintings, that the draperies are generally too much cut up into strange shapes, a plan by no means calculated to improve the forms of their wearers. But in all his ideal subjects, his fancy being allowed full play and his pencil being freed from the fashions of his own country, he has made the folds of his draperies fall in those large imposing masses, so much admired in the works of the great Italian master, Raffaele. A great anachronism, however, occurs in this series of pictures—namely, the frequent introduction of German styles of architecture and costume, and a consequent destruction of that unity of design so highly desirable in works of historical value. This kind of oversight is frequently observable in the productions of the German and Dutch schools of painting; and we need only refer, in illustration of our remarks, to "The Rape of the Sabines," in the National Gallery, in which Rubens dresses his Sabine women in garments of Venetian silk. The two works known as "The Greater and Lesser Passion," have been engraved twice on copper and once on wood.

From "The Life of the Virgin," a series of twenty woodcuts, we have selected the most important, viz., "The Marriage of Mary and Joseph" (p. 169). Instead of the severely classical style observed in "The Passion," we have in this series a representation of those tender relations of domestic life which Albert Durer knew so well how to depict. The series embraces the history, as far as it is described in the New Testament, of the mother of Jesus. The scenes most interesting, after that event shown in our engraving, are "The Birth of the Virgin," which even Albert Durer, true to his national predilections and

quite oblivious of facts, has made to take place in a German house in the midst of a numerous company of women and maidens; "The Flight into Egypt," a composition of a few figures simply disposed in a thickly growing wood; "The Repose in Egypt," in which the Virgin sits spinning beside the cradle of her little one, while Joseph is employed at a carpenter's bench, unseen by either father or mother, angels worship beside the lowly resting-place of the child Jesus; and "The Death of the Virgin." This last subject has been frequently copied by the pupils of Albert Durer, and many pictures after it exist in the continental galleries, some of them even bearing the monogram of the original artist. It is stated by Dr. Kugler to be "a perfect composition, with a simple division of the principal groups; fine forms, and indications of the deepest feeling in the solemn exercise of holy rites."

"The Marriage of Mary and Joseph" is a work which may be advantageously studied. It is at once delicate and powerful in the manner of its treatment; and, considering the comparative infancy of the art at the period at which it was drawn, may be looked upon as a great triumph of skill. The arrangement of the lights and shadows in this picture was pronounced by a recent writer on art to be worthy the pencil of that great master of *chiar'oscuro*, Rembrandt. St. Joseph is properly represented as much older than his bride, the expression of whose face is tender and submissive, though she is not beautiful. The female figure to the right of Mary is strangely attired in an enormous head-dress and loose gown; but the drapery on the other figures is gracefully and artistically disposed. The architectural arrangements of the building are extremely well managed, and in the bas-reliefs on the arch there is shown great fertility of invention and play of fancy. As a specimen of wood engraving, however, this is scarcely equal to the "Death's Head Coat of Arms," already noticed, or the "Melancholy."

The Dutch and German painters appear to have possessed but little idea of female beauty, or but small power of expressing it. But, in truth, their models were not chargeable with the sin of too much loveliness, a fact which may in part account for the extremely plain, not to say ugly, women whom Durer and his compeers have christened by the name of Mary. A modern writer says that the women of Germany do not belong to the *tender sex*, at least in appearance. Thus, can anything be more unlovely than the female figure with the child upon her lap, which is known by the name of "The Virgin with the Monkey;" (p. 172.) What was the design of the painter in introducing so ugly an animal into his picture, it is impossible to guess; for there is nothing in tradition or history, that we are acquainted with, which would account for such an eccentric combination. The face of the monkey, indeed, is so prominently intruded as quite to call off the attention from the infant Jesus playing with the bird, which should, according to all precedent, be the leading object in the picture. But in the details and accessories this picture is really fine. To be sure, there is in the background a Nuremberg house and a German landscape, but then the lover of old Flemish and Italian pictures has long ago learnt to look indulgently on such little inconsistencies as these.

"The War Horse" (p. 176) belongs to altogether another class of subjects. It bears the date 1505, and the monogram of the painter. Like the rest of Durer's performances, it is characterised by extreme care and laborious finish. Indeed, when we come to examine this design, and mark the evidences of labour bestowed upon its execution—every line completed, every separate hair and muscle of the animal elaborated with the greatest nicety, every part of the design worked up with the extremest pains, every part of the copper-plate covered in with "cross-hatchings" and "dry point" work—we are inclined to ask ourselves, was all this patient labour expended for no other purpose than to show us an unwieldy-looking horse and its soldier-rider, standing quietly in the grass-grown court-yard of an old castle? There must, we think, have been some motive for all this real hard work which, at this

distance of time, is hidden from us. Perhaps both horse and rider were portraits.

attributed to Albert Durer; but whether he really engraved them or not, it is pretty certain that the drawings on the wood



THE DEATH'S HEAD COAT OF ARMS.—AFTER ALBERT DURER.

One other subject concludes our list of illustrations. "Samson Slaying the Lion" is one of the many wood engravings

were from his hand. It is a masterly production, and shows, more than any other design we have introduced, how entirely

he could overcome that vague mysticism and eccentricity so common to the school of which he was the head and founder. The amazing strength of the man, as, with his legs bestriding the infuriated animal, he is supposed to be tearing its jaws

moment in a little minute criticism—we cannot but think that the hinder limbs of the latter appear too much at rest for the writhing pain exhibited in its head and fore claws. In this, as in other subjects, the background is Germany of the six-



THE MARRIAGE OF MARY AND JOSEPH.—AFTER ALBERT DUREK.

asunder, is seen in every muscle of his huge body. The perfect mastery he has obtained over the lion is shown in its crouching attitude and utter prostration. Both man and animal are exceedingly well drawn, though—to indulge for a

teenth century—a rather strange country into which to introduce the enemy of the Philistines and an Arabian lion! A similar inconsistency is observable in Rubens' treatment of the same subject, which is engraved by the Fleming artist,



Wynngaerde, who resided in Antwerp about the year 1640.

Enough has been said of the philosophy and tendency of Albert Durer's works; it will be our task now, therefore, to tell the reader where the originals of his most famous compositions are to be found. As we have already said, no specimens of Durer's oil paintings are to be seen in either the National Gallery, the Louvre, or the Belgian Museum; though the British Museum and the Louvre each of them possess impressions from his copper-plates and wood engravings. In the library of the Louvre are fifteen original drawings by Albert Durer, executed with a pen and shaded on white tinted paper, illustrative of the "Passion and Resurrection of Jesus Christ." In the National Library of Paris there are also five of our artist's beautifully-executed water-colour drawings; and in the Royal Library at Munich, there is preserved the celebrated missal of Maximilian I., during whose reign the Reformation, under Luther, first began. This missal is adorned with numerous arabesques by Albert Durer, drawn about the year 1515. The King of Bavaria also possesses eight drawings by this great master. In the collection of prints at Berlin, there are upwards of two hundred drawings by Durer; and the archduke Charles of Austria likewise possesses five specimens at his palace at Vienna. But the most complete and valuable collection of Durer's unpublished drawings is in the possession of the family of Joseph Heller, the artist, better known as the author of the "Life and Works of Albert Durer." This famous collection contains, besides various drawings, upwards of seventy portraits of persons with whom the painter was acquainted. Several of these drawings are rendered still more valuable by notes and descriptions from the hand of the artist.

OF THE ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD attributed to Albert Durer, we have given several specimens. Many impressions exist in the British Museum, the Louvre at Paris, the Museum at Berlin, and elsewhere. Whether Durer actually engraved upon the wood, or contented himself with making the drawings merely, is a disputed question among artists and connoisseurs. Adam Bartsch, the celebrated German engraver, and keeper of the Imperial collection of Prints at Vienna from about 1790 to 1820, is of opinion that, from the multitudinous occupations of Albert Durer, he could not possibly have engraved the wood-cuts attributed to him; and he is further strengthened in this opinion by the inscriptions on the titles of the various productions in which these wood-cuts appeared. The German engravers, Hans Schauflein, Hans Burgmaier, Albert Altdorfer, and Lucas Cranach, most of whom were contemporaries of Durer, agree with Bartsch, who is still further confirmed in his conclusion by Charles Blanc, the editor of the "*Histoire des Peintres*," and George Stanley, the latest editor of Pilkington's "*Dictionary of Painters*." On the other hand, John Young, formerly keeper of the British Institution in Pall Mall, Joseph Heller, Rumohr, Ottley, and Heinecke, affirm the probability of Durer's having both drawn and engraved the blocks. For ourselves, we offer no opinion on the subject; content with the knowledge, that if an artist-mind guides the pencil, no indifferent engraving can altogether mar the effect of the drawing; and that, on the other hand, if the original drawing be bad, no amount of mechanical skill in the use of the graver is sufficient to completely hide its artistic defects.

There are no fewer than a hundred and seventy known wood engravings after Albert Durer's drawings, besides some sixty or more attributed to him. These last, though extremely well executed, do not bear internal evidence of Durer's handiwork. Most of the wood engravings—such as the "Greater and Lesser Passion," the "Life of the Virgin," "Samson slaying the Lion," &c., are from Scripture history.

OF THE ENGRAVINGS ON COPPER, STEEL, AND TIN, executed by Albert Durer, Bartsch enumerates no fewer than a hundred and eight, about one-fourth of which are devoted to sacred subjects. It would not be consistent with our space or design to give a list of these, but we may briefly indicate the most noticeable among them. The series of sixteen plates, called

the "Passion of Christ," has been three times engraved, and the coppers bear various dates, from 1507 to 1512. "Adam and Eve," and the "Nativity," impressions of both of which, from plates, may be seen in the print room of the British Museum, bear the date of 1504. Two proofs of the first-named subject sold at Durand's sale for £60. Several "Holy Families," on copper, are much esteemed by collectors, especially that known as the "Virgin with the Monkey," and another known as the "Virgin with the Apple," which represents Mary seated on a stone, in a landscape with buildings, and the infant holding in his hand an apple—a mode of representation very common in Nuremberg, where there exist some dozens of sculptured Virgins, executed by unknown artists, of greater or less pretensions as works of art.

The fine allegorical subject, called "Melancholy," a copy of which was sold at the Debois' sale for £5; "Death's Horse," which at the same sale brought £10; a woman with wings standing on a globe, holding in her hand a cup, "improperly called," says Stanley, "Pandora's Box," but otherwise known as the "Great Fortune," a proof of which was sold for £15; a naked woman on a globe, holding a stick with a thistle at the end of it, which is known as the "Little Fortune," and a proof of which sold for £5; "St. Hubert kneeling before a Stag, with a Cross on its forehead," one of Durer's best works, proofs of which sold for £20 to £30, according to their merit; "Death's Horse," which fetched £10; "The War Horse," also engraved on wood; the "Lord and Lady;" the "Conversion of St. Eustace," a perfect work; "St. Jerome meditating on the Holy Scriptures," the "Twelve Apostles," the "Prodigal Son," "Death's Head Coat of Arms" (also on wood), the "Crucifixion," with the holy women and St. John at the foot of the cross, "Christ praying in the Garden," and the great "Ecce Homo," are all well-known subjects. Besides these, there are numerous engraved portraits, among which are—Albert Mayence, Frederick, Elector of Saxony, Willibald Pirckheimer, Philip Melancthon, the Reformer, Erasmus of Rotterdam, and Joachim Patenier, the landscape-painter of Leige and bosom-friend of Albert Durer.

Various scholars and followers of Durer's style have copied his engravings with more or less success. Among them may be mentioned Hans Wagner, Hans Schauflein, Bartholomew Beham, Albert Altdorfer, Jacques Binck, the first scholar of Albert Durer, Wenceslaus of Olmutz (1481), Wemig (1509), and Marc Antonio Momondi (1787—1539). The last-mentioned artist has been pronounced one of the most extraordinary engravers of his time. The purity of his outlines, the beautiful character and expression of his heads, and the correct drawing of the extremities, establish his merit as a perfect master of design. But he was at the same time a great forger; for, according to Vasari, he saw at Venice the set of thirty-six wood-cuts by Durer representing the "Life and Passion of Jesus Christ," and was so much pleased with them, that he copied them with great precision on copper; and, having affixed Albert's cipher to them, the prints were taken to Italy and sold as originals. Durer at length, discovering the deception, complained to the senate of Nuremberg of the plagiarism, when the only redress that he obtained was, an order that for the future, when Antonio chose to copy Durer's, or any other painter's works, he should affix his own, and not the original artist's name to the plates!

Albert Durer, architect, sculptor, painter, engraver, geometrician, and author, has left numerous evidences of his skill behind him. In SCULPTURE his most important work is an alto-relievo in stone, representing the "Preaching of St. John the Baptist," now in the royal cabinet in Brunswick. The "Adam and Eve," carved in wood, in the cabinet of Gotha; "Jesus Christ on the Cross," a carving on ivory, in the royal collection at Munich; the "Thirty Thousand Virgins," sculptured in agate upon an altar, in the royal collection at Vienna,—are all fine works, and display, more fully perhaps than any other of his performances, the peculiar tendency of the artist's mind. Durer's carvings on stone, wood, ivory, and agate, are preserved with jealous care in the palaces of the

nobility of Germany, which fact will account for so few of them being known in the present day. He is also said to have engraved several subjects on gems for seals, &c.

As an author, Albert Dürer's fame rests upon several books of a technical character, very little known or read now-a-days. Among these are: "Instructions for Measuring with the Rule and Compasses," published in 1525, and enriched with sixty-three copperplate engravings; "Instructions for Building Fortifications," with nineteen engravings, published in 1517, and translated from the German into Latin in 1531; "Four Books on the Proportions of the Human Body," with plates, published in 1528, and afterwards translated into Latin in 1532, and French in 1557; and, certainly the most amusing work for the general reader, a volume of his letters, political essays, and journals of travels, published in French by Campe, under the title of "Relics of Albert Dürer." This last work will be found in the library of the British Museum.

His most celebrated literary production is the *Treatise on the Proportions of the Human Body*. It must be confessed, however, that his German character, with all its obscurity and want of method, is observable in this treatise, in which there is also a great deficiency of comprehensive ideas, no general principle, and no synthesis. The reader can see clearly enough that Albert Dürer was a man of imagination, but not a philosopher, and that he was deficient in that clearness of deduction for which French writers are so remarkable. When we find such a master as Dürer taking in hand so fine a subject as that masterpiece of creation, the human body; we naturally expect the writer will rise to some elevation of thought, and show some sympathy with the lofty considerations suggested by the contemplation of nature's noblest production. On the contrary, Dürer gives utterance to none of those great ideas which might well have served as the foundation for his work; he lays down no general principle, but abruptly commences by entering upon the consideration of a human body, which is seven times the size of the head, remarking at the same time that this proportion belongs only to rustic figures. In the second chapter he discusses one that is eight times as large as the head, upon which he gives no express indication of his opinion, though from other parts of his work it would appear he considered this proportion preferable. He then proceeds to the figure of a man whose height is equal to nine heads. Here the author, foreseeing a large and higher head may be desired, proposes the geometrical mean. Next comes the proportion of ten times the head, which Albert Dürer evidently regards as exceeding the true proportion of beauty; for he pronounces the figure to be slender. Hence he allows the reader to increase the size of the head, and make it nearly a ninth part of the body. From a comparison of these various proportions, and Albert Dürer's remarks upon them, we gather that, according to his notions, the proportion of beauty lies between the height of eight, and that of nine heads, since this is neither rustic, like that of seven heads, nor slender, like that of ten. But this view is nowhere distinctly expressed. The author avoids declaring his opinion in plain terms, leaving the reader to form his own judgment. He even goes so far, in the third book of his treatise, when touching upon the variety of human figures, as to invent a sort of instrument for lengthening or shortening figures, making them larger above, or smaller below, thicker or thinner, by placing them upright or inclined in a triangle, in which they diminish as they approach the vertex or uppermost point, and increase as they recede from it. If, however, he carries this alteration of figures to excess—that is to say, if he shortens or lengthens the representation of it so as to make it unnaturally thick or thin—no doubt he does this in order to warn the student and preserve him from the faults to which he is liable, and to teach him elegance by showing him deformity. But where is Albert Dürer's idea of beauty? Will it suffice for the student to avoid every species of deformity in order to succeed in attaining to beauty? Albert Dürer does not tell us this. He hopes the skillful artist will discover the laws of proportion by studying a great

multitude of men, no particular man being perfect. "The beauty," he says, "concealed in nature almost confuses one. We may meet with two handsome and well-formed men, who nevertheless have nothing in common, and of whom it is impossible to say which is the handsomer. Such is the imperfection of our knowledge. Who, then, can say with confidence and precision what is true excellence of form?" And not only does he confess himself unable to determine what constitutes true beauty, but he does not think the artist can worthily express the little he knows of it. And he exclaims, "Art can hardly express the beauty of nature. I speak not of a perfect beauty, but of one known to us and yet surpassing the power of our understanding, and escaping the skillful touch of our hand."

The Italians have been less severe than we in their judgment of this treatise, and Jean Paul Lomazzo, among others, professes so great an esteem for the German writer and his work, that he considers the proportion which Dürer gives of a body, viz. ten times the size of the head, to be beautiful; but at the same time admits that competent judges think such a figure too slender, yet says it will not do to deviate from the judgment of so great a man as Albert Dürer. He is, however, quite mistaken in attributing to Dürer a preference for this proportion. M. Paillet de Montabert thinks he has discovered a sort of treasure (to use his own words) in Dürer's work, and imagines the author must have obtained access to some ancient manuscript which has escaped the destruction of barbarous times; but this learned connoisseur does not explain himself with regard to the treasures which he declares he has discovered, and it appears to us that in guarding against one prejudice he has fallen into another. If Dürer had possessed the manuscript of a Polyclethus, a Euphranor, or only some pupil of these great masters, we should have found clearer traces of it in his pages. We should have met with the immortal rudiments of that beauty, the rule of which had been discovered and the form imaged by the Greeks.

The constant occupation of our artist on the more profitable employment of the graver, allowed him but few opportunities of exercising his talents as a painter. Consequently, not many pictures in oil are to be seen out of the galleries of the German sovereigns. The following are the principal works of this character of which the pedigree is perfectly known:

In the Belvedere Palace at Vienna the portrait of Maximilian I., dated 1519.

"The Martyrdom of the 10,000 Christians, who were put to a Cruel Death by the command of Sapor II., King of Persia." Albert Dürer is represented in this picture with his friend, Willibald Piçkheimer. He is holding a stick with a paper attached to it, with the inscription, "Iste faciebat anno Domini, 1508, Albertus Dürer alemanus," with his monogram. This picture was painted for Frederick, Duke of Saxony; it afterwards adorned the Rodolph Gallery at Prague. Karel Van Mandér, in his "Book on the Painters," speaks very highly of it.

"The Trinity." God the Father, seated on a rainbow, is represented holding the dying Son on the cross; the Holy Ghost, in the shape of a dove, hovers above. It is surrounded by a glorious company of angels, saints, and patriarchs. Beneath is seen Albert Dürer himself, holding a tablet with his monogram, and this inscription, "Albertus Dürer, noricus, faciebat anno a Virginis partu, 1511."

"The Virgin and the Pear," signed with his monogram, and dated 1512.

"Portrait of a Fair-haired Youth," dated 1507.

"Portrait of Johannes Kieberger, Merchant of Nuremberg," dated 1526.

"The Holy Virgin Suckling the Infant Jesus," painted in 1503.

In the Pinakothek of Munich, some of Albert Dürer's finest paintings are to be seen. This valuable collection, partly formed from those of Dusseldorf, Mannheim, and Schleichheim, contains seventeen works of this great master, many of them

portraits, among others that of Durer's father, with this inscription in German, "I painted this likeness of my father when he was sixty—Albert Durer, senior." Dated 1497.

"The Portrait of Michael Wohlgemuth," Albert Durer's master, dated 1506. Michael was then eighty-two years of age.

"The Portrait of Albert Durer," dressed in fur, his right

By the desire of Maximilian I. they were conveyed to Munich, and replaced by copies by Wisscher. These four figures, the size of life, painted in 1526, are known by the name of "The Four Temperaments." These two works are exquisite, and mark the highest degree of perfection to which their author has attained.



THE VIRGIN WITH THE MONKEY.—AFTER ALBERT DURER.

hand placed on his breast, with the inscription, "Albertus Durerus noricus ipsam me propriis sic cingebam coloribus ætatis XXVIII." Dated 1500.

"The Apostles St. Peter, St. John, St. Paul, and St. Mark." Durer presented these two pictures to the Council of Nuremberg, where they were preserved until the year 1627.

"Christ on the Cross," "The Descent from the Cross," "The Weeping Virgin," "St. Mary Dying," besides "Lucretia in the Act of Stabbing herself," and two small pictures representing "St. Joachim" and "St. Joseph," painted in 1523, upon a ground of gold, after the style of the school of the Lower Rhine.

The Public Collection at Nuremberg, established in the Mansion of the Brotherhood of Landaner, contains only three of Albert Durer's pictures, viz., "Hercules fighting with the Harpies," painted in water-colours in the year 1500, and two

At Prague may be seen, in the Strahlhauer Convent, the painting which represents "The Virgin Crowned by two Angels;" she is surrounded by persons in an attitude of worship, among whom may be recognised the artist, his friend



THE LORD AND THE LADY.—AFTER ALBERT DURER.

corresponding panels, the one representing Charlemagne, the other the Emperor Sigismund, both figures larger than life.

The Chapel of St. Maurice contains a painting of "The Dead Body of Christ supported by St. John, and wept over by the Virgin Mary."

Willibald Pirckheimer, the Emperor Maximilian I., and Blanche Marie, second wife of that monarch. This picture, dated 1506, was begun and finished, according to the inscription upon it, in five months, and is known by the name of "The Painting of the Crown of Roses."

In the Dresden Gallery there are two pictures by Albert Durer, one of "The Bearing of the Cross," in black and white, and a small portrait, dated 1521.

The Gallery of Cassel contains four portraits by this master.

There are several of his secondary productions in the Museums of Frankfurt, of Cologne, of Carlsruhe, of Gotha, and of Darmstadt.

The northern capitals of Europe boast the possession of several paintings by Albert Durer. The catalogue of the Imperial Museum of St. Petersburg mentions five; that of the Stockholm Gallery, three; and that of Copenhagen, four; but there is great reason to doubt the truth of their pretensions.

There are enumerated in the official catalogue of the Museum at Madrid, eight productions of Albert Durer, but they are either of little importance or doubtful authenticity.

In the museum at Havre we lately saw a fine "Holy Family," attributed to Albert Durer. Its pedigree, however, was not authenticated.

In the Gallery at Florence may be seen, among other works of this master, "The Adoration of the Magi"—very remarkable; the busts of "The Apostles St. Philip and St. James," painted, in water-colours, in 1516; also the portrait of the artist's father, dated 1490, and that of Albert Durer himself, painted in 1498. These two portraits came from the gallery of Charles I., King of England, upon the dispersion of that monarch's effects by the parliament of the Commonwealth in 1659.

Albert Durer is always seen to disadvantage in the galleries of amateurs; for the compositions they contain are unimportant, and generally limited to portraits and studies of heads, the greater part in black and white.

It appears that very few of Albert Durer's works have found their way to public auction.

We have alluded above to the two portraits, now in the Florence Gallery, which formerly belonged to the collection of Charles I. They produced together only £100.

In later years (August, 1850), at the sale of the collection of William II., King of the Netherlands, we have seen that a picture by Albert Durer, representing "St. Hubert," realised, including the expense of the sale, about £350 sterling.

A few words will suffice, in this place, to mark the appreciation in which Albert Durer is held, both as a painter and an engraver. "If," says Vasari, "this diligent, industrious, and universal man had been a native of Tuscany, and if he could have studied, as we have done, in Rome, he would certainly have been the best painter in our country, as he was the most celebrated that Germany ever possessed." Hear, too, what Dr. Franz Kugler, one of the most accomplished art-critics of modern times, says of this German contemporary of Raffaele:—"In Durer the style of art existing in his day attained its most peculiar and its highest perfection. Rich and inexhaustible, he became the representative of German art at this period. He was gifted with a power of conception which traces nature through all her finest shades; and, above all, he had an earnest and truthful feeling for his art, united to a capacity for the severest study. His drawing is full of life and character, his colouring has a peculiar brilliancy and beauty; and if, in spite of the shortcomings inevitable to the state of education and public taste in his days, the greater number of his works make a deep impression on the mind and feelings of the spectators, it is a strong proof of the peculiar greatness of his abilities as an artist." Again, in reference to Durer's skill as an engraver—"If we do not discover," says Bryan, "in his works the boldness and freedom so desirable in historical designs, we find in them everything that can be wished for in subjects more minute and more finished. Born in the infancy of the art, he carried engraving to a perfection which, even in this day, is seldom surpassed."

Beneath is a specimen of the hand-writing of this celebrated artist, his signature and seal, together with several of the more common of the monograms which he affixed to his works.

*geboren den 20ten April 1471 zu Altdorf am Main*  
*Albrecht Dürer*  
*Im 1506*



## ART IN GREECE.—THE CONVENTS OF MOUNT ATHOS.

MOUNT ATHOS lies to the south of Macedonia, between the gulfs of Contessa and Monte Santo, at the extremity of a peninsula connected with the continent by an isthmus about a mile and a half long. It is a round and almost conical mass, rising to a height of about three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and casting an immense shadow in the setting sun almost across the Archipelago. Little mention is made of it in the works of Grecian historians beyond the record of two facts—the one, that Xerxes caused a canal to be cut across the isthmus to give a passage to his fleet; and the other, that a Greek sculptor, Dinocrates, proposed to Alexander the Great to cut the mountain into the form of a statue with outstretched arm, and holding in its hand a town containing ten thousand inhabitants.

The hill is called at the present day by many of the Greeks Hagion Oros, or the Holy Mountain, and it is rendered remark-

able by the fact, that its population now consists of about six thousand monks, forming a separate and almost independent community, and inhabiting several convents built along the slopes. These convents were the cradle of Byzantine art fourteen hundred years ago, and now, after a thousand storms of war, and change, and revolution have rolled over Greece, they form its last refuge.

Concerning the origin of this religious community, we have no certain information. In the persecutions with which the Christians were pursued in the first centuries of the Christian era, many faced martyrdom without hesitation, and even with joy; others, less confident in their own strength of nerve, sought security in desert fastnesses, and adopted the life of anchorites. It was thus that the seeds of Christianity were scattered over the solitudes of Nubia and Syria. Many more fled to Mount Athos, and took up their abode along its sides, hoping that the seclusion of the place, and the difficulty of access, would afford them safety, however precarious, from the rage of their enemies. When Constantine removed the seat of



the empire to Constantinople, and avowed his adherence to the new faith, the population of Mount Athos rapidly increased, and convents were built, such, in all probability, as we now see them. It is right to mention, however, that this is mainly conjecture; history is entirely silent regarding this retired but interesting corner of the Byzantine empire. We have said that these convents are the last refuge of Greek art; we may add, that they contain some interesting relics of old Byzantine civilisation, and manners, and forms of faith, and are by no means an uninteresting subject of study for those who seek to lift up the pall which for four centuries has shrouded the remains of Greek greatness. They number in all twenty-three, lying around the mountain, none of them at any great distance from the sea. The most ancient to which our attention will principally be directed, are the *Aghia Labra*, or holy monastery, Vatopedi, Iviron, and Xilandari. The first, which at present contains about four hundred monks, was founded by St. Athanasius about the beginning of the fourth century, and to this circumstance owes its pre-eminence over all the others. While they are simply dedicated to some saint, it is entitled the holy monastery *par excellence*. Vatopedi was the one to which John Contocuzine, whose romantic story has been so well told by Gibbon, retired to spend the remaining years of his life, when, disgraced with power, he abdicated the imperial throne.

On the highest point of the mountain rises the little Church of the Transfiguration, and scattered around are a town and some little villages; and in the centre of the peninsula lies the *protaton* or metropolis of Mount Athos, Karies—all inhabited by a shifting population of monks, whose sole occupation is the importation of provisions and other necessities from Salomen for their brethren in the convent. The monks are divided into two classes, brothers and fathers, or *papas*, and are made up of an indiscriminate mixture of Slavics, Greeks, Wallachians, and Armenians, all reduced to the same state of torpor, both physical and mental, under the rigidity of the monastic rule. The convent buildings present for the most part great uniformity of appearance, generally an irregular and confused mass, with no evidence of unity of design in the arrangement of the different parts. A single door, which is always fastened at twilight, gives entrance to a square court-yard, around which the cells of the inmates are ranged in one or more stories; additions being made, upon a plan apparently dictated solely by caprice, when any increase took place in their number. In the centre stands the church, surrounded by a crowd of small chapels, but all built of brick, and so imperfectly, that frequent repairs have effaced all traces of the primitive style. On all the walls appear stiff, sad-looking, and austere pictures, which form a singular contrast to the easy, indolent, and *insouciant* appearance of the monks.

Mount Athos was in the earlier days of Christianity the great seat of intellectual activity—the hot-bed of theological and metaphysical discussion; but the state of listless indolence in which its inhabitants are now plunged is a strange satire upon its former glory. All the convents contain libraries of greater or less extent, filled with manuscripts and rare and valuable relics of the literature of antiquity; but the monks, far from studying them, suffer them to be lost or injured through carelessness, in utter and complete ignorance of the treasures of which they are the guardians. They read nothing but their offices, write but rarely, and are for the most part plunged in complete ignorance, not only of everything that is passing in the outer world—but of the very rudiments of literature and science. There is hardly a doubt that a diligent search by competent persons would bring to light many valuable works of classical authors hitherto supposed to be lost, or known to the western world only in a mutilated state. Some of the monks who visit Salomen to transact business for the convents, take advantage of their stay, to pick up a smattering knowledge of medicine and the Turkish language, but this is the only effort towards self-improvement that is ever made. The rude daubs by which Byzantine art is now represented amongst them, furnish additional proof of their

mental degradation, when we remember that, during the first two centuries after the establishment of the convents on Mount Athos, they were the chief seats of religious art in the world, and students resorted thither from all parts of Europe to receive instruction from the inmates.

In these times such names as those of St. Athanasius and Peter the Athonite figured in their annals, in no very striking contrast with many others of scarce inferior zeal and learning. The church of Aghia Labra, founded by Athanasius in the early part of the fourth century, was endowed richly A.D. 965 by the emperor Nicephorus. The gates, which probably belong to that period, are composed of wrought copper, and display great beauty of execution. They remind one of those of the church of Ravello near Amalfi, as well as of many other religious monuments of Apulia. The portico is covered with Turkish ornaments. The general arrangement is that of the church of St. Mark at Venice. The altar is covered with a great deal of rich gilding, as also most parts of the ceiling, which is covered with carved and fretted work, and encaustic paintings in great abundance; and the body of the church contains desks, pulpits, and other articles of a similar nature of great richness. The monks have substituted these for the massive pulpits of the ancient Latin church. Nearly all are the gifts of the Russian government.

The Byzantine school, which was a school of transition from ancient art, that sought the beautiful merely for the form itself, to Christian art, which uses the form only to veil an idea, devoted itself from the very first to preparing for the transformation which inevitably followed the adoption of this new aim by the cultivators of art. In this point of view the Byzantine artists were successful in arriving at a unity such as has never been attained by those of the Renaissance, and from which they are still very far indeed. The Italian mosaics, executed by Italian artists, can alone give us a right idea of the laborious changes which Byzantine art underwent before it assumed its definitive form from the teachings of the great masters of the school. At a later period, to preserve the established forms from the influences of time or caprice or fashion, a monk named Denys collected the acknowledged and established principles of the school, and compiled them in a code. His manuscript was distributed through the various convents and carefully copied, and thenceforward became the text-book of the painters; and so powerful has been its influence, that it is impossible to fix the date of a Byzantine painting by its style. So closely have its rules been attended to, through a long lapse of time, so intimate, too, has been the connexion between Greek painting and the Greek worship, that the former has everywhere followed in the march of the priests, and we find it prevailing almost to the exclusion of every other in Russia, in Greece, in Asia Minor, and in the regions bordering on Mount Sinai, where Greek convents are numerous. The church, Aghia Labra, contains the best specimens of it extant. The cupola is entirely occupied by a colossal figure of Christ, with that air of purity and dignity which the painters of the Renaissance have adopted. The complexion is *straw-coloured*, as the monks there express; one hand is extended towards St. John, as if in the act of instructing, and the other is laid on his heart. The hair is fair, but the beard is black, as also the eyebrows, which give the half-closed eyes an air of mingled simplicity, sweetness, and firmness. The Byzantine artists indicated the importance of the personage they painted by the size of the figure. The saints increase in height as they increase in holiness, while Christ is taller than them all by the head and shoulders.

At the base of the cupola stand a row of archangels in shining robes, holding huge sceptres in their hands, surmounted by images of the Redeemer. The brilliant colours of their garments stand in dazzling contrast to the sombre black of the ground, and in their faces and attitudes there is an air of lofty, calm majesty. Over their heads an innumerable multitude of cherubs flutter round Christ as a centre, and as if typifying the spirits of the blest, they seem to grow more and more ethereal the nearer they approach him. There is nothing human in their figures except the head. The rest is com-

posed of a great number of wings, pointing in every direction, and looking like stars in the deep blue firmament of the vault above; while on a golden ground, and on a grand scale, the image of Christ looks down from the midst of them all, so that in whatever part of the building the worshipper kneels, he seems to have his eye upon him.

The pendentives represent the four evangelists writing at the dictation of an apostle, and the walls of the rest of the church are covered with subjects drawn from the Old or New Testament. On the two arms of the cross we see the

of the Latin chiefs of the Crusades, who fixed their abode in Greece on their return from the Holy Land. His head-dress is that of the Merovingian kings, and his robe, as well as his crown, is sprinkled with *fleurs-de-lis*, and in his hands he holds a model representation of the façade of a church, probably of one which owed its existence to his pious munificence; in front of him appears his son, wearing the same costume.

Under the external portico we find figures of the ancient *asceti*, or anchorites, in an attitude of prayer, who, in imitation



THE WAR HORSE.—AFTER ALBERT DÜRER.

saints of the church militant, who shook off the dust of the schools, and defended their faith on the fields of force, standing upright upon a black ground, in an attitude of vigilant repose. The churches of the other convents present precisely the same aspect, though on a more diminutive and less perfect scale, in accordance with the Medo-Persian laws of the Byzantine school, which treated all subjects in the same manner, with the same figures, in the same attitudes. Towards the end of the principal nave, to the left, appears a painting with an inscription, now illegible, evidently representing one

of the fathers of the desert, lived in grottoes and caverns in the mountain side. They appear to have been reduced to the last extremity of hunger, and are clothed in a simple and primitive garment of leaves, while their beard descends almost to their knees. Beside them an inscription informs us, "Such was the life of these anchorites." These ascetics themselves travelled from convent to convent, painting those vivid representations of their own unhappy lives, and also sculptures, numerous little crucifixes in wood, many of which are still preserved.

## ALBERT CUYP.



THE painters of the school to which Albert Cuyp belongs were not always fully appreciated in their day. They were earnest and laborious men, with the true inspiration of genius, at a time when artistic talent was less rare than at the present hour. This prevented their being as highly regarded as they otherwise would have been, and it thence followed that many paintings which now are highly valued, and which fetch good prices, were during the lifetime of the artist almost unsaleable. It has been truly said, that no man is a prophet in his

own country, and we have often found this perfectly true with regard to artists of the first eminence. Albert Cuyp, one of the best of the Flemish school, one of the most picturesque and effective who took up the example of Van der Velde, though son of a great artist, was not in any way as warmly considered as he should have been by his contemporaries. This may perhaps be more fully understood when we examine into his character and life.

gave birth to the great Rembrandt. The first saw the light at Dordrecht, the second at Leyden. These two painters were men of different character and various style, though one would have expected that they would be necessarily strongly influenced in their genius and tone of mind by the times in which they lived. It was an era of stern warfare and desolation, of blood and rapine, and yet scarcely a trace of this fatal tendency of the hour is to be found in their productions. They were, as many students of art have been, always in a world apart, which separated them from many of the impulses of the age to which they belonged, and it is pleasing and refreshing to turn from the sanguinary drama of civil and religious wars to their admirable productions. It is the quiet contrast offered to the view of him who, escaping from the battle-field, wounded and almost dying, finds himself suddenly in some sequestered woody nook, where man and horse find welcome and cheering repose. Rembrandt sketches with his masterly pencil the varied phases of human life, and still avoids all that has reference to the party quarrels of the day. Cuyp stands before us quiet, calm, unobtrusive—a thoughtful, pleasing man, who appears to know nothing of the war which is raging around him—who is scarcely aware that Holland is ravaged by fire and sword, and who allows his every sense to be captivated by the gentler muse. Neither the noisy forum nor the sectarian struggle has any charm for him. He lives in a world of his own, and that world is nature in its most picturesque forms. He is varied in his loves. Now he admires the sea, now the land. The ordinary landscape and the perilous ocean have almost equal charms in his eyes; for his pencil sketches now a quiet pasture scene, with tame oxen and sheep, now a dashing marine piece, where some tall ship is bending 'neath the breeze; or launching away again, brings before us a picture in some native district, where the sun is warming an otherwise cheerless prospect, where shepherds wander with their flocks, where the huntsman rides merrily, where boatmen pull cherry, or where fishermen pursue their peaceful calling with true Dutch phlegm.



Albert Cuyp was born in the year 1606, the same year that

This philosophic calm, experienced by certain artists during troublous times, has often been remarked upon. It has called forth many a recondit observation, and though a feeling not easy to be understood by the more active mover in stirring

hours, is yet a circumstance to be much valued. And these were no common struggles. Holland was convulsed by the disputes of its religious sects, who soon turned from arguments to weapons—from theology to warfare. Much blood was shed, and all civilisation, art, science, seemed threatened with utter annihilation. City armed against city, and the inhabitants of the same town killed one another in the streets which gave both birth. It was in the days when Barnaveldt perished with his brother on the scaffold. Young Albert Cuypp was born during these tragical hours. But as he grew up, even more terrible disasters tormented his youth. The invasion of Holland by Louis XIV.—the terrible scenes amid which perished John and Cornelius de Witt, his countrymen, his fellow-townsmen—were events of his youthful hours. But so elastic were the spirits, so singular was the character of Albert, that no evils, however great, no trials, however painful, were able to influence his mind. He seemed incapable of feeling sadness. He could not join in the sanguinary struggles of his time, and appears, while others were slaying and being slain, to have spent his time in admiring nature, in sitting beneath the greenwood tree, listening to the murmur of water, or seeking to entice the cunning trout from his crystal retreat. No matter what opinion may be generally entertained as to this seeming insensibility on the part of the artist who could isolate his mind from civil brawls and bloody wars, we owe to this very peculiarity of character many admirable paintings, full of grandeur, many delicious, calm, warm and sunny masterpieces—scenes which everywhere reconcile us to the charms of existence, because they make us love and admire nature in her purest works; and yet, those who would ask everything of the same man, complain that he did not allow his soul to be fired by deeds of heroism and valour, his mind to be developed by dark passions, in which case he might have given us some of those sombre and living pictures of the hour, which have immortalised Ruysdael and the great Rembrandt.

We have said that Albert Cuypp was born in 1606. Some say in 1605; but this is of little consequence. His death, too, is involved in obscurity. But he was living in 1672, for we have his name in a list of burghers. His father, and his master in his noble art, was Jacob Gerritsoen Cuypp, a man much esteemed, and looked upon as the leader of the school in which his son so much excelled. Jacob Gerritsoen shared the fate of David Teniers. He was surpassed and eclipsed by his son. Many masters of first-rate ability have thus been concealed from posterity. David Teniers exists not for the general student of art, because of his great descendant. The same occurred to Paul Brill, the historical landscape painter—to Simon der Vlioger, cast into the shade by William Van der Velde—to Nicolas Moyaert, surpassed by Berghem. Arnold Houbraken, in his important work on painting, quietly remarks, that Albert Cuypp painted better than his father. The fact is, that though remaining attached to a particular line of subjects, and these subjects in which he coped with Paul Potter, Wouvermans, Du Jardin, and Ruysdael, and so many other chosen spirits, he was always so distinct, so native in his genius, as to be ever distinguished from all his rivals. A Cuypp will rarely be mistaken by the most ordinary connoisseur for a Coxia, or a Van der Neer.

Nature was his field, the inexhaustible fount whence he drew the warm impulse which influenced and guided his genius—nature in its grandest, in its humblest phases. He never found anything too great, anything too small for his keen observation. He combined the varied characteristics of most of his contemporaries. He equals all of them, and is sometimes their superior. He revels in the human form, and in animals, in still nature, landscapes, sea-views, interiors of churches, winter scenes, moonlights, kitchens, fish, cocks and hens, and all the appliances of humble agricultural existence. All these subjects, and many more, have been vivified by his fertile pencil. His great power consisted in his capability of producing the same thing a hundred times over without plagiarising himself. And yet he does not search for effect; he does not find the picturesque in strange contrasts and rough scenes, in the rags of the poor, in the tatters and hideous

misery of the beggar, in the angular projections of starved cattle, in the manifestation of their bones in quaint style, nor even in rare, though real, effects of light and shadow at morning and eventide. Berghem, Tivoli, Weenix, and many others, had given to the picturesque a novel and ingenious touch of life, by seeking the irregular, the wild, the unexpected, in all things—a style which had necessarily many charms and many admirers. Lizards running over an old wall, with here a lichen and there an ivy-leaf; a rustic hut beside a time-honoured ruin, which gave the humble cot a dangerous shelter; some half-starved beast, a wounded horse, hopping lazily along with bandaged leg; a poor suffering ass, eating timidly by the wayside, were subjects freely chosen by Flemish painters, and subjects which they rendered with rare truthfulness and vigour. They possessed the power of making attractive, by means of their magic pencils, most repulsive subjects—even those subjects men most anxiously avoid in life—the sickly animal, the beggar in rags, the wild desert, or a road overgrown with thorns and briars. They created treasures out of rags. Albert Cuypp, on the other hand, drew his inspiration from a more elevated and elevating source, and, seeking his ideas of the picturesque in objects opposed to general theories, succeeded in a most marvellous way. We wish not to elevate Cuypp at the expense of any of the many singular geniuses of the hour; but no one can study the peculiar features of the painter of Dordrecht without being pleased. Abandoning the ready resource of rustic misery, the easy and catching attraction of rags and destitution, of wretched nooks and unknown and unexplored corners, he paints animals in full health, and the sun at noon-day.

A writer on the genius of this painter quotes complacently a certain William Gilpin, canon of Salisbury, who wrote a book on the picturesque and beautiful. He supports the view practically illustrated by Berghem, Du Jardin, Ostade, and others. "We admire in the horse," he exclaims, "considered as a reality, elegance of form, a fiery mind, lightness, and a soft skin; we admire this animal also in the same way in a painting; but as a picturesque subject, we prefer an old cart-horse, a cow, a goat, a donkey. The coarse appearance and rough skin are better adapted to demonstrate and elucidate the genius of the pencil. Richness of light depends much on contrasts." It was not in the study of Cuypp that William Gilpin sought his inspirations. His genius lies another way. He has much of the feeling of the rich and well-to-do farmer in him, for he loves well-fed cattle, clean and well-combed horses, and broad daylight casting its golden lustre over the plain. This is, in fine, his peculiarity, and the distinguishing mark which separates him from all his rivals, and from every member of his school. Gerard de Lairesse put forth, a century later, ideas on landscape quite opposed to those of the worthy canon of Salisbury, and these ideas Cuypp was one of the first to forestall. He revels in the view of nature in her loftiest moods, and paints a meadow and a hill, a horse or boat, as Claude Lorraine did the ruins of Rome, the waterfalls of Tivoli, the Bay of Naples,—embellishing, as it were, the very nature he sought to render faithfully and truly.

The rich variety, and the fecundity of Cuypp lead us to compare him often to other masters whose style was similar. Like Wouvermans, he was fond of a halt of hunters, a quiet bit of woodland sport, but he treated the subject differently. His horses have a marked difference from any others, his nobles have a manner of their own. Few who have visited the Gallery of the Louvre, in Paris, have failed to note the two Cuypps known as "The Going out for a Ride" and "The Return," the former of which is engraved in the present number.

We have often gazed with pleasure, during our once daily walks in that magnificent gallery, at both. The "Going out" well exemplifies the genius of Cuypp. A richly-dressed lord, clothed in scarlet, has just vaulted on a mottled grey horse, while his squire in green tunic stoops to hold the stirrup. The leading group, lit up by a bright sun, is relieved against a house in deep shadow, whence are issuing the lord and one of his suite. To the right, the shadow of the edifice, falling on the earth, brings out in warm colours the brilliant light which

fills the back of the picture; two shepherds and a flock of sheep are brought within the rays of the sun, and form a light demi-tint, a transition admirably contrived as a contrast both to the dark shadows of the foreground and the clearness of the distant background. It is an exquisite portraiture of a living breathing scene of life in its strongest sense, of the tranquillity and ease of the fortunate, of the heat and splendour of day.

The other, which forms with it a pair, represents three horsemen, among whom you recognise the lord by the magnificence of his costume, the beauty of his horse, and the haughty frankness of his mien. A hunter in livery holding two dogs in leash, presents a partridge to one of the squires, and this little event draws the attention of the three personages. On one side a tuft of trees, mingled with brushwood, brings forward the cavaliers; while on the other we behold a vast landscape inundated by light, where you see cattle, houses at the foot of a hill, and antique towers, doubtless the manor towards which the seignior and his suite are wending their way. The mind is inspired with calm delight as it gazes on that luminous scene, and then comes to rest on the gallant mien of that gentleman in blue velvet garnished with gold, his hair floating on his shoulders, and his head covered by a kind of turban made of some white drapery. The play of *chiaro-oscuro* is here principally caused by the diversity of local colours. The marked tints of the two horses, one chestnut, the other black, are in contrast to the master's steed, whose white and spotless skin is so admirably rendered as to deceive the eye. The painter has rendered and constructed the habiliments of the cavaliers as ably as the tones of the horses' hair, opposing the dun velvet of the squire to the dazzling velvet of their noble master. These pictures should never be passed over on a visit to the Louvre.

We must not be led to believe that Albert Cuyp is a painter without faults. In some of his best pictures we shall find errors to note, bits heavily rendered. Some have criticised rather slightly two dogs in "The Going out." They are not faultless, but they are very little inferior to the rest of the picture. Many of the admirers of Cuyp carry their high sense of his genius so far as to ascribe his little errors of omission to accident, and some attribute even these two beautiful masterpieces to Jacques Gerard Cuyp, rather than own the slight faults of an artist of such power and skill as Albert. But whatever the energy of the execution and the excellence of his touch, often thick and irregular, sometimes sharp and firm—whatever the beauty of his colouring, warm, rich, and harmonious—he is perhaps more remarkable in the expression of sentiment than even in the execution of his works. The modes and fashions he pictures are stamped by his individuality, while strictly in accordance with historic truth; the ideas which he calls up wear the impress of his personal temperament. The same gallant cavaliers who appear in the hunting subjects of Wouvermans, elegant, rude, and proud, mounted on prancing steeds, ready at every moment to rear and leap, are viewed by Cuyp in quite a different light. They too bear the stamp of his peculiar characteristics. His models remind us of those opulent burghers of the seventeenth century who led the life of noble lords without their easy and lively manners, their haughty air, and what can only be explained as wide-awake character. The cavaliers of Wouvermans have a firm air, and one fancies one hears their coarse words; armed for love and war, they carry gorgeous plumes stuck in their broad-brimmed felt hats; they have golden spurs, loose boots, and pistols in their holsters. The heroes of grave and thoughtful Albert Cuyp are not so petulant; their physiognomy is calm and grave, their dress is rich, of dazzling stuff, but without coquetry; their horses are thorough-bred, solid, strong, docile, and ready for gallop or trot, but they know nothing of rearing and kicking—of taking a bit in their mouths—of starting off at a hand-gallop—and other tricks known to chivalric horses. Those who ride upon them are peaceful men—steady and solemn Protestants, who ride side by side, in solemn discourse on the affairs of the state. The father of a family, whom Terburg, Nelsche, or Metzou would show us in the interior of their houses, gently

laying down the law to a beloved child, being present at a daughter's music lesson, or presiding at a meal, we find Albert Cuyp delineating at the hour when he passes along on horseback, with his servants, followed by his dogs, and looking on his ride as a question of health, an amusement at a fixed hour. Albert Cuyp is truly the Flemish citizen painter—the fortunate and well-to-do citizen, he is remembered.

It is much to be regretted that the annalists and biographers of the seventeenth century have been so indifferent as not to transmit to posterity something of the life and habits of the great artists of Holland. There is no biography of Albert Cuyp. The life of an artist is always replete with matter worthy of remembrance. We need only refer to the sketches of those whose friends have recorded their sayings and doings. Was Cuyp brought up in luxury and ease, or was his youth passed in struggling, as so many others have done, against misery and care? Was he rich or poor? Did he ever take wife or have children? Who were his friends and protectors? We know not. To not one of these questions can we find an answer. And yet, were but a few of these details known, how much might we not draw thence to explain and understand his particular genius. His life must have been quiet, regular, happy, of that kind of happiness which gives a long series of years, and an indulgent and vigorous old age. We are, however, ignorant of the precise date of his death. It appears, however, according to Immerzeel of Amsterdam, that he was living in 1680, though the general inquiry of most writers has only carried the evidence up to 1672. We are able to asseverate from one of his pictures, where he paints a salmon fishery, a picture to be found in the Museum of the Hague, that he had for patron a farmer of the fishery of Dordrecht—a vague and dreamy kind of fact, which tells us nothing of either the protector or the protected. The general opinion of historians suggests, and general rumours appear here to be pretty correct, that the life of Albert Cuyp was calm, honest, laborious, and without passion. He must have found, at an early age, ample resources from his mere talent, and could have never known the bitter luxury of want. Of a calm temperament, of a gentle, quiet, and firm character, he doubtless lived in friendly intercourse with the best men of his time. It appears even that he was much connected with Maurice of Nassau, whom he often painted and copied in his hunting subjects, which would lead us to believe him a pure Calvinist. An elder of the reformed church, he no doubt practised with regularity, and without ostentation, his religious duties, as they were then understood. To judge him, in a word, from those histories of themselves which painters sometimes trace as clearly in their pictures as writers do in their books, Cuyp was a simple man, regular in his habits, and respected and loved by all who knew him. It has been truly said, that the tranquillity of his landscapes, plunged in indescribable ether, proves the serenity of his mind, and that the choice of his subjects demonstrates the simplicity of his tastes.

We are informed by Lebrun, that the English were the first who appreciated at their true value the pictures of Cuyp. We are told by Sir Edmund Head, that Cuyp's works were not valued highly until after his death. We are assured by another authority (Smith), that at the principal picture sales in Holland in the year 1750, there is no instance of any of Cuyp's works being sold for so much as £3 sterling (thirty florins). This statement is not corroborated by the *Künstler Lexicon* of Naylor. According to Smith, a gradual advance in the value of Cuyp's pictures took place soon after the period just named, owing to the high reputation they had obtained among English and French dealers. In 1785, at the sale of the collection of M. Von der Linden von Singelardt, Cuyp's pictures obtained prices, in some cases, commensurate with their merits, but which subsequently have been increased fourfold. In 1774, Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann, and states, that at a sale of Sir George Colbrooke's pictures, one by Cuyp (a view of Nimeguen), which had cost its possessor only seventy guineas, was readily disposed of for £200. Lebrun says, "The French were a long time before they appreciated



the works of Cuyp, and yet I have been present at sales in England when they have fetched three and four hundred louis. This great painter has treated every style with equal success, and has indeed been so perfect in all, that we know not which to select as his best. Portraits, animals, fruits—nothing was foreign to his genius. . . . The sun warms his productions."

One of these factious French critics, who follows in the beaten track of prejudice, and who is possessed by a belief that the unfortunate people of these isles never see the sun, that we live in the midst of a fog, which everlastingly conceals from us the real character of that luminary—who believes, with most Frenchmen, that sales of wives in market-places are legal transfers in England, that we have no real green fields, and are, in fine, a nation of purblind shopkeepers, of course thoroughly comprehends our love of Cuyp, and why we should have been the first people to acknowledge his merits. Albert Cuyp did indeed introduce the sun and all its glowing images and radiance with singular power in his pictures. But many artists have done the same, and this by no means explains our

him ensue from a kind of rabid fire-worship on the part of unfortunate islanders, who can never see the sun save in pictures.

The "View of the Maes" (p. 188) is the subject which excites the admiration of the English critic above alluded to. It is truly a lovely scene, happily arranged with a transparent background and a vast perspective. The trees which overhang the borders of the river are not gnarled and strange; on the contrary, they rise majestically and wave beneath the breeze as if saluting in chivalrous manner the river that bathes their stems. The sky is delicate, brilliant, warm; water refreshes the eye, and distant hills make up a pleasing and effective background. Cuyp has placed in this picture everything which we love to find in a landscape. There is a martial cavalier, a rustic and simple herdsman without coarseness, watching cows of dun and spotted colour, a superb bull, and some sheep; and then some splendid oaks of a grandeur suited to heroic landscapes, and a fine river where float a crowd of ducks, upon which a hunter is about to fire. The whole is coloured by a rich sun,



VIEW OF DORDRECHT. FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT CUYP.

calling him the Claude Lorraine of Holland. This name was given him in Boydell's Collection, and the writer of the sketch in that work rates him quite as high as Claude for his colouring—a merit the greater that the Dutch painter never left his native land, and could never, therefore, have seen any of the warm landscapes of the sunny south. But the admiration of English *connoisseurs* has not been excited in favour of Cuyp because he brings us in communication with the sun, which is to be gazed on here about as often as in most parts of France. What has taken the fancy of our fellow-countrymen has been his admirable representations of cattle, his water-pieces, and, above all, his study to paint well-fed animals, fat oxen, clean-limbed horses, and many other things which are in accordance with our tastes as a highly agricultural people. Such criticism as that we allude to is puerile; and there is no subject which should be more cosmopolitan, and less affected by national prejudice, than art-criticism. When the reasons for our admiration of Albert Cuyp are so obvious, it is childish to seek, for the sake of smartness, to make an appreciation of

at an hour when the day is about to give way to night—a magnificent, imposing, and calm effect, full of rich poetry. There is a minute description by the English critic in Boydell, who has examined most carefully every tint, as if he hoped to leave such a description that by the aid of it and the engraving the painting might be recreated if lost. "The principal figure," he says, "is on horseback in a jacket of golden yellow, the sleeve of which is white; his cloak is of pale purple with a blue tinge; the man near him is dressed in black. When painting the human figure, Cuyp conceives very inelegant and short proportions. The one further off, and who carries a stick on his shoulder, is dressed in ruddy violet drapery. The reclining bull is black, and the cow behind is white. The other cows are variously marked with fawn and cream spots. Amid the distant group there is a woman wearing a sky-blue drapery, with white sleeves, and the boy is dressed in brown suit inclined to red. The hunter aiming at the ducks has a yellow doublet with red sleeves, which the neighbourhood of the trees tints with a green reflection."

When one has examined the oxen and cows of Potter, Berghem, Van der Velde, Kenel, Du Jardin, and the sheep of Van der Does, it is difficult to believe in any other mode of comprehending pasturage and cattle. We wonder almost how they can be delineated otherwise. And yet Albert Cuyp, who was the first master in this style, discovered a simple and new mode of viewing animal creation, a manner which is peculiar to no one else, Rembrandt excepted. Power, majesty, calm force, were characteristics discovered by Albert Cuyp in the brutes of the field, because he enveloped them with the mantle of his genius. He takes care always to present them in a way which shows off their best features, their most fully developed and rounded forms. There is something in his animals of the terrible genius which Poussin gives to his heroes. Their aspect is frowning and grand. The horses are lofty and proudly erect. Their thick and bushy tails sweep round their hind legs. They seem to be full of life, energy, and health.

As usual, the warm glow of sunshine adorns the landscape in a peculiar way.

It is somewhat singular that the French *amateurs* and *connoisseurs*, who profess to be very quick in finding out the merits of genius, should have remained so long blind to his talents, when men so very inferior to Albert Cuyp have acquired such rapid renown. The English nation showed better taste, and, indeed, it is our belief that nowhere has art ever been appreciated so highly as in this country. Our private galleries alone are miracles of richness and beauty. But in France sixty years ago Cuyp was unknown. His name is found in no catalogue. Those of the sales of Gersaint and Pierre Remy are silent with regard to his existence. The gallery of the Duke de Choiseul, and the cabinet Poulain, possessed one or two of this master; but, despite the renown Cuyp had acquired on our side of the channel, they were unnoticed by amateurs. The nineteenth century came ere



THE CAMP. FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT CUIP.

His herds and flocks are ever floating in a misty and warm light, which harmonises with the general details of the painting, and which conceals every angularity, leaving the eye only the power to examine the general outline. "His reclining bulls," says Thoré, "are magnificent brutes, with their marked spines, and their long noses, and their expansive nostrils."

His painting of "Cattle drinking at a River side" fully illustrates this. In this picture, of which the engraving is given (p. 189), the sturdy, fat, and large-sized cows, the picturesque shepherd, the quiet sage-looking dog, with the distant effect of a small vessel, of other cattle, a village spire, scattered houses, hills, and a rich, warm sky, make up in the painting one of Cuyp's most effective productions. The cows are admirably grouped. Every one is in the very position in which you would fancy it would stand. It is an interesting engraving, as fully exemplifying the style of Albert Cuyp.

the painter of Dordrecht acquired due celebrity in France after his pictures had been turned about from one indifferent purchaser to another. We fully understand, however, why Cuyp came to be more readily appreciated by the Dutch and English, without accepting the salve which French art-critics find for themselves—our anxious desire to see the sea, even on canvas. His water-pieces, boats, rivers, canals, were more readily understood by naval nations than by a purely military nation, like the French. Both we and the Hollanders have always admired everything of mark connected with our favourite element. The same reason accounts for the popularity of Bachuysen and William Van der Velde.

A painter who could introduce so much air, light, and depth into his pictures, could not but excel in marine pieces. Those of Cuyp are like his landscapes—they are vivid, powerful, and true. They transport you bodily to the ports and

seas of Holland, while the execution is majestic, positive, exact. One of his most justly celebrated works in this style, is that which represents the "Canal of Dort," full of vessels. They are arranged in line, their prows towards the centre of the picture. They have something of the aspect of a regiment in battle array. In fact, we notice a boat with three trumpeters, the Prince of Orange and his suite, who are about to pass the fleet in review. The effect is admirable. We look across them, one after another, until the last is lost in the mist which the sun has not as yet dissipated. It would be but repetition to speak of the fresh morning light falling on the scene, of the transparent air, of the extraordinary perspective. Gazing at the picture from a distance, we are struck by the effect produced by the shadows of the vessels in the limpid water. Looking nearer, we are still more surprised at the dashing and masterly style in which the whole is executed. The boldness and decision of his pencil strikes us here, as well as everywhere else. No painter, Van der Velde excepted, ever has been able to give an equally just and life-like representation of Dutch naval characteristics. Mr. Edward Solly refused £3,000 for this picture.

There is a good marine view in the Louvre by Cuypp. The pacific Dutchman has here departed from his usual calm character, and given us a tempest. The sky is overloaded with clouds; a thunder-bolt has just fallen; and across the whole canvas the lurid glare of the lightning is cast, while the dark form of a small boat stands out in strong relief struggling with the fury of the waves. Some critics have thought this production too poetical and too weak to be the work of Cuypp. It is, however, generally believed to be his; while, being a departure from his usual quiet illustrations of nature, it is certainly somewhat distinct in character.

Painters are like lovers: the lover always believes the beloved one beautiful. True painters see beauty in every phase of nature. Albert Cuypp found loveliness everywhere. Wandering on the banks of his favourite Maes, he found admirable landscapes where hundreds of others would have seen nothing worth painting. He has reproduced this subject under every variety of aspect. Fishermen's barks, ships of various size—some at anchor, some under sail—became, beneath the power of his pencil, delicious pictures. He adds but a ray of the sun, showing the fleet of boats, perhaps, in bold relief, playing amid the ropes, and pulleys, and masts, refracted from the deep waters of the river, giving marked outline to the faces of some of the crew, and shining on the oars of the boatmen and the pearly drops of water that fall therefrom. Such pictures started complete from his mind. We must not, however, forget the Steeple of Dort, of which the painter contrives to make a kind of pivot for all his little water-pieces. One of the best of these is in the possession of Mr. Holford, of London. Albert Cuypp is almost unique amongst the Flemish school in this style. His popular rival, Van Goyen, is too monotonous and superficial. It required the varied genius of Cuypp to produce such pictures, as he generally introduces a little of everything in which he excelled. Horses crossing a river in a ferry-boat; picturesque cottages surrounded by foliage, situated on the borders of a canal, and inhabited by Dutchmen with painted hats; figures of sailors descending the Maes; boatmen hauling along timber-rafts to Flessinguen; or a barge full of travellers, and drawn by a horse. This barge is what is called in Holland *Treckschuyt*, a light boat with one mast, and in which travellers are conveyed for one halpenny a mile. Those who love quiet can hire for a trifle, in addition, a little separate room, called the "Roof;" it is at the stern of the boat, and has two windows on each side. The hiring of this room affords a lively illustration of the extreme formality of Dutchmen even in their most trivial transactions. For the few halpence that this luxury costs, the traveller has to give a printed receipt to an agent, whose duty it is to attend at the entrance of each town for the purpose of regulating the accounts of the *Treckschuyt*.

This silent mode of travelling by water, which is the characteristic of these northern Venices, could not escape the keen

eye of Albert Cuypp, who observed everything, and who loved Holland with all the enthusiastic love of a painter. The same man who so successfully treated midday scenes, when the sun shed its beams on fields and meadows, on water and on trees, was equally successful when he undertook to paint the interiors of churches in the style of Emanuel de Witte or of Nikkelen, or moonlight scenes in the style of Artus van der Neer. He was, indeed, their master, having indicated to them their peculiar styles. He was one of the first who succeeded in rendering on canvas that solemnity which we feel in the interior of a cathedral, when from some gloomy chapel we behold the light fall from the lofty windows of the nave, gilding the rich and elaborate carving, and playing fitfully upon the tessellated pavement. Even in historical subjects—such as the "Baptism of the Eunuch"—Albert Cuypp displayed equal ability. It is difficult, in fact, to mention any style in which he did not excel. Our readers are aware that many Flemish painters obtained celebrity by devoting their talents to illustrating the poultry-yard. Here, too, Albert Cuypp preceded Melchior Hondelcooter, in depicting the heroic combats of the cockpit. In the collection of Dr. Leroy d'Etiolles, there is a cock-fight by Cuypp, which is admirably rendered. The action is animated and energetic. One of the combatants has thrown his adversary, his outspread wings supporting him; he digs his talons into the breast of the vanquished, and tears with his beak his bleeding crest. The defeated bird has thrown his wings back, and is thus trying to raise himself. His desperate struggles are expressed with painful truth. In the background, to the left, is a fowl looking on, half in terror, half in admiration, at the combat of which she has been the innocent cause. Many French critics have compared this picture to a fable of La Fontaine, and several modern French painters have imitated his style. This is perhaps the least meritorious of all Cuypp's pictures, and was produced probably at an early period of his career. He has left, however, many admirable paintings of the poultry-yard. A hen-house, which was sold amongst the other pictures of the gallery of Cardinal Fesch, is said to be worthy of his best days. M. George speaks of it as combining keen observation with the highest powers of genius. If Cuypp's works were placed in chronological order, we should find, we believe, that those great landscapes in which animals appear only as the accessories, belong to that period of his life when he had nothing to learn—when his genius had become fully developed. In those pictures which bear the stamp of early years, we find animals occupying a prominent position, and the details of scenery and human figures are subordinately treated. This will be found to be the case in that strange production somewhat resembling the "Paradise" of John Breughel, where we behold Orpheus seated under a tree, and taming the animal creation by the music of his violin. As Cuypp had to represent tigers, elephants, and leopards—creatures with which he was less acquainted than with domestic animals—the worthy Batavian has exhibited considerable ingenuity in getting over the difficulty. Near the divine musician is represented a cow, a horse, a dog, a cat, and some hares, and in the distant background are placed those ferocious beasts with whose forms he was less familiar. It has been remarked that Albert Cuypp rather destroys the effect of the marvellous music of Orpheus by this arrangement, there being no great merit in taming the tranquil animals which inhabit our stables and our farm-yards. It is difficult, however, even for genius to think of everything. This picture is in the possession of the Marquis of Bute. The "Pasture on the Banks of the Maes," an engraving of which we present (p. 184), affords a remarkable contrast to this mythological creation. Here the genius of Cuypp had a congenial field in which to exercise its powers. He drew his inspiration from a home source. The principal group is composed of cattle—as in so many of his other works—some reclining lazily upon the ground, others clustering round a tree, as if for shelter from the sun. They are larger than Cuypp usually paints them, and are drawn with a care, a precision, and a power which is increased by the marvellous beauty of the tone. In the foreground are plants, grass, and shrubs, rendered with

that fidelity to nature which is one of the principal characteristics of this artist. The grass is thick, silky, fresh and inviting—such a grass as that which poets have sang so much of. The whole scene is flooded with light. A saffron-coloured vapour tints, towards the horizon, the water, the trees, the plants, and the distant houses that cluster round the church. The clearness of the air surpasses belief. The background is filled up by an eminence, on which are shepherds and their flocks, while across the river are houses, windmills, and steeples. One of the most pleasing features of this picture is that which fills the right corner. A shepherd, his faithful dog by his side, is playing upon a pipe, and two children are listening to him with intense earnestness. The whole picture is redolent of the richly fertile land watered by the Maes—all is abundance, wealth, happiness. The sun is warm and bright; the well-fed cattle scarcely touch the rich pasture at their feet; the water is cool and pleasant to gaze on; while the shepherd—confident, happy, sure of to-morrow—amuses himself in a quiet and rustic way. One cannot but feel that the painter who conceived and executed this work of art must have been a happy man. The calm serenity of his mind is reflected everywhere. Cuypp would have been no hero for the "Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters." The quiet, calm, un-mysterious man who painted this picture could scarcely have experienced the fierce torments of Ruysdael—torments which speak in many of his paintings—nor the fantastic visions of Rembrandt, nor the wild eccentricities of Everdingen.

There are two other pictures, of which we give engravings, that are worthy of the genius of any master of the Flemish school. "The View of Dordrecht" (p. 180), contains some effects of light and shade truly remarkable. The boats at their moorings, the water, the quaint houses, and the old church, have about them that peculiar picturesqueness which belongs to Holland. The horse and horseman delineated in the scene called "The Camp" (p. 181), which is generally called "The Trooper," exhibits the genius of Cuypp in its best light. The horse is admirably rendered. It is a dapple-gray charger; his master, a citizen soldier, is just arranging the harness about his head, and adding a blue ribbon. The dress of the soldier—his bold manly bearing—the minutiae of the accoutrements—all are portrayed with the customary fidelity. The buff jerkin, cuirasse, and large hat, are exceedingly characteristic, while the scene itself is rendered eminently picturesque by the introduction in the background of an eminence, at the foot of which are tents, and soldiers mounted and on foot. Cuypp's usual love of the animal creation is exhibited by the introduction, in a prominent position, of an excellently-painted dog. A horseman coming across the hill, is a picturesque accessory. This picture, which is 3 feet 10 by 4 feet 10½, is in the possession of Her Majesty.

"When Albert Cuypp died"—and the exact year of his death is not known—"there was found," says Arnold Houbraken, "not one model, not one painting of any master in his house." He never studied but from nature herself. It has been suggested that this arose from his disinclination to spend money in purchasing the masterpieces of others. Nothing can be more puerile than to attribute the voluntary ignorance of Cuypp to avarice. If he did not study the works of his predecessors or contemporaries, it was because he needed not to do so. Nature spoke to him in more eloquent language than anything he could find depicted upon canvas. The man of genius concentrates all his faculties on the one great object of his life. Everything that interferes with the accomplishment of his views must inevitably be cast aside. We often find that even those passions and eccentricities which would appear to militate most powerfully against success, which appear even calculated to degrade the artist, and to remove him from his high pedestal, frequently become the means which fatally impel him onwards. If Cuypp was possessed by the good old gentlemanly vice of avarice, and thus was led to be indifferent with regard to the productions of his rivals; if he thus escaped from the current infatuation relative to engravings of the old masters, we may predicate, that to this cause do we owe his originality. Happy Cuypp! guilty of this one weakness, it

kept him from being a mere imitator; it compelled him to drink at the true source of inspiration; and it gave him that characteristic physiognomy which distinguishes him from all the Flemish school, which he surpasses both in simplicity and grandeur; while the ease, the boldness, and the finish of his execution, defies all imitation.

The lovely plains and hills of Italy, where the outline of all objects is cast in bold relief against a pure sky, bordered by a cloudless horizon, have inspired the genius of the Italian, French, and even English schools. The French have carried this to excess, and given us little else than historical landscape, the scene laid in Italy. French landscape painting, like French tragedy, is stilted and overdone. Painters, like the rhymers of modern French tragic drama, "arranged nature," to use one of their own phrases. They painted so as to elevate that which God had not made sufficiently divine for them. They turned hills into mountains, and mountains into hills; they altered trees, and gave them picturesqueness, and thrust in, on all occasions, Roman ruins and broken Greek columns. Poussin conquered the difficulties of this factitious style; even when the scene was artificial, his genius mastered the incongruous elements he had to deal with. He struck his contemporaries dumb with astonishment; but his imitators and disciples—Guaspre, Francisque Millet, Locatelli, Orizenti, Van Huysum—could not succeed in disguising the defects of their style, as adorned by the genius of such a man as Poussin. In these imitators, the faults and errors outweighed whatever little talent they possessed. Their pictures, in as far as they were imitations of Poussin, are something like those stoic definitions of virtue which elevate man to something like the character of a demi-god. Their pictures are so replete with conventional majesty, and solid nobility of style, that we search in vain for nature and its pure and sweet emotions. This was not the case with old Albert Cuypp. He loved, it is true, tall trees rising majestically towards the sky, the rippling waves of rivers; but he was too much of a real student not to be aware that all this needed no imagining, also, that nature had no need of being corrected and improved in the closet. He knew that the difficulty was to come up to nature. All those beauties which certain painters aimed at inventing, he knew to exist already in creation, needing but eyes to see them, and a heart to feel them. He bore within himself the sentiment of grandeur, and everywhere he naturally invested what he saw with elevated ideality.

Albert had so strong a dislike to deep shadows, to cloudy skies, to the aspect of a country veiled by melancholy and gloom, that even when depicting his favourite winter scenes—rivers clothed in ice, effects of snow whitening the roof of huts, and hanging heavily on the boughs of the naked trees—he must chase away the fog, scatter the clouds, and show the cold but pleasing rays of a winter's sun upon the landscape. There is one beautiful piece of this kind engraved by Fittler, representing "Fishing beneath the Ice." This picture is in the possession of the Duke of Bedford, and cost originally 1,200 guineas.

It is a view on the river Maes during a severe frost. On the foreground and left are sixteen fishermen, the greater part of whom are busy with nets and long poles, fishing under the ice, while others are putting the fish into tubs. On the opposite side is a market woman seated in a sledge, drawn by two horses. Several persons skating and otherwise engaged, are distributed over the river. A tent and the tower of a church are seen in the distance, and a few leafless trees and a windmill give interest to the banks of the river. The consummate skill of the painter has given to this bold and dreary scene an aspect the most agreeable and inviting, by the cheering presence of the sun, whose warmth appears to soften the sharp frigidity of the atmosphere, and to diffuse a sparkling brilliancy upon every present object, lighting up the whole scene to dazzling brightness. Groups of fishermen, whose countenances and gestures indicate health and vigour, aid materially the magical effect, which is perfected to illusion by the delightful truth of the gradations and purity of colour. But Cuypp never tried to represent that heavy and gray sky

which hangs upon the earth like the marble covering of a tomb. It is really remarkable to notice how this painter has succeeded in painting winters without coldness, and moon-lights without sadness.

There are to be found in old print-shops eight engravings by Albert Cuyp. It has been objected that as Adam Bartsch, Huber, and Rost, the catalogue of Brandes, that of Winkeler,

with a bold and firm hand. A writer on the subject, who takes his facts from Smith's catalogue, says of his drawings:—

"They were generally executed with black chalk or India ink, without the charms of colouring, and not displaying accuracy or great talent. They are not held in high esteem, although but few of them are in existence. Some few etchings of Cuyp, evincing careful study of nature and bold-



PASTURAGE ON THE BANKS OF THE MAAS. FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT CUIP.

make no mention of any of them, while even the catalogue of the Riga sale is equally silent, therefore they are not genuine. It is, however, sufficient to examine them to be assured whence they come. They have the marked character, the accent of his pictures, and it is impossible for one learned in the history of Flemish art to ascribe them to any one else. They are, as may naturally be expected, studies of oxen and cows, engraved

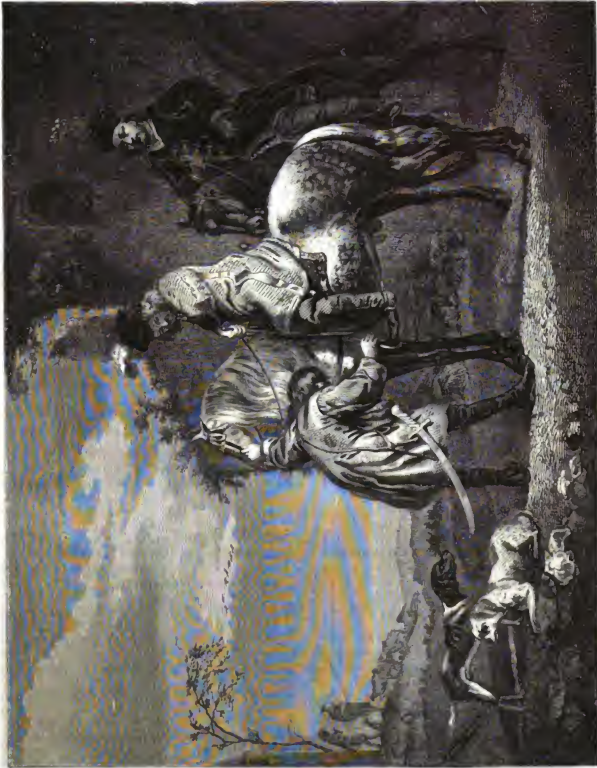
ness of execution, are much valued. They, however, are exceedingly rare, a very few specimens only being known to exist in the galleries of amateurs."

We have already spoken of the mixture of elevation and ingenuity which is the true characteristic of the genius of Cuyp. This is the first impression which strikes us when we examine his landscapes. But it is necessary to add, that no



Dutch landscape painter has carried further the knowledge of aerial perspective. No one has carried further the power of representing air, transparency, depth, and purity of atmospheric effect in his pictures. It seems strange; but it must have been that this Dutchman, born amid the fogs of his country—a country he never left—must have had in the depths of his tranquil mind something like an interior and serene

Italian palaces, we should do so forgetting that the two painters were born at far distant extremities of Europe. Claude passed his life at Rome or at Naples, Cuyp seldom left the city of Dort, and never saw any sky save that of the Low Countries. We must not then expect him to paint the cerulean blue ether of Italian skies. His sun is more pale, of a clearer and softer hue, but the spectator feels around him a freshness which



GOING OUT FOR A RIDE. FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT CUIP.

light, which made him see everything in creation through an impalpable and imponderable ether, which bathes his radiant pictures in lucidity. He has been called the Claude Lorraine of Holland, and this warm praise is only exaggerated in appearance. If one expected to find in Cuyp the golden specks playing in the sunbeams, the orange tints of the skies of Lorraine, her green and silvery waves, and the warm vapoury clouds that play round the columns of the

penetrates to the heart, calming and consoling the mind. The atmosphere of Claude is burning, it scorches the lungs; loaded with the perfumes of poetry, it draws the soul on to indolence and love: that of Cuyp impels to freshness, excites a desire to travel, gives strength, and rouses activity and life. These two different masters, so different in character, are yet both true. The few degrees of latitude between their two lands made the difference of their genius. But we cannot but

allow that the inspired painter Lorraine had much more before him to rouse his pencil and brush, to create rich nature, than any northern painter could find, however much he might be a worshipper of light. Claude had but to wander on the shores of the Bay of Naples to find radiant and dazzling subjects every day. In Holland, on the contrary, the sky has splendid pictures for the eye only at rare intervals. Like Ormuz, the sun struggles during a great part of the year against darkness. And yet it is strange that we find in Cuypp none of those struggles between light and darkness, between day and night, which so moved the soul of Rembrandt. The artist and painter of the cold north always loved the light, the day, the sun. In fine, the great, the crying, the wonderful characteristic of Cuypp is, that in Holland, in the seventeenth century, that is to say, before the second invasion of a foreign style, he sought the picturesque elsewhere than in rude disorder, effect rather than in contrast, and found grandeur in simplicity, as he found happiness in a peaceful life.

The Bibliothèque Nationale, of France possesses several engravings, all of cows.

In Smith's catalogue there are 335 pictures of Albert Cuypp mentioned; but some of them are the same, described, however, under different names.

The Museum of the Louvre contains six—a "Pasturage on the borders of a river" (p. 184), valued at £2,000. "The Return" and "The Departure for a Ride;" the pair are valued at the same sum. The Departure, of which we give the engraving (p. 185), is the best. The others are in the same style.

Vienna has one picture of "Five Cows," four of which are lying down.

At Munich there are two, one of "A Horseman," the other a "Cock and Hen on a dunghill."

At Dresden there is one, "A Woman spinning and a Man sleeping."

Amsterdam has two, "A mountainous Landscape," and "A fierce Charge of Cavalry."

At the Hague is a very clever "View of the Environs of Dordrecht."

The Hermitage of St. Petersburg contains several small specimens.

It is in England, however, that we find a great abundance of Cuypps, because here this great painter has always been appreciated and understood. The reader may therefore enjoy the pleasure and satisfaction of fully examining into the merits of this painter himself.

The National Gallery contains a picture which has been engraved by Bentley and by Goodall. It is a "Hilly Landscape," intersected by a winding river. On the right and front is a gentleman on a dappled-gray horse, represented with his back to the spectator; he appears to be in conversation with a woman who stands by his side, and at the same time is pointing with his whip towards three sportsmen, who are seen in the second distance watering their steeds at a river. Two cows lying down, a flock of sheep, and three dogs, are distributed over the foreground, which is diversified with docks and other wild plants. The aspect of a fine summer's morning is diffused throughout the scene. It originally belonged to Laurence Dundas. It then passed to Mr. Angerstein, and in 1824 was bought by Parliament for the National Gallery at a cost of 195 guineas.

Dulwich contains eighteen, and there are the pictures which are best known in this country. They are of a very varied character, though all rustic landscapes, interiors of houses, and water-pieces, enriched by barks and fishermen. Smith has given a lengthened catalogue of them, but one or two will suffice for those readers who are not disposed to examine for themselves. It is one part of the progressive education of this country that picture-galleries are now beginning to be fully appreciated by the millions; and it is the pleasant province of a work like that we are publishing, to assist the great mass of the community in forming correct ideas in relation to the great masters, who otherwise would be confounded. Everybody can admire a striking and effective picture, but it is only after some study that its beauties can be fully appreciated.

The first worthy of note is a landscape with a broad road on the right, and two lofty trees at its side, which stand near the middle of the picture. At the foot of these are seated two shepherds guarding a flock of thirteen sheep, which are browsing around them; further on the road is a woman in blue, wearing a straw hat, in conversation with a man who is mounted on a mule loaded with panniers. The left of the picture is adorned with shrubs and bushes, growing luxuriantly on the banks of a river. It originally cost 180 guineas.

We have then a landscape composed of a hilly foreground, and a canal flowing in the middle distance on which are vessels under sail. A group of eight cows occupies the front, the whole of which, except one, are lying down; they are guarded by a peasant in a red jacket with a knapsack at his back, who is leaning on a stick apparently in conversation with a woman seated, with a little girl standing by her. This is a pretty and pleasing production, quite *à la Cuypp*.

Another is still of his favourite land. It is a landscape representing a "View in Holland." In the foreground are two shepherds, one of whom stands with his back to the spectator, the other is lying down; at a little distance from them are a black and white cow standing, and a red one lying down, and under a lofty hill on the left, is seen a herd of cattle. This cost the nation 130 guineas. "A Woman keeping Cows" is a pleasing landscape of a mountainous country, with a river on the right, extending into the extreme distance. In a meadow, composing the left foreground, are seven cows, four sheep, a horse, and a woman with a stick in her hand. This picture was in the possession of Sir Francis Bourgeois, and cost £225. "A Gentleman on Horseback," which cost 950 guineas; now in the collection of Edmund Higginson, Esq., of Saltmarsh Castle, is a beautiful picture—the glowing warmth of a summer sun gilds the scene. "A Herd of Cows Reposing," is a picture such as none but a great artist could have painted. It cost £800, but it was lately in the possession of Baron Delessert, Paris.

"An ancient Castle with Towers, encompassed by a moat and surrounded by lofty hills." A man on a black horse, and a herdsman with five sheep, give interest to the foreground. This picture is a perfect gem. It is 1 foot by 1 foot 8 inches.

This painting was originally bought of an old-clothes man, at Horn, in Holland, for about fifteen pence. It passed through many hands, increasing in value whenever re-sold, and was at length brought to England by Mr. La Fontaine, who sold it for three hundred and fifty guineas. It is a delightful composition, with charming effects introduced.

The Earl of Ashburnham has a "View of the Castle of Ne-niguen on the confluence of the Rhine," which cost eight hundred guineas—an admirable work, brilliant in tone and admirable in the execution.

The Marquis of Bute possesses a Landscape with a large river on the right, on the further side of which is a small town, and beyond it a lofty hill. The brilliant effect of the morning sun pervades this lovely scene. This beautiful picture merits the highest commendations for the various qualities which give interest and value to this work of Cuypp, which is valued at 1,800 guineas.

The late Sir Abraham Hume, Bart., possessed many which have passed into the gallery of Lord Alford:—"A View on the River Maas," with the town of Dort on the spectator's left, and numerous vessels lying in long perspective by the side of the quay. Among them may be chiefly noticed a large Dutch passage-boat filled with persons, alongside of which lies a small boat, having on board an officer in a scarlet dress seated, and another wearing a dark dress standing near him; a yacht and several other boats are distributed over the river. The effect of a fine summer's evening pervades the scene and gives to the rippling wave a thousand varied hues. A few light summer clouds float over the azure sky, and contribute greatly to the charm of this superb production.

Of the very few pictures which Cuypp painted of this size (it is 3 feet 10 inches by 5 feet 6½ inches) and subject, the one just described is perhaps the one most agreeable to the eye

and feelings; as it possesses an agreeable warmth of tone, combined with the appearance of a genial atmosphere, free from that sultry and oppressive heat which sometimes predominates in his pictures; it is worth £2,000.

Another is a number of "Horsemen watering their Steeds in a river." It is impossible to commend too highly this beautiful work of art; the masterly execution displayed in every part, the science evinced in the arrangement of objects and forms, and the wonderful and lovely gradations of tints and atmospheric truth, justly entitle it to the first rank among his last productions. It is worth from £1,500 to £2,000, and is in the collection of J. Martin, Esq.

"The Thirsty Herdsman." A hilly country, beautifully diversified by clusters of trees and an extensive river, represented under the aspect of a brilliant sunset. An example of superlative excellence. It is in the possession of Mr. J. Norton, and cost 380 guineas.

In the collection of Mr. J. H. Hope, is a very beautiful "Cattle Piece."

In the private collection of the Queen, besides that already described, may be seen, a negro holding two horses, a cavalier conversing in the middle of a crowd, a group of three cows, with a shepherd and his wife.

Lord Yarborough has a very effective "Winter Scene," a frozen river, which is not to be confounded with that in the possession of the Duke of Bedford.

The late Sir Robert Peel had three pictures of Cuypp, which we believe are still in the possession of his son; a "Group of Cows near a River," which was purchased at an expense of £400; "Cavaliers and Cattle," £200. The third is an "Old Castle surrounded by Towers," the deep shadows of which are reflected on the surrounding water. A horseman, a shepherd and some lambs fill the foreground. The light and shade of this picture is exquisite in finish.

The Bridgewater Gallery contains the remarkable "Naval Piece," described above.

Lord Lansdowne has two Cuypps; one, a scene on the everlasting Maes, the other "A Woman Milking."

The Grosvenor Gallery has four—"A Landscape," "A Moonlight," "A Stream," and another "Landscape."

A well-known Parisian connoisseur possesses an important and superb picture by Cuypp. It is a large and splendid "View of Dordrecht" (p. 180), taken on the side of the jetty. The scene is animated by barks and vessels, of which some carry the Dutch flag. A bale of merchandise is being unloaded from a schooner into a boat, and addressed to A. Cuypp. A vast multitude of vessels are seen on the horizon; others enter the roads, and are firing the saluting cannon. On the first foreground to the left is a group of three barks, loaded with merchandise and men. On the side of the vessel towards us, we read, "A. Cuypp f. 1610." This was the epoch when the artist was in the full force of his genius. To the right is the town of Dort, with its crowded jetty. In the canal are two other boats, on board of one of which are two, and on board the other, four persons. There are fifty figures in this painting. It is one of his richest productions; every detail is rendered with the perfection of genius.

Baron James Rothschild possesses two very good Cuypps. The subjects are, "A View on the Water" and "A Paysage on the Borders of the Maes." There is a town sleeping in a luminous fog, on a motionless canal, where a great trading-ship is at anchor. Here we see two elegant cavaliers, one of whom with a red cloak, mounted on a black horse; the other has dismounted to arrange the bridle of his white horse, seen *en croupe*. A shepherd, sitting on the ground, is speaking to them. To the right, in the foreground, are three cows and two figures. In the distance, in golden vapour, is a church with ruined towers.

At the sale of the Prince de Conti, in 1777, a group of seven persons, of whom six are gambling, was sold for £10 8s.; while another, "A View of the Maes," loaded with sailing vessels and sloops, fetched £50. "Two Cows," in the sale of Randon de Boisset, in 1777, fetched £76. At the sale of the Duke de Praslin, in 1793, "A View of the Maes"

fetched £94. Towards the middle of the picture are six cows, while the right is occupied by a boat manned by two sailors. At the Robit sale, 1801, was sold "A View of the Banks of the Maes." To the left is a rich hill-side with several cows; one stands up, and a woman is milking it. It sold for £400. Also another "View of the Maes by Moonlight," which fetched £112 16s. At the sale of Leyden, in 1804, there was sold a "View of Flessingen," which realised £160. At the Lebrun sale, in 1811, a beautiful "Interior of a Village" was sold for £101. It is a sweet and pretty scene. At the Laperière sale, in 1823, "A Hunting Party" was sold for £916. It represents a young Prince of Orange, mounted on a brown horse of small stature, stopping to give orders to his hunters. He is accompanied by two squires, mounted on a black and a gray horse. Towards the second foreground is a hare, dogs, a piqueur on horseback, and a valet running on foot.

As we have before stated, the works of Albert Cuypp were not held in high estimation during the lifetime of the artist. It was the English who first showed a proper appreciation of their merit. After the sale of the Van Slingelandt collection, which took place in 1785, the prices of his pictures increased so much that imitators of his style speedily arose. The most noticeable of those imitators was Jacob Van Stry, born at Dort in 1756. Van Stry took Cuypp for his model, and ultimately acquired the art of copying and imitating him with wonderful success; so that many of his pictures, after being artfully disguised by dirt and varnish, were sold as original works of Albert Cuypp. But, in addition to this, he was frequently employed to introduce figures and cattle into the genuine pictures of that master, either for the purpose of improving their composition or to please the fancy of the purchaser. Notwithstanding the assiduity with which he studied the works of Cuypp, and the success which has attended many interested persons in imposing his productions on the inexperienced as genuine pictures by that master, he has in every instance fallen far short of those peculiar beauties which constitute the great charm of his teacher. In addition to a prevailing mannerism and hardness of outline which runs through all his pictures, there is an evident deficiency of that mingling of the warm and cool tints so essential in painting. There is, also, a want of truth in his gradations, and an absence of atmospheric effect. He died on the 4th of February, 1815, aged 58, at Dort. His pictures fetched from three hundred to six hundred florins, after his death.

Another imitator was Dionysius Van Dongen, born at Dort in 1748. His attempts at copying were so successful, that he found a readier sale for them than for his own pictures. Cuypp, Paul Potter, and Wynants, were his principal models. False Cuypps he excelled in. He died, in 1819, at Dort.

Another was Abraham Van Bossum. He was less scrupulous in his imitation than the others. Some of his works are highly prized by the Dutch collectors. His style closely resembles Cuypp's. He flourished about the end of the seventeenth century, and was most successful in landscapes, cattle, views of towns, cottages, and poultry. His pictures have fetched very high prices.

The last imitator was one by name Bernard Van Kalraat, born at Dort in 1650; the date of his death is not known. His style does not much resemble Cuypp's; he, however, began as an imitator of that master, but ultimately abandoned his imitations for a style more easy and more native to him.

The numerous artists who endeavoured to build a reputation and a fortune on the mere imitation of Cuypp, is of itself evidence of that painter's genius. Mediocrity has no ready followers. Mediocre talent is common enough. It is the privilege of genius to be pilfered. Poets, authors, artists, have all had their plagiarists; and there is scarcely a painter of any real value, of whom false copies may not be found in the market.

Severe and careful critics will not, however, be imposed upon, and the sham Cuypps are now cast back to merited obscurity. There is some difference between copying a master as a study, and copying him to palm the imitations on the

public. Careless and ignorant purchasers may not know the difference, and a false Cuypp may be as interesting and valuable to them as a real one. We know ourselves a man of rank and fortune who glories in a Greuse and a Wattenus—both barefaced shams, sold to him by a speculative Jew dealer. As the worthy squire is happy in his ignorance, we have not sought to undeceive him.

A critic feels a natural tendency to elevate the subject he is treating. It is impossible to treat of such a painter as Albert Cuypp without rating him very high. One is roused to warm enthusiasm by the study of his pictures. But we think that we have not fallen into exaggeration as far as the great master we have been treating is concerned. It is to be regretted that we have not richer materials about him. We should have been glad to know what kind of a wife he chose unto himself, if he had stalwart sons and fair daughters. But he has no history save his works, which, though so little appreciated in his day, are now immortal. Proud, indeed, may the man be who owns a genuine Cuypp.

Flemish art holds a very high position in the history of the

art of Europe. The men of the Netherlands, who revived painting, did so in a most attractive form. They did not seek the beauty of the ideal, of the very highest order of art, but their characteristic was breadth, freedom, and originality. They combined with this great attention to individual objects. They painted the life they knew: its different phases, its petty and larger peculiarities; the daily existence of the town and village; nature in her works; in-door and domestic. Consequently there was a particular delicacy of touch about them. They do not hold the first place in art, but they tend very much towards it.

Historical painting was a very large department of the Flemish school. It had two branches: one influenced by the catholic clergy in Brabant, the other guided by protestant Holland, and very different in character and attributes. The founder of the Brabant school was Peter Paul Rubens—a painter who had little influence on Cuypp. Cuypp, in the little he did study, studied the Dutch school. But as we have said before, it was by throwing off the trammels of all schools that our artist of Dort became truly great.



VIEW OF THE MAAS, NEAR MAASTRICHT. FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT CUYPP.

### PIETRO DE CORTONA.

SOME two centuries ago, in the sunny land of Italy, beneath the warm sky of Tuscany, there was a little shepherd-boy, of twelve years old, feeding his flock by the wayside. He was a simple herdsman; and there he sat on the warm bank, beneath the shade of a tree, thinking, one would have supposed, of nothing in particular, when suddenly he started up, cast down his crook, and walked away towards Florence. What he did this for, and under what impulse he acted, it is difficult to imagine. But to Florence he did go.

Now in Florence there dwelt another boy, of not more than eight years old, nearly as poor as himself, who had left his native village of Cortona to become turnspit in the kitchen of Cardinal Sachetti.

Now Pietro did not come to Florence to enter upon the lucrative duties of the scullion of a prince. He was fired by

a noble ardour. In Florence there was a school of painting, and Pietro had determined to become a painter. How, it was difficult to imagine; but he determined to try.

And Pietro stopped before the palace of Cardinal Sachetti, and waited patiently until monsignori had dined, to get an opportunity of speaking to his comrade and friend Tommaso. He waited a long time, but at last Tommaso appeared.

"How do you do, Tommaso?" said Pietro, looking at the well-fed young official with great respect.

"How do you do, Pietro? And what have you come to Florence for?" said the scullion.

"I have come to learn painting," said Pietro of Cortona, quietly.

"Nonsense, you had better learn cooking," replied Tommaso. "It's a good trade; one never can die of hunger in that profession."

"You eat, then, as much as you like here."

"I should think so. I could give myself an indigestion every day if I liked."

"Well," said Pietro merrily, "we can come to an understanding. You have too much, and I have not enough. I'll bring you my appetite, and you'll give me your kitchen."

"Done—settled," said Tommaso.

"Then let us begin from this very moment," cried Pietro, heartily, "for as I have not dined, I feel anxious to begin our partnership at once."

Tommaso took Pietro up secretly to a garret where he himself slept, offered him half of his bed, and told him to wait, for he would soon come up with some leavings from his lordship's table.

"Very good," said Pietro; "but don't be long. My long walk has given me an appetite."

Tommaso soon returned, and the two sat down to supper. It was a gay repast indeed. Tommaso was full of spirits, and laughed heartily at the voracious appetite of Pietro.

whole house with his architect, and visited rooms he had never entered before. The garret of the scullion did not escape the joint investigation of his highness and the artist. Pietro was out; but his numerous sketches on the walls and on paper testified to the patience and talent of the child who dwelt in that garret. The cardinal and the architect were struck by the merit of these works.

"Who lives in this room?" said the prelate.

"Tommaso, a scullion, my lord," replied one of the servants who stood behind.

The cardinal sent for the boy, in order to pay him some highly-merited compliments upon his great ability, and to confer with him as to his future prospects. When, however, poor Tommaso learned that his highness had entered the garret, and had seen what he called the daubs of his friend Pietro, he gave himself up for lost.

"You are no longer to remain among my scullions," said the cardinal, who little thought the boy had a lodger.



CATTLE DRINKING. FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT CUYP.

Pietro had not the means of buying paper and pencil, and Tommaso had as yet no wages. But the walls of the garret were white, and Tommaso brought up some charcoal, with which Pietro began boldly to make sketches. In this way time passed, until Tommaso by chance received a small coin. Great joy in the garret. The young artist procured paper and pencils. He now went out at daybreak, and entering the churches, studied the pictures, the monuments, and wandering about to the outskirts, studied nature again in those fields which had fired his infant genius, and which by some strange and irresistible impulse had driven him to the study of painting.

By degrees the first crude sketches in charcoal on the walls disappeared, and Pietro of Cortona covered the narrow cell with more perfect pictures. The garret of the young scullion became a little temple of art and friendship.

But even the best kept mysteries are one day explained. Cardinal Sacchetti determined one year to have his palace undergo thorough repair. For this purpose he went over the

Tommaso, deceived as to the true meaning of the cardinal's words, thought merely that he was driven from his kitchen, and was without a home. The poor scullion saw ruin for himself, and exile and starvation for his friend. He accordingly, while weeping bitterly, threw himself at his master's feet.

"Oh!" cried he, "do not send me away. What will become of Pietro?"

The cardinal, considerably puzzled, asked for an explanation of these words; and after some little hesitation, he learned that Tommaso had for two years kept in his garret, in secret, a young shepherd-boy.

"When he comes home this evening," said the cardinal, "bring him to me."

And the cardinal dismissed the scullion, after telling him to keep his place, laughing heartily all the while at his mistake.

In the evening the artist did not come back. Two days passed, then eight, and even a fortnight elapsed before anything was again heard of Pietro de Cortona.



At length the cardinal, a great patron of the arts, began to be exceedingly anxious relative to the lad. He caused inquiries to be made, and found that the monks of an isolated convent had sheltered the young artist of fourteen, who had humbly asked permission of them to copy a picture by Raphael which was in the chapel of the cloister. He had been freely allowed to carry out his wish. He was then brought back to the cardinal, who received him with kindness, and placed him at school with one of the best painters of Rome.

Fifty years later, there were two old men who lived like brethren in one of the most beautiful villas of Florence. The people said of the one, "He is one of the greatest painters of the day," and of the other, "He is a model of friendship." It was Pietro de Cortona and his friend, the scullion—the one a great painter, the other a rich and honoured citizen.

### THE UNKNOWN MASTERPIECE.

There is a tradition current in Spain, which is not one of the least singular of the tales which float about in connexion with painters. One day Rubens was in the neighbourhood of Madrid, and went into a convent of very severe rules, and remarked, not without some surprise, in an humble and poor choir of the monastery, a picture of the most sublime and admirable talent. This picture represented the death of a monk. Rubens summoned his scholars, showed them the picture, and asked their opinion. All replied, that it was of exceeding genius.

"Who can be the author of this work?" asked Vandyk, the cherished pupil of Rubens.

"There is a name at the bottom of the picture, but it has been carefully rubbed out," replied Van Thulden.

Rubens begged the favour of an interview with the prior, and asked of the old monk the name of the artist, whose production he admired so much.

"The painter is no longer of this world," replied the abbot.

"Dead!" cried Rubens, "dead! And no one knows his name, no one ever hinted to me, no one told me, of his name, which should be immortal—a name before which my own would have faded. And yet, my father," said the artist with a flush of pride, "I am Paul Rubens."

At the sound of this name, the pale face of the prior was animated by singular warmth. His eyes flashed and he looked at Rubens with a strange and wild look—a faint glimmer of pride flashed across his face—but it lasted only a moment. The monk then looked down, crossed his arms, which for a moment he had raised to the heavens in an instant of enthusiasm.

"The artist is not of this world," he repeated.

"His name, my father—his name, that I may let the whole world know it, that I may render unto him the glory which is due unto him."

The monk shook in every limb; a cold sweat burst out upon his body and tinged his wan cheeks; his lips were compressed convulsively, like priests ready to reveal a mystery of which you know the secret.

"His name, his name," cried Rubens.

The monk shook his head.

"Listen to me, my brother; you have not understood my meaning. I said to you that the artist was not of this world: I did not say he was dead."

"You say he lives," cried the artists in chorus. "Give forth his name."

"He has renounced the world—he is in a cloister, he is a monk."

"A monk, my father, a monk? Oh, tell me in what convent. He must come out of it. When God stamps a man with the seal of genius, this man should not be buried in obscurity. God gives such a man a sublime mission, and he must accomplish his destiny. Tell me in what cloister he is concealed, and I will tear him from it, telling him of the glory that awaits him. If he refuses, I will have him commanded

by the Pope to return to the world and resume his brushes. The Pope loves me, my father, said the Pope will hearken to my words."

"I will give up neither his name nor the cloister which has opened its shelter to him," replied the monk in a firm tone.

"The Pope will command you," said Rubens, exasperated.

"Listen to me," replied the monk, "listen to me, in the name of God. Do you think that this man, before leaving the world, before renouncing fortune and glory, did not first struggle firmly against such a resolution? Think you, brother, that he must not have felt bitter deceptions, bitter sorrow, before he became convinced that all was deception and vanity? Let him then die in peace in that shelter he has found against the world and its sorrow. Your efforts, moreover, will be in vain—he will triumphantly reject your advances," he added, making the sign of the cross, "for God will continue to be his friend, God, who in his mercy has deigned to appear to him, and will not drive him from his presence."

"But, father, he renounces immortality."

"Immortality is nothing in presence of eternity."

And the monk refused to carry on the conversation.

Rubens went away with his pupils, silent and sad, and returned to Madrid.

The prior went back to his cell, and kneeling down on the straw mat which served him as a bed, prayed fervently to God.

Then he collected together his pencils, his colours, and his easel, which were scattered about his cell, and cast them through the window into the river which flowed beneath. He gazed then a little while sadly at these objects as they floated away.

When they had entirely disappeared, he knelt down again, and prayed with excessive fervour.

The author of the masterpiece was never known.

### GERARD DOUW.

GERARD DOUW, the most feeling and expressive of Dutch genre painters, Durer excepted, was born at Leyden on the 7th of April, 1613. His father, Janszoon Douw, was a glazier. Gerard, however, showed no inclination to follow that trade, but early manifested a taste for the fine arts. The father did not oppose his son's inclinations, but, on the contrary, did all in his power to encourage and strengthen them. When a mere child, Gerard Douw was placed with Bartholomew Dolendo, an engraver, with whom he remained for some few months, acquiring considerable skill in the art. He was then placed with Peter Rouwhorn, painter on glass, with whom he remained about two years more. At the expiration of that period, such was the progress the young artist had made, that his master had little else to teach him, and accordingly, at fifteen years of age, Gerard Douw became the pupil of the celebrated Rembrandt. After three years of unremitting study under that master, Douw felt that he might release himself from the trammels of an instructor, and dispense with all lessons, except those taught by nature herself. Accordingly, he left the studio of Rembrandt, and prepared to take his own independent position in the world of art.

Portrait painting was the first style which engaged his attention; and of this he soon tired. He found that it exacted too much of his versatile powers. Not only did it necessitate the trouble of taking accurate likenesses, but also of painting good pictures. He required more time, too, to perfect his works than many people who wished to engage his talents were disposed to give. Their patience was fairly exhausted before he had completed more than a mere sketch of their features. Such was the elaborate patience which he bestowed upon the effort to render every detail of his picture in the most perfect manner, that Descamps assures us, on one occasion, when Douw was engaged in painting the por-

trait of a lady, he spent five days upon the hand. Another authority says, that to a broomstick, in one of his pictures, he devoted three, some say five, days of incessant application. It is not surprising, therefore, that he should have abandoned a department of his art which demanded such a vast outlay of time, and which, moreover, did not allow his imagination sufficient scope to develop itself. He obeyed the instincts of his genius, therefore, in surrendering himself to the spirit of his fancy, whether that led him amid the beauties of nature, or among the homely scenes of domestic life. Whatever picture he undertook received the utmost attention, even in its minutest particulars, at his hands. The care he bestowed merely upon his colours almost exceeds belief. He always ground them himself. He kept them shut up in air-tight boxes, and closed every aperture of the room in which they were placed, so that the apartment itself was almost air-tight; he also entered the room on tip-toe, with the scrupulous caution with which a sick chamber is visited; sat himself down softly, to prevent his clothes from sweeping against the floor or the furniture, and thus causing dust to arise in the room. He also kept his brushes, palettes, and pencils, in positions where they were secure from atmospheric variation and influence. This care was not bestowed in vain. His colouring presents a richness and purity which has rarely been equalled, and probably never surpassed. The neglect of these minutiae affects much the slow progress of modern art. When studying the style of Rembrandt, he appears to have viewed the works of that master through a convex lens; for when Rembrandt's pictures are seen through that medium, they bear a marked resemblance to those of Douw.

Gerard Douw had a most intimate knowledge of the mechanical details of his art; an artistic capacity to group those details in a spirit of harmony; and unflinching manual and mental industry. His industry was indeed marvellous. He would bestow hours in studying new effects, in viewing the contrasts and combinations of light and shade, and in perfecting the most trivial accessories of his subject. He cared not how he laboured or how protracted his labour was, so that he was enabled to attain to that degree of excellence to which he felt his genius was capable of leading him. He was guided, as is every truly great mind, solely by the light of his own opinions. If he pleased himself, he had achieved the highest possible amount of success. He was his own critic; all other critics might be listened to, but it was himself alone who was to be obeyed. It was no easy task he set himself, but it was one that at any expenditure of time and patience he determined to execute. How he succeeded is well known. Other painters may have been as painstaking, but in no works of art are the evidences of industry more unobtrusively apparent than in the works of Gerard Douw.

An eminent critic thus sums up the character of Douw: "Formed in the school of Rembrandt, Douw appears to have received from him a thorough knowledge of light and shade and the power of treating it, so as to produce complete harmony; but he abandoned the fantastic tendency and the striking effects of his master, and formed for himself a peculiar style. Gerard Douw delights most in subjects within the narrow circle of kindly family feeling; we meet with no action, as in Terburg, in which an interest is excited by the traces of some passion hidden beneath the surface, but merely the affectionate relations of simple domestic life, and the peaceful intercourse of a quiet home. The execution, as is necessary in such subjects, is extremely neat and highly finished, without degenerating into pettiness or constraint: the various accessories are handled with the same care as the figures, for they perform a necessary part in domestic life; and the daily intercourse with them seems, as it were, to lend them an independent existence and a peculiar interest. The arrangement is, therefore, such, that these accessories not only combine agreeably with the whole, but in general occupy a considerable portion of the picture. We often look through a window, on the sill of which lie all kinds of household utensils, into the busy scene within. Frequently the comfort

of domestic privacy is made more striking by the twilight of evening or by candlelight; for in the treatment also of the effects of light of this kind Gerard Douw has shown himself a great master. Although the life of the lower classes, such as housemaids and retailers of articles in daily use, frequently forms the subject of his pictures, yet they are painted without any leaning to the burlesque and vulgar feeling of such masters as Brauer? indeed, whenever Gerard Douw approaches to coarseness of this kind, we can observe that it is done with design and with an effort. On the contrary, neither the drawing-room of the great, nor subjects supplied by poetry, are suited to his natural taste; and though he has frequently tried them, the result is not happy."

Gerard Douw lived in honour and prosperity, and died at the age of sixty-one, in the year 1674. He had several imitators, the most successful of whom was Francis Miéris, born 1635, died 1681. His imitations frequently deceived experienced judges. Peter Van Slingeland was another imitator of Douw, and many of his pictures bear a marked resemblance to those of that master, and are frequently sold as such. But there is a certain weakness and irresolution in Van Slingeland's pictures, which the practised eye is enabled to detect at once. John Van Staveran was another imitator and pupil of Douw. His subjects were, however, limited, and his style far from effective. The principal works of Gerard Douw are "La Femme Hydrique," in the Louvre; "A Schoolroom, by Candlelight," in the Musée at Amsterdam, and valued at £1,600; the "Interior of a Room, with groined ceiling and arched windows," in a private collection in Paris, and valued at 1,200 guineas; "A Grocer's Shop," in the possession of the Queen, and valued at 1,200 guineas; "The Poulterer's Shop," worth 1,270 guineas, formerly in the possession of Sir Robert Peel; "La Marchande Epicière du Village," in the Louvre, value £2,200; "A Schoolroom by Candlelight," now in the Musée at Amsterdam; "The Interior of a Dentist's Shop." Many valuable portraits of himself, in various collections. "La Lecture de la Sainte Bible," in the Louvre, valued at £1,000; "A Hermit at his Devotions," in the possession of Lord Ashburton, and valued at £1,500; "The Water Doctor," now in the palace of the Hermitage, St. Petersburg; "The Surprise," in the Gallery at Dresden, and valued at 500 guineas, &c. &c. Some of his pictures, of great value, were sold to the Empress of Russia, and were lost at sea in 1771. Of the pictures to which we have alluded, we select a few for description.

The first is "La Femme Hydrique." The picture represents the interior of a large and lofty room, with an arched window on the right, and a circular one above it; in the opposite side of the apartment is suspended a rich piece of tapestry, which is drawn up, and forms a pleasing object, both from the tasteful east of the folds, and the angle which it makes in the picture. The composition exhibits a group of four figures, disposed near the window. The centre one is a lady of middle age, evidently suffering under a severe malady; her affliction is affectionately deplored by her daughter, a beautiful girl, who is kneeling by the side of her parent, holding one of her hands. A doctor, in a purple silk robe, and a scarf round his waist, stands on the left of the lady, attentively examining the symptoms of the disease; while a female attendant, who is behind her chair, is offering her some refreshment in a spoon. The elegance of the dresses, and the taste displayed in the furniture, denote the rank and opulence of the family. This surprising production is no less excellent for its finish in all the details than for the strong natural expression of each figure: the patient resignation of the lady, the filial affection of the daughter, the anxious attention of the nurse, and the ominous gesture of the doctor, are portrayed with a refinement of feeling that would do honour to the best Italian masters. This picture is in the Louvre, and is valued at \$1,800. It is his masterpiece. It was given by the Elector Palatine to Prince Eugene, and, after his death, remained in the gallery at Turin, until the French carried it off and placed it in the Louvre. They gave 100,000 francs instead of restoring it.

The next is "The Interior of a Dentist's Shop," of which we present an engraving. An old man is being submitted to the operations of the dentist. At the back, an old woman, resting upon a basket, is waiting to see the tooth extracted. On the window-sill in front are a shell, a bottle, a basin, and a pot of flowers. A skull on a shelf at the back of the room, several medicine jars, and a stuffed lizard suspended from the

and the general air of life and reality which invests it, speaking in no small voice of the genius of the creator.

In the collection at Hampton Court there is a small Gerard Douw of "An Old Woman asleep with a Book on her knees." The Dulwich Gallery also contains two small pictures, and in the gallery of the late Sir Robert Peel was a picture which formerly belonged to Mr. Beekford, and was sold at the Font-



THE TOOTH-DRAWER. FROM A PAINTING BY GERARD DOUW.

roof, give completeness to the scene. The scrutinising look of the operator contrasts well with the resigned appearance of the patient; and the steady reflective gaze of the old woman is shown to great advantage in the light of the window. This picture, one of several illustrations of dentistry, a subject Douw often treated, is remarkable for the richness of the colouring, the truthfulness of detail, the admirable grouping,

hill Abbey sale for 1,270 guineas. It represents "A Hare bargained for between an old woman and young girl."

In the Berlin Museum there is a picture representing "A Storeroom with vast quantities of Provisions." The cook has just opened the door and has a candle in her hand. She steps lightly to avoid disturbing a mouse about to enter a trap. The light on her face produces a pleasing effect.

## JOHN VAN HUYSUM.



THERE is an essential difference between the genius of a Huysum and that of a Cuyt or a Douw; the latter reach to  
Vol. I.

the verge of the very highest branch of art, but our present artist is of another school, though sufficiently great in his way. Some have instituted a comparison between Baptiste, Huet, and Huysum. But these two artists are separated by the wide difference that exists between the French and the Flemish schools. It is from the similitude and yet the contrast between them that we can appreciate the distinction between the two schools, and can seize and judge of the difference between the style in which they have severally treated flowers. The French school is generally considered to regard nature as something purely secondary, much inferior to man, and bowing wholly subservient to his greatness. For a long time that school used landscape but as the framework of an historic scene, or as a garden, where wandered poets, and heroes, and philosophers. They rarely took for subjects the lovely creations of the earth. Flowers, above all, were disregarded by them. Even those who did make them their special study and their choice workmanship, used them only as light decorations fit to adorn the panels of the palace and boudoir of the lady of fashion. The artists of the French school used flowers simply to show off their delicacy of touch, their richness of colouring, and the keenness of their eye. The painters of the Flemish and Dutch schools always placed nature in the first rank both in their admiration and in their pictures. As long as they confined themselves to natural sources, to inspiration, arising from their own characters and climate, everything was a subject for a masterpiece. They were quite satisfied when

they could paint the banks of a river, when they could make a picturesque scene out of an old moss-grown wall, or render the grace and elegance of a flower, its peculiar and gentle charms, its every tint, characteristic, and hue. The same country which produced so many amateurs of flowers, so many enthusiastic worshippers of the tulip, gave to the world also the best artists in this peculiar line. The son of Gaul devoted a leisure hour to a bouquet, to show his power of rendering contrasts, and to bring together all the bright colours which are found in this sun-born department of creation. The Dutchman seeks to rouse sympathy and admiration in the heart of the amateur of gardens, to awaken in his soul the emotions naturally suggested and kindled in the mind of one who loves flowers, who knows their history, their family, their varieties, and their perfume. He seeks to make the rose of an hour live a hundred years. Huet paints a bunch of flowers merely for effect and contrast. John Van Huysum painted flowers from love, and under the influence of a kind of inspiration.

The place where he was born was peculiarly the locality where flowers were always highly appreciated. No other nation at that time could enter into the floricultural enthusiasm of the Dutchmen. Huysum was born at Amsterdam, in 1682. He was the pupil and the eldest son of Justus Van Huysum, a flower-painter, who had transformed his house into a kind of manufactory of everything which could contribute to the decoration of apartments and gardens. At the head of this peculiar establishment Justus Van Huysum placed his son John, while all his other sons, whom he had also initiated into the mysteries of the art of painting, worked under him. The coarse work of this trade soon disgusted John, who felt within himself higher and nobler aspirations towards true art. He accordingly entered deeply into the study of Abraham Mignon, an able painter, of Verelst, and David de Heem, who was a kind of master in this school. His flowers and fruit were executed with the utmost neatness and finish, while his colours were brilliant, and harmonised in the purest manner. From the study of these masters, John Van Huysum turned to the ever-open page of nature, where, despite the clear and transparent light shed on all creation's works, so few learn to read. This imitation of their line of conduct was most fortunate for our artist, as it enabled him to see all that was good in his predecessors, who were considered inimitable, and to correct, by reference to reality, any errors into which they fell. He found errors in their copies of nature, slight and trifling faults, indeed, but such as he endeavoured to avoid. It was, then, by active and industrious search after the real and the beautiful, that the genius of Huysum was cultivated to the highest pitch. Beginning only with flowers, he saw open before him a whole world—fresh, new, delightful. He investigated every branch of his subject; he visited every corner of his new domains. Birds, butterflies, wasps, bees, all came in for their share. He made them all, as it were, the satellites of floricultural creation. At an early period, he studied diligently to imitate the marble slabs which were to support his baskets of flowers, the pots which were to contain his bouquets, the bas-reliefs which were to adorn his vases, and all the delicate minutie of ornaments for handles, etc. He armed himself from head to foot to conquer the domain of roses. He was a regular Don Quixote of horticulture.

This taste for flowers seems to have been innate. Even when an infant, it was remarked that his eye was constantly attracted by the bright colours of nature's most beautiful and most short-lived children; and, during his boyhood, his great delight was the cultivation of a little plot of garden-ground, where he would pass hours sitting upon a bench, watching, in spring and summer time, the result of his labours and his care. This taste of his was so well known that his father's friends never thought of giving him any other presents than a packet of seeds or a bunch of roots, and it was the general opinion that he would ultimately become a great botanist—perhaps a great physician. Those who thought so, however, did not know that the young Van Huysum cared little to study the secret processes of nature, and was captivated only by the

graceful forms, the exquisite colours, and the beautiful grouping of his flowers. Vandercamp relates, in his collection of anecdotes of the notabilities of Amsterdam, that when our painter was a mere youth, a curious adventure happened to him from this excessive fondness for the floral productions of nature. He was one day wandering in the neighbourhood of the city, when he came to a garden separated from the road by one of those neat hedges which form the admiration of all travellers in Holland. According to his usual custom, he looked over to see if there was anything in his way worth admiring, and having discovered that all the flowers in the bed were already well known to him, was about to go away, when his eye was attracted by a magnificent tulip that stood in a pot upon one of the lower balconies of the house. Its size, its form, its lustre, at once threw him into ecstasies of delight, and he would have given anything to have been allowed to approach it, to hang over it, to contemplate it from various points of view.

Timidity, natural to his age, prevented him, however, from entering the garden and asking permission to gratify his desire; and so, after having lingered near the hedge for more than an hour, he tore himself away with a sigh and returned homewards.

But the tulip still occupied his thoughts. He neither supped nor slept that night, and next morning early went forth and returned to the garden, in hopes of again seeing his beautiful flower. The windows of the house, however, were still closed, and the tulip had not yet been put out into the air. Van Huysum was patient. He walked up and down meditating, until at length he saw a young girl come out with the tulip pot in her hand and place it carefully where it could catch the first rays of the sun. Anybody else would have observed that the young girl was beautiful exceedingly; but the young painter only looked upon her as a thing that carried a flower, or rather he did not look upon her at all, but gazed with his great eyes at the real object of his admiration.

It happened that Agatha Kostar—such was the young girl's name—was betrothed to the son of one of the richest burgo-masters of Amsterdam, who came out that morning on a visit to his intended father-in-law, partly to discuss the preliminaries of his marriage, and partly to settle the price of two hundred and fifty hogsheads of sugar, which Van Kostar had for sale. As he walked deliberately by, examining as he went the nice little garden and the neat house which were to form part of Agatha's dowry, he could not help being struck at seeing rather a wild-looking youth staring like a tiger over the hedge full upon the balcony; while his betrothed still stood, after having set down the flower, admiring it, and now and then brushing off a few grains of dust that had fallen upon its petals.

Dutchmen are slow in most things. The son of the burgo-master took this fact into his mind, without making any comment, and walked into the house. But when he came to the window, and perceived that Agatha still lingered there, under the raking fire of as eager a pair of eyes as he had ever seen, he could not help feeling a small, a very small pang of jealousy; and touching the young lady on the shoulder, said to her,

"Who is that young man?"

The young girl looked very innocently first at him, and then at the stranger, and replied:

"I had not seen him; he is some beggar probably. I will send him out something."

"Some broken victuals," economically observed the burgo-master's son, in whom the feeling of jealousy began slowly to die away.

Next morning, however, again perceiving Van Huysum at his post, he took note of his costume, and convinced himself that he was no beggar. Now, as he perfectly well knew that a plate of broken victuals had been sent out, and did not know that Van Huysum had gone away in the meantime, all this business appeared very strange to him, and he determined, as he stepped slowly towards the house, to come to an explanation.



He found Van Kostar sitting enjoying his pipe at one of the back windows, in a state of contemplative beatitude, with a large ledger open before him; for the good old gentleman had long been confined to his house by obesity and the gout, and was compelled to transact all his business there.

"Good morning, my son," said he, stretching out his fat hand. The young man took it, gave it a solemn shake, sat down, and came at once to the point.

"I am not satisfied with Agatha," said he. Then, leaving this observation to sink into the old gentleman's mind, he took up a pipe, filled it, and began to smoke in a very jealous and melancholy way.

Van Kostar looked at him, and took more time in trying to get at the meaning of his phrase than he did generally in deciding on the merits of a commercial operation. At length he said what he might have said before, "I don't understand what you say."

The burgomaster's son then stated that he had seen a young man making love to Agatha over the hedge, which, for a Dutchman, was rather a stretch of imagination. Van Kostar opened his eyes, laid down his pipe, and struck a blow with his fat hand upon the table.

"Son-in-law," said he, "what you say is not true. I know Agatha, and shall call her at once to have an explanation."

Now it happened that Agatha, as even the discreetest young ladies will sometimes do, had been listening at the door, and heard the charge which had been made against her. Instead of coming in at once, and exculpating herself, she instantly ran back to the balcony, moved by a natural female curiosity to have a look at this young stranger, of whom she had hitherto taken no notice.

Van Huysum was still there, and was employed in trying to sketch on a piece of card the object of his fond admiration. "It is true," thought Agatha, blushing, "and he is writing a letter to me. Upon my faith, he is a very handsome young man; and Gerard never looked at me in that way."

Whilst she was indulging in this dangerous speculation, Gerard, the burgomaster's son, made his appearance, and conveyed to her her father's message, that he desired to see her, but without alluding to the suspicions which he had himself entertained.

On seeing his kind grave face, Agatha repented a little of having allowed her thoughts to wander, but still could not help carrying on the mortification a little further. She was quite convinced that Gerard was right, so far as Van Huysum was concerned, and equally convinced of her own innocence.

There is nothing that makes women so revengeful as being wrongfully suspected; and Agatha is therefore deserving of credit that she did not determine to flirt with the stranger as soon as she found out who he was. "I am afraid," she said, "that I know what my father wants."

Gerard started, for as yet there had been no fact to confirm or justify his uneasiness. He looked sorrowfully at the young girl, and taking her hand, led her to the chamber where her father was waiting rather impatiently for her presence. The old man exclaimed at once, "Well, daughter, has Gerard told you what is the matter?"

"No, father," she replied; "but I think he is jealous."

"That's it," exclaimed the old man, laughing; "but you must tell him at once that he is mistaken, and that the young fellow with the eyes thinks no more of you than he does of my tulips."

"I am not quite sure of that, father," replied Agatha.

Van Kostar gave a long whistle, and then meditated for a few moments. At length he said, "Would it not be well, Gerard, instead of talking to this foolish girl, to learn who this stranger may be? Go out, like a man, and tell him to come in. I have always found, that to be straightforward is the best way to do business."

Gerard immediately walked out and went to Van Huysum, who had just finished his sketch, and said to him, "Young man, will you come with me? I know not who you are, but I am afraid that you are nearer to obtaining what you desire than I am."

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Van Huysum with the accent of a passionate lover.

Gerard felt his heart sink within him, and said, "Have you loved long?"

"Three days," exclaimed Van Huysum.

"And I have loved her for three years," said Gerard, with a sigh.

"Three years!" cried the young painter. "Has that flower been in bloom so long?"

Gerard thought to himself, this is the fine talk with which these young popinjays win the hearts of maidens. If she be inclined to him after having only seen his head over a hedge, what will it be when he makes fine speeches to her? Then he said aloud, "She is eighteen years old."

"Eighteen years!" again exclaimed Van Huysum, in a dreamily poetical manner. And so he followed his rival into the house, and was soon in presence of the old man and his daughter.

Gerard by this time had made up his mind that the young stranger loved Agatha, and that Agatha loved the young stranger; and being both a prudent and a good man, said to his intended father-in-law, "It is useless to struggle against fate. I know that they are destined for one another; and if this young man makes his demand, and it be accepted, I shall withdraw my claims, and the relations of our houses shall not be disturbed."

Agatha looked rather surprised at being so easily abandoned, and having compared the appearance of Van Huysum with that of Gerard, saw that, after all, the latter was much the most eligible individual. Besides, she had not really thought of breaking off a good match in this romantic way, and now exclaimed, "I suppose my consent will be asked?"

Van Huysum approached her, and taking her hand said, "I beseech you not to disappoint me."

By this time Van Kostar had a little recovered from the surprise which their strange doings had excited, and roared out:—"Is everybody mad? What is the meaning of all this nonsense? Do you think I will give Agatha to the first stranger that is picked up by the way-side?"

Van Huysum thought that the tulip had received a name. And looking very respectfully at the irate old gentleman, said, "If you will not part with Agatha herself, as you have been so kind as to call me in, will you give me one of her bulbs?"

At this extraordinary speech it seemed evident that the young painter was insane, and Gerard began to think whether it would be most proper to knock him down or coax him away. Our painter, however, not understanding the odd looks that were cast at him, went on to say: "I saw your tulip the day before yesterday, and so admired its perfection, that I wished to possess a similar one, or at any rate to be allowed to make a sketch of it. I have tried to do so over the hedge, but am afraid I have not succeeded." He then drew forth his card, and exhibited his performance. Agatha bit her lips, for she began to feel rather ridiculous; but her father and her lover laughed heartily, and the former exclaimed, "Young man, you may have my tulip, pot and all, and if you will paint it for me, I will buy the picture, and make a present of it to my daughter at the christening of her first child."

Agatha, says the worthy Vanderkamp, who seems to have hung over this story with fondness, ran away blushing, and Van Huysum afterwards found in Van Kostar one of his most liberal patrons.

The Dutch are very extreme in their love of collections. They describe this peculiar taste by the word *lief-hebbery*, which may be translated, curiosity-love. Some collect shells, some indulge in the luxury of medals; and in many a grocer's and cheesemonger's house will you find a library of strange and rare books of Elzivirs and primitive editions; or you will find the same man making unheard-of sacrifices for antique Chinese and Japanese ware. But the greatest instance of the *lief-hebbery* known, is this devotion of the Dutch to the art of flower-painting. They worship this branch of art; it is a subject of adoration. It will then be readily understood to what a degree John Van Huysum received encouragement,

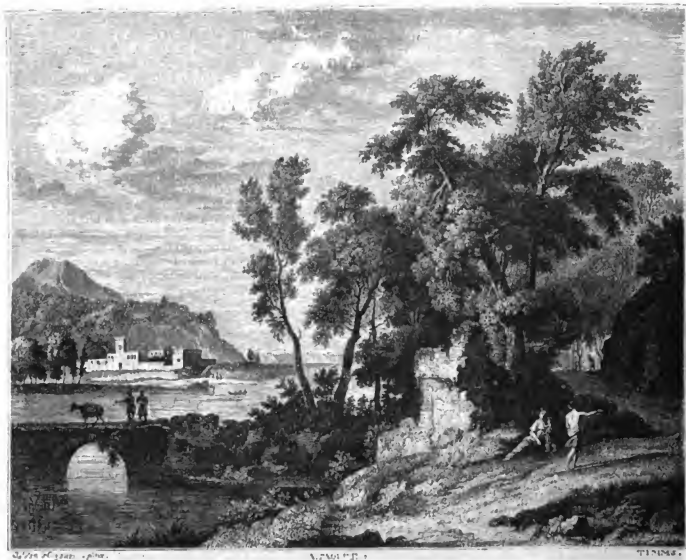
when we mention that he succeeded in eclipsing Abraham Mignon. In the same picture he flattered both their love for painting and for flowers. It may, however, be remarked, that one of the first persons, after Van Kester, to purchase his works and to cry up his talents was the envoy of France, the Count of Morville, who ordered four pictures, two for the Duke of Orleans, and two for himself.

The generous protection of this friend soon made Van Huysum fashionable. It drew attention to him, particularly from foreigners of rank and wealth; and from that moment, we are informed by Deschamps, his pictures fetched as much as 1,200 Dutch florins (about £120). His reputation having spread far and near, several German princes and all the sovereigns in Europe were eager to possess flowers from the hand of

bouquets of Van Huysum, and informs us that the brother of the painter, James Van Huysum, "lived with Lord Orford, and painted most of the pictures in the attic story."

Though fashion does sometimes decide the temporary fate of an artist, yet when that reputation continues to hold its own, it can scarcely be deceptive. The unanimous suffrages of artistic Europe were never yet given to mediocrity. At all events, they were not in the case of John Van Huysum. He really did reach, in flower-painting, almost to perfection, and we may almost say of him what d'Argenville says of Baptiste, "his flowers only want perfume to make them real."

The arrangement, the drawing, the perspective, the *chiaroscuro*, the touch, were all studied by Van Huysum with ardour. He seemed to catch by intuition at the varied



THE LITTLE BRIDGE.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN HUYSUM.

a painter, whose workshop was the gardens of the richest floriculturists of Amsterdam and Haarlem; the King of Poland, the King of Prussia, the Elector of Saxony, the Prince of Hesse, ordered pictures of him, for which they paid him very large sums; and one, who, to use a French hyperbolic phrase, "was almost a sovereign," Sir Robert Walpole, obtained from him four pictures to adorn his mansion at Houghton-hall, in Norfolk. Huysum from that hour was a favourite in England. His charming productions were appreciated at once, at a time when it was fashionable to follow the example of a noble lord, and when the good opinion of such a man as Walpole did more for an artist than even his genius. The pictures purchased by Sir Robert Walpole, says Horace Walpole, in the account he gives of his father's pictures in 1752, were most highly finished. In this work, he only mentions two

elements of his glory. He may have been less skilful, he may have been less of a painter than Huet in the more artistic co-ordination of a bouquet. The French academician looked principally to the effect of the whole, and regarding flowers only as ornaments, made all the little sacrifices necessary to give relief, unity, and animation to his picture. Van Huysum often mars by certain little details the general whole. To render it more light, he cuts his picture up by small, fine, and capricious branches. The elegant lightness of all this ravishes the heart of the botanist, who recognises and names with joy the myosotis, the fuschia, and the blue campanula; but these delicate accessories sometimes injure the frankness of the general effect. There was a want of completeness which drew down the blame of other artists, and laid him open to criticism; men, who see in a sprig of lily of the valley nothing

but a bunch of little bright points, and for whom an anemony is rather a tone than a flower, objected to the artistic carefulness of some of his productions.

Without falling into the insipidity which is the necessary result of an attempt to attain visible symmetry, the painter must give to his basket of flowers an order which, however, he must take care to hide. The young girl who has returned from the garden with her great straw hat full of flowers, has made haste to immerse their stalks into a vessel full of water

other hand, be symmetrically divided and present to the eye a too methodical arrangement. A tuft of anemones may counter-balance a hyacinth; the rose of Provins may be the companion of a double full-grown poppy; because the brilliancy of a tone increases the size of a flower, and exalts its importance a daisy is larger in appearance than a violet of the same size. These ideas are suggested by the painting we have engraved (p. 200); for it is Van Huysum who speaks, and we are only translating, in an imperfect manner, what the admirable picture



GROUP OF FLOWERS.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN HUYSUM.

and with her simple hand, without thought and without design, she has given to her bouquet a charming aspect, an inexpressible and unexpected beauty. So must the artist do. What an ingenious child, in whom grace is natural, discovers by instinct, the painter must attain by a scenic combination. In what that combination consists, it were difficult to say. We may affirm, nevertheless, that the corresponding parts must be unequal, and that if the bouquet does not look well when leaning entirely to one side of the vase, it must not, on the

eloquently teaches. It is the master himself who tells us to what degree perspective and design are necessary to the flower-painter, and that there is nothing so difficult to draw, for example, as a leaf foreshortened, or a flower with the petals curled inwards. It is he who shows us what art, what care, is necessary for setting these pretty models, so that, whether seen in full or in profile, bending forwards or backwards, they may always preserve the character and the form which we know to be peculiar to them. Inartistically repre-

sented, a round flower may appear square or triangular; and seen from a particular point of view, a chesnut-flower, which takes a pyramidal form in nature, may seem to be round.

One of the ablest writers upon painting, Sir Joshua Reynolds, has said, speaking of Rubens, that his paintings were *noëgays of colours*. This phrase darts like a ray of light through this difficult subject of flower-painting. It is evident that nature supplies those who follow this art with the proper tone of every one of the elements—we were going to say, of the personages—of their picture. The painter, therefore, has only to compose his *chiaro-oscuro*, with the local colours, and without having to invent the harmony of his work, he finds it ready made. As Philip Wouvermans makes use of the variegated coats of his horses—the bay, the chesnut, the dappled gray, the black, and the white—to develop the gamut of his *chiaro-oscuro*, so Van Huysum, taking his flowers, in one sense, as so many tones and demi-tons already formed on the palette of nature, has only to dispose them to produce the noëgay of which Reynolds speaks; and may thus, by softening away towards his background, by means of flowers in demi-tint and of deep coloured models, like the iris, the bluebell, and the pansy (grouping his light flowers towards the centre), discover, we will not say only optical perspective, but even a poetical aspect, from the fidelity of the imitation.

"The artist who wishes to attain a certain amount of talent in this department of art," says Millin, "should pass the greater part of his life in studying his models. He ought to possess a garden in which to cultivate them. Himself, in order that he may be able to procure the most beautiful of each season of the year, to make a choice of them, and to have nature under his eyes as he works. To be successful in painting flowers, certain natural dispositions are necessary, which every artist does not possess. There are, indeed, certain moral qualities, which seem to favour the artist in this department who has possessed them. To the exact *coup d'œil* which makes them correct draughtsmen and good colourists—to the indefatigable patience in matters of detail—to the cleanliness of handiwork which leads to perfection—these artists commonly unite a gentleness of character, a serenity of soul, and an evenness of temper, which tend to make them at all times equally correct, equally pure in colour, equally certain and like in their 'handling.'"

Who would not believe that this portrait of the flower-painter is precisely that of Van Huysum? Who would suppose that the author of these sweet masterpieces—the assiduous companion of hyacinths, of tulips, and of roses—had lived an agitated and sombre life? It is, nevertheless, true, that in the midst of his triumphs Van Huysum suffered the pangs of jealousy. He had married a woman who, according to some biographers, was neither young, nor pretty, nor desirable; but it happened one day that the raileries of one of those men who feel a stupid pleasure in disturbing the happiness of others introduced grief into his soul. From time to time indeed his mind wandered. Once, in a moment of irritation, he insulted the master of the house in which he lived, and was turned into the streets. To these excesses succeeded a long fit of melancholy. As an increase of misfortune, the son of this suspected wife fell into evil ways, so that Van Huysum, seeing him to be incorrigible, was obliged to ship him off to India. It happened, however, as a rare exception, that his painting was by no means influenced by these miseries of his domestic life. His temper was sad and sombre. His paintings were always smiling and transparent. When he was at work no one was admitted into his studio, not even his brothers; as if he had desired, says his biographer, Deschamps, following Van Gool, to hide from all his method of purifying his colours, and making use of them. But, perhaps, we should believe that solitude was necessary to his disturbed spirit,—that Van Huysum, to paint his flowers, required tranquillity and silence, as Gerard Douw to paint his quiet interiors, did his readings of the Bible. His exquisite finish supposes, in fact, an attention which nothing had disturbed, an enthusiasm which no external accident had cooled. We must, therefore, attribute

to something else besides vulgar quackery, or the littleness of egotism, the habit which the painter had of hiding himself from everybody when he was in presence of his flowers.

Vanderkamp, in the collection above quoted, has preserved some particulars of the domestic life of Van Huysum, which are worth recording. He differs, however, from other writers in stating that, although Catherine, the painter's wife, was ten years older than himself when he married her, he was led to the match rather by affection than by interest. He became acquainted with her one morning at the market, when he was purchasing some rare and curious flower-roots, while she had come out to get provisions for her father's family, which was by no means well off. He liked her appearance so much that he broke off a bargain, which he had nearly concluded, to follow her home. They talked together, and he almost immediately expressed a wish to marry her. She told him that she was free, but that for the present neither her father nor her mother could do without her assistance. "The matter may be arranged, however," said Van Huysum, who calculated very sagaciously that a housewife would be rather a decrease than an increase to the expense of his establishment.

"Catherine," says Vanderkamp, who was a contemporary and had, probably, often seen the lady herself, "though not remarkably beautiful, was an agreeable-looking, neat-handed person, and it was easy to understand the affection which a quiet man like Van Huysum experienced for her."

They were married in due time, and during the early part of their union lived happily together. Catherine seems really to have been a virtuous person, though somewhat light-minded, and given to other society than that of her family. Having been somewhat neglected in her youth, she listened with pleasure to the compliments paid her by the fine people who came to look at her husband's pictures, and as he often left her for days and even weeks, to shut himself up in his room, or wander through the country to study the beauties of nature, her ardent affection for him somewhat diminished. The very fact that many young men paid court to her proves that the common opinion of her want of fascinating qualities is erroneous. Among her admirers was a Frenchman of the name of Gervais, who used to express his passion by sending every day a large bouquet of flowers.

Catherine perfectly understood what was meant by this attention, and yet rewarded the sender by nothing more than a few gracious smiles, when he paraded up and down in the street before the house, smiling with that self-satisfied air which is peculiar to French *roués*. She was so far, indeed, from understanding the danger of what was going on, that instead of throwing away the flowers, she made a practice of giving them to her husband, saying, or leaving him to understand, that they were sent to him by his friends.

Generally speaking, he observed, simply, that the arrangement of the flowers was too formal. At other times he pulled the bouquet to pieces, and tried, by casting it loose into a vase, to give it a natural arrangement. This went on for some time, and at length M. Gervais, finding that his presents were always received, began to think himself entitled to an interview. He accordingly wrote to the painter's wife and told her to meet him by the canal about sunset. To his first letter Catherine paid no attention; but as she had contracted habits of idleness, and often sat for many hours musing on the pleasures which the wives of less intellectual persons than her husband could freely indulge in, ill-luck would have it that the idea came to her, that if M. Gervais wrote again she ought to comply with his invitation, in order to tell him how very improper it was for him to pursue her in this way, and that she was determined to remain faithful to her excellent husband. The second letter came, of course full of protestations and entreaties; and Catherine, whose prudence seems to have been quite asleep, took the opportunity, whilst her husband was still shut up in his studio, to dress herself out in her best, in order to go and reprove the enterprising Monsieur Gervais.

Had the man been less certain of his powers of fascination,

he might probably have succeeded in leading her astray; but the boldness of his manners frightened her at the outset, and she understood of what an unpardonable imprudence she had been guilty. Gervais even proposed that she should run away with him, but instead of that she ran away from him, and returning to her house shed bitter tears of repentance. Her husband, seeing her in this melancholy mood, sought to comfort her, and asked the reason of her grief; but she would not explain further than to say that she was a very bad woman, undeserving of his love. He laughed at this, and thought she had probably upset one of the valuable pots of varnish which had recently been sent to him as a present from Paris, and like a prudent man thought it best to say no more of the matter. His gentleness only made his wife more sorrowful, and indeed there was reason for her sorrow, though she did not know it, for from that time forth unhappiness and discord were introduced into the house.

Monsieur Gervais, furious at having been made a fool of, as he thought, determined to revenge himself, and meditated for some time how to carry his project into effect. He began by writing a third letter to poor Catherine, expressing his sorrow for his previous conduct, calling himself all the villains in the world, and begging her to grant him that forgiveness without which he said his life would be miserable. The good woman was delighted on receiving this communication, and consented easily to a request which it contained—that Gervais should be allowed to continue his presents of flowers as if nothing had happened. Every morning, accordingly, a magnificent bouquet was brought to the door, and Van Huysum used to say, smiling, "I see that our friends, whom I had thought had forgotten us, begin to remember us again." Whereupon Catherine, in her innocent joy, would take the flowers and place them in various lights, that he might admire them. Some time afterwards, Gervais met Van Huysum out in the fields, and coming to him said, in a very mysterious manner, "I hope you are happy."

"I hope so, too," replied Van Huysum, smiling, and stooping down to gather a remarkably fine blue-bell that grew at his feet. The French lagoon laughed in a curious way, until he succeeded in attracting the painter's attention.

"What do you mean?" said the latter, rising up and looking inquisitively at him.

"I mean," replied Gervais, "that if that be the case, all the foolish stories that the people tell about your wife Catherine must be mere malicious inventions."

"And what do people say about my wife Catherine?" cried Van Huysum, beginning now to feel uneasy, and remembering the unexplained tears of his wife some short time before.

"Nothing particular," said Gervais.

"Nothing! People don't allude to 'nothing' in that extraordinary tone," exclaimed the painter.

"Why," said Gervais, "if I thought that the reports abroad were true, I would not repeat them to you; but as they are evidently mere calumnies, you ought to know them. They say that your wife is in correspondence with one of the Spaniards recently arrived in the suite of the Duke of Alva; and the most amusing part of the matter is, that he pretends to be a Frenchman, and has even assumed my name. I know that every morning he sends a nosegay of flowers to your house; but perhaps this may be by your permission; although some add that letters are concealed amongst the flowers."

On hearing these words, Van Huysum turned very pale, for he remembered that he had never thought of asking who it was that sent the presents of flowers, which he had received as intended for himself. He broke away from Gervais, and hastening home, shut himself up in his studio, and began to paint that celebrated picture of the deadly nightshade, which is the only one remaining of his that possesses a sombre character. We say remaining, because it was last heard of in the Louvre gallery in 1815, when it was claimed as stolen property by one of the petty princes of Germany. It is not mentioned, however, in any of the catalogues we have seen, and may have been destroyed, or, which is more probable, forms the ornament of some private cabinet. This, at least, is the

account which is current in Paris. Probably M. Jeannon, the late able director of the Louvre gallery, and one of the most learned men in the history of painting in the present age, might be able to furnish some further particulars. He has paid great attention to the annals of Dutch painting; and no man would be more capable, if he felt disposed, of giving us an account of all that vast number of little-known painters who illustrated the period in which Van Huysum lived.

To return, however, to Vanderkamp's narrative of the domestic tribulations of our flower-painter. On the morning that succeeded his interview with Gervais, he watched carefully the arrival of the accustomed nosegay, and instead of allowing his wife to take it in her hands, seized it himself, and hurriedly saying that it contained a flower which he wished to copy, ran to his studio, and shutting himself in, tore it to pieces. Sure enough, there was a small piece of folded paper concealed amongst the stalks, containing these words, "Thank you, dearest, thank you; you shall hear again to-morrow."

This missive, signed "G," naturally confirmed the dreadful suspicion which had agitated Van Huysum's mind. Instead, however, of going to his wife, and asking for an explanation, the unfortunate man determined to indulge his grief in silence; to create no scandal, and simply to watch the proceedings of Catherine with greater care.

This incident was the beginning of a long series of domestic unhappinesses. Van Huysum was not able sometimes to restrain himself from making bitter allusions to Catherine's misconduct, and she, feeling that his accusations were in the main unjust, and forgetting what cause she had given to his upbraidings by a moment of imprudence, often answered with asperity, and terrible quarrels were the result. Van Huysum, by degrees, seemed to lose all self-guidance, except when his art was concerned. Among other things, he imagined that the son who bore his name, was not really his, and the rough treatment which this suspicion naturally caused may have partly contributed to drive the youth into bad company. At any rate, the whole town began soon to talk of his excesses, and it became necessary, in fact, to send him away. Gerard, the husband of Agatha, of whom we have already spoken, put him under the care of the supercargo of one of his ships. He went to India, as above stated, and seems, as he grew older, to have seen the error of his ways. At any rate, we find him about fifteen years afterwards established as a merchant at Batavia, where the name is still preserved in that of the firm of Dewink, Van Huysum, and Co. We do not know whether Van Huysum ever came to a proper explanation with his wife. The story of his quarrel with the master of the house in which he lived, according to Vanderkamp, was connected with a much more unfounded fit of jealousy than that suggested by the malice of Gervais. It appears that the landlord used sometimes to remonstrate with the painter on the violence of his language and conduct, and to praise the general good behaviour, and the decent demeanour of Catherine, who, at that time, might almost be called an elderly woman. Van Huysum imagined that there must be some improper reason for this interference, and once forgot himself so far as to strike the landlord in answer to some more than usually vehement remonstrance. This led to a terrible quarrel, at the end of which Van Huysum was driven from the house. It would seem, however, that he was not ultimately compelled to change his abode. Probably an explanation ensued; and there seems some slight reason to believe that in this explanation Catherine's conduct was in some measure cleared up, for the painter still continued to live with her, which it is not likely he would have done, if she had been anything more than the innocent cause of the sufferings he temporarily underwent.

However, his melancholy mood of mind still clung to him, and in the advanced years of his life he became more and more fond of retirement, more and more exclusively attached to his beloved flowers. Even when not occupied in painting them, he would sit for hours contemplating their beauties, and communing with them as if they were beings endowed with life. In the mad fits which occasionally came upon him,



he would talk to his tulips and his anemones as if he believed that they were capable of understanding him and appreciating his feelings. Some pretended that this strange behaviour

been a simple-minded man, rendered unhappy both by temperament and circumstances.

It has been asserted that Van Huysum was accessible to



FLOWERS AND FRUIT.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN HUYSUM.

was affected merely in order to attract attention; but Vanderkamp, who knew him at this period of life, denies that affection was any part of his character, and represents him to have

envy, a much more cruel and less easily avowed sentiment than jealousy; for envy is but a variety of hate, while jealousy is another form of love. The only pupil who was

ever brought up by Van Huysum—we speak on the authority of Van Gool—was a lady of the name of Havermann, who almost rivalled her master. The Dutch historian informs

received. He adds, that Van Huysum rejoiced at a circumstance that deprived him of a dangerous competitor. We may, however, very readily be led to infer, to the honour of



ROSES, AURICULAS, ANEMONES, POPPIES, AND AFRICAN MARIGOLD.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN HUYSUM.

us, that the young lady, dishonoured in the eyes of the world by impropriety of conduct, fled from her country and sought refuge in Paris, where she and her works were equally well

our artist, that Van Gool speaks here only from supposition, when we find him in error as to the career of Madem Iselle Havermann. He informs us, that on her arrival in France

retirement at Brussels; that is to say, after the death of Charles I., and consequently after the year 1649. But we have seen before, that already an officer in the service of Hesse Cassel had published a mezzotint representing the portrait of the Landgravine Amelia Elizabeth, which picture bears the date of 1643. It is impossible, then, to admit that Rupert was the inventor of a process which a Bavarian officer found before him, unless we suppose, which is unlikely, that the prince knew nothing of the discovery of Louis of Siegen.

a small mezzotint engraving, representing a satyr, and then after taking a proof he finished it in another hour.

In France, mezzotint has never been a favourite style, either with painters or with the public. In England, however, it has been very popular, and many could be named who have given lustre and vogue to the style.

Van Huysum painted many flowers in water-colours, and they are his best, and those which at the present day fetch the largest sums, not only because of their rarity,



FLOWERS AND FRUIT.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN HUYSUM.

Horace Walpole, who in this instance simply put in order the manuscript of *Virtue*, assures us that he had the story from Killigrew, who had it from the painter Evelyn. It is, however, well known that other writers have attributed the discovery to Sir Christopher Wren, who communicated it to Prince Rupert. However this may be, this style of engraving has many advantages. Independently of the poetry which it lends to many subjects, mezzotint offers a more expeditious method, and on this point the painter Gerard de Lairese tells us that he prepared in an hour, while walking in his garden,

but also because they so admirably represent the freshness and beauty of nature. As to his paintings in oil, they have all the qualities of a solid water-colour, and the faults of a painting on porcelain, fine and tempered, but slightly defective. They seem as if they were painted with water-colours on panels prepared with glue, and finished up in oil. The colours, still brilliant and unchangeable, show the extreme care he took to purify and to select them.

The landscapes of Van Huysum are highly esteemed by the Dutch, and they have been known to pay as dear for them as



even for his flowers. And yet these landscapes, to speak frankly, are but copies of Guaspre, imitations of Glauber, reminiscences of Poussin and Claude. Van Huysum lived at a time when the Dutch school was reverting to the foreign style. The naïve lovers of nature, the Karel's, the Van der Velde's, the Paul Potters, even Ruysdael—those great painters to whom the sight of a shady hut, the humblest rill, and a few houses, sufficed to inspire a masterpiece—gave way to landscape-painters influenced by historical pre-occupations. The great Gerard de Lairese, a learned master, "too literary to be a painter of the first order," had introduced into the

had to be rendered, produced, in these instances, insipid and cold pictures, which, despite all his talent, had neither the picturesque style of Berghem, nor the sylvan charm of Ruysdael, nor the grandeur of Guaspre and Goncel. The only reason why the Dutch are so proud of a landscape of Van Huysum is, that their very rarity makes them precious and rarity is often more coveted than genius.

We must then, after all, come back to the bouquets of Van Huysum; and it really should suffice for an artist to be the greatest of flower-painters in his school, as great, indeed, as any. Even in fruits we must not wholly absolve him from



THE FISHERMAN.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN HUYSUM.

simple pasturages of Holland the nymphs and demigods of Poussin. Ancient dryads came to visit the groves where before had only wandered the buxom and short-petticoated farmers' wives of Berghem. But this bastard classicism could never inspire the same enthusiasm, and win the same success, as the productions which emanated from the simple impressions of the masters. The natural consequence of his composing his landscapes merely from the study of old engravings (and he certainly knew nothing of the countries he attempted to paint) became evident. Van Huysum, who was so admirable, so warm, so exquisite, when a leaf or a flower

having been unsuccessful. Some of them resemble wax, and assume the polish of ivory. We must confess, in fact, that in this department of his art, Van Huysum is below David de Heem. His peaches are too firm, his prunes have "not a thirsty look," and his grapes are wanting in maturity, in golden hue, and in sunny warmth. He succeeds better in bunches of red currants, and the inside of pomegranates, divided by membranous skins into little red lodges full of pips; sparkling rubies, which rejoice the sight, and seem as it were to slake the thirst.

Whether his subject was fruits or flowers (and he was

very fond of mixing them up), Van Huysum liked to paint his pictures on light grounds; and these are the favourites with amateurs. "There is no colour," says Laissez, "which does not look well upon white, though really the most sombre then look best." By keeping his background slightly gray, Van Huysum could easily display clear flowers there with vigorous tone; and he had, moreover, this advantage, that this neutral ground, being less luminous, gave a reflection to the dark models which were projected upon it.

Van Huysum had three brothers, who were distinguished in painting: Justus, who died at twenty-two, and who painted large and small battle-pieces with astonishing facility, and without models, with great genius and taste. Jacob, who died in London, used to copy the works of his brother so as to deceive even a practised eye. He also designed pictures himself, after nature, which are much esteemed. The third, named John, lived still in 1773, in the year that Deschamps published the fourth volume of the "Lives of Painters." Van Huysum died on the 8th of February, 1749, leaving three children; and though he received, during his lifetime, considerable sums of money for his pictures, he died poor.

"The high price of Van Huysum's pictures," says a French critic, "is accounted for in several ways. In the first place, their finish is exquisite, and it is a circumstance worth remarking, that amateurs pay according to the labour which a picture seems to have cost; then to their beauty, for it is certain that, in the special instance of flowers, Van Huysum never had a rival; in fine, to their rarity, for in all Europe we can scarcely find a hundred pictures altogether." The painter himself sold them at a high rate, and his principal purchasers, therefore, were such men as the Count de Merville, the Duke of Orleans, the Elector of Saxony, the Prince of Hesse Cassel, the King of Poland, the King of Prussia, the Elector Palatine, and the Stadtholder.

The Museum of the Louvre possesses some of the finest of Van Huysums known to the world. They consist of landscapes, flowers, fruits, &c.; some rated as high as £480. Smith says:—"He attained to as high a degree of perfection in painting fruit and flowers as is likely that science will attain. His best works defy imitation; but there are skilful copies in existence, which closely resemble his works. His imitators were his brother Jacob Van Huysum, who devoted his time to study and copying his brother's pictures, in which he became very skilful. He died in London, 1716. He lived for some time with Lord Orford, and painted a number of pictures for him. Another was Herman Van der Myn, born at Amsterdam, 1684. He studied under Ernest Steven, and being attracted by the beauty of Van Huysum, began to copy him, succeeded well—and none have arrived at considerable eminence in this branch of art, but became anxious to distinguish himself in others—painted distance and portrait subjects; but was not prudent, and died in London, in poverty, 1741."

John Van Os, father and son, studied Van Huysum; the younger produced some brilliant pictures; two of them are in

the Royal Museum at the Hague. His other imitators were Wybrand Hendricks, Herman Van Brussel, and John Linthorst.

The Marquis of Westminster has a fine picture, worth £260. It is a rich assemblage of fruit, consisting of purple and white grapes, a cut melon, peaches, plums, apricots, an open pomegranate, a bunch of filberts, a cracked walnut, currants, and raspberries, some of which are disposed in a basket, and the whole skilfully grouped on a marble table, mingled with a few flowers, consisting of the cock's-comb, the hollyhock, and the convolvulus. This picture gives evidence of a master hand in every detail; the effect of the whole is most exquisite.

In the Amsterdam Museum is a picture representing an elegant group of flowers, composed of roses, hyacinths, auriculas, anemones, disposed in a vase adorned with boys playing with a goshawk, placed on a marble slab, on which are a bird's nest with four eggs, and a pomegranate, some blue-bells, and a rose. Dated 1726, painted on a light ground.

There is another representing a fine collection of fruit, consisting of grapes, peaches, plums, apples, &c., and a vine branch and a sprig with raspberries on it, interspersed with a few flowers and insects.

In the Louvre is a very fine work—"A quantity of Fruit," piled indiscriminately on a marble table, consisting of grapes, peaches, and plums, amongst which are mingled an African marigold, hyacinths, and a cock's-comb. A basket of apricots is also on the table. It is on a light ground.

Another represents "A quantity of fine Fruit," consisting of melons, peaches, grapes, and plums, interspersed with flowers—white poppies, cock's-combs, and convolvuluses, grouped on a marble slab. In the background is a terra-cotta vase, adorned with Cupids.

In the Royal Gallery of Dresden is "A group of Flowers," consisting of red and white roses, irises, tulips, &c., tastefully arranged in a vase, standing on a marble slab, on which lies a chaffinch's nest with three eggs.

In the Royal Hermitage of St. Petersburg is the representation of "A beautiful Vase, embossed with Cupids," standing on a marble table, containing a rich assemblage of flowers, consisting of white, red, and yellow roses, auriculas, anemones, poppies, African marigolds, &c., upon the table. At the foot of the vase are a chaffinch's nest containing four eggs, a sprig of nasturtiums, and a full-blown rose. The background represents a park scene. Signed and dated 1722.

The companion to this is "A choice selection of Fruit," disposed in the most skilful manner on a marble table, amongst which may be enumerated clusters of grapes of different kinds, peaches, pomegranates, apricots, and plums; with these are tastefully mingled the white poppy, the scarlet lychnis, and the marigold. A bunch of red currants, a cracked walnut, and another in its shell, lie on the front of the table; and at the extremity of the group stands a handsome vase, adorned with nymphs, in which are a hollyhock, a rose, and other flowers.

## "LA RENAISSANCE" (REVIVAL OF ART).

"La Renaissance" is a term which is now exclusively applied to the revival of art, the return to Greek and Roman ideas of beauty as displayed in the ancient statues, and the general diffusion of better taste in matters of art, which took place in the fifteenth century. It was in Italy, that mother and nurse of modern art, that this movement took its rise. It must not, however, be supposed that there were no painters there during the dark ages; not only history, but pictures still extant, testify to the contrary; but they were hardly worthy of the name of artists. None of them were scholars, and they followed their calling rather as a trade than as a profession. Their art was a sort of stupid mechanism stupidly followed, in which nature was not even imitated, but distorted. This

state of things continued till the middle of the thirteenth century; and the first symptoms of a change appeared in the marked improvement of sculpture amongst the Tuscans. Byzantine rules had hitherto completely enchaind the Italian artists, but they now turned from the works of the modern Greeks to those of their ancestors. There was in Italy a very good collection of ancient statuary, but it was not until now that they began to be studied. Niccolò Pisano took the lead in this great work, and in various works, particularly bas-reliefs on the outsides of vessels and ornaments, showed the Italian artist how much still remained to be achieved. His associate, Andrea Pisano, was the founder of that great school which produced Orcagna, Donatello, and the celebrated



Ghiberti, the maker of the Florentine gates, which Michael Angelo pronounced worthy of forming the entrance to Paradise. The improvement of sculpture was followed by that in mosaic, the school of which has existed in Rome so early as the eleventh and twelfth centuries; but for want of specimens for study, painting long remained in a more incomplete state than either of the foregoing branches of art. The revival in painting is due to Florence, and the genius which presided over it was Cinnabue. He appears to have learnt the art from some Greeks who had been invited to Florence, and painted in the chapel S. Maria Novella. The essential and fundamental principle of the Greek art, however, was a fixed and unalterable adherence to established rules, so that, every artist copying his master, no change, and consequently no improvement, could ever be effected. Cinnabue, however, like most other Italian artists, got the better of his Greek education, threw off the yoke, and went straight to nature for instruction. "But his talent," says Lanzi, "did not consist in the graceful. His Madonnas have no beauty; his angels in the same piece have all the same form. Wild as the age in which he lived, he succeeded admirably in heads full of character, especially in those of old men, impressing an indescribable degree of bold sublimity, which the moderns have not been able greatly to surpass. Vast and inventive in conception, he executed large compositions, and expressed them in grand proportions."

Giotto made another step in advance, by giving greater chasteness to symmetry, more pleasing effect to design, and greater softness to colouring. The meagre hands, the sharp-pointed feet, and staring eyes of the Greek style all disappeared under him. This gradual transition was due wholly to the study of the antique. It was to this that many of the greatest geniuses of Italy owed their development. In 1349 we find the Florentine painters, who had now become a numerous body, forming themselves into a fraternity, which they styled the Society of St. Luke. Many similar ones were formed in other parts of Italy, particularly at Venice and Bologna. These associations, however, did not include painters alone, but were open to all who worked at the various trades requiring most skill and dexterity. Painting was not yet looked upon in the light of a liberal profession, but still the *esprit de corps* was growing up amongst those who practised it. Giotto's discovery of oil-painting, towards the middle of the fifteenth century, was the crowning step in advance. The rest was left to genius; and how nobly genius did its part, it is not necessary here to relate. The beginning of the sixteenth century was styled the Golden Age of Art, though much remained to be achieved.

It was not, however, until the appearance of Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo that the Renaissance made its way beyond the Alps, and spread its blessings over France and the north of Europe generally. These great men belonged to what is called the Florentine school—a school which, though wanting in power of relief in drapery, in beauty, in grouping, as well as in many other points, yet always excelled in design. Da Vinci and Michael Angelo were its two great masters, and when they appeared they inaugurated a new era by pointing out the immutable characteristics and established laws of nature, thence deducing rules which their successors have since followed with great effect both at home and abroad. The history of the former of "these grand old masters" is a series of triumphs of the highest order, in which art seemed almost to have attained to perfection. We all remember the pleasing story which illustrates so strikingly the splendour of the ideal to which he strove to attain, and the indomitable patience with which he laboured in pursuit of the great object of his ambition. He laboured for four years at a portrait of a Florentine lady named Mona Lisa, but was never able to complete it to his own satisfaction, and at last relinquished the attempt in despair. Francis I. of France saw at Milan one of the finest of his works, "The Last Supper," and endeavoured in vain to saw it from the wall. Failing in this, he invited the artist, now in his sixty-third year, to accompany him to Paris. Da Vinci complied, and although he no longer continued to follow his calling, his presence in the

French capital gave an impulse to French art, to which it is indebted for all its subsequent successes.

It is owing to this circumstance that a French artist, M. Landelle, in a painting, representing the Renaissance under a symbolical form, which he has this year exhibited at the Louvre, and an engraving of which we here supply, places him in so prominent a position amongst the authors and promoters of the Renaissance. This picture, which is to form part of the new decorations of the Louvre, contains several exaggerations and peculiarities of a former age. The artist has introduced into it all the characteristics of the sculpture, as well as of many of the paintings of the sixteenth century; the slender eyebrows, removed far from the pupils; the high forehead, the elegant, but almost disdainful features, all remind us of the proud beauties of the French court at that period. The length of the arms, legs, and fingers, and various other details, belong to a type well known to those who are familiar with the different schools and different epochs in the history of French and Italian art. These proportions, no doubt, give a certain air of nobility to the figure, but many of the artists of the Renaissance have exaggerated them, and M. Landelle has intentionally copied this exaggeration, in order to indicate the taste of the period, and give an appearance of chronological accuracy to his work. If we suppose the woman in this painting to stand up, it will be found that the different parts of her body are not in the proportion laid down by rule; for instance, her length will be greater than ten heads. But we must not characterise this as a fault, because it is in reality an historical trait. It was thus the artists of the time drew their women, as may be seen by an examination of any of their works in the palace at Fontainebleau. The huge mass of drapery is another characteristic also, which shows that the artist has been careful to avoid all appearance of anachronism, and the figure generally is distinguished by the dignity of the attitude, the elegance of the features, and the fineness of the outline.

At her feet are two little cherubs; one, resting on a medalion of Francis I., the great patron of the arts in France, raises his head, and contemplates the Renaissance apparently with unmixed satisfaction. This is the genius of the approaching good time, full of faith and hope, and gladly hailing the transformation then taking place in the arts. The child's head displays great feeling and power of thought and observation. Infantine simplicity and artlessness together with the intellect and forethought of a more advanced age breathe from every feature. The other cherub reclines in a sorrowing attitude, and with a very sad expression of countenance, against a beautiful enamelled vase. Though the character is not here so well marked as in the other figure, it is not difficult to perceive that this symbolises middle-age art,—Christian inspiration mourning over the triumph of pagan art and Græco-Roman traditions.

There is one man in England, however, whose dicta in matters of art are yearly acquiring additional force and authority, because he supports them by eloquence of passing brilliancy, by all the weight of personal conviction of no ordinary depth and fervour, and by a passionate devotion to the subject on which he writes—we need hardly say we mean Mr. Ruskin—who looks upon the Renaissance as an unmitigated calamity. Short as is the space in which we are compelled to notice the subject, in connexion with a work of art which has attracted considerable attention in the French capital, it would be unpardonable to pass from it without alluding to the views propounded regarding it by one whose study of it has been so profound. In his recently published work, "The Stones of Venice," treating of the various kinds of architecture which adorn the "City of the Sea," he bestows almost unmixed praise upon those of the two first periods, the Byzantine and the Gothic, and almost unmixed censure upon that of the latest—or, in other words, upon the architecture of the Renaissance; and to it, also, he assigns all the ugliness and deformity which meet our view in modern houses and public edifices. He draws glowing pictures of the contrast between the rich quaint picturesqueness of the streets

in Nuremberg and other old mediæval towns of the Continent, and the bald flimsiness of our present streets and squares. The fact is by everybody admitted, though there is a wide difference of opinion as to the cause; but on this we cannot dwell. As to the difference in the spirit which animated

morality, began to lose sight of Christ, and fix their thoughts more on themselves, and consequently to analyse instead of believing. It is a return to that early subservience of art to simple and undivided faith and undoubting hope—to make it a veritable form of worship, and not merely a source of amuse-



"LA RENAISSANCE"—SYMBOLICAL FIGURE BY M. CHARLES LANDELLE.

early Christian art, and that of the Renaissance, his statements, though not so lengthy, are certainly clearer; and according to him, the Renaissance owed its origin to the revived study of the ancient classics, of the works of the heathen philosophers. The Christians, by imbibing pagan

ment for *dilétantisme* and connoisseurs—that Mr. Ruskin professes to aim at. Judging from the wide difference in the *morale* of France and England, we suspect his views will make little way in the former country. The spirit of pure devotion is not there racy of the soil.

## ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.



PAINTING is a sort of freemasonry, which has its mysteries and its gradations. Certain men of the world, from the mere influence of their love of art, have acquired a vague and rudimentary notion of it; have learnt a few proper names, and some historical facts, without connexion and without continuation. They know just enough of it to make many

throw a great light upon the æsthetic or historical parts which they have preferred to explore: this is the second degree of initiation. Some, finally, have resolved to unite the pleasure of the love of painting with the pleasure of making it a study. They have dug deeply into the matter. By dint of seeing and comparing, by dint of sagacity, attention, and love, they have found the cause of their emotions; and in ascertaining this by an analytic process, they have discovered the great principles which compose all the poetry of the art: these are of the highest grade. These alone can appreciate Adrian Van Ostade, one of the most profound masters, the most learned and the most original who has existed since Rembrandt.

Adrian Van Ostade belongs to that generation of painters who, in the seventeenth century, left Germany, their country, in order to settle in the Low Countries. Holland, peopled with amateurs, and filled with picture-galleries, was at this epoch a sort of Italy of the north, which attracted by turns Adrian and Isaac Ostade, Backhuysen, Lingelback, Gaspar Netscher, all originally from Germany. Adrian was born at Lubeck,\* in 1610. We are ignorant of his family; and



mistakes; but they are already in the first stage, for it is no small thing to speak of art, even with some blundering. Others have multiplied and generalised their knowledge; they have attempted to form arbitrary inductions; they have created for themselves a mode of seeing founded upon first impressions; they have taken their temperament for a judge. These rank among amateurs; their province is to

\* Born at Lubeck, Adrian Van Ostade would be classed, legally and geographically speaking, among the painters of the German school, as well as the other artists whose names we have cited. It is well here, for the pretensions of some writers, such as Hübner and Brulliot, that their nationality renders them little suspected. Deschamps eludes the question by comprising, without saying a word on the subject, Adrian Van Ostade in the generic title of his work—"The Lives of the Flemish, German, and Dutch Painters." Dargenville himself is not undecided; he classes the two Ostades with Albert Dürer, and Holbein among the German painters; as he also ranks Petillot, the famous miniature-painter on enamel, well known by his portraits of the women of the court of Louis XIV., among the Swiss artists. Bartsch, on the contrary, preserving a prudent silence upon the question, as became a wise German, describes the works of Ostade in his first volume of the *Peintre graveur*, consecrated to the Dutch school. Amateurs have

scarcely anything is known of this skilful master, as of so many others. Who, then, was occupied at this time in collecting the materials for a history of painting? Strange, truly, that an art so charming has not found among so many admirers one serious, interesting historian, worthy of some attention. The life of Adrian Van Ostade only commences for us at the moment when we meet him at Haarlem, in the studio of François Hals, called Franck Hals. This was a bold, vigorous painter, of free manner, and strong colouring. He represented the Flemish traditions; he even went beyond them, to such an extreme, that Vandyck advised more wisdom and moderation. Adrian, on the contrary, was by his nature, and in spite of his origin, a true Hollander. He was so as much in his exterior physiognomy as in his genius. His grave appearance, the benevolence and simplicity of his countenance, declared the purity of his soul and the regularity of his life; the precise arrangement of his pictures, and the precious finish of their execution, speak of the conscience of the artist, his scrupulous care, his patience.

But why attempt a portrait of Van Ostade, after that which he has so marvellously painted of himself in the celebrated picture which is in the Louvre, where he is represented with his numerous children? The genius of Holland is wholly here, —family feeling, tranquillity of mind, interior life, rigid, and simple. And here the method of the painter exactly corresponds to the thought of the picture. Ostade, his wife, and eight children, are here disposed in a large space softly lighted, the furniture of which consists solely of an avenue of columns; the tone of the walls is of a fine gray, mingling a little with the green, which serves as a basis to the harmony of the picture. Upon this agreeable tint stand out the white necks and black vestments of all the members of the family. The girls and the boys, the youngest about eight years of age, have the flat features, the rounded nose, the projecting chin, and the sharp eye. They resemble their parents, as becomes well-born children, and are equally remarkable for the uniformity of their ugliness and of their costume. All the heads are uncovered, with the exception of that of Van Ostade, the father, who wears his hat as the king of this race, upon whom he looks with paternal regard. The house is neat and simple, nothing is seen upon the waxed inlaid floor but two or three flowers, fallen perhaps from the bouquet which the children have come to offer to their father; for by the expressions of the faces, the Sunday dresses and correct deportment, it may be imagined that it is a fête day with the family, a domestic and friendly fête. The drawing is sober, the light softened. There is no coquetry in the choice of the tones; scarcely is the monotony of the black drapery interrupted here and there by tobacco-coloured petticoats, or by trousers of a hazel tone; the contrast of the black and white at first appears abrupt, but it is conceived on a scale so skilfully tempered, that it enlivens the picture without being glaring, and arrests the attention without offending the eye. It is a charming composition, which breathes tranquil emotion, the peaceful felicity of a united family, from the father who holds in his hand that of his wife, to the youngest child, who offers cherries to its little sister!

As soon as the very name of Van Ostade is mentioned, it brings some masterpiece to memory. Before he had arrived at this degree of perfection, the young Adrian had long worked with his master Hals. Wise and industrious, he was not seduced, as many others have been, by the love of travel. Italy, whose name alone then excited the artists of all nations, as formerly the name of Jerusalem had fascinated whole nations, Italy had seen only Rembrandt. In the studio of Franck Hals, Ostade formed a friendship with Brauer, who was also called Adrian, and who had already, without being aware of it, sufficient talent to be made by his master the cat short all these uncertainties, and, without regard to questions which concern the art less than the custom-house, they have declared the two Ostades, Backhuysen, Lingelback, Gaspard Netscher, and some others, to be Dutch in style and talent; and in the fulness of their assumed authority have classed these eminent artists among the painters of that school.

subject of what is now called an *exploitation*—a new word to express a very old thing.

Franck Hals was avaricious, and his wife so well seconded his views, that the unhappy Brauer, who was retained in prison, worked on his master's account, painted charming pictures, and received scarcely sufficient food. Ostade, who witnessed this shameful treatment, showed Brauer that he was sufficiently skilful as a painter, and advised him to take flight. Brauer followed this advice and fled—by the door of celebrity. Leaving, in his turn, the studio of Hals, Adrian Van Ostade devoted some time to discover his own style. First he attempted to imitate Rembrandt, to whom François Hals occasionally bore some resemblance,\* but in the triviality of this great master—we speak of Rembrandt—there was a sublimity, an incomparable poetry, far beyond the humble genius of Van Ostade. He then turned to Teniers, whose nature and talents he better comprehended, and who, besides, although of the same age as Ostade, had preceded him in painting village scenery. Brauer, who had become a master, found his old comrade in the midst of these perplexities; and quickly proved to him that Rembrandt was inimitable; and that, after all, the name of Ostade was worth as much as Teniers'. The friend of Brauer then resolutely took his own stand, although he still retained something of his first tendencies. In abandoning Teniers and Rembrandt he preserved the impression he had received from the genius of the two masters, and became what Adrian Van Ostade is to us, a familiar Rembrandt and a serious Teniers.

The large and fine city of Haarlem, which holds the second place among the cities of Holland, offered to Van Ostade all that could please his taste for comfort, regularity, and employment. At some distance he could find in the large villages of Hemstedt, Sparenwou, or Tetrode, studies of the rustic manners of which he so often reproduced the picture. The beer of Haarlem was in great repute throughout all Friesland and the country of Drente; the drinkers and the smokers, the other models so familiar to the pencil of Ostade, would not, therefore, be wanting. Besides, he had early married a daughter of the great marine painter Van Goyen, and we have already seen that his family increased rapidly enough to oblige him to lead a laborious and sedentary life. Ostade was one of those philosophers who care to hold but little place in the world, and to change it rarely. Nothing less than the rumour of neighbouring wars could have decided our peaceful artist to leave his residence and his habits, and return to Lubeck, his native city. "He passed through Amsterdam," says the historian Houbraken, "intending to go to Lubeck; but an amateur named Constantine Sennepart induced him, by his fair words, to remain with him. He pointed out to him the advantages of residing in so considerable a city, where his works were esteemed, and where he would find numerous purchasers who could afford to pay him well. It was about the year 1662 that he arrived at Amsterdam. He commenced a great number of designs, which were purchased by M. Jonas Witzer, with some by Blatter, for 1,300 florins.†

At the period when Van Ostade settled in Amsterdam, this rich and fine city was filled with amateurs, and the most celebrated painters flourished there. There was not a class of Dutch society, not a variety of the Batavian race, not a single condition, which had not in Amsterdam its chosen painter. Lingelbach there displayed his lively fairs, his hunting-pieces in the style of Wouvermans, and his charming sea-ports. The

\* There is in the gallery of Cardinal Fesch a superb portrait of François Hals, which was long attributed to Rembrandt, as we learn from the learned author of the catalogue of this famous gallery, M. George.

† Arnold Houbraken, *La Vie des Peintres des Pays-Bas. Die Grooten Schouburg der nederlandsche konstschilders en schilderszenen, Amsterdam*, 1718. The invasion of Holland by Louis XIV. having taken place in 1672, it is possible there may be a mistake in the figures 1662, given by Houbraken, and repeated by Deschamps. In this case, it would have been the rumour of the invasion which decided Van Ostade to return to Lubeck.

citizens went to Gerard Douw for small and delicately finished portraits, and to Abraham Van Tempel for those noble full-length portraits worthy of Vandyck, brilliant with flesh colouring and satin. Gabriel Metz represented the wealthy interiors of Holland, ladies at the toilet or the harpsichord, young gallants writing love-letters or practising the graces in the drawing-room, or, better still, pretty waiting-maids pouring water for their mistresses from a silver ewer. Adrian Brauwer was the painter of alehouse brawls, of libertines, of gamblers, and of drunkards. Paul Potter was privileged to wander with his shepherds and their flocks. Finally, the old Rembrandt, in the depths of his mysterious studio, reigned over the crowd of amateurs, impressing his genius upon them, and exciting their admiration. In the midst of all these great artists, Adrian Van Ostade came to seek his place, and found it. He did in protestant Holland what Teniers had done in catholic Flanders. And, without carrying this idea too far, it appears certain that the diversity of the two nations, so apparent to him who had come from Antwerp to Amsterdam, is very evident in the difference between the two masters. It is only necessary to have seen the Low Countries, to be struck with the sudden change as we pass from Belgium to Holland. The farmer of the neighbourhood of Mechlin does not in the least resemble the Dutch peasant. The fair of Flanders is full of joy and clatter; the rural fêtes, in the neighbouring countries of Haarlem and Amsterdam, are less noisy and more dignified. There the rustic smokes and laughs, gets drunk and sings, and gives expression to his joy in vulgar sallies; here he remains serious, meditative, at least in appearance, and even taciturn; he drinks conscientiously and in silence. But who knows what he absorbs, what liquor he swallows? In this respect Van Ostade, in painting reality, expresses the grotesque ideal of Rabelais, and the debouches of his fancy. In the inn, as well as in the interior of their cottages, the peasants of Ostade display the pleasures of drinking in frightful proportions. Men and women hold enormous fantastic glasses; the servants ascending and descending the cellar stairs can hardly supply these imitators of Gargantua. "A butler should have a hundred hands, as Briareus had," said the curate of Mendon, "for this incessant pouring." And truly we see it on looking at these red faces, these eager eyes, these enormous mouths, which, finding the glasses too small, though broad and deep as wells, seize the pot itself, and drain it to the bottom. A century before, Rabelais, in his artistically coloured style, had painted the models of Van Ostade—those drinkers with diapered nose spangled with purple blotches, enamelled, embroidered with gules, "of which race few loved *ptisan*,"\* but all were lovers of strong September." Ah! these lovers of "strong September," Van Ostade has made portraits of them, and so true to life, that his compositions would well adorn a Dutch edition of Rabelais, in that part of the book where Gargantua feasts brother Jean des Entommeures, and cries, "How good is God, who has given us this good wine!"

It is not known whether Van Ostade took lessons of Rembrandt; but it is certain that he yielded to the influence of this great master, and that he adopted his *chiaro-oscuro*, especially when he painted interiors. With Rembrandt, light has a dramatic effect, his shadows are imposing and awful, as if inhabited by phantoms. If he throws a fantastic ray in the obscure abode of a recluse, it speaks to our imagination, and we perceive unknown poetry hidden in this mysterious marriage of the day and the night. The simple Ostade did not rise to the conception of these poems of light; but he borrowed of Rembrandt his gradually receding lights, those marvellous gradations which give transparency to shadow, interesting the eye and even delighting the thought. This single ray of light introduced into the cottages of the poor, through the loosened casement, frequently falls only upon subjects and objects most strikingly trivial. The heroic gleam of Rembrandt falls with Van Ostade only upon prose, misery, and ugliness;

it, nevertheless, adds a serious interest to the humble personages whom he represents. Observe "The Rustic Household"† (p. 216). While the children are playing with the house dog, their little sister, holding by the knee of her mother, stretches her hands towards a toy which she wishes to have. The father and elder son look with delight upon this simple action: this is all the plot of "The Rustic Household."‡ But even this simplicity is charming. We would not wish to leave this cottage without going over its numerous details, without counting the utensils scattered about in the most picturesque disorder. We look with interest upon the wicker cradle from which the child has just been taken; the half-cleared table with the old-fashioned pitcher chequered with blue stripes; here the grandmother's wheel, there, in the embrasure of the window, the cage with canaries; against the wall some glasses, and plates stand upon a wretched plank in form of a dresser; higher up, hanging from the beams of the ruined ceiling, the basket full of straw in which the fowls are carried to market; here and there some clothes drying upon the line or upon the wooden balustrade which leads to the loft; not forgetting the barrel of beer which completes the provisions of the family, nor the engraving fixed upon the wall, showing that the idea of art is not absent even from this miserable cottage. Well, it is the *chiaro-oscuro* especially, which gives to this humble scene its principal value. The light enters freely through the large casement, but it is soft, warm, and caressing; it leaves a great part of the picture in the repose of shadow, and falls only on the principal objects. From the window to the cradle the ray meets all the figures, including the dog, who is also of the family; each of them stands out with vigour and clearness. Then follow the details of the furniture, which the light distinguishes according to their degree of importance in the mind of the painter; that is, as they may serve for effect by throwing back the light, or contribute to the general harmony of colour, by the happy distribution of their tone.

In contemplating these interiors, where we breathe domestic peace and simple happiness, we may judge of the character of Van Ostade and his private life. He has painted himself here, rather than in smoky alehouses, where neither his tastes nor his genius could penetrate. The history of art offers more than one example of the contradiction between the style and tastes of a painter. We have seen that Teniers lived as a gentleman in the castle of Trois-tours, and had nothing in common with the habits and feelings of the subjects of his pictures. Adrian Van Ostade was neither a drunkard nor a gambler. While his friend Brauwer, living in the midst of his vulgar models, spoke their language, drank their wine, and shared their drunkenness, Van Ostade himself preserved the dignity and gravity of his manners. If he occasionally painted the same subjects as Brauwer, it was doubtless to satisfy the demand of purchasers, or from caprice and as an exception. We easily recognise, on looking closely at the picture painted by Ostade, called "Pleasure interrupted," (which was engraved in the last century by F. David, and the print dedicated to Voltaire!) that the angry players in vain draw their knife and frown their passion; we feel that the peaceful talent of Van Ostade, has not sufficient violence of gesture or ferocious expression in the drunken figures, and that he must leave to Brauwer the representation of these brutal struggles, where the drinkers slay each other amid the cries of the servant, and mingle their blood with their wine.

A simple and profound observer, a perfect painter, an harmonious colourist in the originality of his tints, Adrian Van Ostade was never more admirable than in his rural pictures. There he combines his charms and places them in a true light. Under the arbour of hops, before the village inn, behold the strolling singer, who scrapes upon his shrill violin

† This plate was exhibited at the *Salon* of 1849, and the jury decreed a gold medal to its author, M. Adrian Lorrville.

‡ This exquisitely-finished picture is now in London, in the valuable collection of Mr. Holford, Russell-square, where we recently saw it.

\* *Ptisan* is a medical drink made of barley, boiled down with raisins and liquorice.



a gay strain from his collection. To cover his lank and withered body he has borrowed the tinsel of a comedy lord; a cock's feather in his nether button-hole waves in the wind. Near him a little boy, seen from behind, standing as proudly as a *primo uomo* upon the boards of a great theatre, seems to accompany him upon an instrument, though we cannot see it. The countenance of the singer—sharp, mocking, merry, and almost impudent—leaves no doubt as to the nature of the words which he utters: he carries to the village the ways of the town; he has just uttered a vulgar jest, and lends to the

picture, playing with a dog. Within stands the hostess, grave and modest; her serious countenance forbids a laugh, and behind her two men are listening, partly concealed in the half-tint—one would smile, but disdainfully; the other, without standing on ceremony, enjoys it heartily and freely, and freely yields himself to a half-stupid admiration.

Is not this truly a little scene of rustic comedy, of comedy of manners, full of free gaiety? Has not the most learned analysis of human sentiments dictated the details of a composition where unity of effect rules variety of expression?



A PAINTER IN HIS STUDIO.—FROM A PAINTING BY ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.

formality of his features the mimicry of his profession. The varied expression of the personages is rendered with rare truth and skill. First, there is the jolly fellow in a fit of laughter sliding from the stone bench on which he sits. Two children are seated by his side; one appears scarcely to comprehend what he sees, while the other, about the age of the boy who accompanies the singer, with open eyes profoundly admires the precocious talents of the young artist. Further off a little girl holds by the hand a young frightened infant, while the last of the family sits on the ground in front of the

And what idea may we not form of this masterpiece, if we remember what the pencil of the colourist has added to charm the eye by the harmony of his tints and the disposition of the light! "The place of the scene," says a clever critic, "is shaded by a tree, and by the bushy stalks of the hops climbing over the poles. The light introduced through the

• Musée Robillard. This picture, painted on wood, was in the Musée Français in the time of the empire; it was taken back in 1815.

branches strikes vividly upon the wall in the centre of the picture, and spreads over it in delightful gradation. The general tone is clear; the transparent foliage throws upon all the objects a greenish reflection which mingles softly with the strong colours. This greenish tint, which was familiar to Van Ostade, has become here, as in many of his works, a great beauty, on account of the foliage over which it is spread, and the strong light which animates the picture. The wall, the door, and the ground, offer a true colour, lively tones, fine half-tints, and careful details. We see here the perfection of art, so far as this kind of painting is concerned."

pressed by exterior objects, should be able to draw upon copper the passing scenes which strike them. For example, a ray of sun-light, passing between two clouds, falls by chance upon the hump-backed violin player, who stops at the door of the inn;\* or upon a baker who cries his hot bread;† or rather upon a group of grotesque beggars in great hats; here is a picture complete, but without the delay of painting, the artist vividly traces his impressions upon the varnish, he takes notes with his graver as the poet takes his with the pencil, and it afterwards happens, that this rapid sketch interests us so much the more, inasmuch as he has here expressed



THE HUMP-BACKED FIDDLER.—FROM A PAINTING BY ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.

How many things could we not add here respecting the effect of the picture, the idea, the original order of the design,—in a word, the sentiment of the whole. What proves that transparency of colouring, is not with Van Ostade the only merit of his works, and that this time the colourist is, so to speak, above the market, is the inestimable value of the prints engraved from his pictures, especially those which he etched himself, and in which, notwithstanding, we find his peculiar defects—careless handling, and occasionally a feeble design. Like almost all Dutch painters, Ostade was an engraver. It is necessary that artists, who are easily im-

with more freedom and vigour the impression received. The etching of Van Ostade is distinguished by great sobriety of

\* This print, which we have engraved above, is numbered 44 in the catalogue of Bartch.

† Gersaint, in one of his precious catalogues, explains the local custom represented in the picture of Ostade which bears this title: "The Baker who trumpets his hot Bread." "It is a custom in the Low Countries," says this amateur, "often to eat hot bread, in which they put some butter; but almost always on Saturday evening among the citizens. This day is generally devoted to

workmanship. The white of the paper here performs an important part. Not a line is without purpose, not a hatching which is not there to give expression to the features, to arrange a fold of the drapery, or to indicate a movement. The parts of light and shade are neatly cut, and when the half-tints are multiplied it is entirely exceptional. The print called "A Painter in his Studio" is an example of this. For the rest, Van Ostade is, in his own style, what Berghem is in his; he understands picturesque forms best, he gives character to the slightest details; in truth, he lends unknown grace to the falling boards of a damp, green, rotten pent-house. An old roof where grass is growing, an ancient casement window, the remains of an old basket, and even the lizard on the wall—all with Ostade are invested with charms, attract notice, and, as amateurs say, are full of *vagueté*.

Adam Bartsch reckons fifty etchings of Adrian Van Ostade, not including a doubtful piece.\* If we now reckon the precious, highly-finished pictures which we see from his hand in the galleries of Europe—so many interiors, alehouses, fêtes under the vine arbour, as well as the portraits by this master, for he executed some superior ones—we shall see that the life of Ostade was that of an artist of great industry and extent. It is even curious to notice the kind of moral seclusion in which nearly all the great painters of Holland lived. It is said that they carried with them a sort of atmosphere, impervious to rumours and events from without. In their pictures we seek in vain for any trace of the great facts of contemporaneous history. The youth of Rembrandt and that of Van Ostade was spent in the midst of the disasters of the Thirty Years' War; and the former remained all his life wrapped up in an exalted dignity, most foreign to the outer world; from the depths of his cavern where he painted his philosophers in meditation, he heard not Count Mansfeld's cavalry passing. The other, more troubled by the war since he fled from it, did not once regard the soldiers who defiled under his windows, did not go out of his rustic inns, or his silent smoking-houses.

If by history we understand a picture of the movements of nations, the recital of their quarrels with foreigners, of the negotiations, and of their battles the works of Dutch masters, and particularly those of Van Ostade, have nothing historical. But on the other hand, how they show us the interior of things, how clearly these little canvases, these vivid etchings tell us the other history, that of the feelings, the habits and the manners of the nation! How they assist us to penetrate into the inner life and thoughts! No part of the Dutch character has been more clearly expressed. Let us, for example, turn our attention to the celebrated picture by Adrian Van Ostade, which they call the "Inconveniences of Play;"†

cleaning the house; and as it is supposed that the servant is occupied all day in this work, and that she has not time to prepare the evening meal, they are content with hot bread and butter, which is quickly prepared; therefore, at a certain hour, the bakers of each quarter announce by a trumpet that their batch is ready for distribution, and each then hastens to make provision." —*Catalogue raisonné des différents effets curieux et rares contenus dans le cabinet de feu M. de la Roque, par E. F. Gersaint. Paris, 1745.*"

\* The catalogue of Rigal (pp. 277, 278), speaks also of two other prints attributed to Ostade, one of which is marked with the letters "A. O. S." The safest course is to refer it to Bartsch. The work of Adrian Van Ostade is usually accompanied by a portrait of the painter, engraved by J. Goltz, after Conerville Dusart, and a copper plate, upon which is engraved this title: *Œuvre complet van den vermaerden schilder Adrian Van Ostade, alles door hemzelf geïnterpreet en gesien*: the complete works of Adrian Van Ostade, the celebrated painter, designed and engraved by himself. This work thus complete, in proofs, from worn-out plates, would scarcely be worth £8; but a work composed of first proofs, which they call *preuves de remarque*, would not be worth less than £600 or £800.

† This picture was in the Musée Napoléon in the time of the empire. It was refaken in 1815.

a board serves for a table, two men are playing at cards. One of them, a bad player no doubt, and, alas! always having the contrary chance, is out of humour, and throws the cards upon the ground. The other rises indignantly, and with his hand resting upon the edge of the board, leans towards his companion, and sharply reproaches him for his bad faith. Evidently a violent quarrel is about to follow this contest, as yet peaceful. Every one around the players is watching their quarrel. A woman, whose glass and pot of beer stood upon the board, hastily removes the precious objects; a smoker has taken his pipe from his mouth, and looks gravely upon the scene; the violin player, whose bow mechanically continues the air already commenced, is looking at nothing but the two actors of the drama which is preparing. A critic is astonished that this work should be known by the name that we have quoted. Everything in the scene seems to breathe a peace which would not be troubled by the trifling altercation which has taken place between the two players. No doubt there is profound peace under this fine green foliage, the violin of the fiddler rejoices the ears of the tranquil drinkers and the ecstasies smokers. Nevertheless, in a corner of this picture, a man is standing with flashing eye, clenched fingers, and hat over his eyes. In rising, he has violently thrown down the bench on which he was sitting. The struggle has not yet commenced, but it is inevitable. And it is precisely in having chosen this moment when peace still continues, that Van Ostade has shown himself the ingenious and profound observer. In a French tavern the bottles would have flown about without any explanation. But the Dutch painter has been able to represent a man highly irritated surrounded by people who are interested in his emotion, and whose physiognomy, notwithstanding, is placid, because this slowness to throw off his habitual calm is natural to the Hollander. There is a very considerable interval between the moment when he is moved and that in which he allows it to appear. Sober in movements as in words, he speaks fewer words, and makes fewer gestures in the course of a whole year than a Parisian in one day. We may mention, while on this subject, that in Haarlem, just by the city of Van Ostade, two masons were one day seen pulling a rope in order to raise a large stone. Presently the two men, exhausted by the enormous weight, found they had not sufficient strength to raise the stone to the required height. The stone remaining suspended a few feet from the ground, the two masons turned towards the passers-by, showing them by a look that they needed assistance. Immediately two or three men advanced from among the people without speaking, assisted the masons, who spoke not a word to them, and then withdrew, still preserving the silence. As the task was long, several persons succeeded them, still without a single word having been exchanged, and without a single gesture having been made, beyond the movements by the manoeuvre.

At all times amateurs have recognised in the works of Adrian Van Ostade two perfectly distinct styles; one which is a little that of Fraunceys Hals, that is, a bold, free, and decided manner; the other soft and fine, resembling a painting on enamel, not, however, what is depreciatingly called the porcelain style. There is in the Louvre a celebrated specimen of this—the picture of "The Schoolmaster." Although fineness of execution in small works is a law in painting, and there is a law as imperative requiring bold execution in large works, it cannot be denied that Van Ostade here deviated in practice from what his master had taught him, and he himself practised with such success on other occasions. We need only notice as examples the portraits of small dimensions, which, without speaking of the character and expression of the heads, are marvels of touch. The pencil is there managed with circumspect and abundant freedom, the folds of the skin are sharply defined without roughness, the details are marked without any reserve, and in a head where nothing is wanting the whole dominates, nevertheless, to that degree that this head may

‡ See what Hogedorn says in his "Lettre à un amateur de peinture, par des éclaircissements historiques," Drest, 1775.

serve as a lesson to a painter who executes large portraits. It is not, then, easy to conceive why Van Ostade has occasionally thrown himself into the manner of which we speak, and why he should even go so far as to polish his painting with processes of his own invention, as is thought by M. Pallot de Montabert:—"I suspect that Van Ostade, who represented 'The Fish-market' which is seen in the Museum of Paris, and in which we perceive upon the tables various kinds of fish, arranged in order one above the other; I suspect, I say, that he obtained this transparency from colours ground with oil alone, and laid on with particular art, an art which consisted not only in the touch, but in a certain polish which resembles the effect that black marble receives from the burnisher, which renders it brilliant and as clear of tarnish as it was at first. The custom of rubbing a painting to polish it has been noticed by several Flemish writers."

However that may be, the touch of Van Ostade, whether deeply marked or softened, firm or smooth, was always obedient to the will of the painter when he wished to display one of the most precious qualities of his art—expression. How many times, in going over the gallery of the Louvre, have we not been arrested and powerfully retained by the little picture of Adrian's which represents a Dutch merchant reading a letter. The man seems so attentive that in turn he compels our attention. But what is contained in this letter which he holds in his hands, and devours with his eyes? What, in our simple imaginings, have we not read there? No doubt, he is the rich owner of a privateer, who has received news from a distant country. The letter which interests him so deeply relates the unforeseen adventures which have happened to his ship, perhaps inauspicious, but the immovable Dutchman reads this serious correspondence with apparent calmness. Sensibility in this Batavian is latent, it has not wrinkled his forehead, marked his cheeks, nor weakened his eyes; the expression of it leaves him not less tranquil and vigorous. Also, in spite of the vulgarity of the features, the countenance of this model interests us: it is elevated by the manly lines which the pencil has so vividly marked, it is ennobled by the philosophic character which distinguishes it, and, in a word, by the presence of thought. In this the master is seen.

Adrian Van Ostade died at Amsterdam in 1685, at the age of seventy-five years. He had his brother Isaac for a pupil, one of the most astonishing landscape painters that ever existed. If so many writers have declared him very inferior to his master, it is, because they have found it more convenient to copy the four lines devoted by Deschamps to Isaac Ostade, than to go to see his landscapes, full of golden mist and rustic poetry. Corneille Dusart, Corneille Bega, and David Ryckaert, the younger, were also the pupils or the imitators of Adrian. Like him, their subjects were the conversations of the peasantry, the interior of their houses, their simple pleasures, their artless emotions, their quarrels. Some have often been pleased to compare Ostade with Teniers, and we acknowledge the justice of the parallel which has been drawn by the good Deschamps, to whom we must now and then render justice—a parallel which has been developed, continued, and completed with skill by Emeric David. Teniers, say they, grouped his figures better, and knew better than Ostade how to dispose his plans. In fact, the latter sometimes placed the point of light so high that the apartments appeared odd, and would have been ridiculous if he had not known how to fill up the vacancy by details which interrupted the large spaces. The colouring of Teniers is clear, bright, silvery, and altogether very varied; that of Ostade, with the same transparency, is vigorous, warm, and often florid.† The one has a light, vivid, and spirited touch; the other is sustained, flowing, and soft. The one manages the light, in order to soften it, bringing it across the thick bushes, or allows it to glide into the cottage of the poor only through the climbing plants with which the window is shaded; he

charms us, in fact, by mysterious and striking effects. The other, on the contrary, places his figures in open air; and without expressive shadow, without betraying his learned combinations, he gives to his picture the tone, the interest of life. In imitating nature Teniers represents her amiable, smiling, and especially admirable for her variety. If he paints a rustic fête, we recognise in the games of the peasants, in their joy, in their anger, in their quarrels, the diversity of their characters. Each state, each age, has its manners. By the side of a stupid drunkard are shown persons who adorn the fête by the dignity of their attitude and their bearing. Van Ostade, contracting the circle of his models, chooses only the figure and the actions of the peasantry of Holland from the most ignoble and the most grotesque that nature and innamers offer. "A satirical author," said M. Emeric David, "Ostade makes his personages ugly, in order to render them more pleasing and more ridiculous." The latter sentiment appears wanting in justice. It is for the jester Teniers to ridicule his world. No, the kindly Ostade should not be transformed into a satirical author. The painter of dull cottages and of peaceful smoking-houses, has not made his peasants, his poor and his silent smokers, ugly in order to please; he has not mocked his models, he has copied them seriously; and under the rags which cover them, in the profound misery into which they are plunged, he has many times made us feel the presence of the soul. Teniers has sought the comic, Ostade has perhaps found it, but without knowing it. He placed himself at his window framed with honeysuckle, and saw human comedy pass by. If you desire to hear drinking songs and indulge in a roar of vulgar laughter, enter, without ceremony, the alehouse of Teniers; but if you prefer to mingle with the poor villagers, and in smoking round the hearth forget, as they do, the labours, the hardships of life, go see that little picture by Adrian, which represents the entrance to the village inn. Upon the wall hangs a bill where the painter has written these words:—"House to be sold: apply to Van Ostade."

The work of Adrian Van Ostade holds an important place in the portfolios of amateurs. It is composed of fifty prints. The best, according to Bartsch, are "The Hurdy Gurdy Player," "The Family," "The Barn," "The Father of the Family," and "The Quack," all very superior to No. 16, which has for its title "The Doll demanded."

The art of well detaching the figures is particularly seen in "The Quack," "The Dance at the Inn" (p. 221), and "The Luncheon." "The School" and "The Singer" may be noticed as the least successful engravings of the master.

The pictures of Adrian Van Ostade are rarely to be met with among amateurs. They are nearly all in museums or in very rich private galleries.

The Louvre reckons no less than seven of the finest. "The Schoolmaster," "The Family of the Painter," and "The Fish Market," are true masterpieces.

In the Museum of Munich are five pictures by Ostade. "A Still Life, with vases, fruit, fish, and a dead cock." "A Dutch Inn," where peasants are fighting, and their wives, modern Sabinas, come to separate them. The three others represent drinkers and young villagers; charming compositions of feeling and method.

In the Dresden Museum are five pictures by Ostade, besides two copies of this master. It is not uncommon to meet acknowledged copies of the great masters in the museums of the North. Is it not the finest homage that can be rendered to the talent of these painters when we cannot procure the originals?

The Musée Royal of Berlin only possesses a single Ostade; it represents an old woman under a vine arbour, believed to be the mother of Ostade.

The Hermitage at St. Petersburg contains no less than twenty works of Ostade, among which a series of "The Five Senses," and some charming interior scenes.

The heirs of Sir Robert Peel possess, in their collection in London, "An Alchemist," by Adrian Van Ostade. The execution of this picture is of rare perfection, and Waagen

\* "Traité complet de la Peinture," tome 8, Paris, Bossange, 1829; p. 234.

† Musée Robillard, tome 2.



says, in his "*Voyage Artistique en Angleterre*," that this work cost at least 800 guineas.

In the Bridgewater Gallery there is "*A Game at Backgammon*," by Adrian Van Ostade, played by two peasants.

In the collection of Lord Ashburton there is, by the same master, "*A View of the Village*," ornamented with thirteen

the preceding, from the collection Braamcamp, represents "*Three Peasants drinking, smoking, and playing, round a Table*."

In the collection of Mr. T. Hope, a picture by Ostade represents "*An old Peasant Woman leaning against an open door, talking to a Boy*."



THE RUSTIC HOUSEHOLD,—FROM A PAINTING BY ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.

figures, a cart drawn by a white horse, some pigs and poultry; dated 1676. This charming little picture was formerly the ornament of the Blondel de Gagny, Trouard, Praslin, and Solirene collections. There is another, representing "*A Man and a Woman at a Table*," and a third, which came, as well as

Among the pictures composing the collection of Mr. Beckford, in London, is a fine picture by Ostade, representing "*Six Peasants round a Table*." This picture was sold for 400 guineas, at the sale of M. Delahante.

In the gallery of the Marquis of Bute, at Luton House,



there is a small picture by Ostade; it represents "A Man of law in his study, reading a Manuscript."

There are in the Royal Museum of Madrid some little

eyes; in the second impression a lower bonnet nearly touches the eyes.

"A Family of Peasants at table saying grace. 1647.



THE DUTCH SMOKING-ROOM.—FROM A PAINTING BY ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.

pictures by Ostade, full of spirit and gaiety; they are interiors of cottages.

"The following are his most esteemed prints:—

"The Painter seated at his Easel. The first impressions of this plate are with the high cap considerably above the

"An Assemblage of Peasants, occupied in killing a Pig: a night-piece, producing a fine effect of the *chiaro oscuro*.

"A Mountebank surrounded by several figures.

"Several Peasants at the door of a Cottage, with a fair in the background.

"Several Peasants fighting with knives.

"The Cottage Dinner. 1653.

"The Cobbler's shop. 1671.

"A Man standing on a Bridge angling.

"The Interior of a Dutch Ale-house, with figures drinking and dancing.

"The Inside of a Cottage, with a Woman suckling a Child.

"The Spectacle-seller.

"A Man, Woman, and Child at the door of a Cottage. 1652.

"Several Peasants at a window; one of them is singing a ballad, and another holds the candle.

"A Man blowing a Horn, leaning over a hatch.

"A Village Festival, with a great number of figures diverting themselves at the door of an ale-house. His largest plate."

We now turn to a list of prices of the pictures of Ostade, furnished by the public sales.

In 1744, at the sale of Lorangeire, "The Backgammon Players" was sold for £17. At that of M. de la Roque, in 1745, two little pictures representing half-length figures, one "A Sailor," the other, "A Peasant," were valued at £1 the two; another, representing "A Baker, who trumpets hot Bread," at £5.

At the sale of M. de Julienne in 1767, there were offered five pictures by Ostade; the first, painted in 1661, represented "The Interior of a Chamber," in which, near the fire, are a woman and child, and four men, each holding a pipe, the fourth, sitting in the chimney corner, holds a pipe and a pot; to the right, near the casement, are a woman and two men standing. This picture, painted upon copper, was sold for £300. The second, dated 1662, represents the famous "School-master," which is in the Louvre; it sold for £260. The third, representing "The Players at Ninepins," by the side of a violin player, fetched £109. The fourth represents "A Man, a Woman, and two Children," one sitting in a chair, while the mother is feeding it; dated 1667, price £40. The fifth is "A Lower Room, lighted by a large casement," in which there are five figures, price £103.

At the sale of the Duke de Choiseul, in 1772, several pictures of Ostade:—"The Game of Shuffle-board," which we have reproduced (p. 220), sold for £186. "The Interior of a house of Peasants" (the great smoking house, engraved by Wischer), four principal figures, one with his back to the fire, fetched £356. "An Interior;" upon the table, which is covered with a cloth, are plate, bread, and glass, near it a man and a woman, further off two children under a window, a third sitting in a chair, in the foreground a large spindle; price £120.

At the sale of the Prince of Conti, in 1777, an "Interior of a Peasant's house," dated 1668; the same, which at the sale of the Duke de Choiseul, sold for £355, now only realised £283.

In 1812, at the sale of the cabinet Clos, was put up, "An Interior of a Farm;" twenty figures, men, women, and children; advance to the sounds of a bagpipe; a child sitting upon a bench. This picture sold for £242. It came from the cabinet Servad of Amsterdam, where it was sold in 1778 for 2,430 florins, or about £243.

At the sale Laperière, in 1823, the same picture fetched the price of £613; "A Rustic Interior," £168.

In 1825, at the first sale of the Prince Galitzin, was sold for £520 a picture by Ostade, representing "An Interior of a Smoking-house."

At the sale of the Chevalier Erard, in 1832, was sold "The Dutch Smoking-room" (p. 217); a woman and four men by the side of a violin-player, accompanying a woman who is singing, other persons talking or smoking; price, £400. "The Adoration of the Shepherds," which Ostade is said to have painted on the birth of one of his children, produced £470.

At the sale of the Duke de Berry, in 1837, was offered "The Village Dance," No. 14 of the catalogue. This very capital picture, dated 1660, has been engraved by Woollett; it was valued at £880. In 1768 it made part of the collection of Gaignat, in 1777 that of Randon de Boisset; in 1891 that of Tolosan.

At the sale of Paul Perrier, 1843, "The Fish-market" was valued at £140; "The Empiric" at £240.

Adrian Van Ostade signed his etchings and his pictures as indicated below:—

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## PICTURES IN EDINBURGH.

LONDON has splendid galleries and magnificent pictures. The National Gallery and Marlborough-house contain priceless gems. Then in the halls of our nobles the works of the immortals are to be seen. Also, for those who have time, there are Hampton-court Palace and Dulwich with their treasures, rich and rare. You need not travel to Venice, Vienna or Rome. There is much amongst us for the stay-at-home traveller to see and admire.

Edinburgh has, also, a collection of pictures, but little known, but which will well repay a visit to that beautiful and romantic city. Though of recent growth, it promises to do credit to the country, and to supply that deficiency in the study of art in Scotland which has hitherto been almost neglected. This fine collection, to which we beg to call the reader's attention, consists of that class of the genuine works of the great masters which are more especially of an instructive character to artists, rather than such as are usually selected with a view to the adornment of a gallery as a public spectacle. The directors wisely seek pictures which may be relied upon as safe models—upon which the student may advantageously form his taste and correct his practice. Although these may prove less attractive to the cursory observer, or be less calculated to dazzle by the brilliancy of subject and effect, the advantages of such a course of instruction are too obvious to require much detail in this place, as its tendency is to exalt and purify public taste, to moderate the extravagancies of the untutored aspirants in arts, to check the dangerous precipitancy with which they are too apt to overstep the slow and certain measures by which alone excellence in art is to be obtained, and to assist the artist in subduing the delusive estimate of his own powers which he is so ready—especially if he be very inexperienced—to form; for it is true, as has been well remarked, that "those accustomed to teach in the academies of painting, have generally found that the slow and laborious student was more likely to rise to eminence, than those who pressed forward in the confidence of genius." After everything is acquired that experience can teach, an ample field will yet remain for the exercise of genius and invention. The scope is boundless. But the basis of painting ought to be laid in study, in an intimate knowledge of the works of the best masters, in acute observations of nature, and unwearied combat with the difficulties of execution. These are the substantial promoters of the art, and in so far as associations or private patronage can supply facilities of employment, and objects of emulation and study, they have done their part.

The Royal Institution, in which the Edinburgh collection is placed, stands in Princes-street, not far from the finest of Scotch monuments, that erected to the memory of Sir Walter Scott. The original collection, acquired at considerable expense by the directors of the Royal Institution from various private collections in Italy, has, from time to time, been enriched by additional pictures, the gift of persons friendly to the advance of art in Scotland. There are also added some pictures of modern artists, acquired by or presented to the institution; but the most important addition is that of the valuable collection of paintings, marbles, and bronzes, the property of the late Sir James Erskine, Bart., of Torrie, which, by an arrangement recently entered into by the Board of Trustees and the trustees nominated by the late Sir James Erskine, are not deposited in the galleries of the institution. On his death, Sir James Erskine, of Torrie, bequeathed to his brother, Sir John Drummond Erskine, his whole property

under burden *inter alia*, "That at his death he make over to the College of Edinburgh, to be entailed upon it, all my pictures, bronzes, and marbles, in the House of Torrie, for the purpose of raising a foundation for a gallery for the encouragement of the fine arts. And for the better security of this, I nominate and appoint my next heir of entail and the succeeding heirs of entail to the estate of Torrie, chancellor of the college—the sheriff of the county, and the provost of Edinburgh, to be trustees." Sir James died in 1825, and his brother died in 1836, when the trustees removed the collection to the College of Edinburgh, and by special agreement in 1845, between them and the Board of Trustees for arts and manufactures in Scotland, the entire collection, the pictures of which are in the finest preservation, and have been collected with much judgment as choice specimens of the works of the different masters, especially in the Flemish and Dutch schools, were placed under the charge of that Board in the Royal Institution. The institution, comprising the two collections, is open gratuitously to the public, two days each week—three days being set apart for the accommodation of students of art, who are supplied with tickets on applying at the office. On entering, the first picture that attracts the eye is "The Lomenilli Family," one of the most distinguished in the Republic of Genoa. It is on canvas nine feet square. This is, perhaps, the finest specimen of Vandyck's pencil now in Great Britain. It is in good preservation, and abounding in all the peculiar excellencies of that great master; in the rich and mellow tone of colouring, the delicacy of touch, and above all, in the power he possessed of displaying character in his portraits. The principal figure is probably the most successful example Vandyck ever produced of masculine beauty, and noble and unaffected bearing in attitude and expression. Another picture of Vandyck's, is the "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," which has always been esteemed one of the best historical works from that master. The attendants, five in number, are binding the martyr to a tree; two are Roman soldiers on horseback. The landscape and background are in beautiful harmony. It is the sketch for the finished picture now at Munich, which Sir Joshua Reynolds saw at Dusseldorf. He says, "He never afterwards had so brilliant a manner of colouring, it kills everything near it." Behind it are figures on horseback, touched with great skill. This is Vandyck's first manner when he imitated Rubens and Titian, which supposes the sun in the room. In his pictures afterwards, he represented the effect of common daylight. Both were equally true to nature, but his first manner carries a superiority with it and seizes our attention; whilst the pictures, painted in the latter manner, run a risk of being overlooked. A picture of Titian's, on a panel, called "A Landscape," is a fine specimen of that great master. It is one of four panels painted by Titian, to ornament the bed of his patron, the Emperor Charles V., representing morning, midday, evening, and night. Jerome Buonaparte, when the bed came into his possession, removed the panels and had them framed as pictures. After his departure from Spain, the bed and the four pictures were restored to their original owner, the Duke of Vivaldi Pasqua, from whom the one in the collection was purchased. A "Madonna, Infant, and St. John," is one of the finest specimens of the master which has been exhibited in this country. The "Summer," "Autumn," "Winter," of Tintoretto are bold but somewhat extravagant sketches. There are two very fine specimens of Barbieri; one representing the repentance of St. Peter, and the other the Madonnas, Infant, and St. John. One of Huisman's pictures, entitled, "Landscape with Cattle and Figures," fully bears out the criticism common on Huisman—that his pictures generally have a striking effect of light on the foreground. In the same collection there is a woodland scene, in the fresh, juicy manner of Robbenia, with a river-bank in the foreground, on which appear some small figures. Another Robbenia is a woody landscape, has the remarkable light pencilling of the foliage for which that artist was celebrated. A picture of a young lady, richly attired, presenting flowers to the Infant Saviour seated on the knees of the Virgin, is attri-

buted to Titian, on account of the splendour of the colouring and the exquisite truth and transparency of the flesh in shadow. At any rate, it is of the time of Titian, and belongs to his school. There is one Cuyp, which appears to be an early picture. The scene is a sunset, in a Dutch landscape. In the middle is a river with several groups of nude figures; some are about to plunge in—others are already immersed. They are principally in shadow, with strong gleams of light on their shoulders, producing a peculiar yet harmonious effect that tones well with the view of a distant town, and the softened tints of a serene evening sky. There is one fine picture by Jacob Ruysdael: it is apparently a Flemish view, with a river in front, a richly wooded and broken bank in the middle distance, and the lofty towers of a church more remote. On the left is a group of gnarled oaks, for delineating which Ruysdael was so famous. The figures are painted by P. Wouvermans. It is an harmonious and forcible picture. There are two pictures by Francis Snyders: the one called "A Wolf Hunt," is a very large forcible picture, in which the fierce rage of the wolf, surprised in feasting on a slaughtered deer, is energetically displayed in seizing one dog by the buttock, while his own fore paw becomes the prey of another courageous hound; the other, "A Boar Hunt," in spite of some spirit in the dogs, is a very inferior picture. There is a beautiful Italian landscape by Richard Wilson, affording an exquisite specimen of the skill of the English Claude in aerial perspective and clear sunny effect. The scene is on the borders of a small lake, on which rises a steep bank covered with wood, and crowned by a village. A "Salvator Rosa" will also please his admirers. The scene is the shore of a wild lake on which appear several armed banditti. A rocky boundary on the further side occupies the middle distance on the right, and declines so as to give a distant view towards the left hand. There are a few straggling trees, but the whole composition is grand, solemn, and forcible, with the utmost clearness of aerial tints. There are several pictures by Dutch and Flemish masters for those who admire that homely and faithful style of art for which those painters are so famed. A picture of Poussin is one of the gems of the place. It is a "Land Storm," with beautifully designed figures in the foreground and middle distance. The conception is poetical, full of vigour and genius. The branches of the trees, the drapery of the figures, and the action of their muscles, proclaim the violence of the tempest, before which man and cattle are succumbing. A dark lurid tone presides over the scene in unison with the scorching heaven and the allied lightning that strikes on the castellated cliffs in the distance. One of Guido's pictures also adorns the place. It is an "Ecce Homo," or a Christ crowned with thorns—one of that artist's favourite subjects. The mild resignation of the picture triumphs over mortal agony. The colouring is of that lucid softness that gives a charm to the principal works of this master. One other picture also we must allude to—one of Backhuysen's. It is the "Return of small Craft into Harbour during a brisk Gale." Figures on the jetty are observing the entrance of a vessel. The water is broken with his usual skill, and tones well with the lowering sky. But, after all, the pictures we like best in the collection, are some of the moderns. We believe as much in the present as the past. Old art, like old wine, is not necessarily good. There are exceptions, occasionally, in favour of what is new; and Edinburgh can boast of some of the exceptions. Among them are some of Etty's pictures. If we go into our own Vernon Gallery, we almost forget that Etty painted anything but *genre* pictures. We forget that he started an historical painter—a calling he forsook when the British public fell in love with his women—nude, large-eyed, and black-haired. But of his historical power Edinburgh has some splendid specimens, superior to the "Joan of Arc," another of his pictures in the historical style, exhibited in the Dublin Exhibition. There are five of his pictures in Edinburgh. We give them in the order of their merits. The first is "Conibert—Woman interceding for the Vanquished," then "Beniah slaying the two lion-like men of Noh," and a series of three pictures

representing the story of Judith and Holofernes—the last especially is a gorgeous and striking picture. Judith, and Holofernes, and the maid are very fine. In one picture we have the maid listening at the entrance to the tent, while Judith within is doing the bloody deed; then we have in another the terrified appearance of the maid as Judith issues from the tent with the head of Holofernes in her hands. Etty in this series of paintings has succeeded in telling the entire story with wonderful accuracy, and fidelity, and power. It will be long before we gaze upon three such magnificent pictures again. Turning away from their terror and splendour, there are two pictures of a different description which you will do well to look at before you leave the rooms. The one is a delicious picture of Paton's, "The Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania." Mr. Phelps may tell us we cannot put the creatures of fairy mythology upon the

up with life and beauty was soon seized by a stronger. Another fine modern picture, also, is "Christ teaching Humility," by Robert Scott Lander. This, with Paton's picture, was purchased by the Society of Arts in Scotland, and was presented by them to the collection. This society was the first of the Art Unions established in Scotland, and has an income, we believe, of about £4,000 a-year.

One advantage you will have in the Edinburgh gallery is, that you will have plenty of time and room for the study of the pictures. You will not be jostled or inconvenienced by your company. A thing that will strike you with amazement is, that in the modern Athens—the home of all that is elegant and refined—you should be requested not to spit. It is strange that in such a place such a notice is necessary. We mention the fact with profound respect. It is said the arts refine the manners; let us hope such will be their effect in



THE GAME OF SHUFFLE-BEARD.—FROM A PAINTING BY ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.

stage—our machinery and art are too gross and sensual for that, is at once apparent, whenever managers try to act the "Midsummer-Night's Dream;" but it is different with the plastic arts. What the one cannot, the other can. You can paint them, and Mr. Paton has done so in one of the most delicate and delicious pictures we have ever seen. Every inch of it is alive with fairies—dancing under mushrooms—drinking from scorn cups—sleeping in flowers. Fairies with light-blue eyes and ruby lips gleam on you from every corner. The canvas is crowded with incidents. It is a picture you might gaze on for hours. The other picture to which we refer, is a noble fragment of the genius of Scotland's great painter, Sir David Wilkie, being an unfinished picture of "John Knox administering the Sacrament at Calder House." It is an outline, nothing more. The hand that was to have filled it

Edinburgh, and that in a few years the obnoxious notice may be taken down.

Spend then a happy hour in the Edinburgh gallery. If you be no artist, your contact with art will lure you out of yourself into a nobler and larger sphere—and if you be an artist, your soul will burn purer, and your aim will be higher than before. In the words of Barry Cornwall:—

"There is Raffaele still before thee, Titian, Michael, Rembrandt all,  
Now for a vigorous effort; trust thy sinews and thou shalt not fall.  
In thy land is Hogarth's glory; side by side with Reynolds' fame,  
Much to spur thee, naught to daunt thee; DARE, and thou shalt do the same."



## CHARLES FREDERICK LESSING.

CHARLES FREDERICK LESSING, no less distinguished as a landscape than an historical painter, the grand-nephew of the celebrated Theophilus Ephraim Lessing, is, like that illustrious poet, one of the most gifted men of his age. He was born on the 16th of February, 1808, at Wurtemberg, in Silesia. From his early youth he displayed a much stronger propensity towards the study of nature than the learning of the schools. Nevertheless, his father placed him at the Berlin academy when he was hardly fourteen years old. His intercourse with young painters, and a journey to Rugen, during which he had an opportunity of seeing the ocean and vast rocks, awakened in his mind an irresistible impulse towards painting; but his father strongly opposed every entreaty for permission to indulge this propensity, and would not yield to the urgent remonstrances of young Lessing's patrons, who discerned his

Schadow to copy some landscapes by Reinhard. The copies were so excellent, that the professor at first took them for the originals—so fresh and lively did they appear—and he was quite indignant because he thought Lessing had attempted to impose upon him. But when he had ascertained the true state of the case, and perceived the great merit of the young artist, he took him at once into his studio, and acted as mediator between the father and son. Schadow, who possessed the rare talent of quickly and accurately discerning ability in others, as well as penetrating with keen critical insight into their peculiarities, deserves honour for having advanced Lessing to his high position and contributed to his versatility of talent. For scarcely had Lessing acquired a certain skill in the drawing of figures, when a vast number of compositions proceeded from his creative imagination; but Schadow succeeded, by strong representations, in convincing him that in this path he would accomplish nothing really solid



THE DANCE AT THE INN,—FROM A PAINTING BY ADRIAN VAN OUDE.

remarkable talent. After a long conflict between his filial duty and his inclination, he abandoned the instruction of the academy without his father's knowledge, and declared with firmness that he had already become a painter, and would not be kept back by anybody from following the calling to which he felt he was destined by nature. He now applied himself to his art with the utmost diligence, and his progress completely amazed his instructors, Professors Kollman and Dahling. His first pictures, "A Church-yard with Tombstones," and "A Church in Ruins," painted in 1825 and 1826, immediately excited general attention. But though even his father now became convinced of his superior talent, and a complete reconciliation between the two took place, an earnest, melancholy tone lingered in his mind after this period, and is still often perceptible in his works.

In the year, 1826, Lessing was ordered by Professor

and worthy of fame. Lessing now closely applied himself to his "Silberchloss," his first great work in the Wagner collection at Berlin. When the hall at Bonn and the court of justice at Coblenz were adorned with frescoes, Count Sre had scenes from the life of the emperor Barbarossa painted for his saloon, and Schadow instructed Lessing to prepare a cartoon for a panel. This last was "The Battle of Isonium," the grandest and most vivid of all these productions. At this time, the poems of Uhland were the principal study of the Düsseldorf artists, and they suggested to Lessing two of his finest works—"The Castle on the Sea-coast, by Moonlight," and "The Royal Pair in Sorrow." German art had never before displayed so grand and profound an earnestness, or produced an oil-painting so finished in every part. At the exhibition in 1830, it was without rival; everything else appeared to a disadvantage by its side. This invaluable gem



of art is no longer in Germany, but at Petersburg. A very successful lithograph from it, by Jentsen, was spoilt; but there is still an excellent copper engraving by the master-hand of Lüderitz.

About the year 1829, the well-known poet Von Uechtritz began to exert an influence over Lessing. When Professor Schadow, in 1830, went to Italy, with other artists, he entrusted Lessing with most of his duties, and from this time his works exercised a most decided sway over the tone and character of landscape painting. In the year 1830 also, his "*Leonora*" was completed. The two following years successively witnessed the commencement of his "*Hussites Preaching*," and his "*Council at Costnitz*." The former of these pictures, which was completed in 1836, and is in the possession of the King of Prussia, has met with the greatest success in most of the principal towns of Germany, as well as in Paris, and it procured for the painter the cross of the Legion of Honour from the King of the French. By this work he gave that protestant direction to art, which is still his great characteristic. The same tendency is prominent in his "*Ezzelin*," where the wounded man spurs the consolation of the monks, and refuses to allow the representatives of the court of Rome to interfere with his communion with God. It is well known that Schadow, on observing this strong protestant tone, found great fault with the design, and did his utmost to dissuade Lessing from completing the picture. But art, and Lessing's inward impulse, triumphed; and the noble *chef-d'œuvre*, which was painted in 1841 and 1842, is now the principal attraction in the gallery at Frankfurt. No previous or subsequent painting attracts such universal attention, and justly excites such warm admiration. The number of Lessing's noble productions is too great to admit of a detailed description within our limits. Those we have mentioned are among the chief.

Lessing's figure and appearance are of a grand and noble character, his features are distinctly marked, and their expression is full of meaning and interest. With art he also successfully cultivates hunting sports. His usual dress is a green over-coat and a green cap, which give him the appearance of a forester. He is a most affectionate and attentive husband and father. It is rather difficult to get acquainted with him, but he is a faithful and constant friend to those with whom he is on intimate terms. The slightest deviation from truth gives him great pain. He is a noble, genuine German in the fullest sense of the term, and demands fidelity and truth in life as well as in art. Every year he goes on a journey for improvement in his profession, that he may constantly repair to nature as the source of his inspiration. In the pursuit of his studies he is unwearied and discriminating. He does not consider study from nature really useful unless the student copies striking objects with the utmost fidelity and fulness of detail that art and skill will allow. He willingly communicates the benefit of his advice and assistance to all young artists. To many he answers the purpose of an ideal model, and Düsseldorf owes much to him both in his personal and artistic character.

Germany is with good reason proud of the grand creations of this genial and real German artist; for every new historical work is a fresh triumph of art. He has studied the development of the reformed religion from his youth up with great interest, has grasped the subject with considerable power of mind, pursued it with a deep sensibility to its stirring incidents, and drawn from it the materials for some of his finest efforts. The composition of his "*Hussites Preaching*," and his "*Luther Burning the Papal Bull*," displays a strength of belief and a peculiarly religious tone, which prove him to be not merely an artist, but a man of deep religious convictions—a Christian hero of the grand order. Each of his superior works has for its ground work, not only a great historical event, but a profound idea, which serves as a central point for the whole. His "*Hussites Preaching*" admirably depicts the tendency of the time in question. His *Huss*, who appears before the pile on which he is about to be burnt, who is condemned to the flames as a heretic, and whose ashes are to be scattered to the four

winds, that no trace of him may remain—this *Huss*, Lessing has pictured kneeling before the pile, and by the warmth and earnestness of his devotion irresistibly compelling even his enemies to pray with him.

Similarly Luther stands forth, in his large painting, as a mighty hero, with his head raised to heaven, attracting towards himself the animated gaze of the bystanders, and looking just as we may easily imagine he did look when he uttered those well-known words at the Diet of Worms—"Here I take my stand, I cannot alter, God help me, Amen!" Close behind Luther appears the church in all its glory, for Luther struggled not against the church, but against what he considered the corruptions of the church. No artist has ever yet succeeded in portraying the impetuous reformer with so much power. All the interest is concentrated upon that part of the picture where his figure appears; and the mind of the spectator is absorbed in the contemplation of the impressive scene before him, and the mighty results which have flowed, and may yet be expected to flow, from this significant event. On the right of the picture are youthful students engaged in stirring the fire; on the left Melancthon, Duke George, Carlsstadt, and other eminent Protestants. In the first sketch, which Lessing made in 1848, Luther stood as in the finished picture; but in the group on the left were several distinguished nobles in military attire, and on the right students and people.

In the large Indian ink cartoon-drawing, which was executed in January, 1852, Luther has his head turned towards the fire, preparing to throw the bull into the flames. While the attitude is admirably appropriate to Luther's fiery temperament and impetuous mode of action; the expression of the face indicates a firm, warm confidence in God, and a lofty animation of soul. On the right of Luther stands a young, richly dressed student; on the left, in the foreground, we see Duke George, wearing an expression of evident dissatisfaction with the proceeding. The figures are about two-thirds the size of life. The picture has, it is true, neither academic style, nor regular arrangement according to artificial rules, but is so pure, so smooth, so true to life without any exaggeration, that not only is the beholder struck with the truthfulness and living force of each figure, but the whole composition exhibits a perfect harmony and unity which cannot be too much admired.

Even before the completion of this great work of art, London, New-York, Brussels, and Rotterdam were competitors for it. It is now the property of Herr Notteboom, of Rotterdam, and will form one of the chief attractions in the exhibition of German (particularly Düsseldorf) paintings, which is about to take place in London, next July. The Germans, not unnaturally, feel great regret at the loss of a painting which excited so animated a competition all over the world, so to speak, even before it was finished. All that they have left is the cartoon drawing of the sketch, which belongs to Dr. Lucanus, of Halberstadt, and is open to the public. The right of engraving it has been conferred by Lessing upon Jansen, of Düsseldorf, the copper-plate engraver, who has already acquired great fame by his engraving of "*The Rescue from Shipwreck*," by Jordan, and who expects to complete his task within two years.

#### C. A. FRAIKIN, THE BELGIAN SCULPTOR.

Among the sculptors of the present time who are flourishing in the full vigour of their artistic power, Fraikin deserves to be mentioned with honour as a genuine artist of the highest order. He belongs to that class of men who are worthy to attract the attention not only of their own countrymen but of all who take an interest in art and artists.

C. A. Fraikin was born at Herenthals in the year 1818. His father was a public notary in that town. Even as a boy he gave evidence of a strong and even irresistible inclination towards art. Drawing was his fondest, his constant delight. His father was too wise a man to offer any opposition to this evident indication of natural genius. Hardly had his son received an elementary school education, when he was sent to Brussels, at the age of thirteen, to pursue the course of study

in that academy with a view to perfect himself as an artist. The young aspirant fondly hoped he had now attained the object of his desire; but his dreams of artistic greatness were destined to be soon disturbed. Only a month after the commencement of his career at Brussels, he was called to fulfil the melancholy duty of accompanying the remains of his honoured father to the grave. With him all Fraikin's plans were buried, for his practical guardians would hear nothing of his talent, his irresistible propensity, his brilliant expectations of artistic celebrity, and the bitterness of his disappointment if he were prevented from continuing his course. The lad was peremptorily ordered to decide upon a calling which would ensure him worldly prosperity and a respectable position in society.

Fraikin was obliged to abandon his pursuit of art and prepare for the study of medicine. Such was the fixed resolve of his guardians, and he could not but comply. The time for preparation passed by, but with his Virgil, his Homer, and historical compendiums, pencils and chalk were frequently in his hand. So also during his professional studies at the university, which extended over four years, he was busily engaged in increasing his artistic skill. The hours which could be withdrawn from the study of *Æsculapius* were devoted to art. In these stolen moments he completed a vast number of drawings from copper-plate engravings, and drew portraits of all his fellow-students with whom he was on friendly terms. At length the young disciple of *Æsculapius* had completed his curriculum; he passed his final examination with success; and went and settled down in a small town near Brussels to obtain his livelihood as a medical practitioner. As may be easily imagined, he had many leisure hours, all which, according to his custom and inclination, he sedulously devoted to art. He drew various heads and figures in chalk; but of models in clay the young doctor had as yet no idea. At length it came into his head to make a full-size bust of himself. He procured some plaster of Paris, moulded a block, and set to work to cut the bust out of the plaster of Paris, for as yet he was completely ignorant of the ordinary procedure of sculptors. In spite, however, of all difficulties, the perseverance of the young artist brought the work to a state of completeness. The bust was finished, and, what was more, bore a strong resemblance to him.

Fraikin not unnaturally looked upon this as a great triumph. He sent the bust to his brother, who was residing in Brussels. His brother lost no time in showing the work to some of his acquaintance. All were more than surprised; they were at a loss to conceive how such a bust could have been made by a young man who had never handled the sculptor's modelling tools, nor made sculpture his special study. They supposed that it would require at least five years to complete such a bust as the young medical practitioner had cut out of plaster of Paris, with no other instruments than his scalpel, knife, and file. Scarcely had Fraikin been made acquainted with the unexpected success of his first attempt at sculpture, and the warm encomiums that were lavished upon it, when he resolved to abandon the medical profession, and devote himself entirely to art, which he felt deeply convinced was the calling for which he was by nature intended. He bade farewell to medicine, and at once repaired to Brussels, where he commenced a regular course of study under a sculptor. In three months he had learnt the art of modelling, was entrusted with important works, and attended constantly at the Brussels academy. He rapidly passed through, or for the most part leaped over, all the different classes, and after five months' most diligent application, obtained the first prize in composition and modelling from nature.

This took place in the year 1842. The young artist immediately went to work, and modelled "*Venus and the Doves*." The charming statue attracted great attention, and made so favourable an impression, that he forthwith resolved to go and take up his residence at Brussels. By his earliest considerable productions, which were finished one after the other in rapid succession, he soon acquired a European celebrity. His reputation was at once established; for all recognised in his

works a highly gifted artist, who was in the fullest possession of the antique gracefulness of line and form. His fine talent met with support and encouragement, while he was plentifully supplied with commissions to execute some of them of considerable importance, both from the government and the town of Brussels; for which latter he, with others, ornamented the noble portal of the town hall with eleven statues of great artistic merit.

In a contest of plastic art appointed by the Belgian government, Fraikin came off victorious over many very able competitors, by his well-known and greatly-admired sculpture of "*Love*," which he worked in marble for the public museum by order of government. This work, in delicacy of outline and gracefulness of posture, is one of the most beautiful that have been produced in any country during the last ten years.

The artist was now able to gratify a wish he had long cherished of visiting Italy. In the year 1846 he repaired thither, and remained there a year, studying and labouring with the greatest perseverance and assiduity. He returned home enriched with new views of art, having a better knowledge of his capabilities, and more skilful, if possible, in the practical part of his art. Scarcely had he arrived, when he was elected a member of the Royal Academy of Sciences and the Fine Arts. Similar expressions of admiration for his rare talents and his exquisitely graceful productions were lavished upon him from all sides. In the year 1848 he completed his celebrated "*Psyche*," as a companion to his "*Love*," and was made a knight of the Order of Leopold.

His talent met with equally deserved recognition in foreign countries. The petty envy of rivals may have been excited by his appointment to prepare a statue for the Ostend civic authorities in memory of the Queen of Belgium, shortly after her lamented decease. But the result has proved the wisdom of those who selected him for that purpose. With cheerful courage and a genuine artistic inspiration, Fraikin set to work, and what he has achieved affords striking proof that he perfectly understood the task he had undertaken, and knew how to give perfect development to the beautiful conceptions which he had formed in his mind. The artist had the high satisfaction of learning that the committee appointed to examine his work pronounced it completely successful. Indeed, how could it be otherwise? It strikes every beholder at once as the production of an artist animated by a spirit of genuine devotion, and impressed with a deep sense of the dignity and importance of his art.

The queen, whose figure is an admirable portrait, strongly resembling the original, is on the eve of dissolution, and, in anticipation of future glory, is rising from her couch to grasp with her right hand the heavenly crown which an angel is bringing her from on high, with the golden palm of victory in the left hand, and overshadowing her with his outspread wings. The earthly crown has fallen off the queen's brow, who is striving with her right hand after the crown of immortality, which the heavenly messenger has brought. Her left hand, sinking down by her side, throws back the royal mantle which partly covers the couch, and out of it fall flowers and fruits, emblems of the deeds of her beneficent gentleness and philanthropy.

At the feet of the queen sits an earnest female figure, the hands folded in an attitude of devotion, looking up at the dying queen with an expression of intense grief. It is an allegorical representation of the city of Ostend, which is seated on the stern of an ancient vessel bearing the arms of the city. The head of the figure is adorned with a species of helmet in the shape of the national cap of the Ostend women, and surrounded with reeds. The mantle, which falls in richest folds, half covers the breastplate.

The whole group breathes an artistic harmony of the loftiest character. It bespeaks the simplest, and yet the noblest majesty; the several figures are particularly successful in elegance of outline, natural ease of attitude, and the subordination of the purely sensual, without, however, at all trampling upon the beauty of the sculpture.

The head of the queen is no less remarkable for its won-

derful fidelity than its beauty as a work of art; the posture is most pleasing and life-like; the attitude of the arms is at once pleasing and true to nature, and the whole drapery light and graceful. A mild and tender expression clothes the brow of the angel; the figure of whom is no less elegant in form

out all its parts, finely conceived and skillfully executed down to the minutest details. It is a real masterpiece of sculpture, which conveys the idea of the artist in the most expressive manner to all who are susceptible of artistic impressions. Both as a successful realisation of the sculptor's conception



THE STROLLING MUSICIANS.—FROM A PAINTING BY ADRIAN VAN OOSTADE.

than natural in attitude and drapery. The almost masculine earnestness in the head of the female figure which represents Ostend, forms a most striking and effective contrast to the other figures, and gives wonderful life to the whole group. In this figure a calm earnestness of pious resignation is most powerfully expressed.

The whole work is executed in a masterly manner through-

and in itself an exquisite piece of workmanship, it is a noble monument, well worthy of the object to which it is devoted. For centuries it will remain a fit emblem of the veneration of the Belgians for the departed queen, an honour to the state which cherishes her memory, and no less honourable to the established reputation of the artist whose creative genius and skilful hand gave it existence.

## SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS.



The number, the magnificence, and the vigour of the works of Peter Paul Rubens, tell us more of his life than any bio-



calamities of the civil war which desolated the great painter's country, it will be necessary to speak of the enlightened scholar, the skilful diplomatist, and the accomplished man of the world, as well as of the consummate artist.

Generally speaking, the life of a painter furnishes but very few materials for the pen of the biographer, and the anecdotes of the foibles and eccentricities that may be gleaned from inquiring into the domestic habits of most artists, are often too unimportant to interest the reader. It is, however, quite different with Rubens, whose life abounded in prominent events, and who, at one time, was seen exercising his art as a painter, and at another engaged in the cabinet, or on some important diplomatic mission; now admitted and praised for the excellent productions of his pencil, and now honoured and dignified by sovereigns and potentates for his conduct as a statesman.

According to one account, Rubens was a native of Antwerp, but others say that he was born at Cologne. At the latter place, the traveller's attention is drawn to two German inscriptions on stone tablets, inserted in the front wall of a plain-looking house in the Sternengasse. The first of these inscriptions says that Peter Paul Rubens was born in this house; and the second, that Marie de Médicis, Queen of France, came to end her days there, in the very chamber which had witnessed the painter's birth.\* Mockery of human greatness! The widow of Henri IV.; the daughter and

graphics ever can; yet, to write a complete history of that happy and brilliant life, which was one continual flow of prosperity, that never saw its course once troubled by the

VOL. I.

\* It was M. Wallraff who had these two inscriptions put up in 1822. In the first are the words, "Our Peter Paul Rubens, the Apelles of Germany, etc.," which aroused the national jealousy of Belgium to the highest point.—(See for this an article on these inscriptions in the *Ghent "Messager des Sciences et des Arts;"* bks. 9 and 10 of the old series, 1825).

mother of a king; the woman whom the painter delighted to represent, surrounded by the emblems of imperishable greatness, was destined to fall, one day, from the height of her grandeur and to die in exile, the sorrow attendant on which was still more embittered by poverty. At present, the house in the Sternens Gasse shelters the family and the sales of a merchant; and vulgar reality now sits behind a counter, in the place of the poetry of recollection.

The birth-place of Rubens long gave rise to much animated controversy. In order to prove that he was born at Antwerp, great stress has been laid on a passage in the life of Philip Rubens, brother to the painter, and celebrated as a learned antiquarian. We read in this biography, written by Jean Brandt, that the town-council of Antwerp sent to Rome for Philip Rubens, in order to confer on him the post of secretary; but that this office could only be filled by a person enjoying the freedom of the city, which was granted to natives of Brabant alone. It was, however, urged that an exception might be made in favour of so learned a man as Philip Rubens, though he was not born at Antwerp, which was the birth-place of all his brothers, of his sisters, of his father and mother, and ancestors; *ubi fratres (and consequently Peter Paul Rubens) sorores, uterque parens, aliquæ retrò majores hunc æceru primum hauseru.*\*

"There has been much discussion," says M. Emile Gachet, of the Royal Commission of History of Belgium, "about the mutual claims of Antwerp and Cologne, with respect to their being the birth-place of Rubens. It has been urged in favour of Antwerp, that if the church registers contain no record of his baptism, it is owing to the religious troubles in the midst of which he was born. It has also been asserted, that the most convincing proof that Antwerp was the birth-place of Rubens is, that, otherwise, he would not have been able to enjoy the freedom of that city, nor to belong, in consequence, to the corporation of painters. All these reasons yield, in our eyes, to the following facts: in the first place, the absence of any record on the church registers of Antwerp and of Cologne is explained, not only by the troubles which agitated the country, but also by the religion to which John Rubens, the father of the painter, belonged, and for which he expatriated himself.

"Secondly, with respect to the freedom of the city,—which we consider the more specious argument,—it must certainly be allowed that it would be possible to find exceptions to the general rule, and that Rubens, on his return from Italy, merited more than any one else to have this rule infringed in his favour; and those who have read attentively the registers of the corporation of St. Luke, are well aware of this fact. Again, and this seems to decide the question, since it is true that John Rubens quitted Antwerp in 1568, and settled at Cologne, where he had, in 1574, a son named Philip, who was the elder brother of the painter (for this is an incontestable fact, which Jean Brandt has himself stated, in his biography of Philip Rubens, written and published in 1615), who will believe that Maria Pypelinckx returned to Antwerp in 1577, for the express purpose of giving birth to Peter Paul Rubens, when it is stated that she only returned to that city, after the death of her husband, John Rubens, in 1587, and after it was restored to tranquillity? In a word, what plain-dealing man will not be satisfied with the contemporary testimony of Rubens' nephew himself, the author of the biography of the great artist, attributed for so long a time to Gevartius, but proved at last, by the Baron de Reiffenberg, to have been written by Philip Rubens?

"Peter Paul Rubens wrote as follows to George Geldorp, the painter, who had been commissioned to ask him for an altar-piece for St. Peter's church at Cologne:—'If I were to choose a subject to my taste, relating to St. Peter, I should take his crucifixion with his head downwards. It seems to me that I could accomplish something extraordinary out of this. But I will leave the choice of a subject to him who

defrays the expenses, and defer it to the time when we know what is to be the size of the picture. I have a great predilection for the city of Cologne, where I was brought up till the age of ten; and, for many years past, I have often felt a wish to see it again.' This letter," adds M. Emile Gachet, "clearly proves that Rubens did not present the picture of St. Peter to the church of Cologne, out of consideration for his having been baptised there, as has been pretended; but it is also far from furnishing arguments to those who maintain that Rubens was not born at Cologne, and however the expressions used by the painter may be turned and twisted about, it is impossible to translate, *Ik aldaer ben opgevoed tot het thienste jaer myns levens*, otherwise than by *I was brought up at Cologne till the age of ten*. If this way of speaking does not imply that Rubens was born at Cologne, it, at least, renders his birth there very probable. Yet these are, at most, but puerile discussions.†

In order to discover, in the life of the man, the secret of the works of the painter, the numerous critics and biographers of Rubens are divided in their opinion respecting his origin. Some say that he was a descendant of a noble family of Styria; that Bartholomew Rubens, his grandfather, accompanied Charles V. to the diet of Worms, and made a conspicuous figure among the first gentlemen of the emperor's court at Brussels. The sumptuous style which the painter has thrown into his works is, according to them, a sign of his noble origin, which, too, is further indicated by his constant presence at the different courts of Europe.

In speaking of Bartholomew Rubens, Smith says, in his "Catalogue Raisonné," that he "joined the suite of the Emperor Charles V., upon the occasion of his splendid coronation at Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1520; at the conclusion of which ceremony he accompanied the emperor to the diet at Worms, and subsequently took up his residence at Brussels." The court of Charles was then the most magnificent and brilliant in Europe; and the young Bartholomew, having the advantage of a good education, and possessing all the fashionable accomplishments of the time, attracted the admiration of such a court. He found no difficulty in forming an advantageous union with a lady of noble family, named Barbara Arens, surnamed Spirinck. The commerce and opulence of the city of Antwerp, at that period, brought together a confluence of merchants from all countries, consequently such gaiety and amusements as were well calculated to excite a disposition in the young couple to remove to that city: to this they were further induced, by its being the residence of some of their relatives. Of this union, in the month of March, 1530, was born John Rubens, the father of the artist. Gifted with a ready disposition to study, his acquirements in the knowledge of the sciences and polite literature were extensive; at the age of twenty-four, he went to Italy, where, during a residence of six years, he perfected himself in the several universities for the profession of a civilian, and took the degree of doctor of civil and canon law at Rome. Soon after his return to his native city, he married a lady of distinguished family, named Maria Pypelinckx, daughter of Henry Pypelinckx and Clara Tolon, and established himself at Antwerp, in the profession of the law. His erudition and prudence shortly acquired him distinction, and, in May, 1562, he was elected a councillor of the senate. About this period, the Low Countries were agitated by the Iconoclasts, whose zeal for the destruction of images was attended by persecution, pillage, and every description of disorder, creating dissension and misery among all classes. These disasters continuing for some time, induced John Rubens to quit the official situation which he had held six years, and to remove with his family to Cologne, preferring peace and tranquillity to the prospect of wealth.

Other writers assert that Rubens belonged to that semi-commercial, semi-plebeian race, which was characterised by its intelligence and its sensuality, its fondness for work, eagerness in the pursuit of gain, and greediness of honours, but whose fertile and vivacious genius was always void of elegance, or of anything approaching the ideal. It was owing to this,

\* "Nouveaux Mémoires" of the Academy of Brussels, vol. vi.; "Généalogie de la Famille de Rubens," by the Baron de Reiffenberg.

† "Lettres inédites de P. P. Rubens," Brussels, 1840.



say the latter writers, that the activity of Rubens procured him such great riches, and enabled him to use such speed in the execution of his paintings, of which the number is so prodigious, and the dimensions so vast, that, if they were all joined together, they would suffice to decorate, so to say, the largest street of any large city. This, too, was the reason why Rubens was so fond of such red, fleshy forms, and such herculean muscles; why he evinced an exaggerated love for action, that smothered the thought of the artist beneath the weight of the matter; and produced saints with the forms of athletes, and women and virgins with the lusty, rubicund beauty of those viragoes of the people who fatten on the vapours of blood inhaled in the shambles.

But of noble or mean birth,\* the origin of the painter will not suffice to explain his works. Genius may, doubtless, yield sometimes to the influence which surrounds it; but it is always strong enough to resist everything puerile.

The artist has, properly speaking, neither country nor family, when his works make the round of the world; for his soul is everywhere in each of his pictures. There exists a more influential power, which must have ruled the painter as it rules the world, and that is the organisation and temperament which are peculiar to every one.

There are two principles which are at constant warfare in man: his mind and his body. The strongest part of us subjugates the other, exaggerates its victory, and proclaims it in our works. Every religion has experienced that antagonism which Horace called the double man. Among the Pagans, matter predominated; and they consequently deified their physical enjoyments, Bacchus being identified with wine, and Venus with love. The Christians, on the contrary, by making the flesh subservient to the mind, showed their desire to glorify all austere virtues and to substitute elevated thoughts, free from matter, for the brutish personifications of Paganism. Thought had superseded animalism, and art was rising to moral grandeur. But every power tends to run into excess; and, in this case, nature, outraged by the too violent reaction of Christianity, was soon compelled to uphold the rights of the flesh. This struggle is still going on; and this is the cause of our difficulties with respect to art, of which the real solution is some day to be made apparent by the reconciliation of all the faculties of man.

It is a pretty general custom to divide the talents of mankind into intelligence and temperament, into men of thought and men of action. This is true with respect to painters. We must, therefore, examine their peculiar organisation and character, in order to discover the secret of their works, which, properly speaking, are nothing but true mirrors.

Rubens is Pagan by nature, temperament, and action.

The Flemish school of painting had preserved an original grandeur through the whole of the fifteenth century. Charmed

\* Mielde, De Piles, Van Grimbeghe, and a crowd of other biographers, assert that Rubens was of noble origin. Deschamps, Felibien, Dargenville, Houbraeken, etc., say nothing of his ancestors. The Baron de Reiffenberg read to the Academy of Brussels, in 1853, a genealogical memoir, of which the following is the title: "Généalogie de la Famille de Rubens, tirée des Manuscrits et des Ouvrages imprimés de Rubens Van der Leene, Le Roy, Foppens, de Vesiano, Hellin, etc."

It is there said that Bartholomew Rubens, of noble birth, a native of Styria, and who had settled in the Low Countries before the year 1528, married Barbara Arens, surnamed Spinnek, a native of Antwerp, by whom he had a son, named John Rubens, on the 18th of March, 1530. John married Maria Pypelinx. Their seventh child was Peter Paul Rubens, etc."—"Nouveaux Mémoires de l'Académie de Bruxelles, vol. ii."

M. Gachard expresses himself as follows, in his pamphlet entitled, "Particularités et Documents inédits sur Rubens, Bruxelles, 1812:" "As Rubens was not noble, he could not be made Chamberlain, and as for the dignity of Councillor of State, it was reserved for the most eminent nobles of the country, such as the Prince of Orange, the Duke d'Archoot, the Count de Solre, etc." M. Gachard is right. We shall see, in the course of this biography, with what insolence the noble Duke d'Archoot treated the plebeian Rubens.

with simple doctrines and the beauties of Gothic art, it buried itself in contemplation at the bottom of cathedrals, full of intoxicating visions and mysterious terror. Painters having discovered, through their faith, the secrets of Christian art—the enemy of worldliness—had in consequence evinced great dislike for profane subjects. Their pious images, with their chastely arranged drapery, presented a double character of stiffness and *naïveté*, which faithfully expressed the Christian religion, composed of severity and tenderness. The thin and transparent bodies of the apostles, the saints, the virgins, and the martyrs, seemed to be made of spiritual essence, while their soul shone like a sun in their features, surrounded by glories. But the troubles of the sixteenth century came to arouse art out of its mystic dreams; and the Flemish painters soon became realists and travellers. If a fervent master of the Flemish school had formerly undertaken a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, its disciples henceforth preferred wandering through Italy, and plundering, like a swarm of bees, in every school. Abandoning themselves entirely to the inclination of their individual tastes, they imitated in turn Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, and Veronese. In his enthusiasm for Michael Angelo, Francis Floris exaggerated his forms, and, so to say, erected in painting the colossal figures which the great sculptor had carved in stone. Martin de Vos applied himself to the reproduction of the colouring of the Venetians, and Otto Venus strove to imitate the magic lights and ineffable softness of Correggio.

Such was the situation of Flemish painting at the time when Rubens appeared in the history of art.

In 1566, John Rubens, who was a councillor of the senate, lived peaceably at Antwerp with his wife, Maria Pypelinx, whom he had married on his return from a long stay in Italy. At that time, Philip II., king of Spain, was opposing, in the Low Countries, with the most barbarous oppression, the advances made by freedom of opinion, which the Belgian nobility, who were secretly leagued with the nobility of France, Germany, and Holland, defended against the Holy Inquisition. A murderous revolution was fermenting in the very heart of Flanders; the reformers, watched, followed from city to city, and tracked through the country and even into the very retreats afforded them by the woods, rose up in exasperated bands; fanatical orators excited their minds, and the orgies of revolt replied to the excesses of oppression. Reduced to exercise their condemned religion in the open air, in ravines and secluded places, the proscribed reformers gave vent to their feelings in the bosom of nature, that filled their wounded hearts with its wild inspirations. Their fury reached its highest pitch at the sight of the magnificent cathedrals where their implacable persecutors exercised a religion, the opulence of which formed so strong a contrast with their own misery. City artisans, mariners, and peasants, armed with scythes, hatchets and muskets, overran western Flanders, and carried devastation into the churches and convents; the altars of the churches were destroyed, the statues mutilated, the pictures carried about at the end of pitch-forks, and the books burnt by order of preachers standing in the pulpits with a torch in their hands. St. Omer, Ypres, the Abbey of Wemmelghem,† Menin, Commines, Warwick, and Lille, saw the work of destruction pass by like a torrent of lava, which, increasing as it went along, arrived at last at Antwerp. The feast of the Assumption was being celebrated in the midst of an immense assemblage of people, when the cathedral was suddenly invaded, the statue of the Virgin dragged, with a cord round its neck, about the building, and then decapitated, while a beautifully sculptured Christ was broken into a thousand pieces. The ground was watered, and shoes were cleaned with the wine and oil intended for religious purposes, and the sepulchres were broken open, so that the bones they contained might be scattered abroad, to the exclamation of *Long live the Queen!* which was the rallying cry of the infuriated crowd. The fine organ fell to pieces with a sigh; the large tapers of the cathedral lighted up the scene with their mystic

† Van der Wynekt, *Histoire des Troubles des Pays-Bas*.

flames; the tocsin sounded; and Antwerp trembled in the dark, and the sun rose on the ruins of seventy altars. Four days had sufficed for the spoliation of four hundred churches in Brabant and Flanders alone.

On hearing of these events, Philip the Second's rage was ungovernable; he sent into the revolted provinces the Duke of Alba, a man of the most implacable character, who carried extermination with him. At this juncture, the Belgian nobles, rising resolutely in arms, placed themselves at the head of the civil war; blood flowed in torrents in the public places and

On this occasion, the Prince de Chimay wrote to him as follows:—†

"Monsieur Ruebens, — Le roi d'Espagne nous subjugué derechef par son barbare et tyrannique gouvernement dont ma mémoire est encore si fraîche, j'aimerois mieux de ma part d'endurer toutes traverses du monde, pour nous défendre jusqu'à la dernière goutte de mon sang, etc."‡

John Rubens, who had a numerous family, preferred retiring, however, to Cologne, which he did in 1668; and it was



SUSANNAH AND THE ELDERS.—FROM A PAINTING BY RUBENS.

on the battle-field; and the heads of Counts Horn and Egmont, with those of a great number of nobles and citizens, fell beneath the axe of the executioner. There was no longer any safety in the Low Countries for those suspected of attachment to the liberties of the public.\* John Rubens felt that he was in danger. He was suspected of entertaining secret sympathy for the Martinists or Lutherans, and of conspiring with William the Taciturn.

\* Van Hasselt, Hist. de Rubens.

there, in the ninth year of his exile, that his seventh child was born, on the 29th of June, 1677; and as this was the day on which the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul was solemnised,

† Biblioth. Antwerp.

‡ "Monsieur Ruebens, — The King of Spain has again subjugated us by his barbarous and tyrannical government, of which I have so vivid a recollection; as for me, I would endure all sorts of hardships, in order to defend ourselves to the last drop of my blood, etc."

the infant was baptised, in the name of both saints, at the church of St. Peter.

A great painter had been born, who, by his astonishing fecundity, was destined, not only to repair the disasters with which revolutionary times had visited the arts in his country,

executed everything he undertook in after-life. His aptitude for learning was cultivated with great care by his father, whose whole attention had been directed to the education of his children; but in 1587, Rubens lost his anxious parent, and as Antwerp had now been enjoying tranquillity for two



THE SONS OF RUBENS.—FROM A PAINTING BY RUBENS.

but also to enrich the churches, the museums, and the galleries of all Europe, from Rome to Paris, from London to St. Petersburg, and from Madrid to Vienna.

Peter Paul Rubens commenced his studies at the college of the Jesuits at Cologne, with the same facility with which he

years, his widowed mother returned to her native city, where she displayed the greatest skill in the recovery of a part of her husband's property, which had been seized and confiscated, at one time by the royalists, and at another time by the Iconoclasts, under the pretence that his emigration, without a

regular permission, was sufficient to implicate him in the conspiracies which then prevailed. It was, doubtless, from his mother that Rubens inherited that order, sagacity, and vigilance over his own interest, which, though they were the cause of his being so often accused of avarice and duplicity, made him so useful, in a political capacity, to the princes of the time, and above all to himself. On his approaching his sixteenth year, "he had made much progress in Latin, and other useful languages," says Smith, "that he was considered qualified to commence the study of the law, for which profession he was intended. At this period, an opportunity occurred of introducing him to the noble family of the Countess de Lalain, in quality of page, where he would have the advantage of observing the manners of polished society, and of obtaining that patronage which would tend to promote his future interests. His good sense and docility rendered a conformity to the rules of the establishment an easy task, and his quick apprehension enabled him to familiarise himself readily with the ceremonious style of the lofty Spanish nobility who figured at that period. This situation, however, was not to his taste; his predominant inclination for drawing, which had hitherto been indulged in only as an amusement, began to direct itself more decidedly; he became disgusted with the servility of his situation, and resolved to quit it, and pursue the study of the arts and polite literature. This resolution he took an early opportunity of communicating to his indulgent mother, who expressed unwillingness that he should follow a profession which she considered unworthy of his birth, observing that he was yet too young to choose for himself, and that his superior education entitled him to higher distinction than the pursuit of painting could procure. Notwithstanding this admonition, his natural attachment to the art, accompanied by a spirit of independence, induced him to reiterate his solicitations to his mother, to open to her his thoughts and anxious wishes, and, in conclusion, emphatically to declare that the situation of a page accorded so little with his tastes and feelings, that, however it might lead to honours and distinction, the summit of his ambition was to be a great painter, and in the pursuit of this object he would enjoy a life of liberty dearer to his heart than all the charms which his present situation might promise.

"This declaration made a suitable impression upon his parent, who was well acquainted with the predilection of her son for the fine arts; and it was agreed, after consulting the rest of the family, that he should be permitted to pursue the bent of his inclination. Having decided upon this, their next object was to find a suitable instructor for him, when a painter (whose only recommendation probably was an acquaintance with the family) of the name of Tobias Verhaert was accepted; but the penetrating scholar soon discovered his master's deficiencies, and quitted him to enter the school of Adam Van Noort," a painter of history, celebrated at Antwerp as a colourist.\*

Van Noort was naturally of a rough temper, which alienated him from the love of his disciples and friends; Rubens studied under him for four years;† but being at last unable to bear his brutality any longer, he left this early master to enter the school of Otto Venius, painter to the Archduke Albert, governor of the Netherlands, and to his consort Isabella. Otto Venius had received a learned education, which had been improved and rendered still more brilliant by his constantly residing at the different courts of Europe. Too erudite to be a man of originality and inspiration, Otto Venius was but a feeble imitator of Correggio, and it may be safely asserted that Rubens learnt hardly anything from him, with the exception of polished manners, an excessive love for letters, and a false taste for allegory. Rubens had been

\* Ad picturæ studium impulsus a matre impetravit ut Adamo Van Noort pictori Antverpiensi instituentibus traderetur.—Phil. Rub. Vita P. P. Rubenii; see "Nouveaux Mémoires de l'Académie de Bruxelles," vol. x.; "Mémoire de M. le Baron de Reiffenberg."

† Sub hoc magistro (Van Noort) prima artis sue fundamenta per annos quatuor posuit.—*Ibid.*

working for nearly four years under his second master; when, feeling a desire to commence more extensive and bolder studies, he resolved to set out for Italy. He was also urged to this step by Otto Venius himself, who had long since inflamed the young student's mind with a desire to visit that classic land, by his glowing descriptions of the glories of the great Italian masters. The value and importance of the contemplated journey were therefore duly laid before the young artist's mother, and her permission eagerly solicited, which, after some deliberation, was granted. On this, Otto Venius presented his pupil to the Archduke Albert and the Infanta Isabella, who were so delighted with the elegant manners of the young painter, that they gave him letters of recommendation to several sovereigns. But, according to Bellori, Rubens possessed qualities which would have found him protectors wherever he went. "He was," says this writer, "tall, well made, of a fine florid complexion and a strong constitution; both mild and proud too, noble in his manners and distinguished in his dress; and he generally wore a gold chain round his neck, etc."‡

Rubens quitted Antwerp for Italy on the 9th of May, in the year 1600, taking the road to Italy through France. "It would not be difficult," says Smith, "to imagine what was the subject of the thoughts of the young traveller during his long journey from Antwerp to Italy; they were doubtless fixed on the bright prospect before him; he was hastening to that classic country whose riches in art all concurred in praising, and which his imagination dwelt upon with delight. Plans were laid and resolutions formed for the regulation of his future conduct; these all related to his beloved art,—the idol of his constant adoration."

On arriving in Italy, it was Venice, which artists, poets, and travellers had, in their enthusiasm, pronounced to be the fittest of all the cities of that country, that first attracted his ardent curiosity. While he was there studying the master colourist, a gentleman of the court of the Duke of Mantua, and who resided in the same hotel as the painter, expressed a wish to see him at work in his studio. The sight of a few half-finished pictures, and the conversation of the artist, quite fascinated the gentleman in question, who, on his return to Mantua a few days after, spoke of the talent and character of Rubens to the duke in such high terms, that the latter determined to send for him and to engage him in his service. Rubens therefore quitted Venice for Mantua, where the duke possessed a gallery full of the works of Giulio Romano. According to some biographers, and especially M. Van Hasselt, author of a conscientiously-written life of Rubens, but replete with national enthusiasm, the Flemish painter applied himself to imitating whatever fire the pictures of the duke contained, that is to say, those parts of them which spoke to his own feelings.

But where is there any fire to be seen in the works of Giulio Romano, and does this quality, which Rubens is generally admitted to possess, exist even in him? What connexion, too, is there between imitation and fire? The exclusive privilege of inspired natures, fire suffices of itself for the creation of the originality and glory of the greatest masters. Tintoretto, Rembrandt, and the modern Delacroix, are men of fire. In the intoxication of thought, the storm of the passions, the tumultuous ardour of everything that breathes, and the mysterious violence of all inorganic natures, fire torments alive man, animals, and the elements. It pours itself out of our hearts in love, hatred, and grief; starts from the bowels of the earth through the crater of the volcano, rushes along with the torrent, and traverses the heavens on the wings of the tempest. It was fire which made the hair of the sibyls stand up with holy horror, and which has, in all times, given audacity to the warrior, inspiration to the poet, exaltation to

‡ Deinde sub Ottovis Venii pictorum Belgicorum illo tempore principis disciplina alios quatuor annos ferè exegit.—*Ibid.*

§ "Fu egli di statura grande, ben formato et di bel colore e temperamento; era maestoso insieme ed humano, e nobile di maniere e d'habiti, solito portare collana d'oro al collo, etc."

the believer, and heroism to the martyr. Giulio Romano never knew what fire was. With all his imagination, he never succeeded in freeing himself from the influence of Raffaele, his master, whose tranquil genius sought after the idealism of order and the harmony of lines. Of a calculating character in everything, cold in his disposition, and deprived, by his active life, of the benefits of retirement and contemplation—the source of all exalted thoughts,—Rubens possessed no more fire than Giulio Romano did. Excessive love for mythology and paintings of unlimited dimensions, admiration for Michael Angelo, and above all, that false grandeur which characterises the works of all the masters belonging to the epochs of decay in the arts, form the only analogy that it is possible to find existing between Rubens and Giulio Romano. The former is more life-like than the latter. His village fêtes, his hunts, a few scripture subjects, and his "Battle of the Amazons," possess, if not real fire, at least a material freedom and a boldness of execution which approach it. The first three pictures of Rubens were placed in the church of Mantua, and three others, "Christ crowned with Thorns," "The Crucifixion," and "St. Helena discovering the real Cross," were painted at the request of the Archduke Albert, governor of the Netherlands, to ornament the church of Santa Croce di Gerusalemme, at Rome; the prince having borne the title of cardinal of that church, previously to his marriage with the Infanta of Spain. Following the generally forced conceptions of Tintoretto, Rubens has placed no nails in the feet of the Saviour; but has sacrificed Christian tradition to the wish of showing the convulsions of physical death as energetically as possible.\*

While Rubens remained at Mantua, the duke's treatment of him was most flattering. From his first interview with that prince, the painter had produced on the former's mind a very favourable impression, which was afterwards augmented by the learning displayed by Rubens in conversation. Endowed with great quickness of apprehension, having an extensive knowledge of foreign language, and possessing a handsome person and elegant manners, he quite gained the esteem of the duke, who often honoured him with his visits. On one occasion, as he was engaged in painting a picture of the history of "Turnus and Æneas," and in order to warm his imagination, repeating with energy the lines of Virgil, commencing—

Ille etiam patris agmen ciet, etc.,

the duke suddenly entered the room, and exclaimed: "Bravo! Rubens, the subject is excellent."

Some time after, he was employed by the duke on a secret mission to the Court of Spain, and set out under the pretext of offering a splendid carriage and seven superb horses to the king, Philip III., and some rich presents to the Duke of Lerma, his prime minister,†

Rubens's reception at the court of Madrid was highly flattering. The king entered freely into conversation with him on the subject of his mission, questioned him on the motive of his journey to Italy, and took a survey of the state of affairs in the Netherlands; and Rubens spoke so eloquently on each subject, that his Majesty, in his letters to the Duke of Mantua, expressed his satisfaction of the envoy in the highest terms.

During his stay at Madrid, the king sat to him for his portrait, and so did several of the nobility. When he took leave of his Majesty, the latter gave him assurances of his high satisfaction, and sent him some costly presents by the Duke of Lerma.

\* These three works afterwards found their way into England. The second, which was bought by Count de Werenzo in 1821, was lost at sea. Van Hasselt, "Histoire de la Vie et des Ouvrages de Rubens," in *Svo.* Bruxelles, 1849; page 19.

† Missus est in Hispaniam . . . ad regi catholicæ Philippo redam pulcherrimam et septem generosissimos equos offerre, etc.—(Philippe Rubens, *Vit. P. P.* Rub. in the "Nouveaux Mémoires de l'Académie de Bruxelles.")

The ability Rubens had displayed in conducting the secret mission entrusted to his care, had prepared him an honourable reception from the duke, on his return to Mantua. But, however flattering the honours heaped upon him might be, they did not detach him from the principal object of his journey to Italy; and having now passed more than three years at Mantua, he felt desirous of visiting the other cities of that country, and particularly Rome. During his stay in the last named city, he painted several pictures for the Pope, the Cardinals Chigi, Rospiglioso, Colonna, the Princess of Scalamarre, and the fathers of the oratory. The influence produced on him by the grand style of Michael Angelo was so immense, that he never after succeeded in freeing himself from it. From Rome he went to Florence, where his appearance was hailed with delight by many celebrated persons; he also received a hearty welcome from the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who honoured him with a long audience, and finished by asking him for his own portrait, to be placed in the public picture gallery of the city, as it was customary to have the portrait of every distinguished painter, executed by his own hand, hung in that gallery. During his residence in this city, he painted several excellent pictures for the grand duke, and was also much employed by a great many of the nobility. The magnificent Florentine gallery of paintings and antique statues excited in him the most enthusiastic admiration, and frequently engaged his pencil; but although his subsequent productions possess but very few of the beauties of the antique, his notions of form having been vitiated by early impressions, "yet there is," says Smith, "occasionally in his works sufficient to prove that he was not insensible to the grace and majesty of the Greek sculptures." The same success which had hitherto waited on him everywhere else attended him here; and, on his departure from Bologna, the grand duke expressed his satisfaction to him in the highest terms, and presented him, among other valuable things, with his own portrait suspended to a gold chain.

Rubens did not stay long at Bologna, for the correct outline and the solemn composition of the Carracci had nothing in common with his genius, which had a horror of simplicity.

He now returned again to Rome, in order to fulfil some previous engagements, and terminate some unfinished paintings. The Flemish school of painting seems to have been greatly admired there, either for its colouring or its novelty. By order of Pope Paul V., Rubens now executed a painting for the oratory of the church of Monte Cavallo, representing "The Virgin and St. Anne adoring the infant Saviour." He also painted several pictures for the palaces of many cardinals and noblemen.

Being desirous of visiting Milan, he left Rome for that city in the beginning of 1607, where he executed many magnificent paintings. He copied the picture of "The Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci, and painted for the Ambrosian library a picture of "The Virgin and the Infant Jesus," which his friend, Velvet Brueghel, encircled with a garland of flowers. He then hastened to Genoa, the opulence and activity of which reminded him of Antwerp, and urged him onward in his pursuit of gain. His reputation had preceded his arrival: senators, nobles, and merchants, all invited him to splendid banquets, and contended with one another for the possession of his pictures and portraits, for which they offered enormous sums. The artist painted the churches and palaces of Genoa, which were afterwards engraved and published at Antwerp, under the title of "Palazzi antichi e moderni di Genova raccolte disegnati da Pietro Paolo Rubens." He also painted, for the Jesuits' church, two large pictures representing "The Circumcision," and "St. Ignatius healing the diseased."

The immense number of portraits and historical pieces which he painted in this city, caused him to make a longer stay there than he had made in any other place, with the exception of Mantua. But while thus engaged, the melancholy intelligence arrived that his mother was dangerously ill. He immediately set off for Antwerp; but arrived too late ever to see her again. A tomb in the church in which she was buried records that she died on the 14th of November, 1608, at the age of seventy.



Rubens had passed eight years in Italy, under the constant protection of the Duke of Mantua, in roaming from city to city to visit every school, and to inspect every *chef-d'œuvre*. Endowed with great activity, a capacious memory, and with such power of assimilation as was unknown perhaps before his time—an Italian in Italy, and a Spaniard in Spain—his flexi-

never possible for him to prevent himself from feeling the greatest aversion for those whose temperament was opposed to his own. After the death of his mother, Rubens, in order to give free vent to his grief, withdrew for four months into the Abbey of St. Michael, where she had been interred. He was then seized with profound melancholy, was harassed by a con-



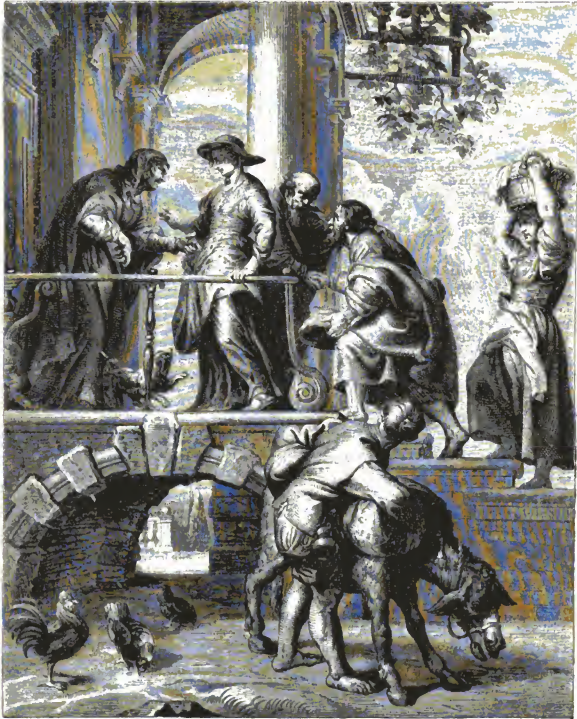
PEACE CONCLUDED,—FROM A PAINTING BY RUBENS.

bility of character never changed his Flemish nature, nor diminished in the least his native originality. Though he has often employed the greatest skill to give the appearance of creative genius to recollection and imitations, though he has sucked, so to say, the marrow of the greatest masters, while still remaining himself, it must also be owned that it was

tinual yearning to see Italy again, and was preparing to return there, when the Archduke Albert—who was desirous of keeping near him the painter, and above all the diplomatist at a time when Spain was in so difficult a position with respect to Holland—attached him to his service by a good pension, or a *gold chain*, according to the expression of Philip

Rubens, his nephew and biographer.\* In order to escape the bustling gaiety of the court of Brussels, Rubens reserved himself the right to reside in general at Antwerp, where he promised to keep himself in readiness to answer the first summons of his prince, and as the truce of 1609, signed at Antwerp and the Hague, gave him hope that his country, so long disturbed by war, was at last about to enjoy a few years of tranquillity, he married the daughter of a rich senator of

reached by a regal staircase, the artist placed all the rich objects of art he had accumulated in his travels; pictures, antique statues, busts, bas-reliefs, medals, onyxes and agates, were all collected there; and, to the end of his days, the painter kept faithful correspondents in Italy, who were constantly making fresh acquisitions for him. Duquesnoy, the poet, his countryman and friend, was more particularly entrusted with the care of making these selections. The fortune



THE VISITATION.—FROM A PAINTING BY RUBENS.

Antwerp, Isabella Brandt, a robust beauty, whose portrait has too often usurped in his works the place of elegance and grace. Rubens bought a large house in the place de Meer, and had it entirely rebuilt in the Italian fashion; between the court-yard and the garden was a rotunda with arched windows, surmounted by a lantern tower. In the museum, which was

of the painter increased with his fame, and "there was no prince or amateur who was not desirous of possessing something executed by him."†

The construction of his house was the singular cause which gave birth to one of his *chefs-d'œuvre*, namely, "The Descent from the Cross," for the cathedral of Antwerp. About the

\* Aurea vinculis ligaturus.

† Sandrart.

year 1610, Rubens bought part of a piece of land which belonged to the brotherhood of Gunsmiths. In order to enlarge his ground as much as possible, and at the least possible cost, the painter encroached on the land of his neighbours. The consequence was that an action was about to be brought against him, when his friend, M. de Roekoex, who had been burgomaster, and was then captain of the brotherhood, exhorted his fellow-members to a reconciliation, and it was agreed that the painter should execute a picture for the chapel they had in the cathedral. The subject chosen was one of the principal features in the life of St. Christopher, the patron-saint of the brotherhood. Adhering to the etymology of the word Christopher (from the Greek *Χριστός* *Christos*), Rubens conceived the idea of his "Descent from the Cross," in which are assembled all the personages who have carried Jesus in the course of his mortal life; on the interior of the doors which cover the painting are, the "Visitation of the Virgin to Elizabeth," and the "Presentation in the Temple;" and on the exterior of the doors are, "St. Christopher and a Hermit" attempting, by the aid of a lantern, to pass the ford of a river.\*

\* Extract from the registers of the brotherhood of the Gunsmiths of Antwerp, respecting the transaction with Rubens about the picture of "The Descent from the Cross," placed over their altar in the cathedral:—

On the 7th of September, 1611, the deed concerning the said picture was signed by Peter Paul Rubens, and the above gentlemen, in presence of Nicholas Roekoex, their captain and former burgemaster.

Spent in wine for the pupils, at the three visits paid to the panels, in the house of the aforesaid Rubens .. .. .	fls. kr.
.....	9 10

In 1612, the said picture was removed from the house of the aforesaid Rubens, into the chamber of the aforesaid brotherhood.

Item: paid at different times for the removal of the aforesaid panels; for the carriage of the materials for the scaffolding; for the removal of things from the studio to the vestibule, etc., and from thence into the chapel, etc.; and for the delivery of the materials, the wages of the workmen, the appraisers, and contractors .. .. .	176 141
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Item: on the 8th January, 1615, an agreement was made with Peter Paul Rubens and David Remeus, gilder, concerning their works and labour in presence of the brotherhood, and were then expended .. .. .	46 18
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Item: on the same day, paid as an instalment to the aforesaid Peter Paul Rubens .. .. .	1000 0
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Item: paid to David Remeus, for gilding the frames of the picture and nearly the whole of the two doors .. .. .	110 0
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Item: paid, in the year 1615, for 323 pots of beer, consumed by the workmen while constructing the wall .. .. .	40 2
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N.B. Of the above sum, the aforesaid Peter Paul Rubens is to pay the half, but nothing more.

Item: paid, in the year 1615, for a pair of gloves, presented to the wife of the aforesaid Peter Paul Rubens .. .. .	8 10
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[Here follow other expenses, which we do not mention, and which are in the agreement.]

Item: on the 16th of December, 1622, President Jean de Lesse drew up a general account of his administration, and delivered to the chamber the full receipt of Peter Paul Rubens, painter, by which the latter acknowledges having received the sum of 2,400 fls., in full payment for the picture placed over the altar, on the 16th of February, 1621.

Collected and compiled from the registers of the brotherhood of the Gunsmiths of Antwerp, by the undersigned, secretary to the aforesaid brotherhood.

F. B. BELTENS.—(Translated from the Flemish.)  
Antwerp, July 27th, 1771.

The principal subject is composed of nine figures; two workmen, placed at the top of two ladders, are lowering the body of our Saviour, by means of a shroud, which one of them is holding in his teeth and the other with his left hand. Firmly supported by the arms of the cross, they are leaning over, so that with their other hands they may steady the body, which John, with a foot on the ladder and his back bent in, clasps as tightly as possible. One of the feet of Christ rests on the fine shoulder of the Magdalene, and brushes her golden hair. Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, placed opposite each other on the middle of the ladders, form, with the two workmen in the upper part of the picture, a square of robust but vulgar figures. The Virgin is standing at the foot of the cross, and is stretching her arms towards her son, while Salome, crouched down, is raising her dress. On the ground is seen a scroll, a copper vase containing some coagulated blood, the crown of thorns, and the nails used for the crucifixion.

The populace, always delighted with the sight of an execution, have just departed from Golgotha at the close of day. The sky, which is dull and dark—indicating the solemn grief of nature for the sacrifice on Mount Calvary—is traversed by a light which falls on the shoulders of one of the workmen, whose bold attitude reminds you of the composition of Daniele da Volterra. If this light were single and wider, "The Descent from the Cross," by Rubens, would have a certain amount of resemblance to the style of Rembrandt; but the colour of the flesh of Christ, which is opposed to the brilliancy of the shroud, produces here a predominant colour to which the small lights, which pass over the head and shoulders of the Magdalene, and the faces of Mary, Salome, and Joseph, are, according to the Venetian manner, made subservient. For the most part, Rembrandt employed only one mass of light; Rubens and the Venetians, on the contrary, used several lights skilfully graduated, and they were also accustomed to give their figures relative places in the composition, without entirely sacrificing any one of them.† But the greatest effects are always produced by painters who are not afraid of making sacrifices, and this Rembrandt has victoriously proved. By concentrating his thoughts and his entire soul on the one principal point of his picture, he draws the soul of the spectator towards it by the most irresistible fascination. Rubens, who, on the contrary, likes to sacrifice nothing, soon fatigues your attention, by calling it at the same time to all parts of his canvas, throughout which there exists an equal amount of interest. If his figures are executed in a superior manner, not one of them entrances us by the elevation of its character; when, too, his pictures are inundated with light, we never know whence it comes, and we are inclined to believe that the painter was accustomed to work in the open air. In spite, therefore, of his admirable success in the movement of his groups, the splendour of his decorations, and the limpidness of his grounds, he is inferior in the study of types, and in the expression of the passions of the soul, which, flying from the noise and bustle of the world, loves to retire into the mysterious shades of meditation. Rembrandt, who was naturally

† "When I was at Venice," says Reynolds, "the method I took to avail myself of their principles was this. When I observed an extraordinary effect of light and shade in any picture, I took a leaf of my pocket-book, and darkened every part of it in the same gradation of light and shade as the picture, leaving the white paper untouched to represent the light, and this without any attention to the subject, or the drawing of the figures. A few trials of this kind will be sufficient to give the method of their conduct in the management of their lights. After a few experiments, I found the paper blotted nearly alike; their general practice appeared to be, to allow not above a quarter of the picture for the light, including in this portion both the principal and the secondary lights; another quarter to be as dark as possible; and the remaining half kept in mezzotint or half-shade.

"Rubens appears to have admitted rather more light than a quarter, and Rembrandt much less—scarcely an eighth; by this conduct, Rembrandt's light is extremely brilliant."—*Notes on the Art of Painting.*

pensive, seems to have painted his sublime ideas and hallucinations from the bottom of a prison: his general lights, rendered so brilliant by his ambient shades, seem to be the road taken by the apparitions which visited him, and the trace left by the soarings of his soul; while those unexpected lights which he has introduced into his pictures are the flashes of his impassioned genius that was as concentrated as the focus of the lens of Archimedes.

Though admirable in execution, and prodigious in colour, the "Descent from the Cross," by Rubens, has, however, nothing Christian about it. Look at that drooping head, those flabby, ponderous limbs, that representation of real death, and you will immediately say, that it is not Christ sleeping the sleep of three days, but a Hercules whose eyes are closed by death for ever. Dissolution has already begun there: the corpse is about to be changed into the elements whence it sprang, and dust to be returned to dust; from pagan death there is no resurrection, and nothing beyond the tomb. Then, again, look at that lusty matron, clothed like those mourners whom the ancients hired to weep at their funerals, and intended for the Virgin, whose faith and resignation ought to stifle all her sobs. How much better did Lesueur comprehend the poetry of Christianity! In the same subject, he is as superior to Rubens for suavity of feeling as he is inferior to him for boldness, brilliancy, and vigour. The force of Lesueur's production is doubtless weakened by the way in which the personages are dispersed; but then how expressive is each head! There, faith has overcome grief, as Christ will triumph over death. Do you not already see too, in Lesueur's painting, the soul of the Saviour shining, like the flame of a sacred lamp, through his transparent body? The head, slightly inclined, appears as if it were asleep only. But it must be owned that Lesueur would have never dared to place the colour of Christ's flesh by the side of a shroud of such dazzling whiteness as that of Rubens, who made it his delight to overcome all difficulties. Titian himself would not have attempted it, without having first flattened the white with one of those golden tints which he seemed to borrow from the rays of the setting sun.

But what do all these mystic dreams matter to Rubens? Is he not the painter of life, of vigorous life, the poet of hearty health, that has never faded from the fever of thought? Do you think that he admired the old Flemish masters with their emaciated saints: Strong and robust figures, boatmen, blacksmiths, and Flemish peasants will now ever live on his canvases as the representatives of apostles, saints, martyrs, or executioners. Jupiter, Hercules, Antinous, and Mercury there lend their features, in turn, to the God of Christians; while the Loves and the Angels, represented by chubby, round-headed Belgians, are scarcely able to find support upon their wings.

It could not, however, be expected that the fame acquired by Rubens would fail of exciting the envy and even the injustice of his contemporaries. His mode of living at Antwerp was the beau-ideal of an artist's existence. His house possessed such a collection of works of art, of pictures, statues, busts, vases, and other objects of curiosity and elegance, as gave it the appearance of a princely museum. His establishment also comprehended a collection of wild beasts, which he kept as living models for those hunting pieces, and other representations of savage animals which have never been surpassed. Owing no doubt, in a great measure, to the splendour with which he was surrounded, Rubens found himself all at once assailed by those who were most indebted to him for assistance. It was insinuated with the most audacious effrontery that he owed the best part of his reputation, in the great variety of works for which he was celebrated, to the talents of his pupils, Synders and Wildens, whom he occasionally employed in forwarding the animals and landscapes in some of his pictures. Cornelius Schut, who was in want of employment, accused him of want of invention; Abraham Janssens had the hardihood to defy him at a trial of strength; and even Theodore Rombouts ventured to vilify his works. Rubens replied to their accusations in a manner worthy of a great artist. He relieved the necessities of Schut, by pro-

curing him employment; to the challenge of Janssens, he good-humouredly said, "that his pictures had long since passed the ordeal of the connoisseurs of Italy and Spain, and that Janssens was at liberty to expose his in the same way, when and wherever he pleased;" and he replied to the sarcasms of Rombouts by exhibiting his famous "Descent from the Cross." And the more effectually to establish his claim to the title of universal painter, he finished with his own hands some of his most admirable landscapes, his lion-hunts, and other miscellaneous subjects, and thus covered his calumniators with shame and confusion.

Rubens' mode of working now was to make small sketches, slightly but distinctly; these were delivered to his pupils, who executed pictures from them on a larger scale, which they carried forward almost to the last stage, when Rubens took them up himself. He himself never painted without having read to him some passages of history or of poetry, and this constant accumulation of knowledge had enriched his mind with inexhaustible resources.

For the success of the various negotiations entrusted to him by the Archduke and the Infanta Isabella, Rubens was often beholden to his pencil, and his frequent presence at the different courts increased the brilliancy of his style, which was naturally sumptuous. It was near 1619. The truce of twelve years, signed between Spain and Holland, had almost expired. Drained of its resources, Belgium longed for peace. The national party alone was aroused to activity by the voice of Barneveldt, who soon died upon the scaffold with a stoicism worthy of the times of antiquity. The field was now left open to the intrigues of the Prince of Orange; devoured by ambition, Maurice harboured the project of secretly allying himself with Spain, and the Archduke Albert lent a complaisant ear to his insinuations. But, seduced by the illusion of an alliance with England, Philip III. would listen to no one but the Count of Gondomar, his ambassador at London. The latter gave him to understand that the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles I., was determined on making a descent into Holland in favour of Spain, and on demanding the hand of the Infanta in marriage; while, on his side, Louis XIII., in order to counterbalance the influence of England united to that of the French Protestants, proposed to the King of Spain an offensive alliance against Holland, that focus of heresy. During Philip III.'s hesitations, the Archduke Albert redoubled his efforts in order to affect a pacification between the two countries. A lady of the name of Tserclaes, of noble birth, a firm Catholic, and already advanced in age,\* served as an intermediary between him and the Prince of Orange, who had now only to be satisfied respecting the price of his defection, when the King of Spain was overtaken by death. Peace was so imperiously necessary to the belligerent parties, that hostilities were not begun immediately on the expiration of the truce; the negotiations were continued, and Rubens and the lady named Tserclaes were the principal agents employed to carry them on. The former had the hope of surrounding Isabella with a national party free from Spanish influence, and capable of restoring riches and repose to disconsolate Belgium. These were the motives which actuated Rubens in imposing silence on all his other feelings of patriotism; in him, the artist outweighed the citizen. The complications of the thirty years' war, and the elevation of Richelieu to power, had increased the difficulties attending the negotiations. The Sieur de Baugy, a Frenchman, residing at Brussels, denounced the influence exercised by the painter on the mind of Isabella as dangerous, and attributed all his political manœuvres to his love of money. The Sieur d'Espesses, another of Richelieu's emissaries, and who resided at the Hague, declared him to be a plottor of intrigues, and asserted that the lady named Tserclaes was his tool.

All these circumstances did not prevent Rubens from still devoting a great deal of time to painting; but it would nevertheless be a mystery how he managed to execute so many works, if we were not acquainted with his mode of life. He

\* Correspondence of the Archduke and the Infanta.



used to rise at four in the morning, attend mass, and then enter his studio. As he greatly dreaded the influence exercised by good living on the imagination, he was always very frugal in his diet. In the evening, when it was fine, he generally rode round the ramparts of Antwerp, on one of those spirited Andalusian horses which, with their gracefully-formed necks and tails touching the ground, served him as models. He seldom paid visits to any one, but always gave a hearty welcome to those who came to his own house. The supper-hour was usually enlivened by the presence of his friends, chiefly of men learned in letters or eminent as painters; among the former were Gaspard Gevartius and Nicholas Rockox. He also kept up an extensive correspondence with the artists and learned men of every country; in Italy, with Jerome Oleander and Duquesnoy, the sculptor; and in France, with Dupuy and De Thou, the former of whom is so celebrated

What a love for a learned fossil! Peiresc was desirous of going to Flanders to visit Rubens, but above all to see Chrysippus.

"I cannot," continued he, "be sufficiently grateful for his politeness, nor speak highly enough of his great virtue and eminent qualities, both with respect to his profound erudition and surprising knowledge, and to his dexterity and skill in affairs of the world; neither can I sufficiently praise the excellence of his touch, and the great charm of his conversation, which afforded me such pleasure as I had not experienced for some time past."

It was through Peiresc that Rubens obtained a privilege for the sale of his engravings in France, but which afterwards gave rise to a law-suit, in which he was accused of draining the kingdom, by means of his plates, of enormous sums of money. Rubens and Peiresc mutually informed each other of political



CHATEAU OF RUBENS,—FROM A PAINTING BY RUBENS.

in literature, and the latter so well known by his tragical end; but his principal correspondent was Peiresc, the illustrious antiquary of Provence, whom Balzac styled, in his valuable letters, *a piece of the wreck of antiquity, a relic of the golden age*. "I have seen with the greatest pleasure," wrote the candid Peiresc to the mayor of Antwerp, "the inventory of the cabinet of M. Rubens, to whom I beg you to present my most humble thanks for all the polite offers he has deigned to make me. I will do my utmost to be of use to him in whatever he employs me, being unable sufficiently to admire the richness of his figures. I should like to make a journey into your country, to obtain a sight of them, and, above all, of the fine heads of Cicero, Seneca, and Chrysippus, of which I should probably steal a little sketch, if he allowed me." \*

\* Lettre à Peiresc.

† To the same.

news, of the progress made in literature, the arts and sciences, and were continually sending one another publications written in every language of Europe. At one time, Rubens was delighted by receiving from his friend inscriptions and impressions taken from antique stones and cameos, *la dira vulva con ale di papilion*;† and at another time, it was Rubens who sent to Provence the mechanism of *perpetual motion*, discovered by one of his friends, and which filled him with enthusiasm. Then he afterwards launched into dissertations on his theory of the human figure, on chemical operations, hermaphrodites, the marriage of the sun with the moon, and the harmony of worlds. Aspirations of intelligence towards the regions of the absolute, whither all human notions, similar to the rays of the sun, converge towards eternal truth! But Rubens soon again became a positive being and a man of the world. According to his "Theory of the Human Figure," which is a miscel-

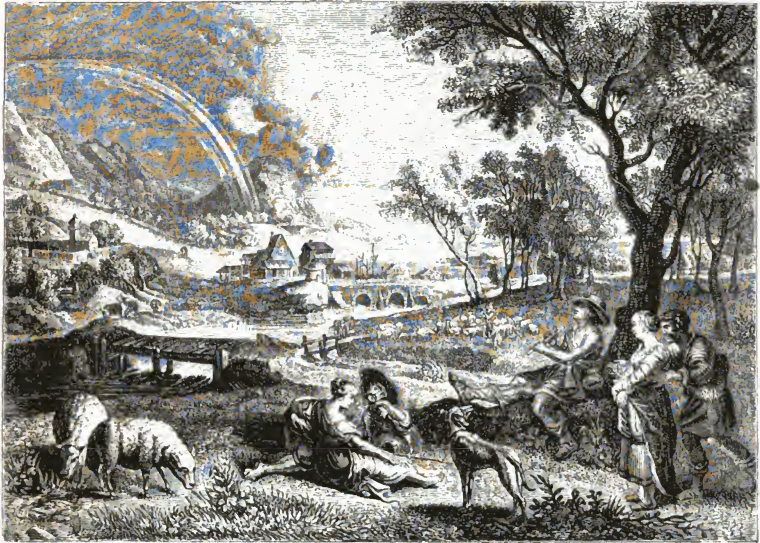


laneous collection of personal reminiscences and opinions that Rubens wrote on the margin of his sketch-books, man made in the image of God is the prototype of beauty in this world; the beauty of woman is of a second order only, a derivative from the beauty of man, though it surpasses the latter in elegance and grace. From the time of his first fall, man is there said to have remained in a continual state of gradual degeneracy, and to have henceforth borrowed from animal's their features and instincts. This is one of the numerous contradictions of Rubens, who will shortly tell us, first of all, that the type of man is absolute, and independent of his nature; and then he will go on to say that he is composed of all the elements of the universe. He ascribes the formation of the human figure to the three geometrical principles of the cube, the sphere, and the pyramid. The sphere presides over

are prominent, the thighs thick, and they decrease in the form of a pyramid down to the foot, the heel of which is well developed. The muscles are tumular in shape.

The third type is distinguished by a more spare habit of body, by the largeness of the bones, the length of the head, the development of the arms, the thighs, and the legs, by the flatness of the stomach, the firmness of the flesh, and the prominence of the tendons, which resemble cords, and raise the skin that covers them. The gladiator aiming a blow at his adversary, while guarding himself from the one with which he is threatened, is an example of this type.

A fourth model of physical vigour only exists, according to Rubens, in the imagination of artists: this is Christ—the Christ to whom the painter lends, in the course of his works, the thunder-bolts of Jupiter to chastise the world with!



THE RAINBOW.—FROM A PAINTING BY RUBENS.

the formation of the head, the cube over that of the trunk, and it is according to the principles of the pyramid that the limbs of men gradually taper in bulk towards their extremities. From the cube proceed strong and robust bodies, heroes, and athletes. The ancients recognised three types of force.

The first type is represented by the Farnese Hercules, to which the sculptor has given the most characteristic features of the lion, the bull, and the horse; for the hair of Hercules bears a perfect resemblance to the mane of the lion and the horse, his forehead takes after that of the bull and the lion, while the nape of his neck, with the part where it joins the shoulders, is as fleshy and muscular as the neck of the bull.

The second type, which is superior in elegance to the first, has more elevation in the breast, more firmness in the muscles of the stomach, wider shoulders, and longer arms. The hips

From the sphere are derived the round forms of woman: the elevation of the back, the shoulders, the breast, the stomach, and all her outlines. In imitation of the statues of antiquity, it is here said that beauty ought to be neither thin nor stout. Firm flesh, both white and of a pale red, a mixture of roses and lilies, of milk and blood; a graceful face; a white, slender neck, as flexible as the swan's; widish shoulders; a round arm; a soft, long hand and fingers; a smooth, full and somewhat prominent bosom, with firm breasts, slightly separated; the lower part of the back strong, and thin at the waist, with the bust nearly triangular; the stomach firm; the upper part of the back flat, but bending in towards the middle; depressed shoulders; strong thighs; a round knee; a stout leg, tapering gracefully down to the foot, which must be small and high in the instep—such ought, in the eyes of Rubens, to be

the beauty of woman. And yet he has too often given her masculine forms, and has ever chosen his virgins among those rubeated, large-limbed beauties that are employed to represent Liberty and Republics. To be convinced of this, you have only to look at the picture representing "The Entombment," where you will see that the Magdalene is a strapping wench from a Flemish tavern. Her hair, which grows low down her enormous neck, touches the ground, after falling over her eyes which are streaming with tears. She is kneeling down, and holds in her hands the nails used for the crucifixion, while Mary, with her mouth wide open, is bellowing out her maternal grief.

This Latin manuscript was copied by Mr. Maurice Johnson, of Spalding in Lincolnshire, and presented by him to the society of Antiquaries. It is said that the original is at Paris, but we have never been able to find this nor another work, entitled "De Coloribus," and attributed to Rubens. Towards the end of 1772, Jombert, a bookseller at Paris, bought at the Huquier sale, a collection of copper-plates engraved after the drawings of Rubens, and a collection of Latin annotations, which had already been translated into French, but very badly. Jombert had them translated again; but he carried his ignorance so far as to suppress, under the pretext of their being dreams, two chapters by Rubens, one of which treated of the cabala and chemistry, and the other of the primitive formation of man, first created an hermaphrodite, and then divided into two sexes, as is seen in the "Drama of Human Life," by Giordano, and in the marriage of the moon with the sun. But Cardan, Albert Durer, Paolo Lomazzo, Vincent Scamozzi, and many others, had already formed theories of the same kind.

"Those large harmonious proportions which Lomazzo discovers in the human body by the numbers and tones of music," says Millaire Pader, his translator, "testify to the perfect symmetry of our little world: this is why man is called the most perfect work of nature, the image of his Creator, the king of animals, who contains within himself the four elements; so that music not only finds in him the division of its tones, and geometry its points, lines, and figures; but astrology finds its stars there, philosophy its matter and its form, and chemistry the difference between its vessels and its furnaces; and do not be astonished that I have introduced chemistry, for if your nature is not chemical, you will never make a good painter.

"Ships, barks, galleys, and the like, are drawn from the human body, like Noah's ark. Those who measured our little world divided the body into six feet, the foot into six degrees, and the degree into five minutes, which made the number of sixty degrees, or of three hundred minutes, which they compared to as many geometrical cubits, by which Noah's ark was also described by Moses; for, as the human body is three hundred minutes long, fifty wife, and thirty high, the ark was three hundred cubits long, fifty wide, and forty high." • This book, a mere extract from the large manuscript in which Rubens must have placed a particular article of his will, and which we sought for in vain, is almost entirely void of sense and logic.

Another book of studies has been engraved in twenty sheets by P. Pontius; and a third one, wrongly attributed to Vandeyck, who only furnished two heads for it, by the Comte de Caylus.†

In the "Flight into Egypt" (p. 240), the Virgin, who is enveloped in a hood, is of such gigantic proportions, that she resembles those stone statues which have mural crowns upon their heads to represent cities. But then it is certainly the duty of the Virgin to protect the Infant Jesus and St. Joseph against any accidents which might happen to them on the way. The Holy Family is walking in the moonlight, which might even be taken for day, in consequence of the strong light thrown into this picture by its bold and brilliant colouring.

• "Théorie de la Figure Humaine," etc., 1773, in 4to, Paris, Jombert.

† Basan, "Dict. de Grav.," p. 224.

Marie de Médicis, having been at last reconciled to her son at Argouleme, and having returned to Paris, in 1620, was desirous of enriching her palace of the Luxembourg with the works of a great painter; and sent for Rubens, on the recommendation of the Baron de Vicq, then ambassador from the Archduke Albert and the Infanta Isabella to the court of France.

Rubens lost no time in presenting himself at the house of the baron, by whom he was introduced to the queen, who honoured him with an order for twenty-one pictures, illustrative of the most important events of her life.

He immediately acquainted himself with the history of Marie de Médicis, arranged all the principal events in due order, made spirited sketches of each subject (which are now in the Munich Gallery), and gave them to his pupils to work from, under his continual superintendence. Instead of a real history, however, the painter composed a sort of allegorical poem, each picture of which forms a canto. The whole is a fantastic and turbulent production, in which divinities, with the elements and abstract ideas, are embodied in diverse personages, placed on earth, in the bosom of the ocean, in Olympus and Christian heaven, in the regions of mythology, and the history of France. The predominant passion of the epoch was a passion for allegory. We have already seen that Rubens had imbibed a taste for it from his master, Otto Venius, who wrote on this subject a book illustrated with figures, but which, if we are to believe Reynolds, is, at most, fitted to amuse children. Rubens was prodigal of emblems, and peopled the earth, heaven, and the sea with personages who are astonished at thus seeing themselves assembled. Some are entirely naked, and make a parade of their vigorous frames, which appear animated with real blood, while others, enveloped in flowing drapery, presume on their splendour to take the most haughty airs. Satin, velvet, gold, and precious stones abound beneath the light which they reflect, or of which they drink the rays. But who could, from the first glance, distinguish, without a guide-book, the sense of these allegories, which are ingenious and gross in turn?

The woman playing the violoncello is harmony tuning all the faculties of the princess. The three Fates, those cruel sisters, but who are here represented by three smiling females, are spinning golden days for the child beloved by the gods: Mercury is descending with Eloquence from the heavens; and the fountain of Castalia is pouring forth the poetry of its waters.

Look, too, at Jupiter and Juno, seated on the clouds. They are talking of the marriage of the Florentine princess with Henri. Gentle conspiracy! Love has presented the prince with the portrait of Marie de Médicis; Hymen is praising her beauty to him, and France her virtues, while two Cupids are taking away his helmet and his shield, as if to banish, for a moment, all thoughts of war and valour from his heart, now possessed with love.

Here, the bishop of Marseilles comes beneath his canopy to meet the queen. Dressed in a blue tunic, studded with golden lilies, France receives her sovereign on a bridge of boats. In order to protect the yacht which has brought her, Neptune, followed by his marine family, has accompanied it to Marseilles: three syrens, lovely females, with fishes' tails, are sporting lasciviously in the sea, which dashes its foam against their muscular bodies: the lusty Tritons are sounding their shells, and Fame is shooting through the fiery sky of Provence, in order to spread abroad the news of the queen's safe arrival.

There, is the city of Lyons, which, personified by a female seated on a car drawn by two lions, bestowed by two Cupids, is coming to meet the king and queen, who are seated, under the forms of Jupiter and Juno, in Olympus: the king is sitting on the back of an eagle, and the queen is in a car with two peacocks, the emblems of haughty power. The tails of the birds are more dazzling than the rainbow.

Further on, Mercury, the god of eloquence and theft—an ingenious thought of antiquity, and still so applicable to the present times—appears, unblushingly, in a perfect state of

nudity, and in the company of Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld, before Marie de Médicis, to offer her an olive-branch, as a sign of reconciliation with her son, Louis XIII.

The picture representing "The Departure of Henri IV. for the War in Germany," is less loaded with useless ornaments. The portraits contained in it are admirable. Rubens was fond of surrounding his portraits, though perhaps not so much as Vandyck, with black drapery which brings out the features in such prominent relief, and shows the brilliancy of fresh flesh-colours to such advantage. Here, the queen is attired in a violet-coloured dress, which produces a charming effect, full of originality.

In order to astonish the spectator, Rubens seems to have exhausted all the resources of his theatrical style in the execution of the Luxembourg gallery. These paintings, which are now in the Louvre, are all prodigies, with respect to the boldness of their style, and the brilliancy of their colouring. In producing them, art gave birth to a fairy-piece and revelled in a debauch at the same time. They were worked in tapestry, a few years ago, at the Gobelins. Rubens is, above all, an illustrious decorator.

Towards the end of the month of May, 1625, the painter came to Paris, in order to finish there the two last pictures of the gallery; and the queen, who was fond of his society, had a seat reserved for her in his studio. Having one day been introduced by M. Bautru, in compliance with the wishes of the queen, into a drawing-room full of the ladies of the court, Rubens said to the former:—

"Madame la Duchesse de Guémené shines above all by her charming loveliness and elegance."

"She is, indeed," replied M. de Bautru, "a woman of remarkable beauty, a wonder of the world."

"Is there among my ladies," asked the queen, some time after, of the artist, "any one superior in beauty to the women you have admired in your travels?"

"If I were Paris," answered Rubens, "I should give the golden apple to the Duchesse de Guémené."

"You are an excellent judge," remarked her majesty.\*

It was during his residence at Paris that Rubens first met the Duke of Buckingham, the favourite of Charles I., so celebrated for the audacity of his gallantry towards queens, his political follies, and his magnificent extravagance. This acquaintance soon grew into the most intimate familiarity; and when Rubens was afterwards visited at Antwerp by the English minister, the painter consented to part with the collection which formed the glory of his cabinet, for 100,000 Brabant florins, according to Michel, for 100,000 Dutch florins, according to Houbraken, and for £10,000 sterling, according to Walpole. Rubens reserved to himself the right, however, of taking casts of the antiques. Among other articles delivered to Michel le Blond for the Duke, were a hundred pictures, nineteen of which were by Titian, twenty-one by Bassan, thirteen by P. Veronese, eight by Palma, seventeen by Tintoretto, three by Leonardo da Vinci, three by Raffaele, and thirteen by Rubens.† Houbraken and Sandrart think the price given for the collection very exorbitant; and the former, therefore, assures us that Rubens "knew how to procure money in every way;" and the other, "that he had the reputation of not being very generous, and that he was accused by many of keeping very tight hold of his crown-pieces."‡ Without carrying avarice to the extent that Rembrandt did—because he was, above all, desirous of appearing well-bred in the eyes of the world, and full of that vanity inherent in the merchants of Belgium and Holland, in whom the love of the arts originated, perhaps, in ostentation and the wish to display their opulence—Rubens was troubled all his life with a thirst for gold. He had scarcely terminated the pictures for the Luxembourg, when he began to complain bitterly to his friend Peiresc of not being paid: *Io mi stuffo di questa corte.*§ Then, as he seems to have been compromised

by his opinions in the esteem of Richelieu, and to have lost, in consequence, a splendid order, he never leaves off praising the generosity of the Duke of Buckingham, and ironically compares to it the paltry gratitude of sovereigns. An alchemist, who was in search of the philosopher's stone, having offered to divide the fruit of his operations with Rubens, if he would advance the funds necessary to prepare the furnace, the painter replied: "You have come too late; for I have already found the philosopher's stone on my pallet. And these," added he, pointing to his pencils, "have long since obtained the magic power of turning all they touch into gold." His mercantile activity did not allow him time for thinking, but made him work, as it were, by the yard and day, like a common house-decorator, and caused his inexhaustible pencils to throw their flowing colours over his canvas, like streams in a plain.

Following the example of Raffaele, Rubens surrounded himself with a crowd of young painters, most of whom afterwards became, in their turn, great masters: Vandyck, Jordaens, Gaspar de Crayer, Van Egmont, Diepenbeek, Cornelius Schut, Erasmus Quellinus, Mompert, Wildens, Lucas van Uden, and Francis Sneyders, formed a constellation that gravitated round his genius. While some worked at his historical pieces and *tableaux de genre*, others were occupied on landscapes and animals. Faithful to the processes employed by the master, the pencil of the pupil has sometimes deceived the most practised eye.

The immense pictures sketched by Rubens at Paris for the gallery of the Luxembourg, and painted in his studio at Antwerp, in two years, according to Michel,§ in three, according to Walpole,¶ were first of all executed, collectively, by his pupils, and then finished off by the bold and brilliant touches of the master.

In order to extend his fame by means of engravings, he guided the burin of Bolswert, Paul Dupont, and Lucas Vosterman, his most faithful interpreters; and he himself executed some etchings full of character. He was so much the fashion, that recourse was often had to his fine touch for the titles of books, vignettes, tail-pieces, and figures in missals. At the market held on Friday at Antwerp, says Campo Weyermann, a considerable trade was carried on, though for the most part fraudulent, in various kinds of works, which greedy dealers sent to every country under the name of Rubens.

In the course of the month of July, 1626, he had the misfortune to lose his wife, Isabella Brandt, who left him two sons, Albert and Nicholas. She was buried by the side of his mother in the abbey church of St. Michael, the altar of which Rubens decorated with a painting which had been executed for the church of Sante Croce in Rome, but which, when terminated, was too large for the place it was originally intended for. His grief at his severe domestic affliction was very great, and he says to his friend Valavès:¶ "Yes, I have lost an excellent partner; one night—what do I say?—one ought to cherish her memory from principle, for she had none of the faults of her sex, etc." But Houbraken maliciously observes, that she had, on the contrary, one very serious fault—that of loving her husband and his pupil, Vandyck, at the same time. The painter, it is said, afterwards revenged himself on Isabella for her infidelity, in some of his pictures, and particularly in the one representing the "Last Judgment," in which a devil is seen holding her in his claws and dragging her into the flames.

Holland had, however, resumed hostilities. The war of Germany afforded her unheard-of assistance. Richelieu did all he could to isolate Spain, while Philip IV. never ceased attempting to effect an alliance with England. Entrusted with the negotiations for this purpose, Rubens saw perfectly well that Spain absolutely required an auxiliary force in order to protect her against the audacious and persevering genius of Richelieu. This was his reason for undertaking a journey to the frontiers

\* "Michel, Vie de Rubens," pp. 123, 124.

† Smith, "Life of Rubens," p. xxxi.

‡ "Lettre à Peiresc," 1625.

§ Michel, "Hist. de la Vie et Ouv. de Rubens," p. 122.

¶ Walpole, "Anecdotes of Painting in England," vol. ii. p. 172.

¶ "Lettre à Valavès," July 1625.

of Holland, in order to come to an understanding with Sir B. Gerbier, the English resident at the Hague. This journey had all the appearance of an artistic tour.

"After the death of his wife," says Sandrart, "Rubens wished to dispel his grief by travelling. He set out, in consequence, for Holland, with the intention of seeing the artists of that country. He visited Honthorst—of whom he bought

by indisposition, Rubens testified his desire to have me for his companion. Having set out after a banquet given in honour of him, we visited, for a fortnight, all the curiosities of Holland. I could enter into long details about this journey, and the agreeable conversation of Rubens: let it suffice for me to say, that if he excelled in his art, he also possessed every kind of merit; and he was, in consequence, universally respected.



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.—FROM A PAINTING BY RUBENS.

a picture representing Diogenes, with a lantern in his hand at mid-day, looking for an honest man—Abraham Bloemaert, and Cornelius Poolemburg.\* Honthorst being kept at home

\* Poolemburg has commemorated this event, by painting the portraits of himself and Rubens in conversation: they are represented standing together in the fore-ground of a landscape. The

He talked enthusiastically to me of the nocturnal scenes of Honthorst, and of the elegance of the works of Poolemburg, which are enriched with graceful landscapes."

latter is seen in a profile view without his hat, habited in a scarlet mantle; the wife of the former is seated on a bank before them.—*Smith, Life of Rubens.*



The correspondence of Rubens and the Duke of Buckingham was occasionally of a political nature, and was regularly communicated to the King of Spain. A secret disposition existed in both countries to terminate all differences, and it was therefore arranged, by the advice of the Marquis Spinola, prime minister to the Archduchess Isabella, that Rubens should go to Madrid, to lay before the king all matters relative to his correspondence with the Duke of Buckingham, and to receive instructions for a proposed mission to the court of England.

Philip IV. sent for Rubens in consequence, and the ambassador set out in the month of August, 1628. In his letters dated at this epoch, Rubens speaks of the immorality of the court, the insolence of the nobility, and the decay of Spanish monarchy. Among the number of his works which he left in Spain are, "The Rape of the Sabines," "The Reconciliation of the Romans with the Sabines," "The Triumph of the Church" (this subject had been already painted by Titian, for Philip II., whose sombre melancholy was sometimes

to see him work; that he has already painted the portraits of all the members of the royal family, and that, too, with the greatest ease in the world, in their presence."

"I beg of you," he also writes to one of his friends, the mayor of Antwerp, "to take my little Albert, that *alter ego*, not into your office, but into your museum. I love the child, and it is to you, the pontiff of the muses, that I commend him, so that, together with my father-in-law and my brother Brandt, you may take care of him, either during my lifetime or after my death."

John, Duke of Braganza, afterwards King of Portugal, having sent Rubens an invitation to come and see him, the painter paid him a visit at his hunting-seat at Villavieosa. Several Spanish and Flemish gentlemen accompanied the artist. But the prince, on being informed of the approaching arrival of so many visitors, sent a horseman forward to tell Rubens that his highness could not receive him, as important business had called him suddenly to Liabon. At the same time, Rubens was begged to accept the sum of fifty pistoles.



THE VILLAGE FESTIVAL.—FROM A PAINTING BY RUBENS.

enlivened by the painter's smiling images), "Venus and Adonis," "Diana and Actæon," and "The Rape of Europa," which are copies by Rubens after Titian, and are, according to Raffaele Mengs, works full of judgment and *finesse*. The originals were intended for Charles I., when Prince of Wales; but he never possessed them, since, instead of marrying the Infanta, as Spain had once hoped he would, he became the husband of Henrietta of France. At the request of the Duke of Olivarez, Rubens decorated the chapel of the convent of Carmelite nuns, painted "The Martyrdom of St. Andrew," five portraits of Philip IV. and Elizabeth of Bourbon, with those of the Duke of Olivarez himself, and the grandees of the court. In a letter, dated from Madrid,\* the painter apologizes to his friend Peiresc "for not having been to see him in Provence before going to Spain, tells him that he has just commenced the portrait of the king on horseback, at which his majesty is so remarkably pleased, that he comes every day

Smiling at the avarice of the monarch, Rubens expressed his regret at the sudden departure of his noble amphitryon, but refused the fifty pistoles, adding that he had taken care to bring a thousand with him, to defray the expenses of his visit. Being overtaken by night, Rubens and his companions were obliged to seek for hospitality in a convent. The next day, as the painter was looking round the church during mass, he was struck by the sight of a picture which seemed to him to have been executed by his own hand. He remained lost in conjectures as to what school the mysterious *chef-d'œuvre* could belong, and to what hand it owed its origin. Several monks, on being interrogated one after the other, seemed, by their systematic silence, to take a secret pleasure in the impatience of the stranger, who stood with his eyes riveted on the silent canvas. At last, after repeated entreaties, the prior said: "We cannot acquaint you with the name of him who executed this picture." "I beg of you," answered the artist, "to tell me; it is Rubens, the painter, who entreats you."

At this celebrated name, the monk turned pale, and added:

\* Lettre à Peiresc.



"He who painted this picture is dead to the world: he is a monk."

"A monk!" exclaimed Rubens; "light under a bushel!" and he added: "Father, tell me his name, with that of the convent in which he is. He must leave; for heaven has endowed him with genius to make it blaze like a torch in the eyes of men."

Vanquished by the struggle within him, the monk, faithful to Christian humility, staggered and fell down in a swoon on the pavement of the chapel; and, a short time after, he had ceased to breathe.

The name of this monk was Xavier Collantes, the painter of the picture.\*

Rubens left Spain with the title of Secretary to the Privy Council,—a post which afterwards descended to his son Albert,†—and fresh instructions respecting the projected alliance with England. Philip IV. had, however, only been able to give Rubens titles and orders. Money was so scarce at the court of Madrid, that in order to pay the artist for the pictures he had executed, the king was obliged to give him a draft on the Infanta, or rather on "those good Belgian provinces which enjoyed the well-known reputation of never allowing the bills of their sovereigns to be dishonoured."‡

Rubens arrived in Paris on the 21st of May, and, a few days after, reached Brussels, whence he immediately set out for London. But his friend and protector, the Duke of Buckingham, had been assassinated by Felton. Charles I., however, took a liking to the painter; and it was eventually arranged between the monarch and Rubens that England and Spain should mutually send each other a plenipotentiary, while waiting till peace was officially concluded; and while the Chancellor, Lord Francis Cottington, arrived at Madrid, Don Carlos Colonna arrived in London.

"My Lord Carlisle hath twice in one week most magnificently feasted the Spanish ambassador, and Mons. Rubens also, the agent who prepared the way for his coming."§ As soon as he had accomplished his mission, the artist went back to Antwerp, and only returned to London to be present at the signing of the treaty, in the month of December, 1633. In order to give the painter a public mark of his esteem, Charles knighted him, and made him a present of a magnificent sword and a diamond collar.

The presence of Rubens at the court of Charles I. gave a notable impulse to the taste for the fine arts in England. It was then that those private collections, which are at present so famous, commenced. Under the reign of Charles I., the price of pictures and other objects of art was trebled in Europe. It was by the advice of Rubens that the King of England purchased the fine cartoons which were being sold in Holland, and the collection of the Duke of Mantua, which did not cost less than twenty thousand pounds. The pictures of the ceiling of the Banqueting House at Whitehall are characterised by that false allegorical taste with which the artist has already been reproached. In "The Apotheosis of James I." the virtues are represented by members of Parliament, and Prudence, under the form of Apollo, holds in her hand a horn of plenty. Rubens received three thousand pounds for his paintings at Whitehall, and they were repaired in 1780 by Cipriani.||

One of the most eminent personages of England, on seeing Rubens at his easel one day, said:

"The ambassador of His Catholic Majesty, I see, amuses himself by painting sometimes."

"I amuse myself by playing the ambassador sometimes," replied Rubens, in order to raise the dignity of art above diplomatic pride.

\* Van Hasselt.

† The same who afterwards wrote a book on the Costumes of Antiquity. "De re Vestiaria."

‡ Emile Gachet, *Introduction aux Lettres de Rubens*. Bruxelles, 1840, in 8vo.

§ Walpole, *Anecdotes of Painting*.

|| Dallaway.

Fresh fermentations existed in the heart of the Walloon provinces; the cause of Holland carried the Flemish provinces with it; Richelieu, triumphant, boldly plucked intrigues, and showed his gold plentifully about. Furnished with a passport from the Prince of Orange, Rubens set out to again negotiate with Holland, in the name of Spain, when the deputies from the States protested against the extraordinary power vested in the artist. The Duke d'Arshot hastened to overtake him, and insisted on his giving up his diplomatic papers. On this occasion, Rubens acted with such humility and weakness as to render his conduct quite unworthy of a man, and especially of a man of genius; this did not, however, prevent the Duke d'Arshot from sending him a letter full of aristocratic arrogance, but entirely void of dignity. "I might well have omitted," wrote the duke, "doing you the honour to reply to you, for having so far forgotten your duty as not to come to me in person, instead of playing the confidant by writing me this letter, which is proper between equals, since I was at the tavern from eleven o'clock till half-past twelve, and returned there in the evening at half-past five, and since you have had leisure enough to speak to me; all that I have to say to you is, that I shall be very glad for you to learn how henceforth people of your sort ought to write to those of mine, etc."\*

Isabella was weak enough to recall her ambassador, who, retiring from public life, again found in the arts those joys which politics had for a moment deprived him of. The death of the Infanta, at last, released him for ever from the enervating atmosphere of the court; and on the 6th of December, 1630, he married, at Antwerp, Helena Forment, a beautiful young girl of sixteen, who, by giving him five children, crowned his old age, that poetic ruin, with fruit and flowers. But, according to Campo Weyermann, Rubens soon discovered "that the court, a beautiful young wife, and that ugly visitor, the gout, are three blessings which an old man could well dispense with."

After the dreadful battle of Nordlingen, the Cardinal-Infant Ferdinand, brother to Philip IV., came to take possession of the government of the Netherlands. The city of Antwerp received him, with great pomp, within its walls, in the month of May, 1633. Rubens, who directed the pageant, himself made the slightly-coloured sketches which ornamented the eleven triumphal arches through which the prince passed.

In 1636, the genius of the painter shone with one of its last flashes, by producing "The Martyrdom of St. Peter" for the cathedral of Cologne.

"Your glory and fame, sir," said Rubens, in a letter to his countryman, the sculptor Duquesnoy, who had just finished the statue of St. Andrew for St. Peter's at Rome, "reflect on our entire nation. If my age, and that dreadful gout which is consuming me, did not detain me here, I would set out directly to go and admire with my own eyes things so worthy of praise. But since I cannot be allowed this pleasure, I at least hope to have that of soon seeing you among us here again, and I do not doubt but that our cherished country will some day be proud of the works with which you have enriched it. Heaven grant that this may happen before death, which will shortly close my eyes for ever, deprives me of the inexpressible joy of contemplating the wonders executed by that skilful hand, which I now kiss from the very bottom of my heart."† This letter had scarcely reached its destination, when Rubens succumbed to an attack of gout, on the 30th of May, 1640, aged sixty-two years, eleven months.

\* "J'eusse bien peu omettre de vous faire l'honneur de vous répondre pour avoir si notablement manqué à votre devoir de venir me trouver en personne sans faire le confident à m'écrire ce billet qui est bon pour personnes égales, puisque j'ay esté depuis une heure jusqu'à douze heures et demie à la taverne, et y suis retourné le soir à cinq heures et demie, et vous avez eu assez de loisir pour me parler. . . . Tout ce que je puis vous dire, c'est que je seray bien aise que vous appreniez dorénavant comme doivent écrire a des gens de ma sorte ceux de la vostre, etc."

† Smith, *Life of Rubens*, p. xli.

The magistrates, the clergy, the nobles, the citizens, and the people of Antwerp, all followed the coffin containing the remains of the painter to the collegiate church of St. James, where it was placed in the vault belonging to the Forment family. Three days after, a funeral service was celebrated in honour of the deceased, with such pomp as would flatter the pride of kings, and which reminded those present of the style of the artist's paintings.

His cabinet was found filled with things of considerable value, consisting of jewels, objects of art, and curiosities of every description: it also contained six gold chains, and several rings, with which he had been presented by various sovereigns, and his diamond hat-loop, which he received from Charles I., and which was worth 10,000 crowns. Ivory sculptures, rock crystals, antique and modern medals, agates, onyxes, cornelian stones, and more than two hundred and thirty pictures, of which the hand of Rubens himself had executed ninety-three, while the others were the productions of Italian, Flemish, and Dutch painters, were assembled in the artist's brilliant cabinet, and were afterwards sold for more than forty thousand pounds.\*

Rubens had reigned triumphant in all the branches of his art—in historical and allegorical pieces, in *tableaux de genre*, in landscapes, in portraits, in animals, in fruit and flowers. Resembling that horn of plenty which the painter seems to have taken such pleasure in introducing everywhere in his works as an emblem of his own genius, his fecundity was inexhaustible.

Like most master colourists, he made the sketches with the brush; and this was the cause of the negligence and looseness with which he is reproached in his outline. More brilliant with respect to light and freshness than the Venetians—those much admired masters—he was below them in harmony, mind, elegance, and majesty. Formed out of the extremes of two delicate and two glaring colours, his colouring, badly blended, is sometimes crude, and, like baskets of flowers, his paintings give you the headache at last. It is in his grounds that Rubens has made the nearest approach to harmony; and he seems to have formed them by uniting all the colours of his pallet.

Though his portraits possess more relief and life than those of Titian or Vandeyck, they have neither the calm grandeur of the former's, nor all the delicacy of the latter's; but the one called the "Chapeau de Paille," with which he would never part, is a perfect wonder.

In his landscapes he sometimes vies with nature in the transparency and the floating vapours of the air. This is generally observable in views taken near his lovely château at Steen, between Malines and Vilvorde, and animated by dramatic incidents, sun-beams, storms, or rainbows.

Less learned in antiquity than Poussin, who, by his nature, belonged more to antique times than to his own age, and who preferred statues to his best friends, Rubens only excels in the coarser terms of mythology, such as fawns, satyrs, and followers of Silenus.

Silenus is stupefied by drink and his triumph. Full of wine to the throat, his way is impeded by heavy fustoons. Where will that suspended foot stumble? Will Silenus burst when he falls? Ah! save that pitcher which Bacchus has filled! Calm yourself; the vigilant god will guide his old friend with an inviolable hand, and, if he were to fall by accident, fear nothing, for wine, like the oil used by the athletes of antiquity, renders the limbs pliant.

Rubens liked none but the larger animals—the horse, the bull, the tiger, and the lion—in order to have the pleasure of playing with the study of their powerful muscles.

Physical life overflows in the works of Rubens, and undulates like the air of the sky or the waves of the sea; and yet the soul of those who contemplate his paintings is seized at last with a sort of weariness. The painter was accustomed to represent all ages and all conditions at the same time; and it is always the same types that meet our gaze. "Rubens had the

fault of being rather too Flemish," says M. de Reiffenberg.

By his display of materiality, his profusion of pageantry, his glare of colours, but, above all, the absence of thought, Rubens is apt to fatigue the mind; but he has given soft rolls of beautifully fresh-coloured flesh to burning and lascivious natures, that exhaust themselves without loving or being loved, for the women of Rubens have no soul. Among all his cold and heartless beauties, those theatrical Syrens who are at the same time the intoxication and the punishment of the sensual man, is there even one whose features are sufficiently sublime to remind you of those heroines who save nations, of those worthy mothers who give their country men of thought and martyrs, or of those angelic creatures who, in their gentleness and power, lean in turn over the cradle of the infant, the bed of the old man, and the pallet of the poor, and whose hearts and goodness are blessed by all?

Of all ancient or modern painters mentioned in history, Peter Paul Rubens is the most fertile. The etchings executed by his own hand are, "St. Francis receiving the Stigmata;" "Mary Magdalene Penitent;" "A Woman holding a lighted candle, with a Boy lighting another by it" (Paul Dupont or Vorsterman has lent his graver to finish this etching, which is now very rare); and "The Portrait of an Old Man," with a beard and a furled cap.

Rubens has likewise left an innumerable quantity of cartoons, and of finished and unfinished drawings, with a really fabulous number of paintings.

Fifty engravers have been employed in reproducing his works. Among the most celebrated of these artists are Lucas Vorsterman, C. Galle, Bolswert, Suyderhoff, C. Vischer, Pene, Hollar, L. Van Uden, and J. Meyssens.

The Bibliothèque Nationale, at Paris, possesses, in the Cabinet des Estampes, five folio volumes, containing a part of the engraved works of Rubens.

M. Van Hasselt, in the catalogue he drew up in 1840, after Smith's "Catalogue Raisonné," and which is placed at the end of his "Histoire de la Vie et des Ouvrages de Rubens," attributes 1,461 compositions to him.

All the public galleries of Europe, all the large cabinets of private persons, and half the churches of Belgium, contain paintings by this celebrated artist.

The Louvre possesses forty-three, of which twenty are composed of large allegorical subjects forming the Médicis gallery, and which formerly ornamented the palace of the Luxembourg. The following are the subjects of them:—

"The Destiny of Marie de Médicis;" "Her Birth;" "Her Education;" "Henri IV. receiving the Portrait of Marie de Médicis;" "His Marriage with her;" "The Debarkation of Marie de Médicis at Marseilles;" "The Marriage of Henri IV. celebrated at Lyons;" "The Birth of Louis XIII.;" "Henri IV. confiding the Government to the Queen;" "The Coronation of Marie de Médicis;" "The Apotheosis of Henri IV.;" "The Government of the Queen;" "The Journey of Marie de Médicis to the Port of Cé;" "The Exchange of the Princesses;" "The Happiness of the Regency;" "The Majority of Louis XIII.;" "The Flight of the Queen to the Château de Blois;" "Her Reconciliation with her Son;" "Peace concluded;" "The Interview of Marie de Médicis with her Son;" and "The Triumph of Truth."\*

These twenty-three paintings, with the portraits of Francis, Duke of Tuscany, Jeanne d'Autriche, and Marie de Médicis, the latter of whom is represented in the character of Bellona, were valued together, under the Restoration, at £440,000.

In the same gallery with these paintings is the fine portrait of Richardot, President of the Council of the Netherlands, long attributed to Vandeyck, valued, under the Empire, at £1,080, and under the Restoration at £1,600; with the portrait of Baron de Vico, which, as it was historically valuable to France, was purchased for the Louvre, at the King of Holland's sale, for 7,025 florins, about £600. It has been

\* Michel.

\* Those which connoisseurs consider the best are preceded by an asterisk.

already seen that it was the Baron de Vicq who procured Rubens the order for the Médicis gallery. The same gallery, moreover, contains "Lot and his Daughters," a little painting, in which freshness is allied to grace, and which was valued at £1,600 under the Empire, and at £2,440 under the Restoration; "The Triumph of Religion," a work which, remarkable for grandeur of composition, was intended, it is said, to be reproduced in tapestry, and which was valued at £1,600 under the Empire, and at £3,200 under the Restoration; "Tomyris, Queen of the Scythians," one of the best works of Rubens, and valued by the connoisseurs of the Empire at £2,880, and by those of the Restoration at £3,200; "The Village Fête," a work full of vigour, boldness, and tumult, valued at £3,200 by the Empire, and at £4,000 by the Restoration; and the transparent landscape of "The Rainbow," valued under the Empire at £1,400, and at £1,600 under the Restoration.

The Musée de Grenoble possesses one; namely, "St. Gregory, the Pope," surrounded by male and female saints.

The Musée de Lyon contains two, the first of which represents "St. Francis, St. Dominic, and several other saints, protecting the world from the wrath of Jesus Christ;" the other is "The Adoration of the Magi."

The Musée de Nantes contains an allegory, representing "Civil War and Fanaticism" (much esteemed); "The Head of Hercules," on wood, and highly coloured; "A Portrait of Isabella Brandt," the artist's first wife; different "Studies of Figures," painted on wood; "The Holy Family with Angels," a small easel-piece; and "The Flight into Egypt," another little piece, signed with the initials P. P. R. The landscape of this has been executed by another hand.

In the Musée Bibliothèque du Havre there are three paintings by Rubens, the first of which represents "Autumn,



THE MARCH OF BILEUS.—FROM A PAINTING BY RUBENS.

The cities of the departments also contain some remarkable works by the great master.

The Musée de Marseille possesses "The Prince of Orange and his Family," "A Boar Hunt," "The Adoration of the Shepherds," "The Flagellation," and "The Resurrection."

The Musée de Toulouse possesses "Christ between the Two Thieves." This is a large picture, and one of the finest of Rubens, by its boldness and vigour.

The Musée de Bordeaux contains three; viz., "The Martyrdom of St. George," "Bacchus and Ariadne," and "Christ on the Cross."

In the Musée de Montpellier are, "Christ on the Cross," a "Landscape," containing ruins of antique buildings, nymphs, shepherds, and cattle; "A Scene from a Religious War," and a portrait of Francis Franck, a painter at Antwerp.

and a group of Children carrying Fruit;" the second, "The Infant Jesus on the knee of the Virgin;" and the third, "The Triumph of Religion," executed in the well-known grand style of Rubens.

The Musée de Caen contains two; namely, "Melchizedeck supplying Abraham with Bread and Wine," a large, well-arranged composition; and "A Portrait of James I."

The Musée de Lille possesses "The Descent from the Cross," "Mary Magdalene dying," "St. Francis receiving the Infant Jesus from the hand of the Virgin," "St. Francis," and "St. Bonaventure."

In the Musée de Valenciennes there are "Christ dead on the Cross," "The Annunciation," "St. Stephen, the Deacon, preaching the Doctrines of Christ in the Sanhedrim," "The Lapidation of St. Stephen," and "St. Stephen at the Tomb."

"The Annunciation," says the author of the guide-book to the Musée de Valenciennes, "is noted for a very remarkable peculiarity: this picture contains the portraits of the third

In the private collections of Paris, or of the departments of France, we are acquainted with but a very small number of pictures worthy of being mentioned as the works of Rubens.



VENUS AND THE LOVES.—FROM A PAINTING BY RUBENS.

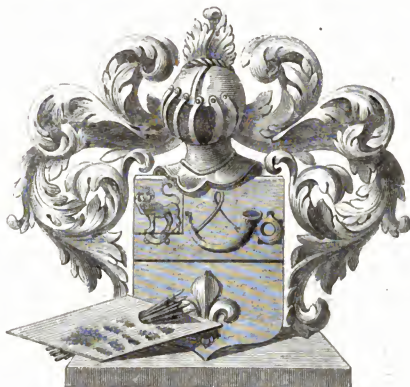
wife of Rubens and of several of his children." We shall merely remind the reader that the second wife of Rubens survived him.

However, Mr. George, of Paris, possesses one, which represents "The Baptism of Christ by St. John," and which vies, in point of execution, with the finest of Rubens's productions.

We will now extend our researches to the museums of other countries, beginning with

Madrid, the Royal Museum of which city contains, among other remarkable pictures by Rubens, "The Adoration of the Kings," the portrait of Rubens himself being in the group on the right; "Mercury and Argus," "The Judgment of Paris," "The Three Graces," "Diana and Calisto," "Apollo and Midas," "Atalanta Vanquished," "The Rape of Proserpine," "Orpheus and Eurydice," "Moses and the Serpents," "The Milky Way," "Saturn devouring one of his Children" (these two pictures are of a frightfully dramatic effect), "Medes," "Andromeda tied to a Rock," "Andromeda delivered by Perseus" (the face of Andromeda is, for grace and freshness, one of the finest compositions of Rubens); "Philip II. crowned by Victory," an allegory, after an old portrait; "Nymphs surprised by Satyr," a bacchanalian piece, full of movement; "The Garden of Love," a landscape with gallants and their ladies, remarkable for its delicacy of execution; four little allegorical sketches—"A Village Fête," "The Holy Family,"

Charles Ferdinand, Infant of Spain, before Nordlingen," with allegorical figures; "The Four Quarters of the Globe," an allegory; "The Portrait of the Painter," at the age of sixty, with a large turn-up hat and a black mantle, signed P. P. RUBENS; an original sketch for the picture of "St. Francis Xavier in India;" "The Entombment," the Virgin and St. John; the Sketch for the picture of "St. Ignatius Loyola;" "A Portrait of Titian's Mistress," dressed in white satin, embroidered with gold, a copy from Titian by Rubens; "A Youth looking at three Nymphs asleep in a Garden;" "The Head of St. Andrew on the Cross;" "A Portrait of the Archduchess of Austria, the Consort of Louis XIII.;" "The Bust of a Man," with a reddish beard and a plain collar, with a gold chain round his neck; "The Head of a Levite," with his back turned; "The Bust of a Man" with a gray head and beard, and dressed in a furred habit, with a ruff round his neck; "The Portrait of Elizabeth, first wife of Philip IV.;" and "The Bust of a strong Man, with black, short hair, a brown beard, and dressed in a furred habit." These works



RUBENS'S COAT OF ARMS.

"Christ crowned with Thorns" (a magnificent work), and "The Virgin surrounded by a group of fifteen Saints in adoration."

The Academy of Madrid possesses a painting representing "Hercules and Omphale," in which Hercules is running in a grotesque manner in the midst of the women. The composition of this picture is ridiculous, but the colouring magnificent.

The Vienna Gallery contains twenty-three paintings by Rubens, namely, "St. Ignatius curing the Possessed;" "The Assumption of the Virgin," surrounded by angels; below, near the tomb, are seven apostles, three men and four women; "St. Francis Xavier in India," a composition of forty-five colossal figures (the size of these altar-pieces is immense); "St. Jerome," in the habit of a cardinal, a bust painted on wood; "St. Pepin, Duke of Brabant," with his daughter, St. Begue, clothed in the habit of the Beguine nuns, whose order she founded, painted on wood; "A Bust of an Old Man with a long Beard," clothed in purple, painted on wood, and signed P. P. R., the face being seen in a profile view; "Atalanta and Meleager attacking the Calydonian Boar;" "St. Ambrose refusing the Emperor Theodosius admission into the Church of Milan," an altar-piece, with eleven large figures;

The Alliance of Ferdinand III., King of Hungary, with

hang in the fourth chamber of the Imperial Gallery at Vienna, called the Chamber of Rubens.

The Royal Pinacothek at Munich possesses ninety-five paintings by Rubens; they are hung on red cloth, in the chamber called the Chamber of Rubens, and in the adjoining cabinet, both which rooms are richly decorated. Of these pictures the following are among the most remarkable: "The Fall of the Damned;" "The Reconciliation of the Romans with the Sabines;" "The Adoration of the Shepherds;" "The Last Judgment;" "St. Michael driving down the Rebel Angels;" "The Battle of the Amazons;" "The Lion Hunt;" "The Boar Hunt" (the animals are attributed to Sneyders); and "The Overthrow of Sennacherib;" with several magnificent portraits of sovereigns, and several portraits of the wives and children of Rubens.

The Dresden Gallery contains thirty-three paintings by Rubens, two of which, however, are not genuine.\* Among the others are, "The Two Sons of the Artist;" "Silenus holding a goblet, which is being filled by a Priestess of Bacchus;" "St. Jerome and his Lion;" "A Young Lady dressed in black, and veiled;" "Bathsheba at the Fountain;"

\* "The Adoration of the Magi," and "Jesus walking on the Sea."



"A Young Lady with a bare head, and holding roses in her hand;" "Hercules overcome by Wine, supported by a Satyr and Bacchanalian Nymphs;" "A Lion Hunt;" "A Boar Hunt;" "The Last Judgment;" "Neptune calming the Tempest;" "A Portrait of Helena Forman;" "The Garden of Love;" and "A Tigress suckling her Cubs."

In the Museum at Amsterdam there is a picture representing "Filial Roman Piety," with a sketch of "Christ bearing his Cross to Calvary."

The Museum of the Hague contains, "Venus and Adonis," in a landscape; with the portraits of Isabella Brandt, Helena Forman, and the confessor of Rubens.

The Brussels Gallery possesses, "Christ threatening to destroy the World;" "The Martyrdom of St. Lievin;" "The Coronation of the Virgin;" "Christ bearing his Cross to Calvary;" "The Entombment;" "The Adoration of the Magi;" "The Assumption of the Virgin;" a half-length portrait of the Archduke Albert; and a half-length portrait of the Infanta Isabella.

The Museum at Antwerp possesses, "Christ pierced with a lance upon the Cross;" "The Adoration of the Magi;" "St. Theresa interceding for the Souls in Purgatory;" "The Communion of St. Francis of Assisi;" and five sketches made by Rubens for the triumphal arches erected by the city of Antwerp when Ferdinand of Austria visited it in 1635. This museum also possesses the square chair, bound with leather and ornamented with large round brass-headed nails, that was used by Peter Paul Rubens at the sittings of the corporation of St. Luke, during the year of his death, in 1633.

The Cathedral of Antwerp possesses the celebrated "Descent from the Cross," of which we have given an engraving;\* "The Elevation of the Cross," painted for the church of St. Walburg; "The Assumption of the Virgin," placed on the high altar of the cathedral, and containing more than thirty figures; "St. John;" "St. Catherine;" and "The Resurrection;" the last picture is inferior to the preceding ones.

The Church of St. Paul, also called the Church of the Dominicans, possesses a fine painting by Rubens, representing the "Flagellation of our Lord."

The Church of St. James, at Antwerp, contains the tomb of Rubens, sketched by himself; a "Holy Family," containing all the portraits of the artist's family, a magnificent picture; "The Education of the Virgin" (on the door to the right is the "Portrait of Nicholas Roekox); "The Virgin with a Bird;" "Christ on the Cross;" "The Trinity;" and "The Descent from the Cross," which is a small copy of the large picture of the cathedral at Antwerp, to which we have alluded above.

In Russia, Rubens is nobly represented, the Imperial Gallery of the Hermitage having two of its chambers entirely filled with the great artist's works. There are, above all, eleven very fine paintings in this gallery; namely, the "Portraits of a distinguished Dutchman and his Wife;" "The Virgin and Child;" "Mary Magdalene at the feet of the Saviour;" "Silenus and the Satyrs;" "The Saints adoring Jesus;" "Roman Charity;" "Bacchus;" "The River Tigris;" "Perseus and Andromeda;" "The Death of Adonis;" "The Visitation;" "The Descent from the Cross;" and some landscapes.

Both the public and the private galleries of England are very rich in the works of Rubens.

The National Gallery possesses "Peace and War," a splendid picture, which was presented by the late Marquis of Stafford to the above gallery; "St. Bavon distributing Alms," a fine large sketch; "The Rape of the Sabinæ;" "The Brazen Serpent;" "The Holy Family," a mediocre work;" "A Landscape," sunset; "A fine Landscape of Brabant," formerly in the Balbi Palace at Genoa; "The Apotheosis of James I.;" and "The Judgment of Paris."

Windsor Castle contains, in the Rubens room, a portrait of Rubens himself, which formerly belonged to the collection of Charles I., but which is inferior to the portrait painted for

the Florentine Gallery; the "Portrait of Isabella Brandt," richly attired, sold to George IV., in 1820, for 800 guineas; "The Infant Ferdinand of Spain, and the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria," on horseback (a scene from the battle of Nordlingen); "St. Martin dividing his cloak with a poor Man;" "A Portrait of Sir Balthazar Gerbier," attributed by some to Van Dyck; "The Portrait of a middle-aged man;" "Mary Magdalene anointing the feet of our Saviour;" "The Holy Family;" "Winter;" "A Landscape (Summer, 'Going to Market');" the "Portrait of John Malderus," bishop of Antwerp; "Philip II. of Spain on horseback;" and the "Archduke Albert on horseback."

In the Dulwich Gallery there are, a small sketch representing "Four Saints;" "Samson and Delilah;" "St. Barbara;" "A Group of Nymphs;" "Shepherds and Shepherdesses;" "Venus and Cupid;" "A Sketch;" "Woman in Blue Drapery;" "A Landscape;" "A Study;" "The Three Graces" (en grisaille); and "Mars, Venus, and Cupid."

Hampton Court contains, "A Small Landscape;" and "Diana and two of her Nymphs reposing after the Chase."

Rubens is also well represented in the private galleries in England. In the Collection of Mr. Wilkins there is the "Prodigal Son."

Sir Robert Peel's Collection possesses the celebrated portrait of the young girl, called "The Chapeau de Paille," which is a *chef-d'œuvre* of colouring and chiaroscuro, and is painted, as the Italians say, *con amore*. It is said that, during his life, Rubens would never part with this picture, which, after the death of his widow, passed into the possession of the Lunden's family, who gave 60,000 Dutch florins for it, and after being successively re-sold for 35,970 Dutch florins, and then for 21,000 Prussian crowns, was purchased by Sir Robert Peel for 3,500 guineas.\* There is also "The Triumph of Silenus" in this collection.

In the Collection of Sir Abraham Hume there is, among other paintings by Rubens, "The Flight into Egypt by Night."

The Marlborough Collection possesses, "A Bacchanalian Procession," very like the one in the Munich Gallery, generally attributed to Rubens, but which we believe to be by Van Dyck; "The Rape of Pæserpine," a fine work; "The Flight of Lot and his Family from Sodom;" "The Return from Egypt;" "Roman Charity;" "A Portrait of Pærcellus;" "Andromeda chained to a Rock;" "Portraits of the Family of Rubens;" "Portraits of Rubens and his second Wife, Helena Forman, leading a little child in a garden," a fine work; "The Virgin and the Infant Saviour on a Throne," the sketch for a large painting executed by Rubens soon after his return from Italy; "Venus and Adonis," a good painting executed in the middle part of the artist's life; "A Portrait of Catherine de Médicis;" a full-length "Portrait of Helena Forman;" "A Portrait of the Virgin in a scarlet dress;" "The Virgin," seen in a front view; "The Holy Family;" "Three Females gathering Fruit;" "Lot and his Daughters;" "The Adoration of the Magi;" "Melager and Atalanta;" and "A Portrait of Rubens" with a hat on.

Lord Ashburnton's Collection contains, "A Wolf Hunt," a celebrated picture; "The Rape of the Sabinæ;" and "The Reconciliation of the Romans with the Sabinæ," the first thought for the great pictures in the Escorial.

The Grosvenor Gallery contains, "The Israelites gathering the Manna;" "The Fathers of the Church;" "The Four Evangelists;" "Abraham and Melchisedek," a large composition of nineteen pictures (these four paintings were executed by Rubens, when he was in Spain, in 1620, for the convent of the Carmelites at Leeches, where they remained till 1808; they were sold by the French to M. de Bourke, then Danish minister at the court of Madrid, and were purchased from him by the Marquis of Westminster, in 1818, for £10,000); "The Wise Men's Offering," a weak composition of thirteen figures, which, it is said, Rubens executed in eight

\* ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART, Vol. I. p. 265.

\* M. Silvestre says that the price given was £85,000, but he is in error.

days, for the Convent of the White Sisters, at the Louvain; "Ixion embracing a Cloud;" "The Painter Pausias and Glycera," these two heads pass for being those of the painter and his wife; "Sarah dismissing Hagar," an excellent picture; "A Landscape," a very jewel; and "The Conversion of St. Paul."

In the Collection of Mr. T. Hope there are, "The Shipwreck of Æneas," an excellent work; and "The Death of Adonis."

In the Collection of the Earl of Radnor are, "A Desert Landscape," in the environs of the Escorial; and "Venus and her Nymphs," the sketch for the large painting which was formerly in the Orleans Gallery.

The Earl of Pembroke's Collection contains, "The Infant Jesus," "St. John," and "A Young Girl and Angels."

In the Earl of Warwick's Collection are, "A Portrait of the Earl of Arundel;" and "Ignatius Loyola," in a red habit embroidered with gold, formerly in the Jesuits' church at Antwerp.

The Earl of Carlisle's Collection contains, "The Daughter of Herod receiving the Head of John the Baptist," an energetic composition; and "A Bust of Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel." This portrait, which is one of the finest Rubens ever executed, has been engraved by Houbraken.

In the Collection of Earl Spencer is a sketch for tapestry representing "David and the Elders of Israel sacrificing to Jehovah."

In the Duke of Bedford's Collection is a "Dead Abel," a very fine painting for flesh-colouring and chiaroscuro.



A LANDSCAPE BY RUYSDAEL.

In Mr. Methuen's Collection are, "The Portrait of a Man with a white tucker," attributed to Rubens, but more probably the work of Mirevelt; "A Wolf Hunt," a small but good copy of the picture in the possession of Lord Ashburton; and "David and Abigail," an excellent production.

The Collection of Mr. J. P. Miles at Leigh Court contains, "The Woman taken in Adultery," sold at Antwerp for 2,000 guineas; "The Virgin with the Infant Jesus upon her knee;" and "The Conversion of St. Paul," a superb work, which was formerly the property of the Montesquieu family, of whom it was purchased by Monsieur Delahante, sent to England, and sold to Mr. Hart Davies for 4,000 guineas, and was again sold in 1810 for 2,550 guineas.

In Mr. Coke's Collection there is "The Return from Egypt."

At the Marquis of Bute's are "A Child" (thought to be one of the sons of Rubens) seated in the midst of grapes and fruit, on the dresser of a larder, with his nurse standing near him (the accessories are attributed to Sneyders); and one of the eleven sketches made for the triumphal arches erected at Antwerp in 1635.

Rubens left but a very small number of easel-pieces. They are seldom met with in private collections, and more seldom still at public sales.

At the Chevalier de la Roque's sale, in 1745, a sketch by Rubens, representing "St. George overthrowing the Devil," was sold for sixty-one francs, one sou.

At the Duke de Tallard's sale, in 1751, a "St. Cecilia" was knocked down for £802; "The Adoration of the Kings" went for £300; and "A Landscape," containing figures and animals, fetched £396 4s.

the Shepherds" was sold for £400, and the "Portrait of one of the Wives of Rubens" for £720.

At M. Robit's sale, in 1801, "A Holy Family" fetched £480; and "The Resurrection," £336 16s.



A ROADSIDE INN.—FROM A PAINTING BY ISAAC VAN OSTADE.

At M. de Julianne's sale, in 1767, "A Roman Charity" fetched £200; and at the sale of the pictures of M. de la Live de Jully, in 1770, the "Portrait of one of the Wives of Rubens" was sold for £800.

At the Randon de Boisset sale, in 1777, "The Adoration of

At the Lerouge sale, in 1808, "A Holy Family" was sold for £852.

And at the sale of the pictures of Cardinal Fesch, at Rome, in 1815, "The Adoration of the Shepherds" was knocked down for £540.

At the sale of M. Clos, in 1812, "The Portrait of the Duke of Buckingham" fetched £360.

At M. Laperrière's sale, in 1823, "A Holy Family, St. Elizabeth and St. John," fetched £2,560.

At the Bonnemaison sale, in 1827, "The Triumph of Silenus" fetched £820.

At the Heris sale, at Brussels, in 1841, "The Tribute Money" was sold for £1,400.

Rubens has left so great a number of mixed crayon, India ink, red lead, and other drawings, that it is impossible for us to enumerate them here. Let it suffice for us to say, that they are found in the public galleries of every nation, as well as in the greater part of private cabinets.

The Louvre possesses twenty-four drawings by Rubens, but one of these does not appear to be genuine; the subjects they represent are:—"The Last Supper;" "The Baptism of Jesus," done in black and white crayon; "The Adoration of the Magi," done in three crayons, afterwards washed and finished off with water-colours; "The Same," done in three crayons, and washed; "The Holy Family in Egypt," done in black crayon, relieved with white; "The Elevation of the Cross," done in water-colours and crayon; "A Dead Christ," a superb drawing in three crayons, finished off with wash, and partly coloured; "The Descent from the Cross," in three crayons, and finished off with wash; "St. Francis receiving the Stigmata," done in black crayon, washed, and relieved with white; "St. Stephen," an oil camiscu; "The Archduke

Albert on Horseback," done with a pen, and washed; "A Lion Hunt," done in black crayon, washed, and relieved with white; "A Landscape," a study in black and white crayon, and pastel, &c.

Forty-five drawings by Rubens were sold at the sale of the cabinet of William II., King of Holland. Among the most remarkable were, the "Portrait of the Artist's first Wife," very beautifully executed, and which was sold for £26 5s.; "The Portrait of a Man of Distinction," sold for £35 9s.; "A Young Girl crouching down," a study for "The Garden of Love," sold for £17 16s.; "A Cavalier," from the same picture, sold for £16 19s.; another study from the same picture sold for £10 3s.; "Christ on the Cross," an academical figure of great worth, sold for £13 18s.; "Prometheus," sold for £13 2s. 6d.; "A Lady of Distinction," a very fine sketch, sold for £28; and "The Interior of a Cow-house," sold for £8 10s.

The fac-simile of his writing appended is the fragment of a letter in Italian, of which the Bibliothèque Nationale possesses the original.

We have also added the monograms which the painter placed, though rarely, at the bottom of his paintings or drawings.

PE PA. RVBENS. FE  
A 1625.

*pare che vada per via  
e al mio parer ~~che~~ sopra misura in  
fumo come la passata. Non avendo altro  
faro fue con l'acqua a 28 re a 1/2 di profumato  
3: vassimo (noe. le mani) e humilissimo racion  
mando nellerorbuon grama.*

*D. V. S. Rubens*

*ghy 22 Julio 1627*

*Scrittura off. 16*

*Petrus Paulus Rubens*

#### JACOB RUYSDAEL.

JACOB RUYSDAEL was the son of a cabinet-maker, and was esteemed in his youth for the excellency of his disposition and the snavity of his manners. He has been called the painter of Melancholy, and over his life and works there is a certain indescribable sadness, a love, a sentiment, which affects the spectator without an obvious cause; something that rekindles faded impressions, that brings back the imaginations of youth—he cannot tell why—he does not understand it; but it is true, nevertheless. Poetry and music excite the same feelings

—certain prospects, landscapes viewed under peculiar effects—exercise the same influence—a species of morbid sensibility.

Ruysdael was a man of deep melancholy. He received a liberal education, and was designed for the medical profession; but he laid aside the scalpel and assumed the pencil; he had conversed with nature, had drawn inspiration from her deep silence, and longed to pour forth the inspiration that was in him. If he had spoken in words, he must have written philosophical tragedies; if he had spoken in the fit morbid strains

of music, he would have made the heartstrings vibrate to his solemn dirge and mournful songs; as he spoke on canvas, the idiom of the world—he let his sighs have vent and his melancholy utterance in leafless trees and gloomy clouds, and mysterious groupings of old trees and dark woody avenues, that began like the chancel of an old cathedral, and dwindled away into a slender sheep tract—in misty horizons, and in coming night. He was always introducing water; but whether that water was tossed and tumbled as a cataract, or whether it flowed smoothly, without a murmur or a ripple, it was sure to be sorrowful; there was a shadow over everything, a gloom upon all—the painter brooded over his sorrow, and seemed to have his dwelling among the tombs.

Of his life little is known. He devoted himself entirely to art. He resolved to lead a life of celibacy, and never to quit his aged father. He wrote his own mental history in his pictures, and it was all gloom and sadness. Here a tree isolated from its fellows, dark and sombre—scathed and naked—its immovable shadow darkening the still water of the lake. Here, a still, dark piece of water, the broad leaves of the lotus on its surface, yellow flowers flourishing in refreshing coolness, a background of gigantic forest trees. Something always dark

and shadowy. Kugler says that Ruysdael is the master whose pictures form the proper type and centre of the whole pastoral school of landscape. In his works, as in those of the great painter of ideal landscape, Claude Lorraine, natural objects are treated in a manner which appears to manifest the influence of a higher spirit; but the means adopted by these two artists were very different. Ruysdael did not need to decorate the ordinary forms of nature, or dress her up in a holiday garb, in order to bring her nearer to something that was divine. Each single object, however homely and familiar, provided it had not been cramped and regulated by the hand of man—the green meadows, the silent sweep of the clouds, the murmuring trees or brooks—all breathe the pure and lofty feeling of that higher spirit. His paintings are, in fact, a renewal of that old worship of the spirit-nature, which the Roman historian has ascribed to the ancient Germans. Yet there is in his pictures much that relates to the busy toil of man; but such features, in general, stand in feeble opposition to the overwhelming mass of natural objects, and the traces of human works often appear as mere ruins which have long yielded to the powerful operation of the elements.

### ISAAC VAN OSTADE.

THE history of Dutch painting presents us with a group of artists who devoted their energies to subjects taken from humble life, who found their models in the roadside inn, and exercised their genius in the reproduction of village fêtes and cottage homes, and the haunts and habits of the peasantry. Among this group David Teniers stands the highest; sometimes, indeed, he exaggerates and borders on caricature, but at the same time exhibits great power of humour and bold and effective design. He excels not in the higher branches of his art, but is truly great when he pictures the clowns of the Low Country, whiling away their time with dice, beer, and tobacco, smoking short pipes with an air of inconceivable comfort, and listening with amazing relish to a man playing on the violin. Brauwer was also justly celebrated in the same department of art. He painted all manner of scenes from tavern life—drinking, dancing, quarrelling, smoking, fighting, playing at cards, or settling with mine host. When he exaggerates he seems to do it without effort, and the most mirth-provoking pictures of his pencil—the solemn gravity of the boor lighting his pipe, the vain attempt of the peasant to hide his uneasiness while under the hands of the village barber—are perfectly natural and true. The jovial tavern-keeper, Jan Steen, is noted for the same cheerful view of common life; he gives us the same jolly boors, regaling at the same sort of beer-houses, finishes with the same detail, copying with the closest attention brass pans, and earthenware, and well-thumbed cards and drinking-cups, uniting with his artistic skill all the elements of genuine comedy. And among these faithful delineations of rustic scenery and peasant life, the two Ostades are deservedly recognised—Adrian, the eldest and the most celebrated; and Isaac, sometimes called the king of light and shadow.

To the career of this latter painter we have before referred—how he was born at Lubeck; was sent when very young into the Low Countries; received instruction from his brother Adrian; travelled to the banks of the Zuider Zee, and settled at Amsterdam, "where he attained," says one of his biographers, "the summit of art."

The engraving which we now present is from one of the well-known paintings of this master, and represents a "Road-side Inn."

A country cart has stopped before a village hostel, and without alighting, the driver is refreshing himself with a comfortable draught, the hostess having brought him forth a pitcher of the strongest brew; three or four neighbours are lounging round the cart, an old man sits on the top of a tub with a dog half asleep at his feet, while the fowls from the

poultry-yard are picking up blades of scattered corn. The scene is very simple, perhaps vulgar; yet the eye rests upon it with pleasure. The painting is a Flemish picture more than two hundred years old, but its charm has not departed—its beauty and freshness still remain. Why? Because the picture is true: it awakens happy thoughts of bygone scenes, calls up old memories deep and tender, and we regard that episode in village life, that simple group, that rustic quietness, with pleasure, because we have somewhere looked upon what might have been the original of the picture. The grateful shadow of those tall trees, the picturesque beauty of the roadside inn, its swinging sign, its thatched roof, the creeping plant that climbs upon it, the company of villagers, the still water, the reeds that grow up long and dank upon its margin, the trees far away, over which the village spire is peeping, and the lowing kine driven forth to pasture, unitedly combine to make the picture interesting to us all. It is not simply what it represents, but the pleasing sensations which it awakens within us. There is poetry in the whole design, poetry that belongs to all time, that does not represent a particular period or a particular place—not a burgomaster of the sixteenth century, or a street in Amsterdam—but that reproduces nature; and nature never grows old.

One might draw a nice distinction between the two words—*truth* and *reality*. They are not to be accepted as synonymous. Modern painters have sometimes confounded them, and the result has been a school of Reality, the disciples of which have copied nature, line by line, and have failed to be true after all. They have represented things as they are: have not brought either judgment or taste to bear upon their study, but have been content to reproduce nature under aspects the most common and inartistic. They have toyed over trifles, have been diligent students of minutiae, have forgotten the beauty of the garden in the animalcules on one of the leaves, have overlooked the majesty of a river in the close imitation of the prism-coloured dew-drop, and in many instances have sacrificed all the true essentials of art to an unnecessary exactness in these minor points. This may be real, but it is not what may be emphatically called true.

Truth in art enters into the grandeur of the whole design, and into the poetry of nature. It looks for effect and not for detail; it admits choice and preference, and allows the judgment to be exercised in the selection and the taste in arranging a truthful picture. The artist is not content to represent every object as it presents itself to him on the first glance; he regards them in the most favourable light, uses discretion in the grouping of his figures, and at his pleasure introduces this



tree and omits that. He claims the privilege of the poet, and artificial in the means which he employs, is true in the result which he effects.

This is not a subtle disputation about words,—it is a description of two systems; one produced Titian and Raphael, and the other the lowest painters of the Flemish school. The students of the "Realistic" school paint as though nature was always beautiful alike, as if the mission of the artist and that of the photographic camera were the same in their end

and purpose, and that a picture was to be produced by an exact transcript of nature without choice and almost entirely by hazard. But the true mission of art is higher and better and nobler than this. Art supposes that its devotee should possess something more than an ability to execute—that he should have tact to seize only on those subjects most worthy of study, that he should accept or reject at his will, and that he should reproduce upon his canvas those images only which merited to be transmitted to posterity.

### PETER SUBLEYRAS.



PETER SUBLEYRAS.

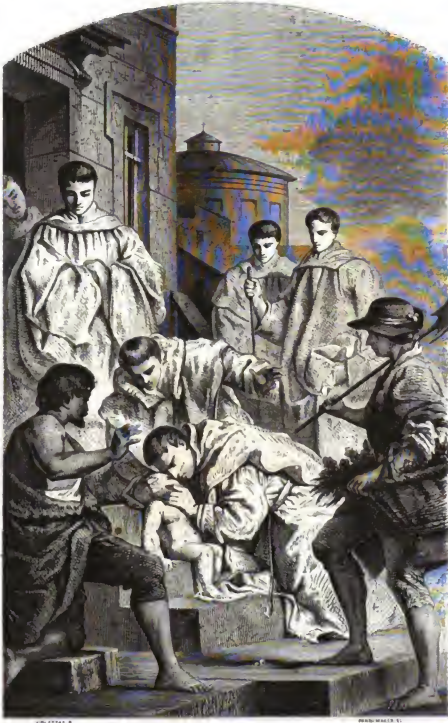
THERE are few details known with respect to the life of Peter Subleyras, but these few may be interesting to our readers. He was born in the year 1699, at Uzes, in Languedoc. His reputation, which was formerly extensive, is not well supported by the works he has left behind him; for though it must be admitted his paintings display some eminent qualities—freedom of drawing, a striking and harmonious composition, and a delicate execution which always prefers subdued tones to strong contrasts—we seek in vain for indications of what may be termed style, in the highest sense of the term; that is to say, the combination of feeling and taste. Having acquired the first rudiments of design from his father, Matthew Subleyras, an artist unknown to fame, he became a pupil of Anthony Rivalz, of Toulouse, a master more remarkable for elegance than force, at the age of fifteen, and continued to be his pupil even after having lived long in Rome, and after professing the most enthusiastic admiration for the great works of Michael Angelo, Raffaele, and Julius Romain. Such is the effect of private instruction upon painters; they rarely get

completely free from it, and many are to be met with who yield to it even while they condemn it.

In the year 1724, P. Subleyras proceeded to Paris for the purpose of attending at the Academy. He went with all the confidence of a young man of five-and-twenty, and of a Gascon, to compete for all the prizes against a host of rivals. Such was his assurance of success, and his elation at the bright prospect before him, that he was continually inviting artists into his studio to show them designs for paintings, and rough sketches of gigantic compositions. As yet he was free from doubt of every kind; but there is reason to believe that his confidence was more than once rebuked by disappointment, and that the young aspirant at first met with no very favourable reception among the Parisian artists and amateurs who were formed upon the school of Poussin. His manner was not liked; yet in 1726 he gained the first prize for painting. The picture to which this high honour was awarded is now in the Louvre. It represents the Brazen Serpent, and is deficient in warmth and life, though dramatic, and painted with

considerable talent. One consequence of its success was, the artist's removal to Rome, with a pension from the king, to complete his studies. He was so delighted with the mode of life in that great metropolis of art, with the many beautiful buildings, and other objects which adorned it, and with the society of artists, that he determined to make it his home for the rest of his life. Assiduous in the cultivation of his art, and aspiring in his aims, he managed to acquire great renown

a member, like himself, of the Academy of the Arcadians. His marriage was pretty closely followed by his death, which took place at Rome, on the 28th of May, 1749. He died in great poverty, and almost want, leaving four children still very young. As he left few pupils behind him, no effort has been made to prepare his biography. There are, however, some interesting particulars about him in a correspondence where we should hardly expect to find anything of the sort. M.



ST. BENEDICT RESTORING A DEAD CHILD TO LIFE—FROM A PAINTING BY PETER SUBLEYRAS.

even in that select circle, and was employed to paint for the Basilica of St. Peter an altar-piece representing St. Basil performing mass in the presence of the Emperor Valens, an engraving of which was executed by Domenico Cunego. He also painted other historical pictures for churches, not merely in Rome, but other parts of Italy. Portrait-painting, too, occupied a large portion of his time and attention.

During his residence at Rome, he married Maria Felicia Tibaldi, in 1745, a woman of great talent and distinction, and

de Sironcourt, a *chargé d'affaires* of the French government, after a long residence in the Roman states, wrote from Cairo on the 10th of August, 1748, to M. de Rouillé, a member of the government, in the following terms:—

"It remains for me to speak to you of a friend of mine—a friend to whom I am warmly attached—I mean M. Subleyras, a French painter, long settled in Rome, who, I fear, will also die there, to the disgrace of France. I have known and loved him for fifteen years. In the first place, he is the most

honourable man in the world. As for talent, he has, I believe, as much as can well fall to the lot of man. In point of taste, he is a prodigy; and if you wish (as doubtless you will) to go through a course of painting and the fine arts, you could not choose a better guide. What you study with his assistance will be rendered a hundred times more instructive than it would otherwise be. Never has any one arrived at so profound an insight into art in all its branches and all its accessories. He has brought to painting that philosophical spirit which appreciates everything, and places everything in its true position. He paints with the taste of Poussin for thinkers and people of refinement. He speaks to the heart as well as the intellect. But his works are nothing to himself. His views on painting, and all the arts connected with it, are far superior to his pictures. His means are limited, and beneath his aspirations. He has the misfortune to be married, and to have a large family and poor health."

There are some points in this extract that are scarcely correct. Subleyras can hardly be compared, at least as a painter, with Poussin and the thinkers. Nor does it appear probable that Subleyras was at all unhappy in his marriage. With the exception of such statements as these, there are in M. de Sironcourt's letter details worthy to be repeated.

The principal works of Subleyras, besides those already mentioned, are "Christ sitting at meat with Simon the Pharisee;" "St. Camille in an ecstasy of devotion;" "The Burial of Jesus;" and "The Marriage of St. Catharine Ricci." Two of his paintings and three sketches are in the Louvre gallery; two pictures by his hand are in the Brera at Milan; and one, representing "Simon Magus," adorns the walls of Alton Tower, the seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury. There are a few spirited etchings of his, some from his own designs, as, for instance, "The Brazen Serpent;" "The Martyrdom of St. Peter;" and "Mary Magdalene washing the feet of Christ." In a lighter style he painted and engraved with much elegance four subjects from La Fontaine. Among his portraits may be mentioned those of "Benedict XIV.;" "Cardinal Valenti;" the "Viceroy of Sicily;" and "Peter Lulas," a sculptor of Toulouse. It must be admitted that, after making all deductions, P. Subleyras is fairly entitled to an honourable position among the French painters of the eighteenth century. In concluding this brief account of him and his works, we are bound to commend him as an engraver whose etchings have the elegance and sometimes even the vigour of Salvator Rosa.

### PICTURES IN THE LOUVRE.

No artist or connoisseur should omit seeing the pictures in the Louvre—the most exquisite and complete collection of ancient and modern art ever brought together. How the collection has been made, and by what means the splendid altar-pieces, and other historical *chef-d'œuvre*, of the great masters, have found their way from the cathedrals of Spain and the palaces of Italy, to the halls of one of the most ancient castles in France, the admiring visitor will scarcely pause to inquire, as he passes, catalogue in hand, through various *salons*, and gazes, in mute wonder, on the famous Murillos, Vandykes, Raffaelles, Titians, Claudes, Rubens, Cuypps, Teniers, &c., with which these walls are decorated. Nor will it be necessary, in this place, to say more than that the principal pictures, illustrative of the various schools of classic art, were obtained for the Louvre by Napoleon, and that Louis Philippe, the greatest art-patron of modern times, spared no trouble or expense in adding to the collection such works as were necessary to its completion in a chronological point of view.

Thus there are now in the Louvre upwards of fourteen hundred pictures illustrative of the four great schools or styles of art—the Italian; the Dutch; the Flemish, and German; the Spanish; and the French. Of this number, four hundred and eighty belong to the Italian, five hundred and forty to the Dutch and German, and three hundred and eighty to the French school. Besides these there are eight modern copies

of ancient pictures, and a very large collection of the works of recent French painters. The illustrations of the Spanish school consist of sixteen pictures by Francisco Collantes, L. de Morales, Ribiera, Velasquez, and Murillo.

The pictures of the old masters are nearly all contained in two large apartments, called the *Salon Carré* and the Long Gallery; those of the modern artists are distributed in the various saloons and galleries devoted to the exhibition of Egyptian and Roman antiquities, Nineveh remains, bronzes, sculptures, &c. &c. The majority of these noble rooms are highly decorated with carving and gold work, the ceilings painted in fresco, with allegorical subjects, and the walls covered with silk hangings of the richest colours and designs, or tapestry from the famous manufactory at Gobelins.

But the most attractive objects in the Louvre are the pictures by the old masters; and towards them the discriminating visitor will make his way, despite the splendour of the Apollo Gallery, through which he will have to pass, and heedless of the peculiarly French glitter and display—walls of crimson covered with flying bees of gold; great windows which give no light; highly carved doors which never open and lead to nowhere; *feuilles-de-lis* encircling imperial "L's;" vaulted ceilings, so new and brilliant, and dazzling with painted allegory, as to pain the eye; medallions, flowers, arabesques, emblems, escutcheons, &c. &c., which everywhere surround him. So passing up the grand staircase, built after the designs of Fontaine, and through the Apollo Gallery aforesaid, he enters the *Salon Carré*, newly decorated by M. Dubau, the architect of the Louvre, in a style at once massive, elegant, and appropriate. Colossal caryatides and geni representing the arts support a vaulted ceiling in white and gold, round the frieze of which are inscribed the names of the most celebrated masters in art. In this splendid apartment are collected some of the largest and most notable of the works of Raffaele, Vandyke, Rubens, Claude, and Murillo. Being a perfectly square apartment—as its name, indeed, implies—the correspondence in size of canvas rather than any in the style or era of the pictures has been observed, so that there exists in this saloon a harmonious distribution of parts—the canvases being fixed close to the walls and not leaning forward—which is seldom seen in a room devoted to paintings. It is, indeed, the most superb saloon, perhaps, ever devoted to the exhibition of works of art—a casket entirely worthy the jewels it contains.

A wide doorway opens from the *SALON CARRÉ* to the *LONG GALLERY*. This splendid apartment is 1,322 feet in length, by a uniform width of 42 feet—more than a quarter of a mile in length, and furnishing wall-space for upwards of three miles of paintings! The Long Gallery forms, in fact, the south wing of the entire edifice. It consists of two stories, the lower of which contains the apartments of the directors of the museum, the grand library, formed principally by Louis Philippe, and guard-houses for troops on duty at the palace, &c.—the upper gallery being occupied, as we see, by the national collection of pictures. This part of the palace was commenced by Ducereau, in the reign of Charles IX., was continued as far as the central archway by Henry IV. of France and Navarre, and completed by Louis XIV. It was the intention of the latter monarch to have carried out the plan conceived by Henry IV., of connecting the Louvre and the Tuileries by a great northern and southern wing; but the funds voted by the government for that purpose were devoted by Louis to the erection of the palace of Versailles. For many years nothing further was done in the way of building in the great square of the Louvre; till, during the consulship and empire of Napoleon, the northern wing was about half erected. A slumber of many more years came over the design, and now again it is being carried forward with great activity by the present emperor. The style of the external front of the Louvre is not by any means uniform, each architect and restorer of the building appearing to have ignored the works of his predecessor in everything but the height of the external walls. But though the grand front of the Louvre, that towards the *Place du Carrousel*, is irregular in style—one part partaking

of the Grecian an another of the Roman, while a third inclines to the florid Renaissance—the great length of the building, and the recurrence of alternate circular and triangular pediments filled with bas-reliefs, give to the whole a highly imposing and pleasing appearance—in fact, a more picturesque outlook than the regular architecture of the eastern or river front, though the latter had the advantage of being erected by one architect and in one style, the Corinthian.

But to return to the pictures in the Long Gallery. In this immense arcade no attempt at architectural display has been made. In truth, the very length, height, and width of the gallery render ornament unnecessary. The walls, to the height of about three feet, are encased in the red marble of Normandy, the pictures hanging above, with the smallest nearest to the spectator. A good uniform light has been obtained by means of skylights pierced through the roof. The gallery was formerly lit by side windows, but these being found insufficient, are now hidden by handsome crimson curtains, which, with the ottoman seats down the centre of the room, give it a rich and luxurious aspect; various groups and busts in marble and plaster are placed in appropriate situations, and serve to break the uniformity of the view. Nor will the lover of pictures fail to notice the charming air of freshness on the surfaces of the paintings, and the clean, bright look of the gilded frames—a perfect contrast to the dingy appearance of the old paintings in the English National Gallery, and a further argument, if any were needed, in favour of their removal to a purer atmosphere.

The number and variety of the pictures in the Long Gallery have enabled M. Frederic Villot, the intelligent conservator of paintings in the Louvre, to adopt a chronological arrangement in their hanging. Thus, on either side of the gallery, are hung pictures from the thirteenth to the eighteenth century—a period which embraces the birth, triumph, and partial decline of art in Europe. Of course, it will hardly be expected that we should give anything like a catalogue of the pictures exhibited; and, indeed, if our space permitted, such a course would be but a mere dry enumeration of names and dates—a great body of facts without a living soul of knowledge.

The number of pictures here bearing date previous to Raffaele is remarkable. Thus, in the Italian, Roman, Venetian, and Florentine schools, of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, we have examples either by, or in the style of, Cimabue and Giotto, Taddeo Gaddi and Leonardi da Vinci, Mantegna and Rosselli, Luini and Giorgione, Salaris and Lorenzo Costa, Mariotto and Ludovico Mazzolini, with several other painters of less note. In the Dutch and German schools, also, there are several specimens of Van Eyck (about 1390–1441),\* Quentin Matsys (1460–1531), Hans Holbein (1498–1554), Hans Hemling (1480), &c. The French school was not founded at so early a period, and the style of art known as the English school of painting is without record.

If a painter—not belonging to the pre-Raffaellite school—looks attentively at the works of these early artists, he will discover, despite their crudities, much to admire, much to imitate, and much to avoid. Though the faces are often positively ugly, and though gracelessness of position and want of perspective are evident, in spite of elaborate gilding and high colouring, there is discoverable, in all these uncouth-looking saints, these staid virgins and unchildlike children, these unpoetical angels, and these imitations of such minute objects as could not be seen in nature—if the spectator stands at a sufficient distance to command the entire subject—a painstaking love of art, and a sincere desire to do the very best that could be done with the means at hand, which modern painters would do well to take to heart—not, however, so closely, as to outrage modern taste and modern knowledge.

But passing onwards, the intelligent visitor will pause admiringly before some of the more important of the great works here exhibited. How shall we pass slightly by that famous conception of Murillo's (1613–1685), which was pur-

chased for the nation, at the sale of Marshal Soult's collection, in 1852, at a cost of £22,000—the largest price, perhaps, ever paid for a single picture? or how express our enthusiasm at those efforts of the great Raffaele (1483–1520) which grace the walls of the Long Gallery? There are no fewer than twelve undoubted specimens from the hand of that great master here, besides eight paintings in his style, which may or may not have had the benefit of his artistic touch. Raffaele d'Urbino appears to have been before his age and art, for he certainly introduced a style of painting which has never been excelled. One of his pictures, known as "La Belle Jardinière," the Virgin contemplating the infant Jesus, with the child John in the background, would have stamped him as a great artist had he painted no other. There is here, among others, a good copy of "The School of Athens," that famous and world known composition. It is said to be the best copy of the original in the Vatican now known in Europe.

Salvator Rosa (1615–1673) is represented by four capital subjects, all undoubted originals, besides a couple of marine paintings in his style by unknown artists. Guido Reni (1575–1642) has the large number of twenty paintings here, whose histories are well authenticated, besides a "Sleeping Jesus" attributed to his pencil, and two paintings after his style, one of which, "David vanquishing Goliath," may be compared to the original in this gallery. The three Carracci, who flourished between the years 1553 and 1619, are here illustrated by thirty-two paintings, all fine; Correggio (1494–1534) by two exquisite paintings, "The Marriage of St. Catherine and Alexander" and "The Dream of Antiope;" Angelo Bronzino (1502–1572) by two subjects, "Christ appearing to Mary Magdalene" and the painter's own portrait, the former a fine study; Luca Giordano (1632–1705) by three, of which "The Presentation of the Child Jesus in the Temple" is confessedly the finest; Giorgione, sometimes called by his surname Barbarelli (1477–1611), by two authentic subjects and one doubtful painting, "St. John presented to the Saviour," from the collection of Louis XIV.; Castiglione, the prince of the Genoese school (1616–1670), by a fine painting representing "Melchisedec, King of Salem, offering the Bread and Wine to Abraham," and seven others; Christofano Allori, also surnamed Bronzino (1577–1621), by a single exquisite piece, entitled, "Isabella of Arragon at the feet of Charles the Eighth;" Michael Angelo, the chief of the Lombard school, by four large paintings, of which one, "The Death of the Virgin," is alone worth the journey to Paris to see; Andrea del Sarto, sometimes called Vannucci (1488–1530), by three original, and one more than doubtful, pieces; Giotto, painter, sculptor, and architect (1276–1336), by one authentic painting and several after his peculiar style, one of which latter, "A Virgin and Child," is really beautiful in its simplicity; Lanfranco (1582–1647) by five beautiful pictures, one of which, "The Coronation of the Virgin," has been engraved by Baudet; Panini (1695–1768) by eleven fine architectural subjects; Bartolomeo Schidone (1580–1615) by a half-length figure of "St. John the Baptist," and three religious subjects; Sebastiano del Piombo (1485–1547) by a single picture, called "The Visitation of the Virgin;" Tintoretto (1512–1594), the pride of the Venetian school, by five subjects, including "Susanna at the Bath," and his own portrait; Paul Veronese (1528–1588) by no fewer than twelve specimens of his art, besides a doubtful picture or two, the best of them being "The Pilgrimage to Emmaus," which has often been engraved, and was formerly in the collection of Louis XIV. Vasari, the author of the first dictionary of painters (1512–1574), is represented by four fine subjects, the largest and best of which is "The Salutation of the Virgin by the Angel—Hail, Mary, Blessed art thou!" These, with nine pictures by, and after the style of, Leonardi da Vinci, and thirteen by Domenichino, also called Zampieri (1581–1641), form the most noticeable pictures of the Italian school in this collection. Murillo, has six other pictures in the Louvre.

The Dutch, Flemish, and German schools of painting are well illustrated in this gallery; but for want of space we must refrain from any notice of them.

\* Dates given in this manner imply that the person spoken of was born in the first and died in the last-named year; when only one year is given, it means the time about which he flourished.

## DAVID TENIERS THE YOUNGER.

ANTWERP is a fine old city—the mother of Flemish art. There is something more than the quaint beauty of its old streets, its strange antiquated buildings, to interest the visitor. There Rubens was born, and Vandyck, and Jordaens, and Gaspar de Crayer, and Porbus, and Teniers, the imperishable lustre of whose names have made old Antwerp a place of pilgrimage to all true devotees of art.

The story of the life of Teniers we have told before.\* Not often is it that a great man finds, as it were, his genius hereditary, and his son as great as himself. It was so with the family of Teniers. The son equalled his sire, if he did not surpass him. From his earliest youth he loved art; he loved it when a pencil was a toy, and loved it to the end.

There is something remarkably interesting in the fact that the young painter was cheered on his path by the encouragement of the great Rubens. What a wild flutter at the heart, what a whirl of contending emotions must have rushed upon

were a hard matter to tell the original from the copy. Copies they could scarcely be called; he appeared to enter into the spirit as well as the mannerism, and the result was so good that the master seemed not only imitated, but renewed. Some imitators, and indeed the great majority, fail in their imitations, for that which they seize is of no use but to the rightful owner; borrowing on all hands, they succeed in producing a species of mosaic work; but every stone betrays its original formation. What Teniers borrowed he made altogether his own; the theory of skilful plagiarism being the truest originality, was verified in him.

You cannot mistake his pictures. They are thoroughly characteristic. He did not only study the masters, he studied nature—did not take for his models the sculptured glories of old Greece and Rome, but Dutch boors, beer-drinking, dice-throwing, tobacco-smoking Flemings, that the Grande Monarque called "*Magots*," short, thickest Dutchmen inside and



A FLEMISH FAIR.—FROM A PAINTING BY DAVID TENIERS.

the lad—he was not yet fifteen—when Rubens suddenly entered the studio, and the student saw the mighty master face to face! We are told that everything was in confusion—Rubens totally unexpected—that the boy trembled, not with fear, but with enthusiasm—that Rubens stopped before the easel, glanced at the half-completed picture, took the brush from the hand of Teniers, and by word and action showed him things he knew not, made the picture to present new and unexpected beauties, and in that one meeting gave the lad a lesson and a painting—more than this, gave him those kind and cheering words that rang in his ears when he had to paint for a draught and a crust, and lighted his way on the path of fame till he reached his high position.

Teniers could adopt any style, and so faithfully assume the touch, manner, design, and colour of another artist, that it

outside smoke-begrimed beer-houses—laughing, singing, card-playing, quarrelling, fighting—snoring peasants, such as those depicted in the engraving which we now present. What a life-like picture it is!—all motion and hilarity, every figure in full swing—dancing and meaning to dance; one can almost fancy that we hear the shrill shriek of the bagpipe and the laughter of the boors. His peasants are not the marionettes of a puppet theatre: his nature is not borrowed from scenes at the opera: he never utters the complaint of artificial French painters, that nature is too green, or wants harmony: he has learned in a better and a nobler school; studied art at a higher fount; copied older models than those of Boucher or Lancret; confined his observation to no rose-coloured boudoir; but has mingled in rustic life himself, joined in its rejoicings, and its quarrels, and its fights, and has, doubtless, footed it as well as the best in many such a scene as the "*Flemish Fair*" that we have before us now.

\* "Illustrated Magazine of Art," vol. i., p. 347.



## RAFFAELLE'S "BEAUTIFUL GARDENER."

WITHIN the last few years, the noble collection of art-treasures in the Louvre has received a valuable accession in the painting is a representation of the Virgin with the children, Jesus and John the Baptist. Among the choice productions which adorn



THE BEAUTIFUL GARDENER.—FROM A PAINTING BY RAFFAELLE.

by Raffaele which bears the name of "La Belle Jardinière," or "The Beautiful Gardener," in the catalogue, and of which we are enabled to present our readers with an engraving. It

VOL. I.

the walls of the Louvre, there may be more elaborate compositions, and pictures on a larger scale; but there are certainly none more finished or more delightful to behold. Vasari

relates, that Raffaele, after having painted "The Consignment of Christ to the Tomb," which is now in the Borghese Gallery at Rome, went to Florence, and there painted "The Beautiful Gardener," which he intended to send to M. de Sienne; but as Bramante wrote to him, stating that the pope had consented to allow him to paint the halls of the Vatican, he set off in haste for Rome, entrusting to Ridolfo Ghirlandaio the task of finishing the blue drapery of the Virgin. The picture was purchased of M. de Sienne by Francis the First; and in the time of Louis the Fourteenth it adorned the cabinet at Versailles. In the carefully prepared catalogues of the Louvre, it is valued at £16,000 sterling. Although Ridolfo Ghirlandaio painted the drapery of the Virgin, he claims no part of the honour of the work. Even on the border of this drapery may be read the signature "*Raphaele Urbinas*," which is undoubtedly traced by the hand of Ridolfo. M. Quatremère de Quincy, the able Secretary of the Academy of Fine Arts, speaks of the painting in the following terms:—

"There is the same freshness and excellent preservation in the charming picture of the Virgin which Raffaele executed for M. de Sienne, and which is called, 'The Beautiful Gardener.' Her costume, which really has something of the villager's about it, has perhaps given rise to this name. It is one of those naïve compositions which, for the due proportion in the size of the figures, may be placed at the head of those in which Raffaele, before rising to the ideal of his art, as he afterwards did, confined himself to the expression of simplicity and the modest grace, of which the manners of the country supplied him with models among the young village girls. Nothing can surpass the purity here depicted. The tone of colouring and the style of drawing are in admirable harmony; and this harmony has never produced anything more lovely than the forms of the children Jesus and John. Three circumstances prove that this picture belongs to the same period as 'The

Consignment of Christ to the Tomb.' In the first place, the date marked on it, which is 1507; then there is a drawing of it by Raffaele in the Mariette Collection, on the back of which are rough sketches of the figures belonging to the above-mentioned work; and, in the last place, it is known that Raffaele set out for Rome before finishing the blue drapery of the Virgin, which was finished by Ridolfo Ghirlandaio."

Lepicieux, in his "Catalogue Raisonné" of the king's pictures, gives a remarkable explanation about this one: "As Raffaele," says he, "makes the child Jesus rest upon one foot of the Virgin, I think he intended by this trait to indicate the respectful tenderness of this holy mother, who, in her son, sees her Saviour."

As to the title by which this picture is known among artists, Lavalée has sought for its origin with more laborious effort than was worth while, "It is possible," says he, "that the model which Raffaele employed was a gardener, remarkable for her beauty, and that hence was derived the name of the picture. But this is merely a supposition, and it appears to me more probable, that this title, which there is nothing in the painting to occasion—unless it be the flowers with which the Virgin is surrounded—arose from the capricious custom, not uncommon among picture-dealers, of fixing upon some casual circumstance as a means of distinguishing the numerous works of a great master from one another."

This painting of "The Beautiful Gardener" was engraved by Gilles Roupelet and James Chéreau. In the year 1803 M. Boucher Desnoyers established his reputation as an engraver by making a drawing and engraving from it, which he dedicated to M. Denon, the General Director of the Napoleon Museum. The plate proved also a source of great profit to the museum. It is now, and will long remain, unquestionably, the most successful rendering of this delicious painting which breathes so much purity and grace.

## WOUEVERMANS.

SOME artists have made it their pride, especially Flemish artists, to paint the tap-room, and the jolly idlers, the drinkers, smokers, and vagabonds of society—men who are only their own enemies. We are told, but who are truly everybody else's also, Van Ostade, Brauwer, Teniers, and the prince of caricaturists, Pierre Bamoche, were all fond of representing taverns where the peasant with a jug of beer slowly quaffs and smokes as if there were no other object in life. Wouvermans, on the other hand, paints castles, and huntsmen, elegant life, military exercises, the games of the old nobility; not those who haunted the purlieus of the courts, leading a life worse than that of the tap-room, but those who frequented the riding-school, the fencing-room, and whose science was of the Epicurean school, men who drank deep, slept little, were keen upon a scent, good shots, and excellent riders. These robust and happy ones of this earth led a gay and rude life, studying falconry, and educating the needful animals, or penetrating the mysteries of the kennel—a race not yet departed, though changed in costume and certain details of manners, yet still the same. They wore a costume suited to the painter's art—the feathered beaver of loose Bassompierre, the fine lace collar, the doublet with frogs, the open boots which now have taken refuge on the stage, to be worn by villains and robbers. They wanted nothing. They had beautiful, though rather masculine ladies to love, fine carriages, packs of hounds, hunters, and Spanish horses with fiery heads and glorious manes—and last, but not least, they had Wouvermans to paint them and give the men existence long after their castles were mouldered in the dust, and their very names were forgotten.

Prancing cavalades, encampments, charges of cavalry, horse-markets, stables, forges, ring-races, halts in woods: all these are Wouvermans' choice morsels. Everywhere he introduces the horse, an animal he has profoundly studied, and of which he has deservedly made a poetical animal. It is his favourite study, and he always introduces the animal under favourable circumstances.

Were we to judge from his pictures—and this shows what erroneous opinions must have been put forth relative to artists, judging them simply from their works—Wouvermans would be described as having led a sunny life, hunting, riding, and banqueting in hall and bower; while the truth is, he never left Haarlem, and was long unknown and obscure, always retired, laborious, and quiet. He was born in 1620, and died on the 19th of March, 1668. From his father's studio, Wouvermans passed to that of Wynants. There he acquired the best qualities of this master—a powerful execution, a delicate yet firm touch, which rendered the inequalities of scenery, sandy hillocks, stones, plants, &c. with equal fidelity. Wynants' lessons were confined to landscape, while Wouvermans had a perfect passion for horses. He studied the animal, therefore, in the riding-school, in the stable, in the inn yard, everywhere, and succeeded in investing the horse with a charm of grace and elegance in his pictures, which is one of their chief attractions. His success was so great that his study must have been laborious and patient, there being no such thing as mere intuition, even with the brightest genius.

Moyreau has engraved eighty-eight horses from Wouvermans, and even the student of zoology may learn here almost as much as from nature or Buffon. Like Cuyt, who lived to paint only fine fat cattle, Wouvermans' delight was to represent the powerful, handsome, healthy horse; not the broken-winded "ronner," suited better to the caricaturist than the great painter. He was most learned in all details, knew every piece of the harness, the cut of saddles was familiar to him, he could tell the right length of the stirrups, of the girth, the reins, and of the bit; while he never forgot the shape of the pistols or their correct positions.

Having mastered his subject thoroughly—the secret of many successes we cannot sometimes explain—he combined with it an exquisite perception of scenery, and set to work to illustrate the romance of horsemanship. Many painters before him had introduced horses into their compositions, particularly into

battle scenes; but Wouvermans was the first who worked up the graces of equitation, who, choosing to paint stout country gentlemen, elegant cavaliers and huntsmen, made of the horse an essential feature in his picture; for we know not a single exception among his productions—all contain a horse, or a part of one. This is so true, that Wouvermans, as if jealous of making his favourite animal subservient in interest, never selects a moment in the chase when attention is drawn to the animal pursued, but watches for the opportunity of developing the grace and intelligence of the horse: in this respect unlike Ruard, Oudry, Snyders, and Rubens. The bounding deer, leaping a ravine, or listening to the coming hunt, his elegant form in the foreground of a picture, draws off the interest from the horse. He, therefore, generally supposes the hunt, or paints the meet, the halt, or the return.

Had Wouvermans been paid for his pictures what is now their value, he too would have had his pages and his falconers, his hunters and his beautiful white hounds with silky coats, a heron-pond in his park, bay, black, and gray horses, and that white charger; in fact, all those that appear in his pictures, neighing, prancing, drinking, eating. But Wouvermans was modest and timid, and these qualities hindered much his success both as to money and fame. He trusted to dealers to fix prices on his exquisite hunting groups, and he took without grumbling any price that was offered him. Besides, in Haarlem Wouvermans had a formidable rival in Pierre de Laer, known as Bamboche. When painting his scenes of real life—those elegant cavalries which might any day be seen in the country—Wouvermans did it with so much ease and native grace that he appeared to invent nothing, simply because he was true and graceful like nature herself; while Bamboche astonished people by his compositions about thieves, terrible dramas of the hidden life of towns, things less familiar to the common eye than grooms, captains, and squires.

One De Witte, a Haarlem picture-dealer, having requested Bamboche to paint him a cavalry piece, the artist asked 200 florins, and would not take a penny less, upon which the dealer went to Wouvermans. For the money which Bamboche had scornfully refused, our artist painted a masterpiece, and thus began his fame. De Witte made a great stir about the unknown talent, and called together all the amateurs of Haarlem to admire a picture, which the dealer valued all the more that it enabled him to be a little avenged on Bamboche. Wouvermans got on better after this; he was better paid than before, and, as the learned Houbraken says, "was now well received by rich Meccenas." The minute Dutchman, whose work ought to be translated, quotes also as an instance of the pecuniary success of Wouvermans, the fact that he gave his daughter 20,000 florins when she married Henri de Fromantjou, an artist of fame. And yet what was this to the fabulous prices attained by his pictures after his death, when the Elector of Bavaria, the Dauphin of France, and others, contended for them, and bought them up, no matter at what sacrifices?

If we examine the paintings of Wouvermans with the eye of a connoisseur, we shall admire not only the painting, but the choice of the subject, the gallantry, and the picturesque character of the scene, which always breathes of chivalry and feudalism, which, however brutal and degrading in itself, always looked well at a distance. Even the haughty, and often absurd and petty, Louis XIV., who exclaimed, when shown some drinkers by Teniers, "Take away those scarecrows," would not have had his royal delicacy offended had he chosen some subjects from Wouvermans to adorn his cabinet. There would have been the persons he wanted to work upon; the rough country gentlemen he was to attract from their turreted homes to learning the mincing step and courtly vices of the palace of Versailles—sure presage of that Capuan voluptuousness which was to end in the great storm of 1793.

But Wouvermans shows little interest in the tender passions, none at all in its gentler phases; if there be any, it is the rough love-making of the fields. The trumpet sounds to mount; the officers come forth in their heavy boots and cuirasses. They have been drinking stiffly, and perhaps one

may linger to say a word of gallant impertinence to the girl of the inn, while he roughly tries to snatch a kiss. What else can you expect from men who drink strong liquors, and wear such boots?

Look at "The Officers' Halt" (p. 260). These are men and horses only to be found in the paintings of the Flemish school. Mark the two steeds, one of which an officer is mounted, who has just quaffed a huge draught of strong ale, and is holding out the pot to a girl, who is, however, delayed by another worthy in gay apparel, who pinches her chin familiarly with one hand, while he clutches his horse's bridle with the other. This animal is admirably rendered—position, form, head, harness, all are painted with vigour and truth. All the accessories of the picture are admirable. The beggar whom no one notices, the distant hills and the river beneath them, the ferry-boat, the card-players round their table, the boys playing with the dog, the great tree shattered by many a storm, the tent, all demonstrate the power and vigour of the painter.

But Gersaint truly characterises his touch, when he says, "Teniers and Wouvermans are the two painters who have worked hardest, though they are so opposite in character." The finish of Wouvermans is exquisite, it is something extraordinary—we may even go so far as to say it is too finished at times. His greensward sometimes looks like velvet. Gessner has noticed this.

It appears to be a well ascertained fact, that Wouvermans, towards the end of his career, threw into the fire whole portfolios of drawings and studies from nature. The reason for this is not really known. Some say, that he wanted to deprive his son of these rich portfolios, for fear that his native idleness would be thus encouraged; while others allege, that he wished to deprive his brother and rival of the advantages which he might have derived from such studies. This version is as odious as it is unlikely. It resembles a story told by Rostraten, who says that De Witte, informed of the death of Bamboche, took possession of a chest full of studies, drawings, and thoughts, which he gave to his friend Wouvermans, who having pilfered all that was useful to him, destroyed the rich materials of his friend by burning. A more absurd and ridiculous story was never imagined. Bamboche died in 1673 or 1674, six years after Wouvermans.

This great painter breathed his last in 1668, leaving a son who became a monk. Of his two brothers, John and Peter Wouvermans, the first is the ablest. His other pupils were Bernaert Gaal, Emmanuel Murant, John Van der Benc. His successful imitators were Hans Van Lin and John Griffier.

His "Horse Market" is one of his great pictures. In this he has surpassed himself. The rascally cunning-looking horse-dealers, making their horses prance before the buyer with whip and spur, are admirably represented. It combines many rare qualities. His "Parc aux cerfs," not that horrid den of the same name which Louis XV. patronised, but a real collection of deer, is admirable. In fact, in the delineation of animals he is always excellent. Sometimes his real life is carried too far, becoming simply dirty. The same was true of Teniers, whose drunkards are extremely offensive.

But the men and women of Wouvermans are always model men and women; his ladies are those beautiful dames who adorn the court and the palace. He scorns the poor, at least on his canvas, though probably as sympathetic with them as any other noble and generous heart. It is not necessary that we should believe Wouvermans a servile worshipper of wealth and rank; a man of genius could not have been anything of the kind; but his natural love of the beautiful and the gorgeous drove him always to the representation of life in the upper classes.

And he dearly loved the aristocracy of animal creation. No knackers' horses for him, no ill-used and battered donkey under a shower of blows, no fitting subject for the Cruelty to Animals Society would obtain notice from Wouvermans. Shakspeare has a scene which Wouvermans would have been delighted to illustrate:—

• Gersaint, "Catalogue de M. Quentin de Lormanger." Paris, 1744.

"Look when a painter would surpass the life,  
In limning out a well proportioned steed,  
His art with nature! workmanship at strife,  
As if the dead the living should exceed;  
So did this horse excel a common one,  
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoofed, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,  
Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,

shapeless hillocks, with a yellow tint; those heaps of sand, covered here and there with brush, at the foot of which winds a small stream, that looks all but motionless. But the true poetry of Philip Wouvermans, the ideal which is depicted on his harmonious canvas, is a dream of happiness; not of that happiness which love-sick painters find in a gentle look, or in a green and rich field, in the solitude and silence of desert places; but of that real happiness, so easy to the rich, full of



THE OFFICERS' HALT.—FROM A PAINTING BY WOUVERMANS.

High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,  
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttocks, tender hide.  
Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,  
Save a proud rider on so proud a back."

Wouvermans has none of that soft melancholy which some of the Flemish school were so fond of. It is true that at times, unconsciously, he painted landscapes sweetly sad, like the bleak shores of Wynants; he painted, too, some of those

comfort and dignity, which is the result of health of body and peace of mind. These few remarks may enable the reader to appreciate the characteristics of this powerful and pleasing artist, whose pictures are still the delight of amateurs, and are rated at no more than their value, despite their number. A large number of his best pictures are in St. Petersburg, alongside Teniers, Rembrandt, Rubens, and others. His paintings, however, are also to be found in all the great galleries of Europe.

## KAREL DUJARDIN.

THIS artist, whose name is less familiar than that of many others, was also a landscape and animal painter. Most of the Flemish artists may be described in the same way, and are yet different in their characteristics. Words are not the fittest

trees, a bit of an old wall half covered by ancient ivy, a cow, an ass, a man—all homely, all trivial; and yet add all these together, and you have a picture of Dujardin, nothing more, nothing less. But nature always; and out of these simple and



CROSSING A BROOK.—FROM A PAINTING BY KAREL DUJARDIN.

representative of their peculiar types, but a glance at once separates Cuyp from Dujardin, Potter from Berghem. How shall we describe the peculiar style of the artist we now treat of? To succeed would be difficult.

When, reader, you take a country walk, you sometimes rest on a stile, or under a hedge, or on a fallen tree, and looking around you, various objects meet your eye—a few clustering

even arid materials he makes a landscape, exhibiting fully his style and manner.

Pilkington and Deschamps inform us that he was born in 1640. Biographers are not always consistent in their dates. In 1652 appeared some admirable engravings by Karel Dujardin, perfect masterpieces, which certainly were not executed at the youthful age of twelve. We must, therefore, place



Dujardin's birth at least as far back as 1636, as it is well known that these were the productions of a very precocious talent. It is not known for certain who was his master; some call him a pupil of Berghem, some of Paul Potter. But, however this may be, he went early to Italy, and on arriving at Rome, joined the jolly club of Flemish drinkers, into which all were admitted under a nick-name, which in his case was Goat's Beard. His easy and impulsive nature, to which pleasure was a necessity, gained him many friends. His countryman, Pierre de Laer, had introduced a style among the Romans, of which they were very fond, and Dujardin following it up was well supported. He painted little landscapes, with a cow, some sheep, a miller and his ass, a girl holding up her petticoats to cross a ford (p. 261); and was well paid for them on account of their excellence. With youth, spirits, and money, Dujardin led an easy, jolly life, contracting many debts, and wasting much talent to pay them. But he studied like a true Dutchman; he saw the vulgar side of everything, and made that side picturesque. The quacks of a fair, so common in Rome, were a favourite subject. He admired their genius, he caught their pantomime, and before he returned to his atelier, his picture was finished in his head. The rough idlers of Transtevera, with their robust wives, filled the foreground, or, perhaps, a muleteer whistling or searching his pockets for a coin, to give the boy with a black face and a pasteboard nose, who went about collecting.

Dujardin's early style was a comical mixture of Bamboche, Jean Miel, and Michael Angelo des Batailles. The Italians were much struck by his style, and naturally so, for he invested the every-day scenes he painted with his own gentleness, his own gay and lively spirit. It was something between the finish, so much esteemed at Amsterdam, and the ordinary satirical character of the artists of that school who lived in Rome—semi-Romans themselves.

The price which the Italians put upon the works of Karel did not suffice for his increasing expense. The same could be said of him that was said of Bamboche by the historian Passeri, *amico della rozzezza e del buon tempo*. To create for himself new resources, he tried the portrait style, and succeeded well, because an artist like him could not do anything badly. He composed portraits very simply, in general without any details, half-length, with all the usual sobriety of his genius. We speak here of sobriety in the picturesque sense, for in private life he knew nothing of it. His character is marvellously well painted in the portrait which exists in the Museum of Amsterdam, where he is represented clothed in a black silk cloak, his hand upon his breast. His great intelligent and open eyes announce frankness, penetration, and jollity; his mouth is broad and somewhat sensual; but his great lips reveal a fine irony which has no bitterness in it. The expansive and hearty temperament of Karel Dujardin is the secret of his weakness; it explains his love of pleasure, his debts daily paid and daily renewed, his love for the comic side of vulgar things, and that want which drove him to seek impression from the three great sources,—life, nature and art.

But at last he determined to see his country again, which he had left when very young. He started for Holland, but passing through Lyons, he met some friends, who easily kept him there, and the sight of some of his works brought round him a crowd of amateurs. Forgetting the object of his journey, Karel renewed the life he had led at Rome, a life of luxury and adventures, to pay for which he had but to paint the fresh morning dew. Few painters have succeeded so well in depicting the dawn, such geniuses as Claude Lorraine and Elzheimer always excepted. Dujardin lived at Lyons, in the house of a rich old woman, who gave him plenty of credit because she took a fancy to him. At last, however, the artist's debts became so numerous and so pressing, that poor Karel Dujardin, in his distress, had recourse to his principal creditor—his old landlady. She took a usurious interest for her money. She made him marry her.

Having thus settled his affairs, the newly-married man took the road to Amsterdam, where he was well received. He was

the more liked because he did not altogether resemble his countrymen; in the same way that the Italians liked him because with them he was a Dutchman of the south, while the former called him an Italian of the north. He painted some local portraits, but they wanted the interest and charms of Rembrandt's similar productions.

It is when the merry painter depicts tumblers and quacks, muleteers before an inn, or a trumpeter on horseback at the door of a pot-house, drinking the glass of wine handed to him by the marionettes of the place, that we have no need to criticise and compare. Karel's characteristic is to reach the picturesque by simple efforts. More simple than Berghem, as agreeable as Wouvermans, and less proud than Bamboche, Karel Dujardin has all their strong sense of the picturesque. He is very fond of bringing in old walls, those walls which our modern masters have so often copied; sometimes he fills up the background with them, ivy-clad and half-ruined, mossy and covered with wall-flowers, or warmed by the golden foliage and the purple tints of a virgin vine, which in autumn resemble the rays of the setting sun. The rustic walls of Karel are in general sufficiently lofty for them to throw up the whole figure.

To be married to an old woman, when one is young, may be bearable on a day when you obtain a receipt in full for all your debts; but the awakening is unpleasant. Dujardin felt little relief from the cares of home in the popularity he was gaining among the tasteful amateurs of his native town. One of these, a certain John Reinast, determined to go to Italy, and his friend determined to go as far as the Texel with him. He had no idea himself of going to Italy; for he went to the Texel in slippers. Nevertheless, next morning he sent to his old wife for some linen, saying, he would soon be back. He never saw her again.

He took up his residence in Rome, and though a Protestant, was sufficiently influenced by the locality to paint two Romish subjects, which were highly prized, while his "Christ between the two Thieves," in the Louvre, is a very fine production. But simple nature is his forte. His "Grove of Trees," in the Louvre, is perfect, with its river crossed by farmers driving before them a troop of oxen, donkeys, and sheep. The farmer's wife is mounted on a cart drawn by a white horse, while a peasant, lifting up a young girl in his arms, is about to carry her across the ford. The familiar figures form a charming contrast with the solemnity of the forest trees, which lose none of their mysterious grandeur by contact with the brute creation.

Karel Dujardin took it into his head one day to go to Venice. He found some countrymen there, and, amongst others, Glauber, a pupil, like himself, of Berghem, and a very distinguished painter. A Dutchman, who dealt in pictures, offered him a home in his house, with the hope of making money by his talents; but the hope was not realised, for Dujardin was taken ill and died, in 1678. John Glauber says, that his companion died of a surfeit, caused by eating too much after an illness. A Dutch amateur, Gabriel Van der Leuw, who was just then at Venice, took care to have Dujardin buried; and though he died a Protestant, his body was still dressed in the robes of a Capuchin friar, in obedience to the customs of the country; after which he was buried according to the rites of the Roman Church.

"Crossing the Brook," of which we have given an engraving, is a fine picture: the foreground is rich and admirably painted; the man in the sheep-skin coat is touched off with a truthfulness which is peculiarly characteristic of the Flemish school. The sky, the distant hills, the horses, and the long wall, are exceedingly picturesquely rendered; while the woman, the ass, and the dog, as well as the cow, exhibit a power and truth which exemplify the style of Karel Dujardin very effectively. The original is in France.

Sir Robert Peel possesses two Dujardins, the Bridge-water Gallery one, Lord Ashburton had two. Mr. Hope has one, and the collection of George IV., in Pall Mall, two.

All his paintings are valuable and deserving of study.

## GERARD DOUW.

It was about the beginning of the seventeenth century that *genre* painting came into fashion. This word has recently been adopted, and "comprises the representation of common life in its every-day relations, as opposed to religious and heroic subjects, or to those of an elevated character, such as are generally supposed to fall within the province of historical painting. According to the mode in which the subject is conceived such works may be divided into two separate classes; the one representing life in its more soft and gentle relations, under the regulation of established customs and civilised manners, whilst the other exhibits its more rude and vulgar side with the unchecked license of a free and often unbridled humour." Both comprise works of great excellence, and both engage our interest.

Foremost among the artists of this school stands Gerard Douw. His name is sometimes written Gerhard Douw. He was born at Leyden in 1613, and died in 1674, aged sixty-one. In early life he received instruction from Bartholomew Dolendo, an engraver; and Peter Rouwhorn, a painter on glass, found in young Douw an apt pupil. The boy loved art, and at fifteen became the disciple of Rembrandt. We have already presented to our readers a memoir of this well-known painter. To this great painter is to be ascribed that excellence in colouring, that breadth of light and shadows, which afterwards distinguished the works of Gerard Douw; but with all the genius for grandeur of design and startling effects of *chiaroscuro*, he united that extreme delicacy of finish which is one of the chief characteristics of his works. Sandraart relates that having once, in company with Bamboccio, visited Gerard Douw, they could not forbear admiring the extreme neatness of a picture which he was then painting, in which they took particular notice of a broom; and expressing their surprise at the remarkable neatness of the finishing of that minute object, Douw told them he should spend three days more in working on that broom before he should account it entirely complete. In a family picture of Mr. Spiering (Douw's principal patron) the same author asserts, that Mrs. Spiering sat five days for the finishing of one of her hands that lay on an arm-chair.

Everything that Douw produced had pre-eminently the true and lovely tints of nature, and his pictures still possess their peculiar advantages, they retain their original lustre, and have the same beautiful effect at a proper distance as they have when submitted to the closest inspection. The picture known as "The Dropsical Woman," an engraving of which we present to the reader (p. 265), is a most perfect and complete specimen of this master's style, possessing at once the broad effect of shadow, and the most delicate and careful detail. The execution of the painting is astonishingly fine, and although the shadows appear a little too dark, the whole has an inexpressibly bold effect. This picture fell a prey to the French plunderers, and was carried to Paris, and is now preserved in the Louvre. It is one of the most pathetic pictures of this great master. It is the *chef-d'œuvre* of his daylight works. In representing the chamber of an opulent family, everything in the room presents the most magnificent appearance; it is richly decorated and furnished. A sick lady sits in an arm-chair, her daughter kneels before her, weeping and kissing her hand,—the bitterness of death approaching,—a servant gives her the medicine, and in the front of the picture stands a physician fantastically dressed, turning to the window and examining a bottle full of water. This picture was given by the Elector Palatine to Prince Eugene, and after his death remained in the gallery at Turin, until the French carried it off and placed it in the Louvre. In 1816, they bought off its restitution at the price of £4,000.

The subjects which the painter invariably selected were of the simplest description, sketches of common life; but in this modest sphere he brought into full play the various passions by which the heart is governed. There was a deep, earnest

truthfulness—a truthfulness which in its very simplicity and homeliness was understood by all—about every one of his works that insured him a popularity, depending not on the fickle fashion of the day, but living on in other ages and in other lands. There is one striking peculiarity about his paintings which cannot be overlooked. The scene he depicts is looked upon through a window or other opening, and there is about them all much of the tone and colouring of the great Rembrandt. He was the laborious imitator of nature, bestowing the utmost attention to the most minute particulars, the smallest and most insignificant objects in the design. With him nothing was insignificant. He knew that perfection depended as much on the careful study of detail as the broad, bold outline, and effective contrasts of light and shadow. Inferior to Teniers in some particulars, he surpassed him and all the painters of the Flemish school in the studied perfection of minutest detail; so that when a picture is entirely and elaborately completed in every part, it is said to have all the finish of a Gerard Douw. And this is saying much in praise of the great painter, the faithful disciple in the school of nature, who copied and improved, but never made nature bow to mannerism or style.

Gerard Douw is faithful, but he seldom approaches to coarseness. There is the evidence of a nicely balanced critic's judgment in every one of his pictures, which shows that he was no mere copyist, even of nature. The subjects selected are those of humble life; not the noble cavaliers of Vandeyck or the gorgeously-dressed ladies of the court of Louis XIV., but simply housemaids and retailers of articles in daily use; yet there is no vulgar feeling, and nothing that approaches burlesque. Every subject is ordinary and common-place, but they are all within the circle of kindly family feeling, and appeal to a far larger class than pictures of higher pretensions.

## THOMAS BEWICK, THE ENGRAVER ON WOOD.

THE name of Thomas Bewick is familiar, not only to those who are lovers of the art of engraving, or students of natural history, but to all who take an interest in the works of original genius. It is the greatest of all mistakes to imagine, as some do, that the reputation of this gifted man rests upon his being the greatest improver, and all but the inventor, of the art of wood-engraving. This is far from being the case. As the first man who ever produced upon a block of wood an engraving worth looking at, Bewick certainly deserves to be handed down in the annals of the art. But this, we repeat, is far from being the greatest merit of this extraordinary man. His character, as portrayed in his works, exhibits an extraordinary union of qualities, and this union alone it is which causes his works to be looked at now by all persons of taste, with a relish as keen as that which they created on their first publication half a century ago. As no very complete memoir of Bewick's life, or analysis of his extraordinary talents, has ever been given to the world, we shall not apologise for devoting ample space to the history of a man and artist, who to that minute truth and true eye for nature which the best of the Flemish painters have exhibited, added much of the humour of Hogarth; for the moral satire of Thomas Bewick is often as striking as are the truth of his landscapes, marine or rural, and the wonderful character and *expression* of his animal portraits.

Thomas Bewick was born in the year 1733, at a little village, or hamlet rather, called Cherryburn, in Northumberland, on the banks of the Tyne, and not far from the larger village of Ovingham, which, together with its church and schoolhouse and parsonage, now forms so beautiful an object for all who travel by the railway, that runs for many miles up the valley of the Tyne, between Newcastle-upon-Tyne and Carlisle, in Cumberland. He was the son of poor, but highly respectable parents, who seemed early to have got

\* "Works of Eminent Masters," vol. i., p. 190.

a glimpse of some of the singular gifts of this their eldest son, and who, whilst they formed his mind to morality and virtue, gave way to the bent of his genius, and had the sagacity not to discourage the boy's pursuits, which, to many parents in their position and situation in life, would have appeared trifling or even pernicious. Thomas Bewick, together with his younger

field"—as far as a boy could pursue them. His great delight was in angling, with an artificial fly, for the trout and salmon, with which the river Tyne was at that period abundantly stored; following the hounds on foot when a hare hunt was in progress; and seeking the nests and haunts of all species of birds. All this time he was unconsciously cultivating that



PORTRAIT OF GERARD DOUW'S MOTHER.—FROM A PAINTING BY GERARD DOUW.

brother John, who died prematurely, had such plain education given him as that part of the country at that time afforded. The greater part of it he obtained under the Rev. Christopher Greyson, at that time master of the school at Oringham, which in the north of England had some reputation. As a boy, Bewick, was remarkable for the ardent love he showed for those pastimes that are styled "sports of the

aculty, afterwards so remarkable in him, a correct eye for nature and her scenery. As a young draughtsman, his talent was very precocious. The few pence that would have stocked an ordinary lad with marbles, tops, and whipcord, were expended by Bewick in materials for drawing. Some of these boyish sketches are, we believe, yet extant. They embody some faint glimpses of the characteristics of his mature works

and prove how true is that aphorism of the poet Wordsworth, that—

"The boy is father of the man."

The father of Thomas Bewick had the good sense, being a

wonder was, that genius was not construed into idleness and an unsettled habit of mind, which aftertime proved were the very reverse of the artist's character. This, however, was not the case. The father could not help appreciating the won-



THE DROPSICAL WOMAN.—FROM A PAINTING BY GERARD DOUW.

superior man in point of discernment, to understand, and in some degree appreciate, the bent of his son's genius. That either the parents of Bewick, or any of those with whom his earlier years were passed, could foresee the eminence which he was to attain, is not to be thought for a moment. The

derful power of correctly seizing and sketching natural scenery or animals which his son so soon exhibited; and his disposition did not lead him to think of resisting young Bewick's inclination to be an artist. To this resolve the real delicacy of the youth's constitution, which was seen by his parents, pro-

ably contributed. Though powerfully made, and of great stature, Thomas Bewick, like Robert Burns, was liable to hiliolous disorder; but, unlike the poet, he resisted steadfastly through life the fascinations of convivial society, so dangerous for such temperaments. The artist was, in fact, from his youth upwards, by inclination and by habit, a self-denying and abstemious man. His disposition was eminently social; but even when his company was most in request, he indulged with prudence and refrained with satisfaction. He was eminently domestic also, a quality which always acts as a safeguard for those who are so happy as to possess it.

We have already shown that the early life of this extraordinary man was really, though, perhaps, not ostensibly, spent in the cultivation of the art in which he was to excel. Most of his hours, after school and holidays, were spent in the fields, or on the moors, or by the river's side. It is true, the fishing-rod and the fowling-piece were often in his hand, especially the former; for never was there a keener or more enthusiastic sportsman than Thomas Bewick; but whilst capturing salmon or trout, or bringing down an occasional wild duck, his eye was all alive to his art. Every turn of the river—every wooded glen—gave him materials for a picture of some sort, which on his return home were transferred to paper. It soon, however, became necessary that the youth should learn some calling. This was now felt by his friends to be imperative; and at his own earnest request young Bewick was, therefore, bound apprentice to Mr. Ralph Beilby, engraver, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne; being fourteen years of age, active in habits, and manly in stature. In his master, the young artist was in some respects highly favoured, in others by no means so. Mr. Beilby was a very worthy man, of excellent disposition and character. As a tradesman, he was steady, industrious, and honourable. As a man, he was moral and very well-informed. Thus far the young artist could not have had a happier model than that afforded by his master. Here, however, these advantages stopped. Mr. Beilby, though a pains-taking engraver of such things as Newcastle offered to him, was as little of an artist as it was possible for a person of his profession to be. In fact, at that period, 1767, a Newcastle engraver was not called upon to be an "artist," in the modern acceptance of that general term. His graver was exercised altogether in cutting, in copper-plate, invoices for merchants, adorned, perhaps, with some little rough device; copy-heads for writing-masters; cards for professional men and others, and similar trifles which it is needless to name. To this line of engraving good Mr. Beilby was no doubt quite equal; but as an artist, properly so styled, his pretensions were small. Some of his little sketches in Indian-ink, and in colours, are in our possession. They only prove that, as a draughtsman or colourist, his talent was as little as can well be conceived. As an engraver, his efforts, we believe, never extended beyond the subjects we have indicated.

It is needless to say, that from his master, therefore, young Bewick could derive no lessons in art. Useful lessons in life—lessons invaluable in their way—he, no doubt, did receive and profit by, as he loved to acknowledge; but as an artist, it is quite safe to say, Thomas Bewick was self-taught. He was the nurse and fosterer of his own genius, and the maker of his own art. His wonderfully correct eye and fine natural taste were his only instructors. In plain truth, he was amongst artists precisely what Burns was amongst poets. The parallel, from the first, was, as far as genius is concerned, complete. Both were the sons of poor men. Both were born amidst picturesque and strongly marked natural scenery. Both had a plain and homely education. Both showed precocious talent, and gave early indications of that glorious, bright, and divine spirit which their Creator had vouchsafed them. The excellency of both lay in a close adherence to nature. Neither of them elaborated great or extensive poems or pictures. Burns was neither an epic poet nor dramatist. Bewick was never a painter, nor an engraver from the pictures of others. The genius of both resides in their sketches from nature; thrown off with that fire and *élan* which

true genius only imparts. In this both are unrivalled; and probably never will be rivalled. The long and short descriptive poems of Burns, and the sketches in the shape of "tail-pieces" by Bewick, may be set side by side. In some instances the stanza and the picture seem to be actually inspired by the same identical hit of scenery. Such scenery was never so given before, and, perhaps, never may be again. Further it is impossible to go. We must now, however, return to Bewick's earlier life.

His apprenticeship with Mr. Beilby was passed in a manner highly satisfactory to both master and scholar; the mere mechanism of the art of cutting on copper Bewick easily learnt; and having become a master of this portion of the engraver's craft, his inventive genius turned itself to the cultivation of the art of engraving on blocks of hard wood. It is not improbable that the cheapness of the material might be one of the motives which influenced his mind to turn to this pursuit. From early life a rigid and close economy was one of the leading features of his character, and it clung to him through the whole of his career. Never was Bewick known to throw away a shilling even when a comparatively wealthy man. It was about this time, he used to tell his friends, that he tried upon how small a sum he could contrive to exist—and he reduced himself to *two pence per diem* for provisions! This may hardly seem credible now-a-days; but the sceptical should reflect that during Bewick's apprenticeship the taxes of England had not reached nine millions a year; and that the squandering, borrowing, and funding system was, with the artist, only in the early years of its apprenticeship. Be this as it might, however, Bewick, whilst still an apprentice, was beginning to create the art of wood-engraving. This must not, however, be taken too literally. Some rude attempts at engraving on wood blocks had been made prior to Bewick's; but the results were contemptible; and the art was deemed, until he took it up, not worth pursuit. That he made the art is, therefore, strictly true, and quite undeniable; but in the rigid sense of the term he cannot be said to have invented it. The idea was another's; the execution his own.

In this happy and laudable way his apprenticeship was passed. Always attached to his parents and family, and loving the country of his youth, he often used, during the summer months, to walk up to Cherryburn, a distance of nearly fourteen miles, to see his parents when the Sunday, his only day of leisure, was fine. The best road was on the side of the water opposite to his father's habitation, and the young artist was obliged to trust to a ford in order to reach his parents' house. It sometimes happened, however, that he miscalculated the state of the river. In mountainous countries heavy spouts of rain often fall amongst the hills and suddenly swell the streams that rise there, whilst those who live near the river's mouth are unconscious of what is going on. Thus it is with the Tyne, the sources of which are amongst lofty hills, trodden only by a few shepherds, and inhabited by sheep or grouse. It often happened, therefore, that when Bewick arrived at the ford just below Cherryburn, "the waters were out," and the stream too deep and impetuous to be crossed. On such occasions he used to make signals; collect his friends at the other side, shout his inquiries and news across the impassable torrent, and then very contentedly walk back to Newcastle.

A young man of Bewick's amiable disposition, rigidly prudent habits, and great ability, could not but soon become a favourite with his master. This was accordingly the case. Mr. Beilby soon entertained a highly favourable opinion of his prudence and probity as well as great talent; and the result was a partnership between himself and Mr. Beilby, which was arranged soon after the expiration of his term of apprenticeship, about the year 1774. Bewick had by this time brought the art of wood-engraving to great perfection, and being now in a position to act for himself, he resolved to introduce it to the world, which he immediately and successfully accomplished.

In 1776, one of his earliest attempts at wood-engraving, "The Old Hound," was exhibited before the Society of Arts



and obtained a premium. In this attempt are to be traced some faint scintillations of his genius. The position of the huntsman's horse is spirited, and the drawing good—that is to say, what would be at that time so esteemed; but very inferior to his after performances. About this time Bewick went up to the metropolis, under what impressions is not very well known. It is probable he wished to try the ground there before his partnership with Mr. Beilby was finally settled and concluded. His ideas of arts and of artists in London, as acquired by this visit, seem to have been highly unfavourable. It does not appear that he complained of any want of attention; for his very earliest essays with the graver upon wood were universally admired, so unique was deemed the art and so intractable the material. The habits and manners of the metropolis were, however, the reverse of his own. His love for the manners and scenery of his native county, so different from those of the south of England, was intense to a degree almost ludicrous; and the result was such a distaste for metropolitan art, manners, customs, and habits, that when he afterwards published those works, by which he became known over Europe, he would not suffer them to be printed, nor the engravings to be struck off in London. Nay, so far did he carry this strange dislike to everything metropolitan, that when it was proposed to bring a pressman from London, accustomed to strike off engravings, he sternly answered, "Hold your tongues. No cockney shall touch my blocks!"—and in this resolve he was quite implacable and fixed.

As soon as his engagement with his partner, Mr. Beilby, was finally settled and brought to a conclusion, Bewick planned and executed the volume of the "History of Quadrupeds," by which his fame as the great wood-engraver was at once established. The literary portion of the book was mostly performed by Mr. Beilby, who, although no artist, was a man of some taste and some judgment, and not destitute of literary tact. The book was printed at Newcastle, by Solomon Hodgson, a man also of good ability, and a zealous friend and warm admirer of Bewick. Up to this time, such fame as Mr. Bewick had acquired rested altogether upon the novelty of engraving on the material he used. To cut fine lines on wood passed for a sort of half-miraculous achievement. But in this work, which was brought before the public in the year 1790, the wonderful life and correctness of Bewick's drawing were fully manifest. This was especially apparent in his cuts of the more domestic animals with which his eye was familiar. His cut of "The Chillingham Bull," a portrait of one of the breed of indigenous wild cattle still preserved at Chillingham Park, Northumberland, had excited much admiration some years before; but this drawing, good as it is, was eclipsed by that of many of his quadrupeds in the history now first published. The horses are, without exception, drawn and engraved with wonderful accuracy and life. So is the ass, and so are most of the dogs. The Spanish pointer, in particular, may be instanced as one of the finest portraits of this breed of setter ever achieved. It has been copied and recopied so often, that the public are now familiar with it; and as an animal portrait, it probably never was surpassed. In this volume the tail-pieces are inferior to those with which he afterwards adorned his two volumes of "British Land and Water Birds." He had not then fully found out the secret of his genius for sketching natural scenery. Here and there the volume unquestionably exhibits indications of his talent in this line; but they were comparatively faint, and are not prominent enough to be free from eclipse by the fine drawing and cutting of the animals with which the book is filled. The publication of this volume may be styled the commencement of the era of engraving on wood. The admiration it excited was universal. No arts of puffing, nor the usual manœuvres of the craft of modern bookselling, were used; and assuredly none were needed. The sale of the volume, from the first steady, soon became rapid and great. A second edition was speedily needed; and others have continued to be published from time to time, so steady has been the admiration of the world of this work of genius. Bewick's reputation was not now confined to the North of England. It gradually became national; and

proposals were soon made him by London booksellers and publishers to adorn projected publications by an art now considered as strikingly beautiful as unique in character.

About this period Bewick married. His fortunes now permitted even a man of his prudent and reflecting habits to encounter the mixed cares and pleasures of a family. His habits were essentially domestic; and he had also with him his younger brother, John, who, sharing his brother's talent, had become the apprentice of Messrs. Beilby and Bewick. His constitution, however, eventually suffered from a town residence and the labour of engraving. His lungs became affected, and he died of consumption in the year 1796, after having, under his brother's able tuition, attained high excellence in his art. So distinguished was he, that, in 1795, his name was appended, with that of his brother, to illustrations on wood of Goldsmith's "Traveller," and "Deserted Village," and "The Hermit" of Parnell, published by Bulmer, who was noted in his day as printer. The combined beauty of the engravings and typography gave great popularity to these reprints. Amongst others, they attracted the curiosity of George the Third, who was in some degree a patron of the arts. On being told that the cuts were engraved upon blocks of wood, the king at once gave utterance to his diabolical statement. His Majesty was tolerably notorious for adherence to opinions or notions which he had once formed or imagined; and to his scepticism, as to these extraordinary works, he resolutely stuck, until the blocks were sent for his inspection, a process which even his prejudice could not resist. It does not appear that George the Third ever bestowed upon this self-taught artist, and maker of the art of wood-engraving, any favour or patronage. Royal patronage, however, Thomas Bewick never wanted; and had he wanted it, he was too proud to ask it; for his disposition was as independent as it was plain and manly. At all events; he never had it, and certainly never sought it. In 1786, the year of John Bewick's death, was published "The Chase," of Somerville, ornamented with engravings on wood by Thomas and John Bewick; after which, the name of Bewick became celebrated as the great improver and head of his art.

Between the years 1790 and 1797, Bewick had been strenuously labouring at that work which is perhaps his greatest, as it certainly is the most finished,—"The History of British Land-birds." This admirable volume was published in 1797. The drawing, execution, and portraiture (for *portraits* they are) of the birds are beyond all praise; and in the tail-pieces the artist has put forth the whole strength of his now matured genius. As sketches of real nature, some of them are almost unapproachable; and others to exquisite drawing unite the moral satire and humour of Hogarth. There is an amusing anecdote connected with this publication, which is very characteristic of the artist. When a joke and a bit of moral satire were united, to Bewick's mind they were irresistible; and on this occasion his love of lowering the false pride of human nature, conjoined with a jest, led him a little too far across the debatable line of decorum. His friends remonstrated, the printer remonstrated, and the publisher implored; but the sturdy artist was not to be moved. He insisted upon it that the whole was a piece of effeminate squeamishness, and that "the fuka (as he expressed it) would have more sense!" For once, however, Bewick was deceived in his calculation of the sense of the public. As soon as the book was published, the outcry against the luckless tail-piece became too loud to be trifled with, and in the greater part of that impression the vignette in question is daubed over with Indian ink! In the succeeding editions the block was altered, and in some it is omitted, and another vignette substituted. The unqualified admiration which this volume excited secured the publication of a second; and after a long and persevering quest of specimens of some of the very rare birds which are there portrayed, the second volume of "The History of British Birds," containing the Water-birds, was published in 1804. It may safely be pronounced to be equal, though not superior, to its predecessor. The figures and characters of the aquatic fowls, especially of the gulls and ducks, are exquisitely given, and

the delicate pencilling of some of the plumage is beyond all praise. But amongst the most captivating things in this volume are some of the marine sketches, upon which Bewick has brought to bear all the delicacy as well as all the force of his talents, and which are in some respects unrivalled. Before this volume was ready for the press, Mr. Beilby, the worthy partner of the artist, had retired with a handsome independence from business; and, in the literary portion of the work, Bewick was assisted by the Rev. Mr. Coates, then the incumbent of Bedlington, a rural parish in Northumberland, not far from the coast. To the exertions of Mr. Coates and his friends the artist was indebted for various specimens of the rare aquatic fowls, with which the wilder portions of the

The unnatural combinations of animal with animal, which the plan of the fable involves, spoils the *vraisemblance* of the whole, however beautiful the drawing. To depict a wolf conversing with a lamb; or a fox with a stork or a cat, includes so much that is unnatural, that, be the art what it may with which the scenes shall be depicted, the "*incredulus odi*" still steps in and spoils all. The consequence has been that this work, which, had it appeared early, would have made a reputation, is deemed inferior to the works on natural history, and is consequently much less known. Whether Bewick entertained a presentiment that this was to be his last published effort, it is impossible to say; but it may be interesting to some to be told, that the tail-piece at



MARTIN SCHOENGAUER.

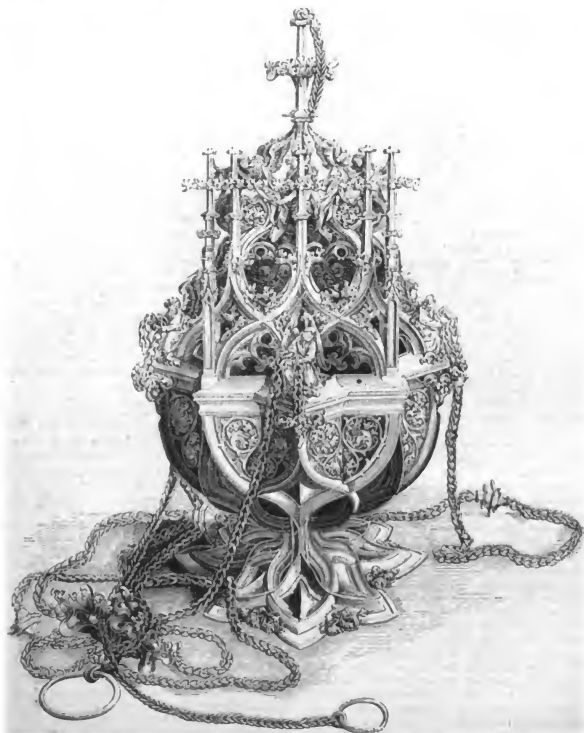
coasts of Northumberland and Durham abound. Many were obtained from the Fern Islands and the sands near Lindisfarne, and others from that rude coast which runs from Seaham, in the county of Durham, to the mouth of the Tees, increasing in boldness, till it ends in the enormous cliffs of Whitby and Scarborough in the north-east angle of Yorkshire.

This was Bewick's last great work. In 1818 were published "Select Fables of Æsop and others, embellished with woodcuts by Thomas Bewick;" a work which he had long contemplated, and which was a favourite with him to the last. Though admirably executed in many respects, candour will not permit it to be ranked with his "Land and Water Birds."

page 162 of the first edition bears the date of his mother's death; and that at page 176, of his father's. It is also a curious trait that the concluding vignette is a view of Oringham church-yard, the burying-place of the Bewicks, through the open gates of which a funeral is in the act of passing. To those who knew Bewick personally, this final embellishment conveys touching recollections. Soon after the publication of his "Select Fables," Mr. Bewick planned and commenced a "History of British Fishes," which, however, although some progress was made, he did not live to finish. Some of the vignettes intended for this work have been published separately. They are mostly of exceeding beauty, and quite equal to the finest efforts of his earlier life. From

a boy, Mr. Bewick's constitution was in some respects delicate, and towards the middle of life he underwent more than one severe attack of illness, by one of which, in particular, his strength was reduced so low that existence might be said to hang upon a thread. The effects of this attack he never completely shook off, and for the last three or four years of his life, his decline was very visible. He himself was perfectly conscious of it; and used to nourish the hope that his son Robert, now also deceased, might finish that "History of

it was proposed to place in the extensive and fine library of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, an institution of which he was for many years a member. This was a matter of some tact and management. To persuade the artist to sojourn in London for the purpose of being modelled was a hope worse than forlorn. The land of Cockneydom he utterly disliked, and within its confines he would not enter. At length it was arranged that Mr. Bailey, the sculptor should come down to Newcastle and



CENSER OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.—DESIGNED BY MARTIN SCHOENAUER.

Fishes" which he knew he could not live to execute. In this hope he has been deceived, the book, though much was done to it, being still quite incomplete.

Mr. Bewick, it has been already stated, always enjoyed the high respect of his fellow-townsmen, and was a favourite with all classes of society, to whom his simplicity of manners and great *bonhomie* were always welcome. About the year 1822, it was agreed, amongst several of his most intimate friends and zealous admirers, to procure a bust of him, which

make the model—which was done; and the bust, which is a perfect likeness, now adorns the library of the society. The modelling of this bust gave rise to more than one amusing and characteristic controversy, between the sculptor and engraver, which it was no easy matter to decide. Bailey, after the custom of his school, wanted to throw over the shoulders of his sitter a bit of drapery, which conventionally passes for a fold of a Roman toga, or Grecian tunic, as the case may be. The artist, however, strictly eschewed either toga or tunic.

He worked in a coat and waistcoat, he asserted, and walked about, and eat and drank in a coat and waistcoat; and in a coat and waistcoat he would be chiselled. Bewick had no idea of going down to posterity in masquerade; and to his resolve he accordingly stuck. The result is, that the marble exhibits not only the strongly lined and expressive features of the engraver, but also a portion of his coat and waistcoat, neckcloth, and carefully-ruffled shirt, in which he dressed for the occasion. Whether this may be "classical" we cannot say. We fear not. But, at all events, it was never denied that it improved the likeness; and that, we presume, cannot be construed into a fault by any metaphysical process whatsoever. To another of the engraver's demands, the sculptor, however, was compelled positively to demur. To the latest period of his life, Bewick's countenance retained very visible vestiges of the severity of the small-pox. Upon the principle which induced Cromwell to insist upon Walker, the portrait-painter, giving every wart as well as every feature of his face, Bewick insisted upon Bailey's essaying to put in some of "his beauty-spots," as he termed the pittings of the small-pox. To this requisition, however, the sculptor positively demurred; asserting that the marks of the small pox could not by any art be expressed in marble; and so the controversy ended, much to the discontent of the engraver, who was thus forced to impose upon posterity a smoother physiognomy than was really his property.

Bewick was now making some progress in cutting the blocks for the "History of Fishes," but in the midst of this work, his health began to decline. Through the year 1827 his strength gradually sunk, though his mental powers remained to the last, and in 1828, towards the summer, his state became quite hopeless, and gradually ended in death, for which he had long been prepared. His funeral, at his own request, was strictly private. He was buried in the church-yard of Oringham, the burying-place of the family. The village stands close by the side of the River Tyne, on the north bank; and is a prominent object to travellers going westward by the railway from Newcastle-upon-Tyne into Cumberland. No lover of art can pass it without feeling the spot hallowed in his gaze, when told it contains all that was mortal of Thomas Bewick.

It now remains to say a few words as to the genius and works of this extraordinary man, whom the poet Wordsworth has designated as—

"The genius that dwells on the banks of the Tyne."

There exists amongst some persons a mistaken idea that the fame of Bewick rests, for the most part, upon the fact of his being the maker and father of the art of engraving on wood. This is a sad error. It is true, indeed, that the name of Thomas Bewick must always have a niche in the history of art as the creator of this line of art; but the charm of his works is quite distinct from this. We do not admire the wood-cuts of Bewick because they were the first, but because they are the best. Bewick's excellence is, in truth, more *pictorial* than as a mere engraver of pictures. He had a more correct eye for nature and her forms than, perhaps, any painter that ever lived; and it is for their wonderful spirit, life, and truth, that we admire his figures of animals, and sketches of landscape, and not because they happen to be engraved on wood and cut with a delicacy that is certainly wonderful, when the material is considered. In this faculty of fine cutting, Bewick was equalled, however, by some of his pupils. Some portions of his finest portraits of birds and most striking tail-pieces were executed by them after Bewick had drawn them upon the block. But this is mere nicety of hand; mere mechanical excellence. Many wood-engravers, since Bewick's death, have cut even more finely than their great predecessor in art; but where is the engraver on wood whose name stands beside that of Bewick? Nowhere. No, because his real excellence lay less in his hand than in his mind. No man ever formed, perhaps, so full, lively, and correct an idea of that which he was to transfer to paper as did Bewick. Hence his figures of animals are portraits. We know a bird, drawn by him, by its air and physiognomy, just as easily as

by the pencilling of the feathers. Every species has its character in air and features. Thus we have the majestic eagle; the keen pitiless hawk; the airy lark; the pert, vulgar sparrow; the light, elegant snipe; the awkward, strong, lean, sailing heron; the swift bustard; the clean, harmless, happy-looking sea-gull; the fat, sleepy duck; the timid partridge; the insignificant wren; the vivacious, impudent magpie; in short, the whole diversity of character that the feathered tribes so wonderfully exhibit. In the same manner his landscapes always seem to be transcripts of real scenes; and no doubt many of them are so. Bewick would not assent to any unqualified assertion on this point; but his denial does not decide the matter. Of his strict veracity nobody doubted; but his memory of the most minute forms of things was so extensive, and his eye so wonderfully correct, that it is believed he drew portraits of natural scenery without being conscious of it. To those who know minutely the character of the scenery which is embodied in his exquisite vignettes, it is evident that all is a faithful transcript of nature. The shapes of the hills, the sweep of the moors, the character of the cliffs and stones, the features of the river scenery; and the composition of the rocks in his marine sketches, all unite to demonstrate this. In fact, Bewick's theory of art was to copy nature. Of all artists that ever lived, not one was ever so free from metaphysical fantasies. Bewick's reverence for the wisdom of the Creator was great and earnest. He loved nature, because it was to him, as it were, the handwriting of an omnipotent, all-wise, and all-benevolent master. He never dreamed of *improving* the works of Him who made the universe—the sea, earth, and skies, and "all that in them is." So humble are some people's conceptions of their sphere of action. Hence Bewick sketched what he saw; and that alone. He could love nature in her humblest guise. No need of holiday-time for him; and hence it happens that the simplest of his little landscapes often charm as deeply as his most elaborate transcripts of Northumberland scenery. The secret is in their verisimilitude. They are as the Creator made them. That is all; but surely that is enough.

There can be no doubt that Bewick's excellence in his walk of art was the result of his entire character, joined to a correctness of eye that was almost miraculous. His great love of locality was the prominent feature of his character. He carried it to an extent that to strangers seemed absurd and ludicrous. The scenery, the men, the women, the idiom, the music, of his beloved Northumberland were to him paramount. He was excessively fond of the old Scotch and Irish airs, as all persons of real musical feeling are; but the airs peculiar to Northumberland, which, with one or two exceptions, are really very inferior things, he preferred before them all. We have seen him sit for hours listening to the music of a blind minstrel and his boy, who used to perform these old airs admirably well; but the finest of Ireland's pathetic ditties, or the most spirit-stirring of Scotland's "pibrochs," could not move Bewick to such rapture as did the old Northumberland "Gathering Time," known popularly as "Bodies Abreast," when played on the Northumbrian pipes by his son Robert, who was a first-rate performer on the national instrument. This passion for everything Northumbrian gives his work character. All his scenery is the product of the district. The moors of Kielder, Millfield-plain and Flodden-field, the banks of Coquet, North Tyne, or Till, are all depicted in his vignettes. By those who know the district they are felt to be portraits; by all persons of taste they are felt to be nature unadorned.

Thomas Bewick was by nature very social, and loved to witness the amusements of young people. To sit at the head of the room, with an old friend or two, to see the young people dance, while his son Robert "screwed the pipes and garr'd them skirl," was a great delight to the artist. His admiration for his fair countrywomen used to break out; and he would exclaim, "There they go—queens of England!—queens of England!" They were undoubtedly so in his eyes. His conversation was, like his graver, strong, racy, and graphic. His general talent was great; and upon all questions he thought

for himself, and always took the liberal side. His detestation of game-laws was very great; and he used to assert the impossibility of making any man really believe that the pursuit of wild animals could be a crime, or that any man could have property in such things. He had a remarkable notion that he never could fully enjoy conversation except by a glimmering fire-light. His waggish friends used to assert that this was because he associated with it "the saving of candle-ends." The joke passed for its value, but we dare say Bewick told the truth. His eye was, in fact, so habituated to examine objects, that except in a twilight it never was at rest, and this restlessness he felt to interrupt his attention to what was said. Once, after a severe illness, by which he was reduced to the last stage of debility, a friend asked him how, when convalescent, he amused himself, without anything to look at,

and still too weak even to read in bed, or bear much light. His characteristic reply was, "I lay upon my back, and whistled auld tunes!"

Such was Thomas Bewick. In person he was large and ungainly, with something of a stoop. His features were plain and massive; but when he spoke they lighted up in a manner so remarkable, that some person, on first seeing him, said it was "like putting a lamp behind a transparent picture." His works are as original as beautiful, and this probably has helped to give them a popularity such as other works of the kind never attained. In all quarters of the globe they are known and admired, for the scientific and the simple, and by age as well as youth. He left behind him one son (now deceased) and three daughters, to enjoy a handsome independence.

## MARTIN SCHOENGAUER.

MARTIN SCHOENGAUER, commonly known by the name of Martin Schön, and called by foreign writers on art *Le Beau Martin*, or *Hübische Martin*, was born at Colmar in Holstein, about the year 1445. According to Bryan, he was born at Culmbach, in Franconia, about the year 1420; but this is now generally believed to be incorrect, though the precise time and place of the artist's birth are not fully settled. In his youth he practised the trade of a goldsmith, and it was not until middle age that he distinguished himself by his extraordinary powers in the arts of painting and engraving. On the back of a portrait of him is a German inscription, of which we give the translation:—"Master Martin Schöngauer, an artist, surnamed the Handsome, died at Colmar, on the 2nd of February, 1490. God be merciful to him. And I, Jean Sargkmaur, was a pupil of his, in the year 1488." Upon a drawing in the possession of Heinnekin, Albert Durer wrote:—"This piece was drawn by Martin Schön, in 1470, being then a young man. I, Albert Durer, having learnt the above, write this to his honour, in the year 1517." Schöngauer was considered one of the greatest artists of his age. "What shall I say," writes Wimpfeling, "what shall I say of Martin Schön of Colmar, who so excelled in the art of painting, that his pictures have been much sought after, and conveyed into Italy, France, Spain, England, and other countries?" The churches of St. Martin and St. Francis, at Colmar, contain some of his pictures, which artists consider it a privilege to copy.

According to Sandrart, Martin was on a footing of intimate friendship with Perugini; as a mark of mutual esteem, they exchanged from time to time some of their drawings. Vasari relates that Michael Angelo, in his youth, had studied and copied one of Martin's plates, representing the Temptation of St. Anthony.

Schöngauer has considerable reputation as an engraver; he was one of the first who practised the art with a view to taking impressions on paper. There are 110 authentic pieces by his hand, and 100 others are attributed to him. He has engraved a large number of sacred and some ornamental subjects, among which is the beautiful censor which we reproduce. Besides being an excellent painter and engraver, he possessed much

skill as a goldsmith. Some writers on art have asserted that it was at his house that Albert Durer worked in his youth; but he does not mention this in the autobiography which he has left us.

Martin Schöngauer died in the year 1490; the inscription on his portrait gives evidence of this, as well as the researches of Councillor de Lescq, in Colmar, from which it appears that he lived longer than is commonly supposed. Christopher Scheurl and Sandrart say that he died about the year 1486.

Christ, in his dictionary of monograms, says that Martin Schön's master was one Lupert Russ, an obscure personage, and from him he must have learnt engraving. The influence of the school of the Low Countries upon his talent rendered his style peculiar in Germany. His contemporaries were unanimous in praising the grace of his compositions, and, in short, he was one of the first who introduced feeling and expression into painting. He had no rival among the German artists of his day, except, perhaps, Michael Wöhlgemuth, or Herlim. In the collections of Spain, Italy, France, and England, more pictures are attributed to Martin Schön than one artist could have executed, especially one who divided his time between the brush and the graver. Not one of his paintings bears the monogram with which his engravings are stamped. The best pictures imputed to him are to be found at Ulm, Stuttgart, Nuremberg, Munich, Schleissheim, Berlin, Basle, Vienna, and Milan, but especially at his native place, Colmar, where are still to be seen the marvels of which Wimpfeling speaks. Some of these paintings at Colmar have been attributed to Albert Durer; they are preserved in the Priory, which is now the College; others, ascribed on doubtful authority to Martin Schön, were taken to this College during the disturbances in the last century. A very fine picture, by this brilliant master, representing the Madonna, the size of life, seated on a grassy bank, adorns the church of St. Martin at Colmar. At the Museum at Paris, a picture of the Israelites gathering Manna in the Desert is said to be the production of Martin Schöngauer. Passavant speaks confidently of there being one of Martin Schön's pictures in Mr. Aders's collection in London; but so many are ascribed to him falsely, that we can only rely on the authenticity of those at Colmar.

## ALBERT DURER.

ALBERT DURER became in the sixteenth century the representative of the German school. The universality of his genius and the tendency to the fantastic, which he evidenced in almost all his works, combined to make his productions the realisation of the longings of art at his period, and gave him a place among the greatest masters whom the world has ever seen. He was a painter, and as such his colouring was peculiarly brilliant; an engraver, and here he exhibited the most indefatigable industry and consummate skill; he was no mean or inefficient

sculptor, and a highly-gifted architect; his spirit was rich and inexhaustible, not confined to one sphere of art, but embracing all, as with a magic zone. He was an imaginative poet, a skilful geometrician, an accurate mathematician, and a voluminous author. In his colouring there is something peculiarly brilliant, rarely surpassed by any other painter; but one thing is remarkably observable, namely, the almost total absence of *chiaroscuro*. His drawing is full of force and character—here and there, indeed, peculiar in the attitude, or



the flow of the drapery—so peculiar, that it becomes almost harsh, but still so beautiful, so suggestive of deep and earnest thought, that they have not been inappropriately called poems. On a previous occasion\* we presented a biographical sketch of this great man—this Crichton of art—and dwell

such as representing the soldiers at the Crucifixion in the costume of the middle ages; but his Christian pictures were symbolic more than historical. Here is the picture of "The Prodigal Son." The artist has seized upon that part of the parable which forms the turning point in the prodigal's history. He



THE PRODIGAL SON.—AFTER ALBERT DÜRER.

somewhat critically on his various productions; we now give another of his works, and it needs no comment. He was prolific in sacred subjects—the story of the evangelists enkindled his enthusiasm—what they described he portrayed. In some of these pieces he has been accused of anachronism,

\*"Works of Eminent Masters," vol. i., p. 101.

has descended the last step of degradation, and the child of Abraham has lost all—his wealth and summer friends together—and the Jew feeds swine, and fain would fill his belly with the husks that the swine do eat. The broad, rough outline, the grouping, the expression, the tone of the whole is worthy of the high fame of the "evangelist of art."

## JEAN BAPTISTE HUET.



THE French are an amusing people. They are also a fickle people. One day they fancy a thing, and next week it has passed away like the baseless fabric of a vision, falling away

which is speedily succeeded by civil war and revolution, a short triumph of anarchy, a sham republic, an empire, monarchy once more, then an empire again for one hundred days, again the old monarchy, which was finally overthrown by a bastard kind of government, itself falling unresistingly beneath the indignation of society, and being succeeded by a republic, which, yielding to fraud and perjury, ends in an empire once more. In no other history can such a story be told of two generations of men, though many still live who have seen all we have outlined. A people who can submit to or perpetrate such eccentricities, must be a people *per se, sui generis*, different from the rest of the world, and scarcely to be appreciated or judged by the same standard we should apply to the inhabitants of any other land.

In art and literature the French are as fickle as in politics. They do not steadily pursue the study of their authors as they arise; now enjoying the beauties of one, and then of another; luxuriating in the feeling and beauty of one style to-day, and in the stern power of a more masculine tone to-morrow. A Frenchman who admires one author will not read any other with pleasure; and we know one learned man of law, who, buried in his dry and musty octavos and quartos, never warms his imagination or suns himself in the smiles of light litera-



into the deep abyss of things forgotten, dead, perished. Look back but one century in their history. An ancient and effete monarchy is followed by an attempt at constitutional liberty,  
VOL. I.

ture except in two books, the *Confessions* of Rousseau and *Faublas*. Other authors he is content to know through a book of elegant extracts. The nation is the same as the individual. It can only patronise one school at a time. Thus at one time all France is romantic, then classical, and then poetical. It happened on a given day that J. J. Rousseau set the whole nation into a phreny about nature, and everybody determined to be natural and admire nature. The Queen of France put on a straw hat, and dressed like a milkmaid; the cottages where Louis XVI. played the good *bailli*, and where the other princes assumed characters equally suited to them, are still to be seen in the gardens of the Trianon.

Nobody spoke in those days of anything but gardens and flowers. P. Lambert had just published his "*Seasons*," and Delille prated about flower-beds in Alexandrines as long as the alleys of his parks. The descriptive style became the rage; lyrics were greedily devoured; people contrived to read Gessner's "*Pastorals*," translated by the great Turgot himself, under the pseudonym of Iluber. This phrenised love of nature, which in a few was sincere and real, was quite factitious in others. It was during this particular era that Jean Baptiste Huet made himself known.

He was not the son of an architect, as M. Brunn Neergaard tells us in the reprint of his speech delivered over the tomb of Huet, but of an armorial-bearing painter to the court, who lodged in the Louvre; and it was in the Louvre that Jean Baptiste Huet was born, on the 16th of October, 1745. He received his first lessons from Dagommer, who was a man of talent, and whose drawings exhibited great taste. It is probably to his connexion with this artist that we owe his style and peculiar subjects in painting. He also received advice and assistance from Boucher and Leprince, so that he learnt to paint the nude human figure, landscape, and several other styles, all of which will be found mixed up with his favourite subject—animals, he being another Cyp and Wouvernans in this particular.

The same difficulty meets us at the outset that we have alluded to in connexion with so many artists. Nothing is known of his early career, except a tradition that, like all young men of his day, he was exceedingly attached to the society of ladies, and was very learned in that code of politeness which was the cloak and screen to the detestable vices of the age. He retained this affable, courtly manner throughout life; and some of those who knew him are still left to speak of that exquisite perception of what is due from man to man, which belonged to some of the devotees of the old regime, and which Huet never departed from. But of his actual life we know nothing at all until the 29th of July, 1769, the year of his reception at the Academy. His reception picture was "*A Family of Geese attacked by Dogs*." The sketch is said by those who have seen it to be admirably effective. The dogs have entered a poultry-yard, where are congregated a whole flock of geese, protected from their enemies by a frail barrier, through which they thrust their beaks, and utter the celebrated cry which saved the capitol. The hurry and alarm of the nest is admirably rendered, with the scudding hither and thither of the little goslings. This simple and effective picture is one of the best Huet ever painted; in no other has he displayed so much life and energy, for in general he paints his animals in repose.

After his reception, Huet naturally enjoyed the right of exhibiting his pictures at the Academy; and he exercised his privilege with great constancy, generally, but not always, with success. As long as he confined himself to landscapes and animals, he was warmly praised, in days when, Diderot excepted, criticism on art was sober and cold. The remark was often made, with some justice, that his pictures were too clear, too brilliant, and his colouring rather too deep-toned to be natural; but his landscapes were allowed to be dashed off *de gress* (a phrase much used by the *Mercur* style in those days); his animals to be given with spirit and effect; and his heads to be painted with elevated expression; while the whole was harmonious, light, airy, and pleasing. Unfortunately, Jean Baptiste Huet was not quite so simple—or rather was

too simple—to stick to that style which was peculiarly his own. Having entered the Academy as an animal painter, he allowed himself to be dazzled by the success and example of his great fellow-associates, and, like them, he tried naked figures. It was at the time when Vien, to whom we shall allude in our life of David, began to suggest those reforms which were to be carried so far. Inspired with mighty ideas, good Huet determined to paint "*Hercules and Omphale*," and wishing to have the canvas commensurate with the dignity of the subject, he painted his hero much larger than nature, in a perfect state of nudity, by the side of a huge and rotund Cupid, to typify the subject on which he was addressing the queen. This attempt of the painter of "*The Dog and Geese*" was not very fortunate. At the sight of these colossal limbs, thus exposed to all Paris, the journalists were offended, the ladies were scandalised, and the successor of Bachaumont wrote a stinging page on the subject. Huet bowed his head, and returned to his sheep.

Here he was at home. In drawings, water-colours, painting in distemper, oil-paintings, whatever his style, he excelled in doing full justice to the curly wool of the humble animal, to the soft eyes of the lamb, to the solemn physiognomy of the old ram. His sheep were living, bleating animals, and even Jacques Van der Does himself never did them more justice. It is greatly to the credit of Huet that he gave way to the opinion of the world, and confined himself resolutely to that department for which he was suited by his genuine tastes and habits. Too many men have striven to shine in branches for which they were not qualified, and have in general contrived to spoil themselves in even the one for which they were intended. Many a good artisan has been spoilt, it is said, in the endeavour to produce an artist; but many a good artist in a particular field has been ruined in the bold attempt to be universal.

But Huet having studied Rabelais' proverb, which tells us that "*Il faut recréer à ses moutons*," became celebrated, and was highly successful. If his pictures were a little imaginary in tone and deep in colouring, his drawings—the number of these was prodigious, chiefly on coloured paper—were perfect, perfectly charming indeed from the extreme correctness, the detailed minuteness of the thing represented; and then from the grace of the pencilling, and the admirable and successful mode adopted by him of using white, which was always brought in *apropos*—here under the humid eyes of a sheep, there on the nose of a goat, or on his white paw, or upon the creases of the horns, or the white wool. In this, like Demarne, the power of Huet was universal when animals were concerned. He was as successful with the beasts that roam through the meadow and pasture land, as with the cackling geese and crowing cock of the farm-yard, and equally so with the wild and savage inhabitants of a menagerie. Above all he drew them admirably. His drawings, even by experienced amateurs, have been mistaken for those of Gericault, when he painted the roaring lions of the *Jardin des Plantes*, in Paris—so admirably did he portray their character, masculine fury, and majestic air. Huet, like Karel Dujardin, had a peculiar affection for the humble and ill-used ass. He was equally successful in painting this tribe, as he was in rendering the woolly flock. They lived, moved, and breathed, as it were, on the canvas. In fact, it is said that, in a picture exhibited in 1775, "*The Holy Family and the Shepherds*," the superiority of the animals to the human figure was so marked that the critics smiled. And well they might, when there was really justice in saying that the importance given to the animals threw the Holy Family into the shade. The more admirable his animals in this picture, the more he was blamed. He was even accused of having given to an ass a wise expression of countenance truly ludicrous. For a painter to have wit is one thing—it is another to lend a portion of that attribute to a donkey.

But despite errors and omissions, Huet took his rank among the most celebrated artists of the day. His expressive copper-plates, full of taste and picturesqueness, pretty engravings taken from his animals, his landscapes, and his pencillings, executed by Demarteau in *fac-simile*, made him popular all over France.

At the Revolution of 1789, Huet was captain of the *milice bourgeoise* (now the national guard) of Sevrès. The proof of this fact is found in the body of a document emanating from the President of the National Assembly, and signed Le Chapelier and Duke de Villequier, under the date of the 12th August.

The French Revolution, with all its errors and its crimes, natural and inevitable result of long ages of misgovernment, of ignorance, and infidelity, itself a natural result of blind Romanism and open vice in the priesthood—gave birth to deeds of heroic and Roman virtue. The mass of those who fought on the frontiers, of those who enrolled themselves to go and fight their enemies without thought of pay, were actuated by the purest ideas of patriotism. They hoped for better things from the Revolution, and they were not deceived; they saw a glimpse of liberty, and they went forth to combat for that liberty. Apart from the fearful contest between a worn-out oligarchy and a fierce and untamed democracy, bursting from abject Roman slavery into the caldron of liberty that seethed and boiled around them, until it had swallowed up those who had lit the fire, the aspect of France was really heroic.

Fourteen armies sprang from the ranks of the peasantry and artisans to go and combat the trained bands of the despots of Europe. Huet, married to a Mademoiselle Chevalier, had three sons, all of whom he had brought up in the sentiments and feelings of the hour. He had educated them as artists and citizens. In 1792, at the time when Prussia and Austria invaded the frontiers of France, when one long and tremendous cry went forth, "The country is in danger!" the three sons of Huet desired to enlist in the Seine-et-Oise battalion which was being formed at Sevrès. But educated in ideas of obedience, of respect, accustomed to do nothing without the consent of their father, they scarcely dared to communicate their idea to him for fear of displeasing him. Bold before the idea of battle, they hesitated and trembled at the bare thought of avowing their glorious desire to their father. They ranged themselves in a line at last, the eldest at their head, and away they went to their father's workshop, a place they generally visited only during his absence. After some hesitation, the eldest son explained, that he and his brothers, having learnt the dangers of their country, had made up their minds to engage in a battalion of republican volunteers.

"My children," said Huet, embracing them, "I am delighted to find that this idea has come spontaneously from you, and that I have only to approve it."

"We will then at once go and enrol ourselves," replied the delighted eldest son.

"Go, my sons, and the blessings of your old father go with you."

They went and joined the regiment, and all three did credit to their name. They fought at Jemmapes; and one of them, the youngest, Jean Baptiste, who afterwards was an engraver, and who still lives, had his arm broken. As he had distinguished himself very much in a most terrible skirmish, in which many officers had perished, he was proposed as captain. But his two brothers served in the same regiment as himself, and he refused to be a captain when his eldest brother was but a lieutenant.

Jean Baptiste Huet, the father, painted much in water-colours and in distemper. This habit arose, probably, from his being employed to design for manufactories. M. Overkamp, being director of the manufactory of Jouy, was continually pressing him for cotton-print designs. Those who have travelled much on the continent, and put up in little inns in France, Belgium, and Germany—places where you obtain as good entertainment as in Russia and Turkey—have probably remarked dining-rooms covered with tinted paper, representing a particular subject, and bed-rooms with curtains of cloth of Jouy. Estelle and Nemorin, with their shepherd's crook tied by ribbons; the story of Tom Thumb; and the popular legend of Genevieve of Brabant, were the ordinary subjects of these humble domestic tapestries. Divided into marked and touching episodes, these *naïves histoires* are repeated all round the alcove, alternating with symbolical ornaments. Sometimes

two ill-sewn breadths bring the end of the story before the beginning; and the traveller must often, in the morning, while debating with himself the relative merits of early rising and sloth, have been amused by the sight of these popular decorations. Under the Directory and the Empire, the cloths of Jouy became mythological. Greek and Roman early history, metamorphosed, took the place of fairy tales, romances, and legends. The shepherds of Theocritus were substituted for those of Florian. What gods and goddesses, what fawns and satyrs, what heroes and fair beauties, have we not seen on the walls of French, Swiss, and Italian inns! The Swiss even beat the others in their crude and often somewhat coarse simplicity. It was about this time that Jean Baptiste Huet sketched and composed those drawings, which, printed on the cottons of M. Overkamp, rejoiced the grandmothers of the present continental generation, and which still amuse the traveller who takes up his quarters for one night at St. Flour. There are extant, from the hand of Jean Baptiste Huet, pen-and-ink sketches of great power, evidently intended for Jouy; these drawings, something between the styles of Girard and Prud'hon, represent the adventures of Psyché, in little pictures separated by emblems, flowers, and garlands.

Huet has often been reproached with the extreme inconsistency of his painting, which, in fact, wants solidity and depth. This arises from the fact that he painted so much in water-colours and distemper. To quote an instance. "The Wolf pierced by a Lance," which he exhibited in the *salon* of 1771, was painted by this process, like a theatrical scene, so that the owner of the picture very nearly destroyed it by trying to unvarnish it. Luckily, he was warned in time by one of the sons of the painter. This wolf, which is the size of life, with a background of landscape, and a foreground of large plants, is one of the most important works of Huet. But as he could not very well have a live wolf in his studio, he suspended the dead body of one of these animals by cords, and inspired himself in presence of his inflamed and yawning mouth and fierce sparkling eyes. It is precisely this head which is the most successful part of the picture, both in touch and expression. The skin, too, is boldly rendered, and the variegated and spotted effects, the hair lying down or standing on end, are all faithfully depicted. The whole body of the wolf betrays somewhat of the awkward hanging position in which the wolf was placed in the *atelier*. The critics of the hour judged the execution of Huet from this piece, and, therefore, did not do him justice, as they did not appear to remark that it had the necessary defects of distemper and water-colours, and was not painted in oil. To form an idea of Huet's manner in this style of painting, the amateur must see "The Two Sheep," in the possession of M. Langlois, bookseller and publisher in Paris. It is the finest production of the master; and we use the word "master" in its highest acceptance. It is very rare for painters to represent animals the size of nature. Roos and Paul Potter have done it several times, and not with any great propriety. This is a matter on which there has been a great deal of discussion, but the arguments are rather against the system, in our opinion, than in favour of it. It appears to be a received opinion, that such an act is artistic heresy, and is justified neither by the attempt to produce illusion—which is not the object of high art—nor by the position of these animals in the creation. A small picture on the usual easel produces quite as much effect as a vast *anvase*, with this advantage, that we are awakened to the recollection of the pleasing harmonies of nature and its many charms, without being compelled to be too exacting in our imitation of the reality. Our good old Huet, then, was wrong to take a six-foot *anvase* to paint a ram and lamb; but, on the other hand, he has thrown into the subject all his energy and talent, all his brilliant colours, his most delicate touch. He executed this picture after nature in the *Jardin des Plantes*, in the year of the Republic VIII. (1801). The ram is magnificent; it breathes, it stands before us, as it were, alive; the lamb, lying down in the foreground, projects its head as it were from the *anvase*—as the French poet has it—

"Et d'un air indolent rumine sa pâture."

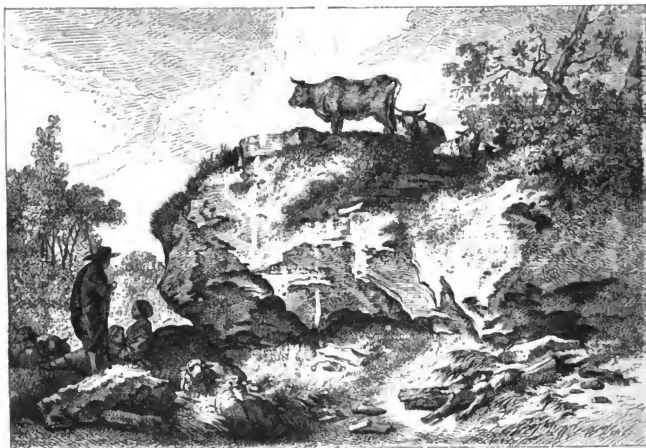


A knotty and gnarled trunk, a tall thistle, some mallow leaves on the left; on the right, a strawberry bush and willows, complete this charming composition, where the accessories, though rendered with power and accuracy, still allow the sheep and their soft wool to hold the most prominent position; the whole warmed by a golden ray of sunshine. This is, beyond all doubt, the masterpiece of Jean Baptiste Huet; and we were about to say, "Who will credit it?" when we recollected that anything may be said of favour-appointed directors of art. Nicolas Huet, painter of the Museum of Natural History, knowing that there was no work of his father in the Louvre, in that palace where he was born, offered this picture to M. de Forbin, then at the head of affairs, for nothing. He never received any reply. How often has it been matter of deep regret that no real discriminating and genuine artist should ever, except on rare occasions, be appointed to such posts.

We have already alluded to the name of Prud'hon, and we

self to be ruined by the extravagance of his wife, and was compelled to sell his property and retire to an humble lodging, Rue Hautefeuille, No. 13. There he died, on the 27th of August, 1811.

The sons of Huet, we have said, were all three artists. The eldest son, who took the name of Villiers Huet, was a very able miniature painter. He even successfully contended with Isabey; but this latter having a name and connexion, Huet came over to England. In this country Huet—Villiers Huet, the republican volunteer of 1789 and 1793—was, strange to say, the delight of the court and aristocracy. He published in London, at Ackerman's, in 1806, some landscapes and animals, under the title of "Rudiments of Trees, Rudiments of Cattle, drawn and engraved by Villiers Huet." Miniature, it will be seen, did not prevent him from being, like his father, a landscape-painter and engraver. The second son of Huet—Nicolas, born in 1770—was appointed painter to the Museum of Natural History in the month of October, 1804. He there



A LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES OF ANIMALS.—FROM A PAINTING BY JEAN BAPTISTE HUET.

may add that he was not without his influence on Jean Baptiste Huet, whose intimate friend he was. He often visited him at Villiers-sur-Orge, where he had a pretty country-house and considerable property. Often, during the warm summer season, Mademoiselle Mayer came and passed whole months at Huet's; and Prud'hon, who had always brushes or pencils in his hand, never failed to leave behind him some of those admirable sketches on blue paper, which were the offspring of the leisure hours of his genius. The little circle of friends collected at Villiers was composed of artists and a few persons of rank and celebrity: the President Eymard; the architect Demarteau, nephew of the celebrated engraver in imitation of pencil-drawings; M. Legrand, an ingenious and clever engraver, who could also write the letter-press to accompany his plates; the brothers Constantin, painters and picture-dealers; M. Prevost, and M. Florent Prevost, chief of the zoological department of the Museum of Natural History, to whom we owe the recollection of these happy days. Married a second time to Mademoiselle Vavacant, Huet suffered him-

produced, with exquisite and unrivalled finish, two hundred and forty-six paintings of mammalia, birds, insects, reptiles, crustacea, mollusca, and zoophytes. Whole days might well be passed following with the eye the infinite delicacy of these learned pictures, where the genius of the artist is displayed with a faithful power of depiction, equal to that of a Chinese tailor. The admirable, the "adorable" finish, as Creplin says, with which are reproduced, for the delight of the naturalist, those birds with their rich plumage of green, and orange, and citron, indigo, and carmine; those insects which dwell in flowers, and show now burnished gold, now polished steel on emerald ground, now azure tones on a golden ground; those dazzling beetles with their metallic green backs, coppery edges, and burnished steel spots; and those warm and luminous flies, which the savages of certain lands attach to their mocassins to light them at night, are all equally well depicted.

We often wonder at the exquisite fineness of the brush, which can succeed in conveying to the eye such microscopic



details, which can 'let you see the antennæ, whether jagged or square, and which can enter into the minutie of the smallest insect with a truth-like power which belongs to genius alone. It is a truth worth noting, that on the continent, since the days when Gaston d'Orleans first thought of having a painter in ordinary (Robert) for the finest flowers and the most curious plants of his garden at Blois, this kind of painting has reached its last perfection; thanks to the Redouté's, the Marechals, the Huets, and the Spaendoncks.

The third son of Huet—Jean Baptiste, the one who had his arm broken on the field of battle—was nevertheless an artist. He engraved with his left hand plates of animals, after his father, in a heavy, sleepy, and unsuccessful manner. A gallant man, a brave soldier, a good son, an affectionate brother, he was an inferior artist.

To return to Huet the father. He has left a name in the history of art, and he has richly deserved a place among the artists of the French school, of whom we shall speak more

which may be seen near towns, that familiar kind of landscape which awoke the muse of Delille and Thompson. He even invades the province of Berquin, from whom he appears to have taken his little farmers and their pretty mother, and many other scenes of that well-known children's friend. Huet began with Boucher and Leprince; he finished with David and Prud'hon. But at both the beginning and end of his career he always preserved a certain physiognomy, and the connoisseur, far off as his picture may be, will always cry, "That is a Huet."

Certain artists should certainly illustrate certain poets. Huet would not convey to the mind the grander conceptions of Milton or Shakspeare, but he would admirably render many scenes in Spenser, Crabbe, or Keats. How he would have illustrated such a scene as this:—

"Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight:  
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,  
And taper fingers, catching at all things,



THE MILKWOMAN.—FROM A PAINTING BY JEAN BAPTISTE HUET.

fully in our life of David. Huet has been reproached with too much memory; but when even he did recollect the ideas of others, he contrived to invest them with his own particular style. Sometimes he steals a horse from Wouvermans; sometimes he goes back to Van der Does and Karel Dujardin, without forgetting Demarne. Huet followed, too, all the variations of Parisian life; he reflected all the ideas of his time. Though a townsman, he loved nature; he painted it in picturesque disorder, with its somewhat familiar phases most prominent; old bridges, stiles, gates, farm-yards—all these are freely scattered through his pictures. His shepherdesses have a little too much of the antique profile, and look as if they sprang from an idyl of Theocritus, and were called Amyntas or Palemon by name. With the exception of these somewhat classic figures, which we are surprised to find in a stable beside a milk-cow, his works are impregnated with the spirit of nature—not with the grand and sublime poetry of the vast scenery of the world—not that nature which inspired Ruysdael—but that soft, living, sweet, poetic nature

To bind them all about with tiny rings.  
Linger a while upon some bending planks  
That lean against a streamlet's rushy banks,  
And watch intently nature's gentle doings:  
They will be found softer than ringdove's cooings.  
How silent comes the water round that bend!  
Not the minutest whisper does it send  
To the o'erhanging willows: blades of grass  
Slowly across the chequer'd shadows pass.  
Why, you might read two sonnets, ere they reach  
To where the hurrying freshneses aye preach  
A natural sermon o'er their pebbly beds;  
Where swarms of minnows show their little heads,  
Staying their wavy bodies 'gainst the streams,  
To taste the luxury of sunny beams  
Temper'd with coolness. How they ever wrestle  
With their own sweet delight, and ever nestle  
Their silver bellies on the pebbly sand!  
If you but scantily hold out the hand,  
That very instant not one will remain;

But turn your eye, and they are there again.  
The ripples seem right glad to reach those crosses,  
And cool themselves among the emerald tresses;  
The while they cool themselves, they freshness give,  
And moisture, that the bowery green may live:  
So keeping up an interchange of favours,  
Like good men in the truth of their behaviours.  
Sometimes goldfinches one by one will drop  
From low-hung branches: little space they stop;  
But sip and twitter, and their feathers sleek;  
Then off at once, as in a wanton freak:  
Or, perhaps, to show their black and golden wings,  
Pausing upon their yellow flutterings.  
Were I in such a place, I sure should pray  
That naught less sweet might call my thoughts away,  
Than the soft rustle of a maiden's gown  
Fanning away the dandelion's down;  
Than the light music of her nimble toes  
Pattin' against the sorrel as she goes.  
How she would start, and blush, thus to be caught  
Playing in all her innocence of thought."

Here Huet had been at home. We may judge this from those we have given. Examine the little opening scene (p. 277), the girl, the boy, the dog, and the sheep in the background, and then the milk-woman. This is an admirable production. The cow is of itself a picture. The quiet resigned physiognomy of the animal is truly and appropriately rendered, while the woman, the child rubbing its eye, the boy holding out his jar for milk, are all real, and seem to start from the canvas. Examine every detail of the scene, and the sharp, observant character of the man will be seen. The disorder is genuine, not studied; the position and look of the dog admirable; the cock, what our American brethren would call a genuine rooster. The overhanging tree is finished with great care. The colouring of the original picture is somewhat too brilliant, but it is not carried to an offensive extent. The shepherd keeping the flock is superior as a picture. The cattle to the left, the cow and the sheep, both are painted with all the vigour of outline and correctness of colour which Huet always gave to this part of the brute creation. The boy leaning over the cow to speak to the woman who is seated on the ground, is a careless effect of genius quite poetical. The dog, which appears to be watching the birds of the air, is an excellent feature in the landscape, which, whether we examine the finish of the trees and foliage, the truthful representation of the donkey, or the elaborate foreground, is extreme in its excellence. It is one of his later pictures, bearing date 1800. "The Landscape with figures of Animals" (p. 276) is remarkable from the peculiar effect of the cattle, one of which, standing on the summit of a rock, gazes with solemn attention at the scene below. It is admirable both in finish and detail.

Huet was very laborious, and his drawings were at one time easily found. They are now rare, though not expensive. The following is the list of his pictures, all displayed at the exhibition.

1769.—"Dogs attacking Geese," "A Caravan," "A Fox in a Fowl-house," "Rare Birds," "A common Oven at Marly," "A Milk-woman," two paintings of "Flowers in Vases," "A Moonlight," "A Little Dog," "Scene with Animals," "A Partridge," "Lion Hunting," "An Angel announcing the Coming of the Saviour;" several drawings and sketches.

1771.—"A Wolf stabbed by a Spear," "A Hunter's Halt," "The Farmer's Wife," two "Scenes," "A Caravan," several drawings.

1773.—"A Vase of Flowers," "Flowers and Fruits" (eight inches by five), "Europe," "Asia," "The Farm," "Solitude," "Fidelity tearing off the Bandage from Love's Eyes," "Morning," "Midday," "Afternoon," "Evening."

1775.—"The Holy Family with the Shepherds," "A Farm Yard," "Morning," "Midday," "Fishing," "The Farmer's Wife," "The Market," "The Return from Market" (p. 280), "Rest," "Solitude."

1777.—"A Market," "Morning," "Evening" (four inches high, two feet eight inches long), "Landscape, with figures

and animals," "Pastoral," "Pastoral Trophy," "Portrait of a Lady and her Daughter," "A Woman feeding Fowls," &c.  
1779.—"Hercules and Queen Omphale" (ten feet by eight).  
1781.—"A Lady and her Son," "Landscape, with figures and animals."

1785.—Some landscapes.

1787.—"Figures and Animals," "A Woman and Child playing with a Dog," "The Pond of Ronce," "Walls and Fort of the ancient city of Mole," "Market for Animals," "Birth of the Messiah," "Pastoral Scene."

1809.—"Two Sheep," "Washerwomen at a Pond," "An Oven at Bougival," "A Shepherd keeping his Flock."

1801.—"Two young Bulls in a Stable," "A Cow and two Calves," "A Cow and Calf," "A Donkey with Sacks."

1802.—"A Lion, Lioness and Young."

Huet was a very successful engraver, and it is chiefly by his engravings that he is known in this country, where few of his pictures have penetrated, as far as we have been able to learn.

*Huet*  
J. B. Huet . 1779 .

#### A RECOVERED ORIGINAL PICTURE BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

In October, 1844, Vincent Botti, a painter and restorer of old oil-paintings at Florence, purchased of a broker of that town a picture, which had been daubed over by some unskilful hand in a most unjustifiable manner, for the purpose of veiling the nudity of the figure. The experienced restorer quickly apprehended that here, as in other cases, a masterpiece might be concealed behind this coarse daubing. Following out this idea, he proceeded with great care to free the picture from all incongruous touches; and, before long, he had the gratification of seeing a female figure of wondrous beauty, which he immediately recognised as one of the finest of Michael Angelo's creations, coming out, in all its pristine freshness, from beneath the covering which had so injudiciously been thrown over it.

The picture consists of a single figure, half the size of life, and represents the Goddess of Fortune sitting, with extended wings, upon a wheel, naked to the middle, the lower part of the figure being wrapped in the folds of a rose-coloured drapery. She rolls onward, her countenance expressive of unconcern and perfect ease. Her head inclines slightly towards the right shoulder; she stretches out her arms, and her hands scatter on the right a sceptre, crown, and laurel-wreath, on the left thorns and arrow-heads. The front of the goddess is surrounded by a bright radiance, which gradually deepens into black. It is said that Michael Angelo zealously studied Dante's poems, and more than one of his works embody thoughts of the celebrated singer; it was this fact which procured him the title of the Dante among the painters. The figure of Fortune is the expression of some lines in the seventh canto of the "Inferno," where it is said:—

"And she it is, on whose devoted head  
Are heaped such vile reproach and calumny  
By those whose praise she rather merited.  
But she is blest, and hears not what they say;  
With other primal beings, joyously  
She rolls her sphere, exulting on her way."

And truly the head, which is of enchanting beauty, is expressive of the most blissful ease and equanimity with which she looks down upon human things, evil as well as good. In all Michael Angelo's pictures it is manifest that the hand of a sculptor guides the brush. In the creations of this master-spirit, you feel the power of genius, and recognise a deep knowledge of the laws of anatomy; but in the figure of Fortune the painter has, with far-seeing delicacy, modified

his usual superabundance of strength, in order to preserve the delicate form becoming the young and graceful goddess.

In order to establish the authenticity of this discovery, it was necessary to have recourse to strict and careful comparison. "The Holy Family," by the same master, which is to be found in the gallery of Florence, and the genuineness of which is not questioned, afforded an opportunity. This comparison has resulted decidedly in favour of Signor Botti's discovery, a systematic and conscientious examination having shown that both these pictures are painted on boards of the same wood, prepared by the same process—that is, covered with a thin coating of white, and painted in water-colours, over which is laid a coat of oil, known by the name of oil of Albezo, which fixes the colours, and imparts to the figure what we call *mezzo tempera*. Lastly, the whole is washed

over with a varnish, which gives it the appearance of an oil-painting. The wings of "Fortune" evidently show that the newly-discovered picture is painted by the process just described. Moreover, the same connoisseurs and artists have unanimously recognised an entire similarity of treatment in the "Fortune" and "The Holy Family;" for both these pictures, painted by the same process, exhibit the same treatment of light and shadow, the same colouring and disposition of the draperies, and, what is still more interesting, the same purity and perfection of drawing.

After the authenticity of the picture had thus been established, the discoverer publicly exhibited it in the Bartolomei Palace, at Florence. We understand that Signor Botti intends to make a tour, with his fortunate discovery, through the principal towns of Europe, first visiting Paris.

### CORNELIUS BEGA.

OUR readers already know Adrian Van Ostade. Cornelius Bega is a corrected edition of that artist; but there are many who prefer the original with all his errors. A profoundly original artist, reaching the domain of art by a purely individual road, never fails to make proselytes. Those masters who have imitated no one are always those who are most imitated themselves. Adrian Van Ostade had a school which gave to the world many charming painters: his own brother Isaac first, then Cornelius Dusart, Antony Goebauw, Michel de Musscher, and Cornelius Bega. Bega and Dusart were those who were best able to seize the artist's manner, and to reproduce his ideas most faithfully; but Bega, a more disguised imitator than Dusart, brought to his work a wit, an elegance, and a correctness, which were exceedingly remarkable. If we examine the pictures and engravings of Bega, without knowing the ground he works upon, we may well expect our readers to be surprised when we speak of elegance with regard to those peasants, cut, as it were, out of a log with a scythe—those illuminated clowns, humpbacked, short and fat, who, being out of all true human proportions, form a nation of caricatures. And yet, if we place Bega by the side of Van Ostade, we recognise that the latter has approached the truth and sublimity of ugliness, that he has taken his people seriously and has illustrated them seriously; while the former, less devoted to the worship of deformity, has loved to civilise his models, and has given them a coarse delicacy which is not in the master, and which is not either found in nature.

This excepted, Bega is a good painter, an excellent engraver, and altogether an agreeable artist, much sought after by amateurs, and well worthy a place in our gallery of distinguished painters, in the same way that he has figured in all the most celebrated cabinets of Europe, beside, or rather a little below, Van Ostade. Unfortunately we know little about him, and in fact scarcely anything at all, save the history of his death which, say some biographers, is a glorious leaf in his biographical sketch. The date of his birth is supposed to be 1620. His mother, Maria Cornelisz, was daughter to the painter Cornelius Cornelisz, so well known under the name of Cornelius Van Harlem; his father was a sculptor in wood, and was called Begen; but young Cornelius, being as dissipated as he was clever, was driven from the paternal home, and took the name of Bega instead of Begen, determined not to bear the name of a parent who thus treated him, and desirous of making his own illustrious. Thus speaks the illustrious Houbraken. Deschamps, on the contrary, says that Bega changed his name to oblige his father, and that he really did oblige him by so doing. It would have been better to have changed his conduct, says the solemn writer.

However this may be, Cornelius Bega, no longer Begen, was received into the atelier of Van Ostade, and felt the influence of this master, just as he would have felt the influence of any other. He was of a timid, supple, and easily-managed character. His two passions, woman and art, utterly absorbed him. In gallantry he was wildly reckless; in painting he was always led away by ambition. That our readers

may at once understand his character, we may as well relate the circumstances of his death. In 1664, a woman he passionately loved was attacked with the plague. The painter, despite all warnings, went to see his mistress, and nursed her with the utmost care. When her last moment was announced to be at hand, he came to press on her forehead one last kiss of affection. But now the doctors and the mother of the young artist kept him by force away from the bed. Bega, unable to approach her, took a long stick, one end of which he gave to his mistress; she kissed it three times with her dying lips, and he, on the other hand, in his wild despair, sent his three mad kisses in the same way. Houbraken, who gives all these details, adds that Bega, under the influence of such an adieu, and overwhelmed by the grief he experienced, was himself attacked by the plague, and died a few days after, in the same year, 1664, aged only forty-four years.

In the workshop of Cornelius Bega we shall find all the models of Van Ostade; but his peasants are less grossly vulgar, and more jolly, than those of the master. They have the kind of free and easy manner, in which the serious good humour of Van Ostade is replaced by an air of drunken joviality and independence. The women even have a way of walking and standing which makes possible beings of them, beings in human form, not squat and heavy *Esguimaux* rolling in fat and blubber. Perhaps, too, they appear a little less gross by the contrast they present with the rustics, who are still stumpy and ugly, despite all the intentions of the artist, and the refinement he tries to adorn them with. The hands of the women of Ostade are like mallets; in the pictures of Bega the women have hands somewhat human in shape, their profile is not so heavy, and their general outline is easy to distinguish, even under their heavy, flapping clothes.

The power of art is great; indeed. We may say that the models of Bega are ignoble, like those of Van Ostade; that the study of ugliness brings forth disgusting results, and nothing more; that there is nothing elevating in the sight of tap-rooms, where drunken clodhoppers clutch their glasses with one hand, and chuck the fat dame of the house under the chin with the other. We know that all this is neither edifying nor graceful. And yet, because the Dutch master has succeeded in combining the two elements of art, *chiaroscuro* and touch, because he has found an expression in the grimace of his drinkers, because he has caught it and rendered it with great feeling, he has succeeded in pleasing amateurs, and has earned the privilege of charming mankind, as long as there shall be men fond of truth in art, that is to say, partial to that happy mixture of falsehood which art allows to be affixed to the true in nature to produce the ideal.

A very great man in his day, but one utterly forgotten now, once stood before a Bega, and a Bega representing a collection of peasants and their women in a pot-house. "Would it be possible to cajole such matrons: to make that delicate, poetical, ideal thing called love, glide into the ears of such female *travants* (beggars of the Lesage school, who take without asking), to read it in their blessed eyes, to have it

spoken by those mouths split from ear to ear? I cannot believe it." "Doubtless," replied the owner of the Bega; "but if these paintings had no truth, no value; if the extreme vulgarity of the subject were not elevated by the dignity natural to everything human; if some of the effects of the mere art were not beautiful, it would be difficult to under-

rose-tinted room, with a hot-house atmosphere of exotics, and odours from the sweet south. Such language was, of course, natural to them. The spectacle of men and women drinking in a pot-house is not ennobling or brilliant; but it was not to the drinking only that they alluded. It is time that these degrading views of human nature should be exploded. The



THE RETURN FROM MARKET.—FROM A PAINTING BY JEAN BAPTISTE HUET.

stand how for two centuries the choicest amateurs have admired such works, and introduced them in the galleries of Choiseul and La Vallière, in those of the Prince of Conti and the Prince of Hesse."

The speakers were French noblemen—gentlemen who understood only love in a boudoir with satin curtains, in a

kid-gloved diplomatist saw before him men and women who were sufficiently debased and immoral to be poor, to be coarse from exposure and hard work, to want that delicacy of outline which hot-house rearing gives; and therefore they could not love. If the passions and feelings of the ex-ambassador, and those of the poor clodhopper, could have been analysed, we

have little hesitation in anticipating the result. The lower orders, the working millions, are capable of pure affection, of devoted love—aye, and of devotion and affection and love for those whose beauty has faded, who have been rendered ugly by toil and suffering—even to a higher extent than any other class, their homes being all they have. It is the drunken poor only who ill-use their mates. In every country in the world where Christianity and civilisation have penetrated, the

"D'un pinceau délicat l'artifice agréable,  
Du plus affreux objet fait un objet aimable."

Cornelius Bega precisely possessed that delicacy of touch, that "agreeable artifice," which enabled him to make up for the triviality of the subjects he had studied with Van Ostade by the power of his talent. Bega possessed, as we have already said, two qualities essential to a great master—*chiaroscuro* and touch; and he used them ably to render his thoughts, or



DANCE AT AN INN.—FROM A PAINTING BY BEGA.

industrious and sober poor are some of the best of its citizens. A man may be ugly as sin, poor, wretched, ignorant, and yet feel and inspire pure and delicate affection; a man may wear kid gloves, and be as gay as a peacock, and have no feeling deeper than words. When men sneer and contemn the poor and ill-favoured, be sure that the Bible is not in their library.

To return to Bega, Bolleau, whom the French place very high as a critic, and who, though not the genius they consider him, was yet a very clever man, says, speaking of Dutch art—

rather his feelings and sentiment, which were very acute. He understood thoroughly the effect of a composition; he knew well the effect of light and shade, and their due proportion, and the repose required in a painting and an engraving. He knew how to bring out his little personages upon simple backgrounds, to detach them from each other, less by the essential differences of tones than by the play of light and *chiaroscuro*. A figure treated in demi-tint, or cast frankly in the shade, supports the figure that is lighted up so brightly—



a kind of link between the different parts. The art of lighting up a picture was the distinctive talent of Cornelius Bega. We have seen "Interiors" of this master rival, in harmony and brilliance of effect, the finest works of Adrian; and we may particularly quote those which figure at Amsterdam, in the celebrated collections of Smeth and Van Leyden, as well as those which were scattered by the Laperrière sale in 1817. In general, Bega is very sober in details, unless he undertakes to paint the studio of an alchemist; for then the subject allows a great quantity of utensils, of Bohemian glasses, of Leyden bottles, of furnaces, of stills of various dimensions, vases in every shape, vials of all colours; all, in fact, that we suppose would be found in the laboratory of a learned man seeking the philosophical stone, without reckoning papers covered by equations and cabalistic figures. Cornelius Bega, however, even in his "Alchemists," has never failed in harmony, that is to say, in producing a harmonious whole, making the smaller lights give way to the larger, bringing in here a bit and there a bit, and strengthening the whole by bold floods of shadow.

We must allow that in touch Bega is inferior to his master. Sometimes his painting is dry and hollow; one would fancy it was unfinished; but if it has not the soft firmness, the roundness of Ostade, it is still pleasing and agreeable. His picture in the Louvre is not one of his best. His "Dance at an Inn" at Dresden is full of spirit and power, redolent of truth, rich in caricatures, but badly executed in comparison with others.

Look at that fiddler in the engraving (p. 281), at his mouth and moustache, at that mysterious head poked in at the door above; observe the heavy-nosed Dutchman, with an arm round an old woman's neck, and that other "greasy citizen" with his arm round that fat wench's neck; mark the pair who are dancing, the man with his old cap in hand, and a ludi-

cious attempt at grace; examine the countenance of that sot, who can hardly draw his pot from his mouth to grin a horrid grin at the dancers. Then look up at the roof, see how pointed are the details, how exquisite the contrast of light and shade. Everything combines to make it a gem of Dutch art in its peculiar way. It is also a sketch of manners in an age when physical and animal enjoyment appeared all men had to live for.

Bega has been much more finished in style, when he has attempted pictures of a nobler style, conceived in the ideas of a Micris and a Metzua. The catalogue of the famous Poullain sale, drawn up by Lebrun in 1780, says, speaking of a Bega: "The interior of a chamber, in which is seen a young woman standing up and singing before a music-book placed on a table. A man is accompanying her with the violin." This picture is of a very superior order to any of the others from the studio of Bega, and is painted with more care and finish than usual.

But it was as an engraver that Cornelius displayed his genius. He was a real artist with the steel-point. The vigorous command of *chiaroscuro*, the art of bringing out the composition, of detaching each figure, the keen comic humour of his mind, all are visible and admirably rendered. His personages, maliciously ugly, sly-looking, are lighted up with Rembrandt-like vigour. White paper, which should always play a part in line-engraving, is made prominent use of by him. Fine proofs of Bega are therefore remarkable for a careful economy of labour. Some are *nair* and simple, such as the "Wife and her Husband." In those miserable huts where lived the laborious poor—industrious, frugal, and clean—there is light enough. Bega gives them plenty of sun; that luxury of the poor. The Dutchman loves the great luminary. These engravings are as happy as they are bold.

Bega belongs truly to the class of great artists.

## KAREL DUJARDIN.

OF DUJARDIN'S life and character, of his strange marriage, and his sudden death at Venice, we have already spoken (p. 261). But there is much still to be said of his genius and characteristics as an artist.

Far less elaborate than many of his contemporaries, Karel was above all picturesque, that is to say, he knew how to transfer his subject to the canvas in an effective and pleasing manner, not merely slavishly copying nature, but interpreting her mysteries. He knew how to co-ordinate and combine the features of his undertaking, to simulate disorder and carelessness. He knew the difference between the beautiful in reality, and the picturesque in painting. Regent-street is a more symmetrical and beautiful street than any of the crooked lanes and half-paved alleys of Constantinople; but the artist would pass Regent-street with disdain, and delight in the confusion and diversity of an Eastern landscape. A grand and symmetrical palace would please the eye of an artist, and give him pleasure when he gazed on it; but to paint, he would turn eagerly to the crumbling ruin, and even the motley farmhouse or the house with the seven gables. What is often delightful in the actual and the real, does not give any of that ideality which is wanted in a picture. From St. Peter's at Rome we turn with delight in painting to a group of Calabrian bandits, just as we should turn in person from the Calabrian bandit to the great church. Karel felt all this when even he descended to the rank of a caricaturist. It has been reasonably enough argued, that an old cart-horse, a cow, a donkey, or a goat, is always a more picturesque object than a splendid horse. If, certainly, we turn to the wretched daubs of race-horses, this may be true. But the Arab steed of the desert, the tall cavalry of the battle-field, yield quite as much matter of interest to the artist as the most ancient animal that ever excited our sympathy by its limping gait. Wouvermans has proved this effectually.

The same may be said of the earth. A smooth and well-clipped lawn is not half so pleasing to the eye, in a painter's

landscape, as a rough rock clad with moss and crowned by stunted bushes, with here and there a patch of green, just to bring the gray spots out in bolder relief. A rough, rude, unequal surface, is better than a regular line, for all the purposes of art.

The ardent student of nature, the traveller in search of the picturesque and lovely, will, like the artist, shun the richly cultivated park, the low, fertile meadow, the garden laid out in alleys with beds of flowers that show every hue of the rainbow, and turn gladly to arid and uncultivated wastes. Few persons in the world love the exquisite loveliness of our own calmer features in scenery more than we do ourselves; but when we have felt our souls elevated most towards our Creator, when our minds have been imbued with admiration of the beautiful, the sublime, and the grand, it has been while climbing the hills of Switzerland; when roaming over the vast prairies and beneath the leafy arches of the American continent; or upon the wide ocean in a storm. We prefer the park and the meadow as our dwelling-place; we remember the other as a mighty panorama that warmed our hearts to emotions which nowhere else were experienced.

Dujardin never chose the merely symmetrical and beautiful. He selected subjects which, perhaps, trifling in reality, were picturesque when transferred to paper. A Swiss peasant-girl always looks well in a picture. She rarely or never does in real life.

If the Dutch painters have secured a wide place for themselves in history, it is not by the sublimity of their expression or the grandeur of their thoughts; it is rather by devoting themselves to what grave classic men call the secondary items—colour, *chiaroscuro*, and touch! *Chiaroscuro* has intellectual beauty in it, because it awakens in the mind the idea of a happy harmony between the characters of the scene and of the day which illumines it. Pleasant and agreeable subjects require a serene light, and terrible events and scenery are better illustrated by the light of a sinister and dark sky.

"An artist," says a critic, whose name we do not recollect, "is very much below the dignity of his profession, who thinks it a matter of indifference what kind of weather there was the day Cæsar was assassinated." Karel Dujardin, who knew so admirably how to combine and arrange soft lights, dark clouds, effects in his crucifixions terrible and marked contrasts, a rough opposition between clear light and dark shadows—a rough and suitable effect, when painting so solemn and at the same time so terrible a subject.

Most of the paintings of Karel are extremely well preserved; and on the general subject of the preservation and cleaning of pictures a few words may be said.

Many volumes have been written on the art of cleaning pictures, of restoring them, of moving them about, and of re-canvasing them. M. Xavier de Burtin, in his "Theoretical and Practical Treatise on the Knowledge required by every Amateur," indicates many methods which may be used for cleaning pictures, and lays it down as a law that an amateur should know all the necessary processes, and put them in practice himself. After having examined and carefully appreciated every one of the processes proposed by this author, one of the most eminent critics of the day declares that he found most of them so dangerous, that, far from advising amateurs to clean their pictures themselves, he calls upon them to abstain from so delicate an operation, unless after long and careful study and much practical experience, which can only enable them to succeed.

"Nevertheless," he remarks, "however inexperienced an amateur may be, there are two operations which he may himself undertake without difficulty, that is, washing his pictures and cleaning the varnish. A careful amateur may adopt the Dutch custom of cleaning his pictures twice a year; at the end of the winter, to carry off the coating of smoke which always alights upon them; at the end of the summer, to get rid of the fly-blows, so fatal to painting if they are allowed permanently to remain on canvas, panel, or copper. This cleaning is effected by means of a fine sponge dipped in cold clean water, and by drying it afterwards with a fine and old piece of linen. If the picture loses its enamel, pass over it a coat of white turpentine; this process does no harm to the painting, and first-rate connoisseurs look upon it as an indispensable method for preventing the extreme aridity of the picture."

Oil-painting alone admits of this cleaning, which at Venice was quite an art, and is even still to this day. There it was that Karel Dujardin executed one or two of his best works.

There is a slight irony, a gaiety, a wit, about Karel Dujardin, which makes us always recognise and welcome him; he is fond of rustic beauties; he has, in representing them, more delicacy than Bamoche, more nature than Berghem, though a less fertile and abundant genius. His sentiment is like that of Vandervelde, but he has neither the profundity nor the melancholy of Paul Potter. Even when he paints or engraves dead horses, his slaughter-house, his knacker's yard, has nothing of that sinister aspect which Paul Potter impregnates them with. But, as an engraver, he is by no means inferior to that master. It is impossible to carry further the science of the model, the intelligence of every detail of life, and every sign and mark of death. In the same way that he knew in his paintings exactly where to dash the pencil, so in his engravings he scatters his touches with vigour and intelligence. By a few bold outlines he indicates the bony outline of the animal, the joints and prominent parts.

More delicate than that of Laer, the *pointe* of Karel the engraver is always picturesque. He likes to show off the differences and contrasts of reality, the dirty wool of the sheep, the knotted and entangled fleeces, the hair of the pig reeking with the filth of the farm-yard, the pig itself wallowing in the mire with ineffable delight. Their snouts, their heads, are the *beau-ideal* of idleness. Never was the father of pork better rendered; never had he a more patient artist.

The pigs, the horses, the cow, in the picture of "The Shepherd behind the Tree," the ass in "The Peasant Girl," and the two mules, are models. They demonstrate the keen

observation and the laborious industry of the artist. Form, attitude, movement—all is true and real. His sheep and his goats are gems, and no serious critic will accuse him of mannerism here. His engravings, then, are extremely valuable. Everybody who has watched the progress of engraving knows "The Two Mules," published in 1652. It is founded on the fable of La Fontaine, the six lines of which, that refer to the picture, it would be a pity to translate from their native simplicity into English:—

"Deux mulets cheminaient, l'un d'avoine chargée,  
L'autre portant l'argent de la gabelle;  
Celui-ci, glorieux d'une charge si belle,  
N'eut voulu pour beaucoup en être soulagé,  
Il marchait d'un pas relevé,  
En faisant sonner sa sonnette."

The two animals are admirably rendered. The one steps proudly along with his magnificent harness. But, despite his fine feathers, his leg is not better shaped, nor his form more elegant. The animals are the same, though differently equipped. Though his fringe is so glorious, his knees are lumpy and knotty. There is that quiet satire in this picture, of which Karel Dujardin was very fond.

Karel Dujardin is best known by his pictures of quacks, so admirably engraved by Boissieu. That of the Louvre (p. 284) is the most celebrated. On a bright and soft morning, a charlatan has erected a stand in a village. Elevated on a scaffold, in the costume of *Il signor Scaramuccio*, he is standing on tiptoe and making antics to half-a-dozen rustics. A man with a black mask accompanies him on a guitar, while a monkey chatters and makes faces. A great sign-board explains what is to be shown in the stable, which serves as a theatre, and open before the quack is his box of elixirs, *elevari barattoli di unguenti*; but without waiting for the speech of Scaramouch, Punchinello pokes his nose through the curtain. The ruin in the distance, the cloak worn by one of the peasants, the warm light which animates the whole, give a locality to the scene, and remind us of Karel's Roman studies. This picture is full of what we call humour, and would do no discredit to Wilkie.

Taking the whole of his productions, Karel Dujardin must be placed in the first rank of great Dutch painters. Landscape painter, animal painter, inventor of ravishing compositions, he stands beside Berghem, Vandervelde, Paul Potter, Pierre de Laer, and even Albert Cuyp. He is inferior to some of these masters in certain particulars, but his superiority in all other raises him to the first rank. His brilliant and intelligent touch—so easy and bold—is above all praise; his colouring, though silvery and golden in tint, has preserved after two ages its freshness, its purity, and force. His *chiaroscuro* is admirable. Generally, to bring forward his figures, he uses, like Pynaker, a kind of broken light. Suppose he has painted an ass standing up. If he has a white spot on the nose, and his ears are black, the vigorous portion of the black ground of mountains will pass just over the white spot and below the black ears. If he wishes to bring out in bold relief the crupper of a white horse mounted by a musketeer, the painter introduces a dark brown wall. Through a door in this wall comes forth a servant with a jug of ale. A pig-trough and two dogs will complete the scene.

But what skies! Adorable, says a French critic. Nobody ever succeeded in painting them with more clearness, more lucidity, more softness, with more harmonious beauty. The southern sky is bold and dashing without crudity—it dazzles but does not pain the eye—it rejoices the heart. The skies of Adrian Vandervelde are sometimes of a hard blue; those of Ruysdael always veiled by clouds, sad and melancholy; but the skies of Karel Dujardin are sunny and cheerful, like the man who painted them. His clouds are like flocks of white wool; he rolls them, he piles them one above another, so that they look like a little chain of hills coming gently down to die at the feet of the sun, as mountains slope down to the sea. Karel Dujardin combines the light of Italian summer with the calm tranquillity of Holland. This is high praise, but it is given where it is due.

## FLOWER-PAINTING.

THE highest purpose of the artist is, of course, the realisation of beauty; his true creations are ideal, and the mere reproduction, mimetically, on canvas, of a natural object, such as a stone, a fish, a piece of wood, a loaf, or a candle, if executed to perfection, does not constitute a claim to be considered as possessing a genius at all akin to that which inspired the labours of Titian, Raffaele, or Correggio. Thus much, however, may be admitted without at all depreciating the importance of that skill which Van Huysum acquired, and which is wanting to so many of his followers. A flower, like a human face, may be painted poetically or otherwise. It may be a dead, material thing, a copy of nature with no excellence but practical accuracy; or it may

that they chose them particularly for artistic imitation. The Athenian may be said to have inwoven with his daily existence a poetical garlanding of those brightest productions of the soil, the fascinating flowers of the earth. At his birth, chaplets and festal crowns were hung about the house; his name was given to him at a flowery feast; his bridal was adorned with a luxury of wreaths and coronals; his grave was strewn with sweet offerings; and the favourite seasons of the year were in the same manner symbolised by flowers—gifts to the gods, tokens to friends, emblems of beauty, and sacrificial offerings to the shades of the departed. A similar feeling has in all ages and countries inspired mankind. The simplest savages, deficient in all other poetry, and otherwise rude in



THE QUACK DOCTOR.—FROM A PAINTING BY DUJARDIN.

be formed with beauty, and beauty, too, of the most delicate and delicious kind. The peaches of Apelles won him a widely expanded fame, not excelled by that which was gained by the portraits of his beloved Campastre; the corn of Thyro became proverbial; and many other names come to us from antiquity, famous only because they vied with nature's own hand in their mimic fruit, foliage, and flowers. Stories are told of an artist who painted grapes so tempting that the birds flew at them and pecked them, until some cunning pencil wove, with subtle colours, a veil that seemed to screen his lovely works from the touch, though it did not conceal them from the eye; of another, who gave his plums such a bloom that children cried at seeing them; of another, whose flowers, by an ingenious contrivance, appeared to give forth the natural perfumes of the gardens; and it is well known that the fondness of the ancients, especially the Greeks, for every species of flower, especially fragrant ones, was such,

taste, love to decorate themselves with garlands; and we find the custom equally prevalent among the Indian races, the African tribes, the uncouth nomades of Australia, the original natives of North and South America, and the populations of barbarians who, in antiquity, inhabited the European continent. Wherever any progress in the mimetic arts has been made, flowers, therefore, have naturally entered within the circle of the artist's studies; though, of course, the sculptor must fail in the attempt to reproduce their beauty, consisting, as it does, less in rich, graceful, and expressive form, than in colour, tone, brilliancy, and freshness. In many modern countries, however, they have been chosen even for plastic imitation, though the only material hitherto used for this purpose, with any great success, has been wax. Painting, however, is peculiarly adapted to the representation of flowers, and accordingly in all galleries and exhibitions we find it applied to this object. The artists of the Low Country school have been especially

addicted to it, far more so, indeed, than those of Italy. The ambitious artists of the south disdained such separate details

pictures soft, golden landscapes, fringed with rich lights, graced by voluptuous undulations and picturesque combina-



DEATH OF ST. BRUNO.—FROM A PAINTING BY LE SUEUR.\*

of nature. They loved to imagine and to realise in their

tion of waters, woods, and hills; or gorgeous historical groups; or the poetical myths of antiquity; or the sublime memories of religion; or the ideals of womanly beauty.

\* For an account of Le Sueur, see page 46.

## ANTHONY VANDYCK.

ANTHONY VANDYCK was born in Antwerp in 1599. He perhaps owed the early development of his predilection for art to his father's calling—that of a painter on glass—and his mother's taste, which led her to embroider designs both in landscapes and figures, some of which she executed with great skill. She was glad to find that her son was disposed to follow the same bent as herself, and gave him all the instruction in her power, and induced his father to place him in the studio of Henry Van Balen, a historical painter of some repute, who had studied under Rubens. While here, he of course became familiar with the works of the latter; and such was the admiration which he conceived for this great man, that he could not rest satisfied until he obtained admission to his school in 1615. He proved himself in every way worthy of the privileges which he now enjoyed. His assiduity, zeal, and attention attracted the notice of his master, and caused him to bestow on him a greater amount of teaching and encouragement than his other pupils ordinarily met with. He evinced his confidence in him by employing him very soon in making the drawings of his own works, where the engravings were to be taken. His fellow-students, however, were not less forward in acknowledging his talents than Rubens himself, as was shown by a well authenticated anecdote.

During the absence of their master the pupils were in the habit of persuading his old servant to admit them into his painting room, that they might inspect his works as they progressed. On one occasion, however, the easel was thrown down, and to their great consternation the painting was seriously injured. After consulting as to the course to be adopted, they resolved to request Vandyck to repair the damage. He reluctantly consented to make the attempt, and with such success that his comrades declared they could not distinguish his workmanship from the remainder. When Rubens returned, however, he at once detected the difference, summoned them all before him, and questioned them as to the cause of the alterations. They frankly confessed the truth, and the matter was passed over without any further notice or remark.

When Vandyck had made considerable progress, Rubens advised him to visit Italy, where he would acquire just and pure notions of form from the remains of Greek and Roman sculpture, and could study the application of those principles of art which he had already learned in the great works of the Italian masters. As a proof of his esteem, Rubens presented him, when leaving his school, with three of the finest of his own paintings,—an "Ecce Homo," a portrait of his wife, and a night scene representing the seizure of Jesus in the garden of the Mount of Olives; and also with one of his most valuable horses. It does not appear, however, that Vandyck followed his advice as to the journey to Italy; because we find that he was so flattered by the invitation of the Earl of Arundel to come to England, that he accepted it. There is a great difference of opinion amongst his biographers as to whether he came direct to England after leaving the studio of Rubens, or first paid a visit to France; but from an order for the payment of £100 to Vandyck for special services rendered to Charles I., bearing date 1620, it seems likely that he first visited England. Whether this £100 was a gratuity, or was a regular payment for work and labour done, does not appear. A "Head of James I." in the collection at Windsor, has by some been supposed to be the production for which the sum was paid. The only other work of this period which is attributed to him with any show of proof, is a portrait of the "Earl of Arundel," his patron, which was engraved by Hollar.

He took his departure from England on the 28th of February, 1620 (n.s.), and in a pass given him to enable him to embark, he is designated one of "his Majesty's servants," and he is described as having obtained leave of absence for eight months; from which it may be inferred that he had

obtained a regular engagement from the king. He now made his way once more to Flanders, where, however, he was destined to offer up his devotions at the shrine of another deity than Apollo. He fell desperately in love with a young country-girl residing in the village of Lavelthem, near Brussels, named Anna Van Ophem. So powerful a hold did his passion acquire over him, that he was unable to tear himself away from the presence of his charmer for a considerable length of time. Month after month passed away in "dalliance sweet," and Italy seemed to be totally lost sight of. By the persuasions of the fair Anna, however, he painted two pictures for the parish church, one of them representing "St. Martin," the patron saint, on horseback, dividing his cloak with a beggar. The saint was a portrait of Vandyck himself, and the horse of the one which Rubens had presented him with. The same subject had been previously treated by Rubens almost in the same manner. The parish authorities some time afterwards disposed of it to a M. Huet of the Hague; but as soon as the villagers heard of it, they rose in arms, and resisted all attempts to remove it with such vigour that the purchasers had to fly in order to save their lives. Similar zeal in its defence was manifested at a more recent period; when in 1806 the French seized upon it, the inhabitants offered so strenuous a resistance, that a reinforcement of troops had to be sent down from Brussels before it could be carried away. It remained in the Louvre until 1815, when the allied armies entered Paris and restored it to the rightful owners.

As soon as Rubens heard of his pupil's infatuation, he hastened down to Lavelthem, and succeeded in rousing him to a remembrance of art and fame, and inducing him to break the silken chains which bound him. He took a hasty leave of his mistress, and started off for Italy. He first directed his steps to Venice, attracted by the reputation of the colourists of that school, whose manner his master had admired and to some extent adopted. He paid particular attention to the works of Giorgione and Titian, and occupied himself mainly in copying and studying them, until the low state of his funds obliged him to set out for Genoa. This city was at this period at the height of its celebrity, and was the abode of the wealthiest nobles and merchants in Europe. Rubens had been received in it with great favour, so that his pupil visited it under auspicious circumstances, and his own graceful manners and rising talents as a portrait painter confirmed the good impressions formed regarding him from his master's prestige. The Spinola, Raggi, Brignoli, Pallavicino, and Balbi families eagerly availed themselves of his services, and their palaces still contain some of the best specimens of his works.

From Genoa he proceeded to Rome, and while there was a guest in the palace of Cardinal Bentivoglio, who, from his long residence in Flanders, was very fond of Flemings. By his order Vandyck painted a Crucifixion, and a full-length portrait of himself. The latter is considered one of his best works; the colouring bears evidence to the benefits he derived from his residence in Venice. In the pontifical palace there is an Ascension and an Adoration of the Magi by him, which it is presumed were painted by a commission from the Pope. Many other works executed at this period are still to be found in the palaces of the nobles. His stay at Rome only lasted two years, and its termination was owing, it is said, to the ill-concealed dislike of the Flemish artists residing there. They appear to have been mostly men of dissipated habits, pot-house frequenters and tipplers, passing their time in modes altogether foreign to Vandyck's tastes, who had a good deal of the fine gentleman in his composition, even if his natural good sense had not shown him that coarse sensualism is fatal to excellence in any walk of life. He was fond of fine dress, and grand equipages, too, which led his countrymen to believe him proud, and from this to calumniating and depreciating



him there was but one step. They declared that his drawing was wretched, and his colouring worse. Disgusted by their conduct, Vandyck left Rome and returned to Genoa, whence he shortly after passed over into Sicily. While in Palermo, he painted the portrait of the celebrated blind painter, Soffonisba Angiosola, then in her ninety-first year. Vandyck appears to have derived great enjoyment from her society, as he afterwards declared that he had received more instruction in his art from a blind woman than from the works of the most celebrated painters. He left Sicily in haste, in consequence of the outbreak of the plague. During his rambles on the Continent, he met the Countess of Arundel travelling with her two sons. She begged of him to return with her to England, but he declined and returned to Genoa.

After a short residence in Florence, of which little is known, making his stay in Italy on the whole five years, he once more bent his steps towards home, where he had every reason to expect a cordial welcome, as his fame had already reached Antwerp, and the citizens were naturally disposed to do him all honour. As soon as he made his appearance he was overwhelmed with commissions. The first work of importance which he undertook was an altar-piece for the church of the Augustines, representing "St. Augustine in Ecstasy, surrounded by Angels." Sir Joshua Reynolds condemns it, because it wants any large mass of light; but this was not so much the painter's fault as that of the monks, who insisted on his making the saint's garment black, instead of light, as he had originally intended it. Another instance of equally mischievous interference occurred with regard to a painting, the subject of which was "The Raising of the Cross," which he was to execute for the canons of the collegiate church of Courtray. To give his countrymen a full idea of his powers, he resolved to exert himself to the uttermost upon this work, and succeeded to his own satisfaction. On taking it to the church, the canons, instead of allowing him to put it up at once in the place it was intended to occupy, insisted upon having it unpacked before their eyes, that they might at once form a judgment upon its merits. After remonstrating in vain, he complied with their request. They glanced at the canvas contemptuously, declared that the Saviour's head was like that of a porter, and that the others were masks, and turning upon their heels, told Vandyck that he himself was a mere dauber, and left him. The picture was, however, put up, but the canons, in their cross stupidity, refused to come and look at it again. The painter was, however, not long in getting justice: connoisseurs saw it, artists saw it, travellers saw it, and the voices of all competent to form an opinion were unanimous in its favour. The canons now found themselves in an awkward position, but they were either cowardly or magnanimous enough to join in the general admiration, and, as some amends for their former insults, met in full conclave and commissioned him to paint two other pictures. He sent back their order with a contemptuous refusal, telling them there were enough daubers in Courtray without sending to Antwerp for them.

Vandyck stayed in Flanders about five years after his return from Italy, and during the whole of this time was very busily employed. Thirty pictures at least were painted by him for various churches and chapels, in addition to a great number of portraits of the most celebrated men and women of the age—The Archduchess Isabella of Austria, the Cardinal Infants of Spain, the Queen-mother of France, and her son Gaston, Duke of Orleans, both of whom were then residing in exile at Brussels; equestrian portraits of the Prince Thomas of Savoy, the Duke of Arenberg, the Duke of Alos, Antonius, Triest, Bishop of Ghent, and the Abbé Scaglia. He also painted portraits of most of the leading generals who fought in the Thirty Years' War, Gustavus Adolphus, Wallenstein, Pappenheim, Tilly, the Emperor Ferdinand, and others.

Passing over a hasty visit to the Netherlands, during which he painted portraits of the Prince and the Princess of Orange and their family, we shall proceed to notice Vandyck's residence in England, as the period of his life possessing doubtless most

interest for our readers. The immediate cause of his coming over is not known; there are no traces of a direct invitation from the king; but it is more than probable that the sudden restoration of his patron, the Earl of Arundel, to the favour of Charles I. which he had lost by the marriage of his eldest son, Lord Maltravers, with the Lady Elizabeth Stuart, daughter of Esme, Duke of Lennox, had something to do with it. He arrived in London in the beginning of April, 1632, and met with a very cordial welcome from the king, who assigned him apartments in the Blackfriars and a summer residence at Eltham, and appointed him principal painter in ordinary to their Majesties. Within three months after his arrival he conferred upon him the honour of knighthood, accompanied by the gift of a gold chain, to which was attached the royal portrait set in brilliants. By this time he had painted the family group containing Charles, his wife, and children, which now hangs in the Vandyck-room of Windsor Castle. He was henceforth kept in constant employment either by the king or by the nobility; and in October, 1633, the former settled a pension of £200 a-year upon him—a large sum according to the value of money at that day; and this, combined with his private earnings, enabled him to gratify his extraordinary love of display, a failing which he must have contracted by his residence with Rubens, who was very wealthy. His establishment was now kept up on a scale of gorgeous magnificence, as he aspired to rival the court nobility in dress, equipage, and entertainment. He made a practice of inviting all those who came to sit for their portraits to remain and dine with him afterwards, so that he might have an opportunity of observing their expression more closely, and amending his sketch. He was very fond of music, and affected to be a great patron of those who made it their profession. Owing to the king's custom of rowing down to his house in his barge, and sitting with him for hours at a time in his studio, it became the fashion amongst the nobility to do the same. His house consequently became a regular place of resort, a species of morning lounge for the fine gentlemen of the day. As they were of course all given to gallantry and intrigue, Vandyck must needs be so too, and managed to spend very large sums of money upon divers fair ones, whose favours he enjoyed. The natural consequence of all this folly was, that his constitution began to give way, being undermined by luxuriant habits, indolence, and dissipation, and his circumstances becoming embarrassed, he is said to have been silly enough to seek to retrieve his fortunes by the aid of the philosopher's stone, for which he searched diligently for a long while, we need hardly say in vain.

The king saw what a sad life his favourite was leading, and wisely concluded that the best remedy for all bachelor ailments was matrimony. He accordingly got him married to Miss Maria Ruthven, the daughter of an eminent physician, who had suffered a long imprisonment in the Tower, during the preceding reign, upon a false charge of treason. The lady was poor, but high-born, and she and Vandyck, for aught we know to the contrary, lived very happily together.

The painter now applied himself almost wholly to portrait painting, and neglected history. There are few old families in England which cannot show one or more portraits of their ancestors from this painter's hand. He, however, executed a good many historical pictures, most of them New Testament subjects, for his kind patron, Sir Kenelm Digby; but he aspired to something which should prove a still better exposition of his talents than anything he had yet achieved.

Rubens had painted some splendid pictures upon the ceiling of the banquetting-room at Whitehall, and their richness was so great, that something of the same kind was evidently needed upon the walls also. Vandyck therefore proposed to the king, through Sir Kenelm Digby, to execute a series of pictures illustrative of the history of the order of the garter. The scheme pleased the king, and he ordered the designs to be prepared forthwith, with the intention of having them worked in tapestry; but upon coming to calculate the expense, he found it would amount to £75,000, an enormous sum, considering the then state of the exchequer, which the people of

England had made up their minds upon no account to replenish till Charles began to mend his manners and reduce their grievances. So Vandyck's proposal was laid aside for the present. The same sad necessity caused the prices which he charged for the pictures executed for the royal family to be cut down greatly; and altogether, between bad health and pecuniary embarrassment, and the political troubles, the period between 1635 and 1640 was a dull time enough for Sir Anthony Vandyck. To shake off his melancholy, he undertook a journey to Paris, hoping to obtain employment at the grand gallery of the Louvre, which Louis XIII. was then about to decorate with paintings; but in this he was disappointed, and returned to England after a sojourn of two months in the French capital.

He offered a gratuity of £100 to the physician if he succeeded in saving his life. It was all in vain, however. The gossip of courts, the favour or neglect of princes, the breath of popular applause, or civil discord, could trouble him no more. He died in December, 1641, at the early age of forty-two, and lies buried in the north side of the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral, near the tomb of John of Gaunt.

He had one daughter by his wife, named Justiniana, who married Sir John Stepney, of Prendergast, Pembrokeshire. Their last descendant, Sir Thomas Stepney, died in September, 1825.

From Vandyck's portraits we learn that he was handsome, lively, and intelligent-looking. From contemporary chronicles and gossip we learn that he was graceful in his carriage, and



FRANÇOIS LANGLOIS, THE BAGPIPER.—BY VANDYCK.

He found but a poor prospect before him here. The parliament and the Roundheads were carrying things with a high hand, and were certainly inspired with no love for such ungodly vanities as painting. In March, 1647, Vandyck saw the royal family who had so long been his kind friends dispersed; and his patron, the Earl of Strafford, was brought to the scaffold in the May following. One calamity followed another; gaieties were over, the nobility had weightier business on hand than getting their portraits painted. London was filled with stern Puritans who never lounged in studios. So Vandyck did what was very natural under the circumstances—became sick unto death. Charles had just returned from Scotland, and on hearing of the illness of his old friend,

winning in his manner. He was generous to a fault, extremely sensitive, and, as we have already said, was vain and fond of show.

Many of his historical paintings displayed the highest skill. One of them, "Christ crucified between two Thieves," Sir Joshua Reynolds pronounced one of the finest pictures in the world. His heads always display wonderful expression, deep pathos, and a refinement carried in some instances to the verge of delicacy. But to see him in his glory, we must traverse the galleries of our old nobility, and see his knights and dames of the seventeenth century looking down on us from the blackened canvas, with their grand air, their haughty but not unpleasing dignity.

## J. LOUIS DAVID.



Art is an idea, an abstraction. At all events it is so in the sense that every man has his own conception about it, each man his own peculiar notions. In addition to this, notions have their separate theories: one notion is positive, another imitative, another poetical, another classical, while all have their oddities and fancies. We, perhaps, more than any other country, have set at naught mere schools and academies, and allowed each individual man to work out his own individuality. There are attempts at schools, it is true; but it must be said, they are not successful. The very many painters in England who have kept apart from schools, are really those who have held the highest position.

Truly Art has avowed many theories relative, in most cases, to schools; but the greatest expressions of genius which belong to art are those of single men, who, like John Martin, have worked out their own conception apart from academies, theories, and schools. But if, to a certain extent, this be true of England, it is scarcely true elsewhere, and is not true even in the case of David, whose greatest glory is to have founded a school, which has gone on copying and imitating ever since. Before we judge the school, then, let us inquire into the history of the artist.

This great historical painter came in time to save the French school from utter extinction. Since those days when the fascinating and licentious Watteau had left the slips of the opera covered and concealed by rouge and vermillion, Art in France had fallen into a kind of voluptuous intoxication, a faint and rapid imitation of this castaway amid the pupils of Rubens. Despite the solemn absurdities of Lemoine, who was so serious in his part of a painter as to fall on his sword and die, French Art was at the lowest ebb—a mere type of universal debauchery, the emanations of sensualism, and the dreams of bestiality. There was not a shred, not a remnant of decency or delicacy left. The alcove, which the Flemish school concealed in their studios, or hid away in the corner of a picture, shaded and modestly veiled, was now the subject-

Vol. I.

matter of all French productions, the artists of that country seeking to outdo each other in their endeavours to pervert and degenerate the human intellect.

Art, literature, morals, manners, all were sinking into the same vortex under the baneful influence of such courts as those of Louis XV. and the Regent of Orleans, the members of which were on a par with, if not below, the average of the populations which fill our bridewells and our Magdalen hospitals. Casual observers have often been surprised when gazing at pictures like those which adorned the walls of ladies' chambers under the Regent, have been naturally horrified at the violence and brutality of the people at the commencement of the Revolution, and have condemned artists and people as they had previously condemned writers and philosophers. But the true criminals must be sought elsewhere. The tone of public morals, the stamp of public character, in times like the last century in France, must be taken from above. The court, the aristocracy, the church, the women of rank, were all equally corrupt, equally profligate, equally vile and contemptible. It would have been difficult to find at Versailles or at the Tuilleries men and women capable of loving a Milton or a Dante, of admiring a Michael Angelo or a Raffaele, of understanding or appreciating a high-class production of any kind; and Voltaire, Firon, Boucher, Watteau, and the novel of Faublas, were the fitting children of such a soil as that which educated and fashionable society presented at this period. Poets, painters, authors, philosophers, historians, in France especially, must be read and admired; and as to be read and admired it was necessary to be cynical, irreligious, and indelicate, poets, painters, authors, philosophers, and historians were cynical, irreligious, and indelicate.

It is an error to suppose that intellect forms the character of the age; it is the characteristics of the age which form the intellect. It will be noted by all careful observers, that as society has become refined, so has literature softened down and been purified; and this is the more evident when we

remark, that literature is generally a little more loose and bolder than the language of the most refined society in a civilised country.

In France, in the time of Watteau, the very name of love had been degraded and materialised. We no longer saw fond affection beaming from an averted face, a languid eye, an expressive smile, love timidly venturing on a stolen kiss; all was bold, audacious, unblushing, and daringly painted on the wainscoting of boudoirs, the interior of ladies' bed-chambers; a style of dress somewhat too *négligé*; or ideas, unfit for pencil or brush, crudely and coarsely expressed. Scenes of country life no longer breathed innocence and purity; they were excuses for rough and dubious scenes; while even landscape was degraded into the representation of a nature stiff and impossible—a nature reminding one of the painted scenes of a ballet, and not of the reality. The imitators and followers of Watteau had none of his talent, none of his soft and lovely skies, none of his truth and power of colouring.

Art was then, like society, religion, virtue, morals, and even national existence, about to perish at the end of an orgy and debauch fit for the purlieus of some demoralised capital. Never did a nation present a more degraded or melancholy spectacle than did France towards the latter end of the last century; without faith, honour, or even the last semblance of virtue—its best outward sign—modesty. To save Art, a revolution, a change as radical and as sweeping as that which was about to save the body politic, was needed. This mighty and tremendous change was effected by David—not wholly, not completely; for French Art has never yet risen to the very highest level, never soared to those tremendous heights which dazzled the minds and fired the genius of Rome, of Florence, of Venice—but effected to an extent which is fortunate for France. Not that the voluptuous, even the painfully indelicate, style of art has been wholly discarded in France; by no means. The students of this disagreeable branch of painting still exist, as do the imitators of the *abbés* and *petit-maitres*. They must and will remain while France is France. But a more severe, a more chaste, a higher tone has been given; and the men of talent and genius who attain to eminence in France, discarding the *boudoir* and *ruelle*, have elevated their thoughts above the palled copyists of Boucher and Watteau, and obtained a deservedly high place in the art-history of modern Europe.

Several attempts had been made, previously to the day of David, to turn the foul current into a pure and wholesome channel. But only another Hercules could cleanse the Augean stable. Vien made one or two timid attempts to check the torrent, but was swept away in the mud which he stirred to the surface. A more vast and capacious mind, a more daring and original genius, was required to effect a real, a radical cure—one who would boldly grapple with the tide and hurl it back under the influence of the beautiful, and of the beautiful as accepted by the great verdict of antiquity. It was a mighty stride to take, from the effeminate Boucher, who showed you how to treat a leg elegantly, or made a cripple look graceful, to the painter David, who was to profess the worship of the beautiful with all the severity of a Florentine.

It is the mistake of France to rush to extremes. She is eternally either turning liberty into licence, or groaning beneath the heavy load of despotism. In the same way in art. From a romp in the hay-field, she turns to the rape of the Sabinæ, and that art which was familiar, funny, coarsely humorous, is now nothing if not classical. A man christened his son Brutus, and was painted in a toga. It may have been necessary to excite this enthusiasm for Rome and Greece at the time; but the dull monotony of classical subjects, as depicted by artists, would soon have wearied the world if Scripture and modern history had not furnished the artist with fresh materials to work upon.

Singularly enough, the man who was to commence the revolution against the immodest Boucher was his own relation. The last of the corrupters of painting in France, he who closed the long procession of the carnival of materialism

in France, sent forth from his own family the regenerator of his art. The nephew of François Boucher was Louis David.

Born in France in the middle of the eighteenth century, in 1748, David was educated at the *Collège des Quatre Nations*. He derived little advantage from the education he there received, already influenced as he was by the desire of painting. His copy-books were covered with rough and shapeless sketches, and when he should have been writing a speech of Scipio or of Hannibal, the young rhetorician preferred painting one of them with a Roman helmet. His father, who was a mercer on the Quai of the Megisserie, having been unfortunately killed in a duel, David fell, at the age of nine years, under the tutorship of a maternal uncle, who wished to educate him as an architect, believing him to be possessed of a solid and reasoning mind. But the young student, while possessed of much calm good sense, had a fiery and ardent disposition. He rebelled against the authority of his tutor, by whom he did not feel himself to be appreciated.

One day he was sent by his mother with a letter to his great-uncle, Boucher. He found the artist engaged in painting one of those voluptuous pieces he was in the habit of supplying to Madame Dubarry—pieces which were not without originality and talent. The sight of the easel, the palette, and the brushes inflamed the imagination of young David, who, while Boucher was reading the letter, remained in silent amazement before the picture, no doubt mentally revolving, like Correggio, his own career.

He resolved to become a great painter.

His friends were compelled to yield to so energetic a will, and David became a pupil of Boucher, as Guerin was the teacher of Géricault. But Boucher, despite his weakness in yielding to an immoral and degrading style for the sake of momentary triumphs, had a conscientious mind and much greatness of soul on occasions. In those days he hesitated not to corrupt still more the vicious strata of society; but he at once acknowledged that his lessons might be pernicious and injurious to David, and he advised him to go to Vien, who would give him more wholesome instruction. In 1772 the pupil of Vien wished to try for the "prize of Rome." His genius was, however, in an anomalous state, and his judges were the men of the school he was about to overthrow. He tried twice, and twice failed.

David suffered all the usual difficulties of a young man beginning life in any profession, when without rich friends. He often wanted the means of devoting himself peaceably to study, and the gnawing cares of want were added to what he considered injustice. His sufferings were, however, not of very long duration, and he was delivered from his misery in a very unexpected way. David was saved and started by an opera *danséuse*. The celebrated Mademoiselle Guimard, whom Paris adored, and who was surrounded by a court of scamps, the friends of the Prince de Soubise, her ruined lover, had just built in the Chaussée d'Antin, under the name of Temple of Terpsichore, a "delicious hotel," where the *petit souper* was regarded as one of the objects of man's existence. To embellish her dwelling, the renowned courtesan addressed herself to Fragonard, a charming painter, a painter especially of love and love-scenes, wholly, says a French writer, *without prejudices!* A quarrel took place shortly, however, between Guimard and her decorator. The latter had painted his fair employer as Terpsichore, but returning secretly to the *salon*, with brushes and paint, he re-touched the head, and made of her a furious and raving Nemesis. The *danséuse* came into the room, where, seeing herself disfigured in this way, she flew into a passion, and overwhelmed the artist with reproaches and insults. She called in her friends to show them the horrible head, forgetting that in her rage she was assimilating herself to the caricature. Everybody began to laugh. Fragonard, avenged, abandoned the decoration of the hotel, which was then handed over to David. One day, the young man appeared pensive, and sighed profoundly as he thought, Mademoiselle Guimard overheard him, and asked the cause of his *ennui*. David confessed his want of money to pay his models, and to wait at leisure the chance of a coming trial,

The good-natured opera-dancer—she who had so much money, so easily obtained—brought him all the money he wanted.

David was a true Frenchman. He took the money, and took heart at the same time, finished the decorations, and began to work hard again for his third trial. A third time he was rejected. He gave way to utter despair, and, shut up in his room, determined to allow himself to die of hunger, another victim to the eccentric faintness of heart so often felt by men of genius. He was living in the Louvre, in the apartments of Sedaine, a clever poet, who loved him as a son. This worthy man, uneasy at not seeing David, went and knocked at his door. He obtained no answer, and, in a state of great alarm, rushed to the house of Doyen, and induced him to come also. They both began knocking and imploring, and finally induced him to open. On recognising the voice of Doyen, who alone, of all the members of the Academy, had been favourable to him, David had dragged himself to the door, pale, thin, half-dead. Restored by his friends to life and hope, he presented himself a fourth time, and, in 1775, carried off the great prize.

Natoire, who had been director of the school at Rome, died this same year, and Vien was selected to take his place. The master and pupil then started together for Rome, and enjoyed, during the journey through Italy, one long draught of admiration. David, on arriving at the Vatican, wandered with delight and surprise through those halls filled with masterpieces, elevated even more by history and antiquity than by intrinsic merit. He began immediately to draw bas-reliefs, to copy antique statues and the Italian masters, choosing always the most pure. At once a resolution began to prepare itself in his mind, still affected, however, by the recollections of his country, by the first impressions received; and seeing in Valentine the genius of his nation, he executed a copy of the "Last Supper" of that vigorous French master. Thus floating and uncertain between his reminiscences and the imposing models which he had under his eyes, he painted a picture of the "Plague," which is in the Lazaretto at Marseilles, and in which will be found something of the old manner of the eighteenth century, with an evident leaning to originality and reform. The old painter, Pompey Battoni, said of one figure of a man struck by plague, who occupies the front of the picture, that it was worthy of Michael Angelo.

A great movement was taking place at Rome, a movement which was destined to carry David with it. Canova was meditating the reform of statuary, Raphael Mengs was restoring a solemn and earnest tone to art-criticism, and endeavouring to revivify in his own paintings the examples of Raphael d'Urbino, so long neglected. About the same time the learned Winkelmann published his "History of Art," in which he reproduced the principles of the Greeks, indicating the most delicate beauties of their art with all the passion of an antiquary. The moment then had commenced, and a revolution was to emanate from these efforts, such as Diderot foresaw, and which was to be contemporaneous with that in the body politic. When David returned to Paris in 1780, he was already completely transformed, in the sense, at least, that he had made up his mind to cease taking his subjects from real life, and to choose them from the antique, or from a nature suited to a noble and energetic style.

It was when influenced by these new ideas that he composed his "Belisarius," of which we offer an engraving (p. 300), and which was the last instance of his indecision, the line of demarcation between the past and the new school which he himself was about to create. As for the execution, in the original it has all the breadth which should be found in an historical picture; the drapery is not copied with any of that smallness which is found in the copy in the Louvre. "But," says a French writer, "the emotion fails, because the artist is not moved, and though he has written on the stone the simple words, *Date obolum Belisario*, Vandyck had already treated this fine subject. Some amateurs recollected this, and hastened to place the picture alongside of the engraving. The soldier was much admired, who, in the attitude of

astonishment, contemplates his general reduced to beg, and seems to say, 'Is that Belisarius?' The intention of the Flemish painter was so striking, above all in the movement of the arms of the warrior, that if his head had been covered up, his arms would have expressed astonishment. It was felt, on the contrary, that David had given to the soldier, on whose action all depended, as forced a gesture as that of Vandyck was natural and expressive. Nevertheless the multitude were delighted, and carried David in triumph round his picture."

The story doubtless assisted the success of the picture. It is one of the many in Roman history which strikes the imagination forcibly.

Whole books have been written to tell the tale of the blind old general, who went forth into the world to beg his way, after commanding some of the finest armies in the world. We only allude to it, in addition to describing the picture, because it is a really good subject, one which will bear trying again, and which we recommend to the young artist as a pleasing experiment. The story of Belisarius is simply this, setting aside all the romance of Marmontel:—

He was a favourite general of one of the emperors of Constantinople, and was sent forth at the head of large armies to resist the barbarians. He was successful, and gained great glory, but met with the usual reward of men who trust in princes. Having done his duty, he was cast aside, then forgotten, and suddenly re-appeared, recognised by a soldier who had served under him, begging, with his child in his arms to guide him as he went.

The renown of David was spreading. From all sides came ardent young men, who insisted upon having him for a master; and he was pressed to open that school which afterwards became so celebrated. A lodging in the Louvre was allowed him; the Academy received him unanimously; Louis XVI. named him painter to the king; and fortune, as if never weary of her favours, came to meet him with the hand of a richly dowered young girl, Mademoiselle Pecoul, whose father was an architect and builder to the king.

In 1784, the King of France having desired of his first painter "The Oath of the Horatii," David determined to go and paint the heroic Romans in Rome itself. He accordingly started on a second journey to that capital, and there painted his picture, which was rapturously received by the Italians. Nothing was talked of but the Horatii and the French painter. The cardinals wished to see the "rare animal," as David himself expresses himself in a familiar letter to the Marquis of Biere. But when "The Oath of the Horatii" was received in Paris, the intendant of the king's household, M. d'Angivilliers, affected to speak of it with disdain. He was one of those men of routine who were frightened at the new school. He could not bear the Borghese Gladiator, and objected to "that thing" being given to pupils as a model. His first care was to take a compass to measure the painter's canvas; and as he found it to be thirteen feet instead of ten, he was quite alarmed, and complained that an artist should have been audacious enough to pass the dimensions assigned to a picture. He was punished, at a later period, by the rough remark of David: "Well, then, if it really is too big, take a pair of scissors and cut it."

"The Oath of the Horatii" (p. 292), to be correctly judged, must be connected with the period at which it was painted. When we recollect the soft and languid compositions of the contemporaries of David, and how insipid was that continual representation of Sybarites, without even the old peculiarity of a fixed style, one is surprised to see these masculine figures arise, and to have represented to us a Roman interior reconstructed on archaeological principles so well suited to the great drama, the sublimity of which was no longer understood. The stupefaction of the world must have been great indeed when they saw an artist, at the same time that he evoked one of the most striking episodes of ancient history, restore the costume, the manners, the architecture of the heroic times, choose a simple background, and find so admirable a movement of enthusiasm in these warriors animated by the genius of Rome, and such



marked masculine and real faces. We pass, as it were, from the insipid nonentities of Dorat, to the sublimity of Shakspeare or the heroic verse of Milton. This serious model, this severe expression of reality, this firm position of the feet and hands, which is to be seen in every fibre, may appear exaggerated now, as doubtless it is, when we more thoroughly understand what an historical picture should be. But what a contrast, at a time when nothing was seen but soft carnations, indecent subjects, pretentious or disgusting pencils!

Seroux d'Agincourt, the illustrious author of a continuation of Winckelman's work, accuses David of having committed an historical heresy in certain parts of the picture. The author, however, defended himself on solid ground; he had profoundly studied all that was connected with his subject. He knew Plutarch by heart. He was very fond of the Latin classics,

thology or history. Talma must yield to David the chief part of the honour of having brought about this transformation in scenic costume; for it was in the society of David that the celebrated comedian learnt to love the antique, and to see the extreme absurdity of Nero appearing in red-heeled shoes and gartered breeches, Venus in a hoop and powder, Jupiter in a wig, and Cupid in the costume of a *débaucheur*. It was David who cast the Roman toga on the shoulders of Brutus, as represented by Talma, who appeared suddenly in the costume of the hour, to the great astonishment of the French public, and to the great disgust of the old stagers.

An anecdote of David will characterise his stiffness and hardness of character, and illustrate the heathen time in which he lived, better than the most lengthened statements. It is an



THE OATH OF THE HORATII.—FROM A PAINTING BY DAVID.

especially Livy. He is in general, therefore, exceedingly correct in all that requires historical knowledge, in manners, customs, scenery, &c. At the time, his taste was so highly rated, that everybody began to model their furniture and dress upon his ideas. It was immediately after the public exhibition of "The Oath of the Horatii" that antique ornaments came into fashion. This illustrates completely the character of the French, fickle and impulsive to the last degree. Everybody was led to have the furniture of Tarquin the Proud, to drink in the patera of Herculaneum, to light themselves by the lamps of the Villa Albani. The ladies' dresses were cut in imitation of the chlamys, while their shoes were exchanged for cothurni. Statues, medals, and Etruscan vases dialogued the furniture of past times, and for the first time the characters in tragedy were clothed according to the traditions of my-

anecdote that could be true only of a Frenchman. Madame de Noailles asked of David a "Christ," which the painter refused to execute, because he never painted religious subjects, they not inspiring him in the slightest degree. This might have been true of the ridiculous representations of saints and nuns, which adorned chapels and oratories; but it is incomprehensible how any man of genius could fail to be inspired by the history of Christ himself. David at all events, Frenchman as he was, would not, or could not be inspired. But as the Marechale de Noailles insisted, David painted a "Christ" for her, with the features of a handsome soldier in the Gardes Françaises. He often declared that the Scriptures spoke not to his heart; and one of his great reasons for regarding Raffaele as so far above all other painters was, that he could be inspired by subjects which left him utterly and hopelessly

indifferent! Here speaks the countryman of Piron, of Voltaire, and others, who, with all their genius, have done so little for poor humanity. But we must take David as we find him—incomplete, weak in many things, but powerful even in his defects and errors. His was an essentially pagan genius; his god was Socrates, his religion love of country, liberty his worship. His heroes were Brutus, Horace, Leonidas; and, if he could not feel the soft and ennobling and vivifying poetry of Christianity, or understand the consequent superiority of modern society, he was at all events a worthy pupil of the Grecian statuary and of the philosophers of the portico. His outlines are always classical; his arrangements are guided by good taste; while the attitude of his tranquil figures is that which we should expect to find on the walls of an Athenian temple. He wanted but to feel the elevating

"Cato went to meet death, and Socrates waited for it to come to him." David had painted him holding a cup, which the slave in tears had offered to him. "No! no!" said André Chenier, "Socrates will not seize it until he has finished speaking." The scene and the contrasts are indeed remarkable. The executioner is much more moved than the victim. Around the master are grouped all his disciples, their minds divided between grief and admiration. The younger ones are striking their heads against the walls of the prison, and are giving other signs of despair. Crito is deeply attentive to his last words. Plato sits at the end of the bed, wrapped in his cloak, his head bowed, meditating on the last speech he is listening to; he does not dare to look at Socrates, as if the serenity of the master shamed his grief. In the background you see a dark staircase, by which the family of the philosopher is



L. DAVID, PINK.

M. CASSAN, O.

STEVENS, C.

## THE SABINES.—FROM A PAINTING BY DAVID.

spirituality of Christianity to have been an immortal painter.

Since the Renaissance, there never was a painter capable of conceiving and executing the death of Socrates better than David (p. 301). Socrates is speaking with his friends on the immortality of the soul, when the servitor of the Eleven comes to bring him the cup of hemlock, turning away his eyes and weeping at his task. The philosopher is about to take the cup of poison with his right hand without looking, as a man who, wholly absorbed by a serious conversation, declines to interrupt it by noticing any ordinary event. His left hand, one finger of which is raised to heaven, points out clearly the subject of his discourse, and his way of taking the cup indicates sufficiently the calm and quiescence of his mind. A French poet, speaking of death, alludes to the celebrated dying scenes of antiquity, and says:—

"Caton se la donna . . . Socrate l'attendit."

being taken away—that family which has just said a last adieu to him. A critic has remarked: "It is a great pity that David did not devote to the execution of this masterpiece the idealism which should be in harmony with the subject. Poussin had himself established and applied that law of propriety which makes the artist choose on the palette tones in conformity to the character of the thought which is to be translated. He would have treated the death of Socrates in a Doric way, as being the most severe. He would have wielded his brush with breadth, have affected sober colours, avoiding pleasing in order to move. David, on the contrary, having devoted himself with too much complaisance to his best work, has fallen into a too finished, over-careful, and fastidious style; so that it is much better to see his picture as represented in the engraving, if we wish to admire it without reserve and see it in its true light,—that is, the finest composition of all schools of painting."

"The Death of Socrates," which the critic thus speaks of, is not certainly "the best composition in any school of painting;" it owes much to the subject itself, which is the most marked fact perhaps in the whole of Athenian history, as Socrates was, without comparison, the greatest man of the pagan world. It is, however, too well known to require description.

David has often committed the same fault which is very surprising in an artist, all of whose works were in every other respect so vigorously treated. His "Brutus," for example, is characterised by a certain affectation in the pencilling, which is out of place in such a subject. The furniture is painted with the care which we might expect in a *Miérís* or a *Gerard Douw*; the details are elaborated in the style of domestic pieces, and contrary to the usual historical style. It is much for a painter, who did not really understand the effect of light and shade, to have thrown a dark shadow over the form of the Roman consul. And, truly, it was right that in the shade should have taken place the struggle between the conscience of the father and the austere duties of the republican citizen—duties which have never been proved to be such as we in our philosophy cannot sympathise with—the man condemning his own offspring to death. There were other magistrates and other citizens besides a father. The head of Brutus certainly could not have been fittingly displayed in the light, while the headless dead bodies of his children are carried away, executed by his command. He is, truly, finely represented, in obscurity turning his back to the gloomy procession, hesitating between his pride at having been ferocious, and his sorrow at not having shown some heart and feeling. The rest of the picture has been generally condemned as cold, formal, improbable, and without moving effect. The daughters of Brutus are generally thought to have fainted too gracefully. Woman's nature, even though that woman be a Roman or a Spartan, is impulsive. A sister gazing at the corpse of a brother, just being brought in from execution, would not have preserved such order, it is thought, in the folds of her garments and in the arrangement of her hair. It has been objected, that the severity of the father is enough without imparting to the women even the semblance of coldness or calculation. The wild despair of the women would indeed have formed an admirable contrast to the restrained emotion of the father, and the artist would have avoided the error of introducing two unities into one action.

The great revolution, which was to burst on the world like a thunder-clap, approached with rapid strides, and David had already completed his. "Brutus" bears the date of 1789, a date big with mighty consequences to the whole world; a date, the deeds of which, terrible as were some of their consequences, saved continental Europe from utter corruption and chased away the leprosy of government, morals, and manners, to return no more. Society had fallen into so vile a mire, the seeds of decay and corruption were sown so deeply, that nothing but the whirlwind and tornado could eradicate them. For a long time all felt an uneasy foreshadowing of tremendous events. The existing form of things was known to be irretrievably bad, and so unmistakable was the impulse to better things, that the picture of "Brutus" was ordered for that very king, who, the weakest and best of his race, was to suffer for the monstrosities of those who preceded him—monstrosities only known in ancient times, under the reigns of Commodus, Caligula, and Theodorus.

David had been powerfully influenced by that philosophy which sapped the foundations of the past without providing an effective remedy for the future. He determined at once to devote his art to aid the movement of the public mind. At the very opening of the revolutionary scenes he used his brush in its cause. He undertook to paint the "Oath of the Tennis-Court," one of the finest incidents of the Revolution, a protestation against the insanity and violence of despotism. It is a magnificent historical scene admirably rendered, a scene in which one dominant feeling is expressed by a thousand different organisations, and yet, despite the difficulties, the impression is one and the same. What a transport illumines

every face! Here, thousands of arms raised in the air; there, hats waving aloft; there, excited representatives of the people collecting in groups, encouraging and embracing each other; all this strikes the mind as would a clamour of many voices. Upright on a table, and alone, calm amidst the general tempest, the President Bailly pronounces the words of the oath, in an attitude as calm and motionless as that of the law. Never was such another collection of men congregated, and this materially assists the painter. Here is Barnave, here Mirabeau, and away there in the crowd is Robespierre. Each man is moved according to his character. One strikes the ground with his feet and raises his clenched fist; another sitting on a bench timidly holds out his hand. The younger members, standing on chairs, mingle disorder with their enthusiasm. An aged man, dragged forward in an arm-chair, has his arm held up for him while he takes the oath; while others weep, some with rage, some with fear. In the centre foreground is a group composed of a *Chartreux* monk, a Protestant, and a Catholic priest. The Protestant is Rabaut Saint-Etienne, the Carthusian is Dom Gerle, and the priest is the Abbé Gregoire. All difference of opinions have disappeared, all hearts are beating in common, and this one group tells the amity of the assembly. The movement is everywhere,—in the hall, in the air, above and below. A stiff breeze has raised the curtains of the windows, to which are holding on some groups of people, and through which can be seen a thunder-bolt, which falls on the royal chapel. David understood at once, perhaps, how the sombre drama was to end, the prologue of which was occurring in the place devoted to the games of the princes.

On the motion of Barère, the Constitutional Assembly decreed that the "Oath of the Tennis-Court," commenced by David, should be executed at the expense of the public treasury, and placed in the hall where took place the sittings of the assembly. But David did not paint this work. He sketched it out in pencil and bitumen on an immense canvas. Despite the ugly modern costume, so difficult to make picturesque, the learned anatomist determined to lose none of his science. Before clothing his figures with their ample waistcoats, he sketched their broad chests in the most conscientious manner. The figure of the "virtuous Bailly" originally occupied the centre of the group, and was drawn so perfectly in the style of a Greek statue, that beneath his coat the muscles of his arm, the form of his shoulder, and the developments of his torso might easily be seen. In general, clothes are stuck fast on the body, like damp linen—an exaggeration which is preferable to the heavy and wearisome effect which would be produced by a simple imitation of costume on a canvas where it takes up so much place. David remained a Greek, even when he should have been a Frenchman. The love of the naked,—the remembrance, the earnest perception of the antique, made him pursue the human form even under the lace of the Constituants. He had the true stamp of great artists, who are the same in all things, rather inclined to bend their genius to the level of a work, than force the work into collision with their native talent.

This sketch of such great historical value, as powerful and bold as a cartoon of Michael Angelo, was put up to auction seven years ago at a very low price, and the government, which afterwards purchased it, allowed it to be sold to a private individual, with a little finished sketch in pencil by David himself, from which the engraving was taken.

The importance of the picture is best seen from a brief sketch of the scene which it represents—a scene which, followed up in the same united and harmonious way, would have changed the fortunes of Europe.

The meeting of the states-general of France was an event which plunged the whole nation into the wildest state of excitement. For a long time the writings of philosophers and satirists, and political economists, had been preparing the public mind for a change, which was imperatively demanded by the circumstances of the times. France was tottering, ready to fall. The throne had been dragged in the mire by its own occupants, and the efforts of a well-meaning but weak man

could not save it. Individually without the one great vice of his courtiers, his court was still a scene of profligacy and iniquity, such as the pen of an English historian can scarcely write. The nobles were the same rapid, chattering, boasting, debauched set of infidels, who thought it clever and strong-minded to be irreligious, the height of glory to be debauched. The middle classes; though better and more moral, were not more religious, except where protestantism shed its quiet and unobtrusive light upon the home; the people were nothing, wretched, poor, oppressed. There were slaves, serfs of estates, in the days of Louis XVI.—men who belonged to the soil they dwelt on, the property of bishops and chapters.

But the nation was weary of all this. Famine with its grim horrors stalked through the land, scattering disease and death; and it was rumoured and believed that the whole was produced by vast and disgraceful speculations. The forestallers and regraters were pointed out. Men were discovered and hanged for emptying bags of corn into rivers, to produce scarcity. The peasantry never even saw white bread. Agriculture was neglected; the nation was in debt; the whole body politic was rotten, and it became clear that the dissolution of society was near at hand.

Reluctantly, unwillingly, the king summoned his parliament. It was called against the ideas of the court, and undermined and opposed from the very earliest moment. This was one of the chief causes of all the misery that followed. A frank yielding to popular opinion would have saved the court from much. What exasperated the French people and caused the reign of terror, was the emigration *en masse* of the rich and powerful, who, once on the frontier, launched anathemas at the people, and announced their intention of coming back at the head of foreign armies to put down the new ideas. Had the whole aristocracy accepted the revolution and rallied round the king, without listening to the syren voice of the queen, who was the chief cause of all the mischief; had the aristocracy have done this, and surrendered their exclusive privileges quietly, there would have been a limited monarchy, and France might have been gradually prepared for that republic which is the ardent hope of her educated classes.

But the resistance of blind conservatism began at once. The crown and nobility tried from the first to snub and keep down the *tiers-état*, that is, the representatives of the nation; and at last in a fit of vigour, or rather of delusion, respecting its own power, the court closed the doors of the meeting-house against the representatives.

Then occurred the great historical scene which is illustrated in the picture of Louis David. The representatives finding workmen at work, and soldiers guarding, knew very well the meaning of the act. It was an attempt to dissolve them under pretence of adjournment. They knew that if they submitted to the delay, it would be all over with them. Their existence depended on the support of the country, and that support would be gone if they bent to the arbitrary power of the crown. They accordingly determined to meet elsewhere, and the great racket-court of the princes was selected. The representatives poured in in great numbers, and, incited by Mirabeau and others, swore to be faithful to their delegation, and opened the career of revolution by openly opposing the power of the crown, which, by attempting what it could not carry out, lost all force and prestige. The scene of the "Oath of the Tennis-Court" killed the old monarchy. It exhibited it in a ridiculous light. It aimed at ruling by force, it insulted and tried to degrade the representatives of the people, who remained calm, dignified, and did their duty unawed by bayonets, unintimidated by violence.

From that hour the revolution knew its power, the crown began to feel its utter weakness and insignificance, which was made more completely manifest by the rapid emigration of those who had sworn to defend and guard the throne of Charlemagne, which since has been so unceremoniously tossed from Bourbon to Napoleon, from Napoleon to Bourbon, from Bourbon to Orleans, and thence back again to Napoleon.

There are few such scenes of unity in the French Revolution. It augured well; but the augury, like many others, meant nothing. The apple of discord was soon to fall amid that assembly, and bring about terrible, though perhaps natural, results. The year 1793 was the saturnalia of a nation of slaves, bursting without preparation into liberty, which, when not won gradually and by the genuine progress of the human mind, is always licence.

Elected to the Convention by the section of the Museum, in September, '92, David exercised over the assembly the dictatorship of arts. Everything he proposed was instantly decreed. Two French artists, Ruter and Chinard, having been attacked at Rome by the sbirri of the Inquisition and taken to St. Angelo, David was immediately informed of it by a letter from Topino Lebrun, his pupil, and he obtained a decree from the Convention that the ministers should write energetically to the Pope. "He further obtained," says a modern writer, "that the office of director of the Academy of Rome should be suppressed, as he himself says in a letter, the autograph copy of which is before us, and from which oozes forth his hatred of the old institution in brutal and coarse words."

David voted for the death of the king. On the eve of the execution, Lepelletier St. Fargeau having been assassinated in the Palais Royal, David set to work, and two months afterwards he presented to the Convention the picture of the "Last Moments of Lepelletier." The victim of Paris was represented lying on the ground, the torso showing the bleeding wound in the side, relieved by the white linen; a sword, suspended by a thread perpendicularly over the wound, is thrust through a paper on which is written these words—"I vote the death of the tyrant." On this occasion David depicted nature in all its energetic truth with the same brush with which he had before produced the "Last Supper" of Valentine. He was even more true and more expressive in his painting of "Marat Expiring," which is certainly a masterpiece for execution, and in which he has almost idealised the hideous countenance of his hero, the lunatic revolutionist. The assembly accepted the present, and ordered that it should be engraved at the public expense, and that the honour of the Pantheon should be publicly given to Marat. With his head thrown back, and his hand outside the bath, Marat holds out a scroll, on which this is written—"Give an assignat to the mother of seven children whose husband has died for his country."

Marat's body was, a few months later, cast by a mob into the common sewer.

The part which David played in the Convention had its brilliant side; the chief direction of the fine arts, the command of all patriotic festivals, his solicitude for the laureats, to whom he had a pension of about £100 per annum voted for the five years they were to pass in perfecting themselves either in Italy or in the territory of the republic, were all proofs of his love of art. It was David who made to the assembly that famous report, which began, "A statue shall be erected to the people; victory will supply the bronze." At last, on the 19th Prairial, after Robespierre's speech on the "Immortality of the Soul," David developed his plan of the "Festival of the Supreme Being." There were to be choirs of young girls and boys in imitation of the ancient Panathenæa. Paris awoke to the sound of music on a vast scale. The altar of the country, placed on the summit of a mountain, was to be the front of an immense procession, in which the members of the Convention figured, with bunches of flowers and fruits in their hands. Dances, decorations, burning piles, thousand-coloured illuminations, gave to this *fête* unprecedented splendour and grandeur without a parallel; but it was one of those enormous pieces of showy clap-trap possible only in France. It was very nearly the death-warrant of all who conceived it. Compromised among the conquered of Thermidor, David's arrest was ordered. He was detained in the Luxembourg five months, then set free, and then arrested again. Supported in the Convention by Thibaudau, Chenier, Merlin de Douai, and Boissy d'Anglas, who had experienced his worth in



private life, he at last regained his liberty. Then it was that he painted the picture of "The Sabines," which is engraved in our pages (p. 293). The idea of this picture came to him, it is said, in somewhat of a romantic manner. While yet a captive, David learnt that his wife, though parted from him for some time, did her utmost to save him, and even confronted danger for his sake. Touched with this devotion, he resolved to paint her; but after some reflection he came to the conclusion that he, David, the legislator of painting, should wrap his allusions under a general and historical idea. The story of the Sabines came to his thoughts.

the lives of thousands of warriors were spared by the heroism of the women.

"If the picture of 'The Sabines,'" says a critic, who, though partial to Louis David, is sometimes severe, "were to be critically examined as a masterpiece, and the work of the chief of a school, we should have to protest against much of its immense reputation; for it has neither movement, nor *chiaroscuro*, nor comprehension of that skill which is displayed in the grouping of many figures. Besides, these are not the robust ancestors of the reapers of Leopold Robert. We can scarcely reconcile to our minds how it happens that such a delicate,



POPE PIUS VII.—FROM A PAINTING BY DAVID.

The story is familiar to all readers of history. The Romans having established themselves upon their rocky fortress, and being without wives, made an inroad upon their neighbours, the Sabines, and carried away their younger and more beautiful women. The Sabines, after preparations which consumed some time, came out to revenge the outrage. The Romans armed to resist their enemies, and a terrific combat had commenced, when the women, who had husbands and children on one side and fathers and brothers on the other, rushed in, placed themselves between the combatants, and stayed the contest. A treaty of amity and peace then took place, and

elegant, and perfumed warrior as Romulus should have come forth from those Roman walls, whose heavy, massive constructions, starting from the Tarpeian rock, are seen in the distance. We wonder how it can be that this well-fed hero, with such delicate flesh, rubbed doubtless with aromatic oils, so gracious, so clean, so well combed, should be the nursling of the she-wolf, the founder of that savage colony of brigands who were destined in their savage ardour to conquer the world. It is hard to think that that gentlemanly delicate hand slew Remus. Poussin is more true, more historical. The heroes of David are gladiators, who stand to be admired before an



assembled people, who are ready to die or kill elegantly. The personages of Poussin's paintings are coarse, barbarous, primitive; they move about naturally, if not nobly. It is a rough and vigorous scuffle, in which people tear each other's hair, and in which men snatch from each other superb women,

the old woman who shows that she has nurtured Romans, and the mother holding up her child aloft before the armies. The armour-bearers are very fine in form, but too much in the style of the statues of the time of Hadrian; they are figures which do not move—which could not move."



NAPOLÉON CROSSING MOUNT ST. BERNARD.—FROM A PAINTING BY DAVID.

who are handsome without seeking to show it; while the Sabines of David are scented with musk, pretty, and coquettish, and elegant, even in the disorder of their hair. Their gestures are theatrical, their position full of affectation. And yet in many of the figures we find the great master-hand: *e. g.*, that of the old warrior who is sheathing his sword, of

The same critic, having exhausted his blame, turns to the other side of the picture:—"Everything, however, must be said. If the picture of 'The Sabines' is not a real masterpiece for three reasons—because the pantomime is improbable, in not being treated according to the proper fashion, and because the light is without play, and the composition without true

opics—we must own that the figures, considered separately, are admirably modelled. The Romulus, the centre figure, is an Apollo with a helmet, a javelin, and a golden buckler; it is a figure of the finest time of youth; all is simple, pure, and clothed in a soft skin, with a wavy and gentle outline; while the whole reveals the serenity of the demigod. The figure of Tattus, more masculine and robust, and belonging to a less elevated type, is of itself a masterpiece, not only for the beauty of the torso, the individuality of the limbs, and the perfection of every form—severely studied even to their finest extremities, and firm as the muscles of the Laocoon—but also because the face demonstrates a fierce pride of which antiquity itself has shown few examples, except in the figures of Ajax. David, in this picture, seems to have added to the antique the passionate sentiment of Polydorus of Caravaggio. Some parts of the picture of 'The Sabines'—the children, for example, especially those who, with their hands on the ground, seem to smile at the spectator—are admirably executed. The eyes seem to shine, and the very carnation has life in it. As for the horses, they have not the antique character so desirable in this style; they are not painted correctly from nature. At the time when David painted 'The Sabines,' it is true the horses of Phidias were unknown. It was many years after, that the fragments of the Parthenon were taken to England by Lord Elgin, and multiplied all over France by copies."

The eminent critic might have added that Romulus and Tattus are very fanciful sketches, as far as costume are concerned. David preferred showing his power over the human figure, his admirable capacity for delineating sinew, muscle, and limb to correctness. A hero, who could display such a helmet, javelin, and buckler as those of Romulus, would not have been wholly denuded. Many other incongruities might be pointed out. The fact is, that David was not quite so great as many of his countrymen have tried to make him out to be. He was an earnest and studious lover of art, who did some very great things, but who never produced one of those mighty and suggestive masterpieces which have immortalised Michael Angelo and Raffaele.

In 1795, David proposed to M. Rousselin de St. Albin, a friend of Danton's, to paint him a portrait of the famous tribune. He traced the portrait from memory, assisted by a very feebly executed marble bust. This drawing is of incalculable value. It is dashed off boldly, with extreme fire and energy. Some pencil dashes, executed with extreme freedom, some vigorous cuts, have sufficed to place before us the revolutionary genius, in his crushed mask, half lion, half bull-dog, sublime in its ugliness. When he had finished it, David examined it for some time, and offering it to St. Albin, said: "Take that; I give you Jupiter Olympus." These words were not without meaning from a man who wished to efface all idea of participation in the death of Danton. The gallery of Messieurs St. Albin, which we visited many times a few years ago, contains the most valuable memorials of the revolution; and M. de Lamartine derived much information for his late eloquent works from that unique collection, which, if still in existence, can by their politeness be always visited. David had many features in his political life, which the art-historian can scarcely wish to touch upon. But we cannot forbear comparing the David, who was the devoted friend of Robespierre and St. Just, with the same man denying his fallen friends, and spurning his former rôle, to accept the title of first painter to the emperor—he had been first painter to Louis XVI.—induced, doubtless, by the thought of figuring in history as another Apelles to another Alexander. Young Robespierre asking to die with his brother—young Robespierre, to whom Napoleon owed so much of his promotion—presents a more noble spectacle than the fickle and versatile artist. But though David went as far as the most extreme men of the Mountain, Marat excepted, his artistic reputation saved him from the unmitigated obloquy lavished on the men of the revolution.

Napoleon ordered him to paint, for the sum of 180,000 francs, the two pictures, "The Distribution of the Eagles" and "The Coronation," which are to be found at every stall in France. They are gigantic compositions. The first is

monotonous, and inevitably so, from the crush of uniforms, which has in reality overwhelmed the beautiful and the true. In those days all, even art, bent beneath the sword. The style is inflated, and the perspective bad. "The Coronation" is more successful. It is wisely and nobly grouped. It contains about one hundred and fifty portraits, painted conscientiously and striking in likeness, especially those of Talleyrand, Bernadotte, and Cambacères, who stand in the foreground. The moment chosen by the painter is that when the emperor, having crowned himself with his own hands, is about to place the crown on the head of Josephine. The head of Napoleon is radiant, and the simplicity of the lines adds to the grandeur of the figure. As usual with all painters after Napoleon was emperor, David idealises the man. The group of priests is very excellent; there are some heads in the number, which seem to live and speak. The silk, the velvet, the ermine, all the stuffs, all the costumes, are admirably rendered; but the whole is cold; we seem to want more noise, more animation, more crowds, a long nave full of people,—less etiquette, in fact, and some other background, instead of those marble pillars which check the vision. David, who thoroughly comprehended the tone which suited each particular object, did not comprehend those great combinations of colour with light, which, by learned gradations of tone, arrive at magnificence and grandeur. In his ordinary style he had represented Pope Pius VII. with his hands on his knees, a useless actor, looking on at the imitator of Charlemagne. But the emperor ordered him to raise the powerless hands in sign of benediction. "I did not bring him from so far," said he, "to do nothing."

"The Portrait of Pius VII.," by David (p. 296), has been very highly lauded. There is certainly a great power of modelling in it. The simplicity of the execution is great, and nature is reproduced with great fidelity, while the style is correct and firm. The hands are treated with the feeling of a Philippe de Champagne, and yet with more *novelté*. This is held, however, to be nothing but a little bit of Dutch imitation; the painter has added nothing of his own: if there be thought in the head, it is because of the original. There is none of the idealism of the great painter. David has done nothing but copy marked features—features which present a mixture of roughness and elevation of character—the Italian's look, and the movement of his black eyebrows. It is really a fine thing, admirably executed; but the beauty of the model, his expression, his rank, his renown, produced this of themselves. David, with the Pope before him, was what he always was—a first-rate artist, an incomparable master of graphic science and the art of modelling; but this reality is a little naked, without ideal, without interpretation, and the study of form appears to have absorbed everything. If we examine the portrait of the same Pius VII., by Lawrence, we find it full of poetry and grandeur; the head beams with animation, it shines with intelligence, and there is a lightning flash in the glance. Genius shines in the eyes of the sovereign pontiff through the plebeian envelope; the weight of the chin, the thick form of the mouth, are compensated by the delicacy, beauty, and dazzling brilliancy of the eye. Instead of the Pope of David, sitting tranquilly near a wall, nothing indicating his sovereignty except the Roman purple, Lawrence has given us a prince of the Church surrounded by splendours and amidst the wonders of the Vatican. If his face is uneasy, if his eyes flash, if his whole person is in motion, if his whole physiognomy flags, it is to remind us of the wandering and uneasy existence of the celebrated prelate.

David never was more poetical, never more successful, than in his celebrated picture of "Napoleon crossing Mount St. Bernard" (p. 297). One can gaze with pleasure on this robust hero, which seems to tremble beneath the weight of his illustrious rider, and one examines, with a curious eye, this beardless general crossing the rocks where are engraved the names of Hannibal and Charlemagne, while the breath of fortune sends the folds of his mantle waving to the summits of the Alps. This is a great picture.

The day the allies entered Paris, David finished his "Leonidas." The picture of "Thermopylae" dates from

the terrible invasion, the end of that bold bad man's ambition. The idea of the picture is happy, and the isolation of the hero Leonidas is good. He has just spoken familiarly with his soldiers, and promised them that they shall sup with Pluto. He is now mute, pensive, his mind is far away in the abode of the gods. The whole, the full sublimity of his sacrifice appears to him, and makes him radiant with solemn delight. As he was the soul of the troop, David has made him the centre of the picture. Around him all is in motion, all agitated; every one prepares; the trumpets sound the hour of death; a last crown is offered to Venus; and, to add to the emotion, a sketch of real life is introduced, in the persons of the slaves bearing burdens, and of mules carrying the baggage of the army. The execution of this picture, confided almost wholly to M. Rouget, one of the ablest practitioners of the school, is carefully soft and somewhat coquettish, too much so for the subject. These faults, however, escaped the masses, and the impression made by the picture was immense.

In 1816, David expatriated himself and went to Brussels. A law of amnesty condemned him to exile. He was lucky to escape the horrible massacres, equal in bloodiness to those of the Terror, which followed the Restoration. David was more consistent now than in earlier days. He would neither ask pardon nor yield to the earnest request of M. de Humboldt, who offered him, in the name of the King of Prussia, the title of minister of arts at Berlin. The brother of the king himself visited the painter, and wished to take him away in his carriage. "You will paint us," he said, "as you have painted that general," pointing to the magnificent portrait of the Marshal Gerard. The old quondam republican this time persisted in his refusal.

He lived ten years at Brussels, honoured by every one, loaded with favours by the king of the Low Countries and the Prince of Orange, adored by his new pupils, for he stuck to his art to the day of his death. As he was about to die, the consistent old heathen asked for the engraving of "Leonidas." He had it placed before him, looked for some time at it and said, "I am the only man who could have succeeded in conceiving and executing that head." These were his last words. He died on the 29th December, 1825.

Towards David; it carried its revenge even beyond the grave by a refinement of cruelty scarcely to be credited. Despite the earnest supplications of his family, of his friends, of so many illustrious pupils—despite all those speaking witnesses to his fame which dotted the Louvre, the government would neither pardon him alive, nor allow his body to return after death. His coffin was stopped at the frontier with a savage barbarity which raised a cry of indignation over all Europe. The liberal party in France made good use of the circumstance, and Beranger wrote upon the subject one of the most terrible of his songs.

David was great in drawing and in style, as Rubens was great in colour and fancy. If we wished to deny David wholly, we must deny the whole French school; the distinctive characteristic of which is to excel rather in substance than in form. David had nothing original about him as far as the execution is concerned; sometimes he is led away by the touch of Valentine; sometimes he falls into the porcelain and labouriously polished style of Van der Werf; sometimes he takes up the line of Dominichino, whose timid and grayish tones he adopts without warmth and without earnestness. Then, when he grew old and lived in Flanders, he allowed himself to be won by colour; he loved to unite Raffaele and Rubens, and ended by producing his "Mars and Venus."

The great merit of David is the thought, the conception. No French artist has ever had a higher idea of painting, though applying his art to the things of this world, and making the world his all in all. And yet, when we recollect how David was mixed up with the terrible and mighty deeds of the Convention, we wonder at his coldness. One would expect a striking evidence of fiery emotion, dashing colours—and we find tranquil forms, beauties correct as a statue, but as cold; imposing historical personages, motionless as marble. We

seek the burning conception of the revolutionist—we find ourselves examining the productions of a solemn legislator.

The fact is, David wanted the vivifying influence of some spiritual faith. He was a mere materialist. Having no belief in Christianity, man became to him a machine with limbs and muscles. Hence his cold and stiff character; hence the want of mind, of soul, in his pictures. The inner man speaks not to us through the eyes: woman is, on his canvas, a mere beautiful animal, beautifully painted. There is no idealism, no poetry, no connecting link between the mere human frame and the speaking, living, thinking thing within. His best picture is "The Death of Socrates;" and here the head we admire is that of the philosopher, whose countenance is lit up as he expounds his theory of the immortality of the soul. David, imbued with the warm and elevating sympathies and the ennobling faith of Christ, would not have been the artist he was; he would have been truly great. His materialism stunted his conceptions and dwarfed his mind.

David had unbounded influence over his pupils. When he entered the workshop every one was silent, and none took the liberty to joke, so much were they impressed by his presence. It is true he was jovial and even familiar in his language, despite his dignity of manner; but his lofty stature, his imposing bearing, his look, and perhaps the remembrance of the terrible part that had been played by the ex-Conventionist, all this intimidated. His face would have been handsome, had its left side not been disfigured by an accident, which had swelled the cheek, and imparted a sidelong expression to the lip, which made him always look harsh and sneering. Though this deformity interfered with his pronunciation, he expressed himself neatly and with precision, like a man who had always moved in enlightened circles. He neither taught his pupils colour nor the manual process, which he disdained. His lessons were confined to teaching the great principles of art, to style, to the study of the antique combined with that of the natural model, and to perspective, which it was necessary, he said, not only to know, but to feel.

Two things will preserve the remembrance of David—his school, and his works. His pictures are certainly his best works. Gros, Girodet, and Gerard, are worth more than the Sabines. The enormous influence he exercised over the character of his era, and that era one of such greatness, will be his first title to glory. This influence was continental, and it transformed and changed nearly every school in Europe. David persuaded the Flemish artists that it was necessary to draw. He it was who persuaded the painters of Rome that pagan art was better than catholic art. In France he did good; he brought back art to something like a serious position; he organised magnificent *salons*; he brought about a revolution in costume, furniture, ornaments, and decorations. He was the absolute master of the arts.

And, moreover, alongside of that beauty which owes its success to contemporary ideas, there is another, independent of circumstances and fashion, an absolute beauty which is of all countries and of all time. This is to be found in David, when, in presence of the dead body of Lepelletier or of the bath of Marat, he forgot the lessons and teachings of systems to attack frankly nature herself. The painter then will live as long as the chief of the school; and should posterity forget the influence of David, to think only of his personal works, there will still remain in the minds of his countrymen a passionate image, like the "Oath of the Tennis-Court," or a calm, imposing, and sublime idea, like the "Death of Socrates."

A catalogue of the works of David would be very difficult to give; there are, however, certain of his pictures which should be recorded.

1772 "Combat of Minerva against Mars aided by Venus." The second prize of Rome.

1775 "The Loves of Antiochus and Stratonice." This picture fetched a high price, and is now in the Ecole des Beaux Arts.

Then he painted the roof and the wainscot of the salon of Mademoiselle Guimard (the Temple of Terpsichore), Rue du Mont Blanc (Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin), Paris.

Exhibition of 1787. "Belisarius."

"Saint Roch interceding with the Virgin for the Cure of those stricken with the Plague." This picture is at Marseilles, in the Quarantine.

"Portrait of M. Potoki on horseback."

Exhibition of 1783. "The Grief of Andromache." This was the picture which gained him an entrance into the Academy.

Portraits of M. Desmaisons, uncle of David; of Madame Pecoul; of M. Leroy, doctor; of M. the Count de Clermont d'Amboise; of M. Joubert.

Exhibition of 1785. "Oath of the Horatii;" painted at Rome for the king, in 1784.

"Belisarius," reduced.

"Portrait of M. P——."

"The Oath of the Tennis-Court." His best picture; finished by M. Coupin.

1793. "The Last Moments of Lepelletier de Saint Fargeau." This *tableau* was exhibited in the hall occupied by the Convention.

Portrait of Mademoiselle Lepelletier, and of a daughter of the French nation.

"Marat assassinated in his Bath;" a half-figure, size of nature. This picture was exhibited to public view in 1846, in the Bazaar Bonne Nouvelle.

Portraits of Bailly, Gregoire, de Prieur, of Robespierre, of St. Just, of Jean Bon Saint André, of Marie Joseph Chenier, of Boissy d'Anglas. These are in the gallery of the Count de Saint Albin.



BELISARIUS.—FROM A PAINTING BY DAVID.

Exhibition of 1787. "Death of Socrates;" belonging to M. Trudaine.

A reduced copy of "The Horatii," nearly wholly from the hand of Girodet; belonging to M. Firmin Didot.

Exhibition of 1789. "J. Brutus, First Consul, having just witnessed the execution of his two sons, executed by his orders." The lictors are taking away the bodies.

"The Loves of Paris and Helen."

Portraits of Monsieur and Madame Lavoisier, of M. Thelasson de Sorcy, of Madame de Sorcy, of Madame d'Orvilliers, of Madame de Brehan, of Monsieur and Madame Vassal, of Madame Lecoulteux, and Madame Hocquart.

"Louis XVI. entering the Constituent Assembly." This picture is lost.

"The Death of young Barra."

Exhibition of the year IV. (1795.) "Portrait of a Woman and a Child."

1799. "Sappho and Phaon." Now in Russia.

"Romulus."

1800. "An Equestrian Portrait of the First Consul Crossing the St. Bernard." There are five copies of this celebrated picture.

Portraits of Madame Verninac, of Madame Pastoret, of Madame Trudaine, of Madame Recamier, of Blau and Meyer, of M. Pennerin Villandois.

1804. "Pope Pius VII. and Cardinal Caprara."

1805. "Portrait of Pius VII."

1808. "The Coronation."

"The Sabines."

"A full-length Portrait of the Emperor." This belongs to the King of Westphalia.

Exhibition of 1810. "The Oath of the Army at the Distribution of the Eagles."

"The Emperor standing in his Cabinet." This portrait was painted for the Marquis of Douglas.

When it was nearly finished, the emperor came in suddenly to the *atelier* of the artist, who had hitherto concealed it from him. He saw this picture at a glance.

"Admirable!" he cried. "I must have that, David."

"Sire, I am sorry; but it is sold—it is an order."

"Paint another; I must have this."

"I am sorry, sire, but *this* painting is sold," replied David, respectfully but firmly.

"Who has bought it?" asked Napoleon, on whose brow the imperial frown was collecting.

"The Marquis of Douglas—"

1816. "Love quitting Psyche early in the Morning."

"Telemachus and Eucharis."

"The Coronation," another picture; sold first for £3,000, then for £60.

"The Anger of Achilles." "An old Gipsy telling fortunes."

1824. "Mars disarmed by Venus." This picture was exhibited for the benefit of the old men's hospital at Brussels, and then in Paris for the benefit of the author, to whom it brought no less than 45,000 francs.

Our views relative to French Art are, to a certain extent, supported by the author of a book which has appeared since the above was written. "The Purple Tints of Paris" \* thus describes Art in France:—"One of the distinctive characteristics of the French nation is its love of Art. No one can deny that it possesses this in an eminent degree, though, from want of proper calculation, the practical results are not com-



THE DEATH OF SOCRATES.—FROM A PAINTING BY DAVID.

"What! an Englishman carry off this prize—the best you have ever painted of me? No! It cannot be."

"Sire, I have sold it."

Napoleon, who was extremely passionate, and whose passion sometimes made him do little things, raised his foot in an instant of ungovernable rage, and put it through the canvas. He then walked away, leaving the amazed artist to gaze at the ruin of his admirable painting.

Next morning David was sent for to join the emperor's breakfast-table. Not a word was said on the subject of the previous day's discussion; but the manner of the emperor was so gentle, and he took the hand of the artist with so much affection, that David clearly understood that the man apologised, though the crowned head was too proud to allow it.

The picture was re-painted, and is, we believe, still in the possession of the Marquis of Douglas.

1814. "Thermopylae," size of nature.

mensurate with the strength of the passion—at least, in the higher departments. The Frenchwoman, when she chooses the colour of her dress, and arranges its graceful folds, is an artist—quite as much as the cook or the historical painter. The *ouvrier*, when he creates a table, a work-box, a vase, a watch, or a brooch, is pre-eminently an artist. Even the lad who displays shawls and muslins in a shop-window has the artistic feeling. It is not surprising, therefore, that the number of persons who apply themselves to drawing, and painting, and sculpture, is immense. In Paris alone there are rather more than six thousand artists, in our sense of the word, of whom one half are amateurs, and the other half gain, or endeavour to gain, a living by their profession. Almost the whole of them have spent several years in the atelier or studio of a master, and have acquired a certain *esprit de corps*, and a peculiar way of viewing things. The great majority

\* "Purple Tints of Paris." By Bayle St. John.



are republicans, more or less fanatical—though some of the most successful gentlemen now affect aristocratic ideas.

"I have hinted that French love of art, in as far as it has to do with patronage, is by no means enlightened. To prove this would take me into a special discussion, and necessitate invidious remarks. I could give instances innumerable to prove that the small class of persons who buy pictures are directed in their choice more by accident than by science, and that the public willingly admires when it is told to admire. The history of the reputation of Prud'hon, now so popular, is a case in point. During his life-time he was only appreciated by a few friends, connoisseurs, but uninfluential; and it was only twenty years after his death that he began to be talked of. At present, pictures which would scarcely be sold at all in his life, now fetch thousands of francs, and there is a disposition to overrate him. I know an instance in which an amateur,

bewitched, and away it goes, like a pack of hounds after puss, until some other game crosses the track, when it turns aside and leaves the first victim of its enthusiasm astonished, and no doubt rather grieved, at its safety.

"It was not till about the time of the Fronde, that the young nobility of France, sent abroad by their families to travel out of the way of civil dissensions, acquired and brought home a real admiration for art. Some fifty gentlemen, with means and leisure at their disposal, began then to praise and buy pictures, and encourage genius to do its best. Then taste was, perhaps, never very refined. At any rate it rapidly deteriorated. Yet, up to the revolution, there was a constant, and, to a certain extent, enlightened patronage of art. A little previously, the wealthy *bourgeoisie*, more from imitation than any other cause, had begun to purchase pictures, and try to understand their beauties. Probably, had things remained

de Rome 22/8 août 1785

A. faut que j'écrive Monsieur le Marquis de  
Lucis m'attendu de mon Tableau venant les yeux que  
le peuple Rouen a d'accordé que que Moris a une petite  
francois mais cette son cy ils sont d'abord d'abord  
(car si il ya un bon ou le monde) a mon tableau  
j'ai que au nombre que la comédie du seduction  
quel plaisir ce serait pour vous qui m'aimez de  
être témoin au moins j'écris vous un fan se la dis-  
-trous.

Monsieur le Marquis

aux honneurs d'apostrophe a M. de Lafal

Volontiers humble  
M. de Lafal  
J'arrive

who spoke with contempt of a now well-known painter, was rebuked severely by a critic, and was possessed, six months afterwards, of pieces by that very hand to the value of eight hundred pounds. A more singular case of the same kind would require the mention of individuals now living; but perhaps this sort of thing is sufficiently common all the world over to enable the reader to understand what must be its manifestations where it exists in an excessive degree.

"I compare the growth of a reputation, artistic or literary, in France, to the progress of the Giaour in 'Vathek,' who, after he has been kicked from the steps of the throne, rolls himself into a ball, and by some unaccountable attraction draws after him the dead-eyed prince, Carathis, the war minister, the courtiers, the people—even the halt and the infirm. By some accident, one or two amateurs become convinced, with or without reason, that a man has genius, and begin running after him. Very soon the whole country is

quiet, the education of their taste would have been successful; but time was not allowed them, and they were left heirs of a fashion instead of a science. They, as well as the people at large, had an intuitive veneration of art—though more as a name than as a thing. It was their impression that art was a great and beautiful manifestation of the mind, and they endeavoured, with less success than might have been wished, to appreciate its productions. France, therefore, possesses a wealthy middle class, really disposed to hail and reward the genuine artist, but without the power of recognising him when he appears. This accounts for so many sudden and ephemeral reputations. The *bourgeoisie* are conscientiously on the look-out for great men, and are easily deceived into supposing they have found them. Under such circumstances, we need not wonder that intrigue and quackery are almost necessary to whomsoever desires to succeed.

"Among themselves the artists affect, above all things, to

despise the *bourgeois* feeling, and those who truckle to it. One of their number is excommunicated because he did not insult a grocer who exclaimed, "Your picture is a masterpiece; but I cannot buy it, for it is six inches too wide." Another is accused of selling for two hundred francs what he had previously asked a thousand for. In truth, however, all the really professional men are obliged to be tolerably condescending to the ignorance and indelicacy with which they have to deal, and revenge themselves when alone by paquidance and satire."

This is a very correct representation of the state of affairs in Paris. "As we are on the subject of modern art, a few more extracts may be interesting. The same writer says: "Many young French painters affect an originality in their manner which they have not in their mind. Would-be men of genius are nearly always lazy. They think this one of the most valuable privileges of their character. My friend Basil belonged to this class, except, perhaps, that he had more talent than the world gave him credit for. He lost himself by yielding, to a most ridiculous extent, to that absurd habit of some intellectual men of 'wanting inspiration.' They wait for inspiration sometimes all their lives, and it never comes. The real way is to go and fetch it. Basil did not choose to do so. On one occasion a friend procured him, partly out of charity, an order from the wife of a wealthy banker for a kind of thing in which he excelled—a couple of bouquets in water colours. The money was paid in advance three years ago, and the bouquets are not yet in bloom. He does not intend to defraud her, but 'he wants to produce something excellent.' He is waiting for inspiration. His friends tell him that this seems dishonest. He colours, bites his lip, and says, 'I will set about it,' in a deplorably desponding tone; but he has not put pencil to paper yet. He has no studio of his own, but goes now to one friend's place, now to the other—sometimes with, sometimes without, materials; but upon almost every occasion he thrusts his hands into his shock of hair, and sits down complaining that he has no ideas, no inspiration. As may be imagined, he is often in want of a dinner, and is compelled to sponge upon a friend. He went to one the other day, and in his heavy, lumbering way, said, 'I have got no money, and yet I must eat.'"

David is the original of all these students. He it was gave the tone to the *atelier*; it was he made the artist a republican, an eccentric individual, with a broad-brimmed hat and moustaches. It was in his workshop that first appeared the Loustic and the Rapin, thus described:—"The Loustic is generally an artist-amateur, that is to say, his parents have property; they see him some day, when a child, take a piece of chalk or charcoal, and scratch the portrait of his father or his schoolmaster. This is enough. It is at once determined that a great genius has revealed itself. The lad no sooner escapes from college than he is sent to a painter's studio. He is supplied with a handsome sum of money, and becomes very often the Loustic of the *atelier*; perhaps the most backward in the serious of his art, but clever as a caricaturist, and allowed to take any liberties as a practical joker.

"The Rapin is the servant of the *atelier*, something equivalent to a fag at a public school. A shabby dress is a necessary part of his definition. Most probably he has an immense bush of hair. He often becomes a clever artist, but no one knows him. His duties are to do all the work of the *atelier*; to run of errands, to set the model, &c. He often picks up a good deal of knowledge from the conversation of the students, and repeats it in a mysterious manner."

Such are some of the types found in a French *atelier* of painting—the *ateliers* of the descendants of the great master Louis David.

## JOHN MARTIN.

If this remarkable painter did not receive during his life all his due, it appears at all events likely that now at last, when death has closed upon him, he will be granted the honours of renown and fame in full measure. But even during life John

Martin was admired and popular with a very extensive portion of the community. There was a grandeur, a magnificence about some of his paintings—his "Belshazzar's Feast," his "Crucifixion," and his "Pandemonium"—which struck the eye at once, and caused him to be appreciated. Vast conceptions in architecture have their weight in the eyes of the millions, and his were truly vast. His "Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still" is known everywhere. It has carried his reputation into all quarters, over the whole of continental Europe as well as this island.

And he is dead at last, having at length followed those great contemporaries of his, who divided with him public favour and applause. We, who knew something of him in those days when his drawing-room was the place where men of all kinds, authors, artists, singers, and public favourites in every style, were wont to meet, regret his death much, though aware that for some time past he had been lost to art. It is the more to be regretted, because he has left several admirable pictures unfinished. This had been discovered for some time past, and had caused him to retire to the Isle of Man, where he died a few weeks back.

John Martin was born at Cayden Bridge, near Hexham, Northumberland, on the 19th of July, 1789, and having in his early youth shown a very marked liking for the limner's art, his parents determined on sending him to a coach-builder at Norwich, there to learn the glorious art of heraldic painting. But this did not suit Martin; it was not at all what he aimed at. His ambition was above this; and disgusted and irritated at the drudgery imposed upon him in the coach-builder's employment, he threw up his apprenticeship. He now received some instructions in drawing of a different kind from one Muss, father of a very well-known enamel-painter of the same name, which had been changed from Massé under the impression that to succeed one must have a thorough English name. With these riches, and no other, John Martin started for London in search of fortune.

There have been so many stories told of what poor artists and poor authors have suffered in the upward struggle for fame and competence—for they are never insane enough to dream of wealth—that the reader will not require any minute details on this subject. Whether he dined on a penny loaf, or added to that solid luxury an ounce of beef, or like the Paris artists out of luck, walked the streets without a dinner, and talked of the fine joint he had dined on, are things we scarcely care to know. Suffice it to say, he steelled himself in the fiery caldron of genius—poverty, and came from it energetic, vigorous, ready and able to do battle with the world.

He began to gain a living by painting on glass and china, by making water-colour drawings, and also by the thankless task of teaching. But this was the outward and positive life; there was the ideal life too going on. He had already determined in his own mind to be a great artist, and it was at this period that he painted pictures on towels instead of canvas, for want of the more artistic preparation. The long hours of the night, that should have been spent in sleep, were devoted to earnest study, and especially to a deep elaboration of the principles of architecture and perspective—two elements he has used admirably in all his productions.

At last, eager for the fray, he began the battle of life, and came boldly before the world. In the year 1810, having, like most men of any note or success in any walk demanding study and reflection, married early, he painted his oil picture of "Clytie" for the Royal Academy Exhibition of that year. It was, like the first picture of David, in whose life there are points of resemblance with Martin, rejected at first, and then at the opening of the following season accepted, tolerably well hung, and very highly appreciated by good judges. In 1812 his fancy and imagination, those great illuminators of his genius, were very forcibly shown in the production of "Sadak in search of the Waters of Oblivion." This was a genuine development of his peculiar characteristics. "Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still" was a very successful picture, and gained him the £100 medal of the British Institution. In 1819 he became more grand and sublime in his "Fall of Babylon,"

which was speedily followed by "Macbeth and the Witches." In 1821, however, the whole artistic world was dazzled by the appearance of that gorgeous production, "Belshazzar's Feast," which gained him the £200 prize of the British Institution. It was a glorious picture of a wondrous scene, of which Byron says :

"The king was on his throne,  
The satraps throng'd the hall,  
And thousand bright lamps shone  
O'er that high festival."

The background of enormous, vast, black architecture—on the left the luminous wall, played all over with a strange brilliancy—in the foreground the low tables sumptuously spread, with groups of men and women apparently just disturbed from the attitude of luxurious enjoyment, all with their eyes directed towards the blazing characters which Daniel is about to stand forward and interpret—his austere, prophet-like appearance presenting a striking contrast with the indolent and effeminate personages who encircle the festive board—all combine to form a grand conception, grandly rendered. His "Destruction of Herculaneum" was less successful. In "The Seventh Plague" he has concentrated all the horrors which afflicted the whole land; and a few groups of men and women, with misery-stricken countenances, may be supposed emblematical of the whole afflicted race. "The Paphian Bower" was not in his style; but "The Creation," in which nature, under the hand of God, seems to grow visibly before us out of the darkness, without form and void, is admirable. In 1826 appeared his well-known painting of "The Deluge." This picture, through the broken light of a tempestuous evening, presents us with the terrible aspect of the earth when the universal flood had just begun to rise. The inhabitants, vainly hoping that it was only an extraordinary inundation, are flying to seek refuge on lofty places. The aged and the sick, the frightened young girls and children, are carried up the rocks by the strong men. The painter here has discriminated philosophically between the various developments of the human character. Here we see heroic self-sacrifice, men hazarding their lives to protect the helpless, women clinging to their children and refusing to leave them, daughters seeking to drag their mothers up almost inaccessible precipices. On the other hand, the interest of self-preservation is illustrated by individuals who in this dreadful hour break all bonds of natural affection, forget all duties, forsake all friends, and fly alone, not caring who may perish, so that they may be saved. The wild and rugged landscape; the stormy and rolling waters, which already threaten the "fenced cities," as though the ocean had broken its bounds; the dark and betting crags; the confused and terrified multitude, in which they who wear the apparel of princes and queens cling in abject terror to any who may be near them; the clouds rent at intervals by streaks of fire; the night which blackens over all—these elements of the sublime and picturesque are blended into a tableau of the most wonderful interest and power. On a distant mountain-top, the ark seems to rest like a promise of salvation and peace, with a flash of lightning passing harmlessly over it.

"The Fall of Nineveh" resembles in many of its characteristics "The Feast of Belshazzar." Its chief merit consists in the grand proportion of the architecture, and in the artistic disposition of broad and bold masses of light and shadow. The same may be said of "Pandemonium," in which there is a grand series of "blazing cressets" casting a bright glare on innumerable fierce and defiant countenances, upturned to listen to the words of the arch-deceiver and enemy of mankind. The architectural conception is here vast and mighty.

Martin subsequently illustrated Milton, receiving £2,000 for the drawings. He did the same for the Scriptures in a popular edition. He then for several years devoted himself assiduously to those engravings of his own pictures which have so materially added to his reputation. He was earnest and laborious, full of ingenuity and originality, applied new modes of varying the texture and perspective effects of large mezzotinto plates, and thus led the way to a marked and general improvement in this important branch of art.

But while thus at work, he was almost wholly forgotten as a painter, when he revived the memories of the world by his very able picture of "The Coronation of Queen Victoria." His pictures had long hung neglected on his walls; and none but men of science, artists, and authors, went to see them. His long-standing quarrel with the Academy prevented his exhibiting. But now he had the inestimable honour and glory of painting dukes and duchesses, lords and ladies; his royal picture was talked of by the press; and prosperity came once more. It is always held in this country an honour to be painted by an artist who has painted a lord; and as Martin in his "Coronation" had painted not only many lords, but a queen, he found the demand upon his time very great. And yet he did not grow rich. A large family, a position in society to be kept up, a precarious and uncertain income, are things which men with fixed salaries can scarcely comprehend. Poor Martin did, to his cost, and his life was one struggle from the early days of his poverty to the uneasy hours of his death in the Isle of Man. But there is a fact in connexion with his life which must never be forgotten. Nearly all the great schemes for giving London pure water, for a vast sewer to collect the refuse of this vast city, and for other great sanitary purposes, came from our ingenious artist. A writer, who appears more intimately acquainted than we are with his private history, says:—"Notwithstanding the extraordinary amount of industry spent on his pictures and engravings, nearly as much time, and the larger portion of his earnings, were expended on engineering plans for the improvement of London, such as the embankment of the Thames and the drainage of the town; also on the ventilation of mines, light-houses, and the improvement of our harbours. The money he actually expended on those useful and ingenious projects must have exceeded £10,000."

His mind retained its faculties to the very last. He had several very great paintings in hand, which we fear no one can finish for him. They are of the usual character—"The Judgment;" "The Days of Wrath;" and the "Plains of Heaven." Of late years, Martin had fallen into a habit, derived perhaps from Etty, of using one colour too freely; and in one case, a very fine landscape is so blue as to leave the mind in doubt where the earth ends or the cerulean sky begins.

Martin was simple in his habits, independent in his ideas, no worshipper of rank or wealth, and yet he was sought for and respected by the high in place, far more than any toady or parasite of power. His *salons* were visited, not only by men of talent and reputation, but by ambassadors and princes; and there it was that, in our childhood, we timidly gazed, for the only time, at the genial countenance of Sir Walter Scott. Martin was much liked by literary men, and owed much of his early pre-eminence to the favourable criticism of the "London Weekly Review," edited by one of the St. Johns. And he died far away on a still little island of the deep, the Isle of Man, where for some time he had gone every year. Here, probably, he gathered fresh from nature many of his magnificent inspirations—his moonlights on the water, his bursting and golden sunlights, so powerfully used by him at times; here too he died, "and," says a local chronicler, "hallowed no doubt in their estimation will ever be the place of his sepulchre, where he will repose by the side of some of his departed relatives, in the cemetery on the hill, near the romantic churchyard of Kirk Braddan, one of the spots he admired so much, and loved to visit; and henceforth the deathless name of Martin, associated with that of our lonely isle—like the great Napoleon's, linked with St. Helena—will invest it with an interest and celebrity which will endure to the end of time; and we may truly predict, that strangers from all parts of Europe, landing on these shores, will, like pilgrims journeying to some far-famed distant shrine, visit the grave of Martin, and pay 'the sacred tribute of a tear' to the memory of immortal genius and sterling virtue."

Allowing for the enthusiasm of a friend and admirer, there is some truth doubtless in this; and it is pleasing, at all events, to think, that genius is remembered by man, when the spirit that vivified is gone, and the body slumbers in the grave.

## BARTOLOMEO ESTEBAN MURILLO.



With Murillo we are about to take a view of creation, and to pass through the universe, not only as it was fashioned by the



Creator, but such as the imagination of man has peopled it beyond its outward and visible form. The stern realities of  
VOL. I.

life under all its humblest and yet most picturesque aspects, in contrast with the beings of imagination arrayed in their gentlest expression; on the one hand the thick shadows of our earthly atmosphere, and on the other the ethereal brightness of the heavens; here the pure and graceful beauty of incorporeal Seraphim, and there the squalor of the mendicant in hostile collision with the miseries of want, dirt, and disease; at once every aspect of life, and every accident of light, whether transfusing miraculously the celestial regions or shed upon the earth, giving life and vivacity to figures and landscape—all these lie within the rich domain of Murillo's art. In his loftiest moments, soaring into the azure expanse of the heavens, his spirit contemplates those luminous abodes wherein the faithful look forward in humble hope to endless and unequalled bliss! his fervid imagination sees floating around the Queen of Heaven gay swarms of infant beings, clothed by his genius with angelic attributes; the air to him is filled with floods of bright Cherubim, lighter than the golden vapours amidst which they frolic, fluttering, soaring, ascending and descending, crossing each other's path, intertwining their celestial forms, calling each other with wreathed smiles, joining hands in a living garland of joyous flowers, floating on the breeze and sporting in the sunbeam. The two elements which contend for the mastery of human life—reality and idealism, imagination and good sense—have been wonderfully combined by Murillo. Resembling in this the author of *Don Quixote*, he has been by turns thoughtful like the hero of *La Mancha*, and familiar and grotesque like *Sancho*. There is not a phase of existence, not an emotion of the soul, from the sublime impulse of ecstasy down to the eagerness of sensuality,

which Murillo has not attempted to portray, and with him to attempt was to succeed. He closely studied the innumerable attitudes of the human frame, those assumed by pride or commanded by dignity, as well as those which spring from carelessness, idleness, or accident. Through angels, men, animals, trees, verdure, sea, and sky, he has traversed from one end to the other the scale of existence—a boundless vista, which, like the patriarch of old, he saw prolonged in his waking dreams through the glorious regions of paradise.\*

He was born at Seville on the 1st of January, 1618, and not at Pilas in 1613, as erroneously stated by Palomino.† The Spaniards, even at that period, called Seville a wonder:

Que non a vista Sevilla,  
Non a vista miravilla,

they exclaimed then as now; and yet the city, which in their pride they found so marvellous, did not at that time contain the masterpieces of Murillo. The first master of the great colourist was Juan del Castillo, his uncle, who, being a disciple of the Florentine school, was, according to Bermudez, hard and dry in his colouring; but, on the other hand, a chaste and severe draughtsman, and calculated to form good pupils. Murillo learnt without difficulty all that was taught him, until his master having gone to establish himself at Cadiz, he felt himself very much out of his element at Seville; a simple scholar, uncertain of his way, and a prey to the indecision of early youth. In the mean time he employed himself in painting, to sell at the fair of Seville; a stock of pictures, *una par-tida de pinturas*, the mercantile name which was given to a considerable branch of commerce between Spain and her American colonies, and as a colourer of flags and banners for the gorgeous processions of the church. Such was the humble beginning of Murillo; and if this employment injured the young painter to the difficulties of execution, and reduced the crudeness of his colouring, it raised him but little in the social scale above the workman.

Happily, however, a fellow-student of Murillo's, whom he had known in the studio of Juan del Castillo, arrived at this juncture at Seville. This young artist was Pedro de Moya, just returned from London, where he had studied under Vandyck. Passionately devoted to the style of the Flemish painter, Moya had made himself master of his learned and agreeable method; and as the manner of Vandyck was as yet unknown at Seville, its novelty created universal astonishment. To Murillo, above all, the sight of Moya's works was

\* Captain Bold, in his interesting "History of the Spanish School of Painting," thus sums up the characteristics of Murillo's style: "He is celebrated for the originality of his treatment and invention, the gracefully flowing character of his draperies, and the simplicity, the perfect nature and unaffected grace which distinguish his figures; consequently his subjects seldom fail to interest the most fastidious critic: human affections in all their variety, charity under all its forms, religion with all its fervour, love, and benevolence, were never more beautifully blended or correctly delineated; and had he possessed the advantages of a classical education, and a more intimate acquaintance with the antique, so as to have improved himself in the beau-idealism as well as the philosophy of the art, I have no doubt he would have transcended even the mighty Raphael."

† This error has been pointed out by Cean Bermudez, who procured at Seville the certificate of Murillo's baptism. Vide the "Diccionario Historico de los mas ilustres Profesores de las Bellas Artes en Espana." Madrid, 1800.

‡ "A weekly fair held in the parish of All Saints, and known as 'la Feria.' The prices in this mart, like the purchasers, being of the lowest class, the artistic wares exposed were necessarily, for the most part, of a very humble order; and, indeed, 'a picture of the Fair' (*pintura de la Feria*) was a proverbial expression for a bad picture. Still there was hardly a Sevillian painter of fame during the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries, who had acquired the use of his pencil at home, but had brought to this market his first clumsy saints and immature Madonnas."—"Annals of the Artists of Spain," by William Stirling, M.A. London: John Olivier, 1848, p. 315.

quite a revelation. He immediately felt how dangerous, how hard, and how contrary to nature was the practice of giving exaggerated importance to outline; and understood how the atmosphere, embracing all forms, blends some, assists the modelling of others, and subdues all. Thus a new horizon opened to his view; he felt a wish to travel, to go to Italy, to Venice, to the Low Countries, wherever his genius might have a chance of developing itself; and if Moya had not acquainted him with the recent death of Vandyck, he would have embarked for England. What to do without fortune, however, was now the question, for he could not heedlessly undertake such long and expensive journeys. The genius of Murillo at length furnished him with resources; he purchased a large quantity of canvases, divided it into squares of various sizes, which he primed and prepared with his own hands, and set to work to paint rapidly everything that his fancy dictated—Madonnas, devotional subjects, flowers, landscapes; \* monks in one place, objects of still life in another;—he then sold his cargo to a shipowner, and thus furnished with some money, without acquainting his family or taking leave of any one, he departed for Madrid, where he arrived safely when scarcely twenty-five years old.

Velasquez was then in high favour at the court. A personal friend of the king of Spain, and an officer of his palace, he, nevertheless, received his young countryman most graciously; and, through the influence of one of the familiars of Philip IV., Murillo saw the doors of the palace of Madrid, of the monastery of the Escorial, of all the royal residences, of all the galleries, and all the museums, opened to him. In presence of the Rubens's and Titian's with which the royal residences were resplendent, the young painter forgot his travelling project. What occasion, in fact, had he now to go to Italy? Had he not unfolded to his gaze all that could enrapture the colourist in embryo, and even pictures of that Vandyck, already so much admired, though known only through the imitations of Moya?

It was, therefore, without quitting the apartments of the Cierzo and of the Escorial, under the eyes of Velasquez,† and with his friendly counsel, that Murillo accomplished the journey which he had projected into the regions of true colouring. About three years were employed by him in copying, as a student, the paintings of the great masters, and, above all, those of the Venetians and Flemings; but that nothing might be neglected, he also drew from the antique and the living model, while Velasquez, who had arrived at perfection in his fascinating style, familiarised him with the love of a faithful rendering of nature, the taste for pure truth, and the illusions of aerial perspective.

Joachim Sandrart, and some Italian authors, relate that Murillo visited America in his youth. These writers have been misinformed, and assert of Murillo that which was only true with respect to his illuminated squares of canvases, and his son Gaspar de Eteban Murillo. They have evidently felt a difficulty in believing that a painter of such consummate ability could have arrived at such excellence without visiting the classic land of art. They have, accordingly, stated that Murillo, on his return from America, travelled in Italy; but, as a Spanish author‡ pointedly remarks, "Is it probable that such a journey would have remained unknown to so many of Murillo's intimate friends, who, in fact, never heard it mentioned except in books, although it is proverbial how closely

\* "Compro una porcion de lienzo; la dividio en muchos quadros; los imprimo por su mano, y pinto en ellos asuntos de devocion."—Cean Bermudez, ubi supra, vol. ii., p. 49.

† "Velasquez, probably, little thought that the needy young man, whom he then patronised, was destined to acquire a name, and to execute works which would be more popular and more widely known than his own."—"A Handbook of the History of the Spanish and French Schools of Painting," by Sir Edmund Head, Bart. London: John Murray, 1818, p. 164.

‡ Antonio Palomino y Velasco, in chapter ii. of book vi., entitled "El Aprovechado," p. 62.



the lives of illustrious men are observed, known, and scanned, even in the minutie of their most trifling details: "It is, however, certain, that Murillo, on his return to Seville, in 1645, painted for the little cloister of the convent of St. Francis pictures which attracted universal notice. It was no longer merely the style of Vandyck, such as Moya had imported it into Seville nearly three years before, but a surprising combination of all the different styles which Murillo had so profoundly studied when at Madrid, or at the Escorial, where he had copied successively the paintings of Rubens, of Titian, of Vandyck, of Ribera, and of Velasquez. No originality was yet to be traced in this singular fusion, in which the fiery splendour of Rubens was tempered by the gravity of Titian, or the graceful elegance of Anthony Vandyck mitigated the savage emphasis of Spagnoletto. Here and there, in spite of this blending, the pencil of the imitator more visibly betrayed each of the masters whom he had by turns admired. Thus, "Angels appearing to a Saint in Ecstasy" recalled the powerful contrasts of Ribera; his splendid picture of "The Death of Santa Clara" seemed a reminiscence of Vandyck, from the expressions of the head, the freshness of the carnations, and the correct drawing of the extremities. Finally, his "St. James ministering to the Poor" betrayed the direct influence of Velasquez. When the moment had arrived for exhibiting his own genius and a consciousness of his own powers, Murillo offered nothing but a happy selection from others; but through this appearance of imitation, however, the greatness of the master began to show itself.

Murillo took very good care never to show the feet of the Virgin when he painted her ascending towards heaven in the midst of a dazzling glory. He was apprehensive of conjuring up a profane thought at the sight of divine charms; this little morsel of nudity, which was not even remarked at Rome, would have been offensive in Andalusia. In spite of these pious precautions, however, the Virgins of Murillo are far from possessing those attributes of virgin beauty which the faith requires. Their luxuriant hair, their dark and humid eyes, inspire other ideas than those of divine transport; and, if they are represented as devoting themselves to household affairs, it is seldom otherwise than as mothers with plump hands, whom the cares of life have not robbed of the rosy hues of the carnation; but, by way of amends, Murillo has impressed upon the Son of Mary a character truly superhuman. We fancy we see around the head of this infant a halo of glory, which needs no material representation. His beautiful head is lit up with intelligence; his glance open and penetrating, at once vivid and gentle, emits rays of genius; and He looks so great, even in the tranquillity of sleep, that we feel, as it were, conscious of the presence of a God. Everything around, even to the vulgar visage of the carpenter and the worldly figure of Mary, enhances the distinction of the infant, and indicates the divinity that moves within Him. The details of humble life, in the midst of which the infant Christ was brought up, add still further to the effect; and they serve as a contrast to the inherent nobility of soul, which perhaps would not exhibit so much character in another medium, for it appears to us singularly heightened even by the trivial accessories which surround it. "With Raffaele," it has been well said by a French critic,† "the Virgin is superlatively virgin; with Murillo the infant Jesus is really divine."

Let us follow for a while, as we walk through a celebrated gallery, or even as we turn over the engraved works of Murillo,—let us follow out the history of this young girl of lowly birth, the companion of that careless beggar-boy of whom we have already given a representation.‡ Here we see her on her mother's knee, while her matted locks are being combed, uttering cries which attract the notice of the dog of the house; as a child yonder under the trees, at the bottom of a prettily

laid-out garden, she is amusing herself with some birds for which she has made a nest in her basket, or with the flowers she has gathered in her lap. At a later period, grown up, formed, and henceforth capable of inspiring and of feeling the tender passion, we see her stationed at her window, and fixing—we know not on whom—a bold look; leaning out amorously, her shoulders bare, and her hair parted at the corner of her forehead after the fashion of the students, she monopolises all the light, leaving in the half tint of the middle distance a duenna duly old and ill-favoured, thus bringing forward her own youth by this background of ugliness. But how is this? Unless our eyes deceive us, it is still the same who, doubtless converted, pardoned, and become by dint of repentance "Santa Rosa de Lima," holds a rose in her hand, and offers up her heart to the infant Jesus, perched upon the stem of the flower in the form of a humming-bird.

Contrast is the mainspring of Spanish art. Thus we have seen in our own days the French romantic school, based upon contrast, turn its first glance towards the land of Murillo and of Cervantes. From Hernani to Ruy Blas, it is Spain that has furnished the wardrobes of our literary colourists with their rags and their doublets, the silken *basquine* of the duchess and the tattered mantle of Don Caesar. No one has more frequently or more happily made use of contrast than Murillo. We do not thereby mean those abrupt oppositions of light and shade such as the terrible Ribera affected. Contrast with Murillo shone forth in the philosophy of the picture by the unexpected approximation of its different qualities, and by the antithesis of thoughts or of character. That he might not come into collision at once with mind and sight, Murillo, contrary to the practice of Spagnoletto, placed the dualism in the action, and the unity in the *chiaroscuro*,—the contrast being addressed to the mind, and the harmony to the eye. When he had attained the final perfection of his talent, he was commissioned, about 1670, to paint some large pictures for the church of La Charité, in which his subject and his genius were wonderfully well matched. He had to illustrate precisely the two extremes which are drawn together by religion and united by Christian charity,—luxury and destitution, rags and satin, ruddy health and wan disease. Fortunately he lived in the classic city of mendicants,—the blind, the paralytic, the one-handed, the lame, and the victims of scurvy and leprosy. All these models he had encountered simply in walking through the streets of Seville—a huge out-of-door hospital.\*

But with what flexibility, what richness, what facile genius has he not executed his task! How can we enumerate, how describe in succession, so many pictures, varied in character, touching and sublime: "The Prodigal Son," "The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes," "St. Elizabeth of Hungary," "The Paralytic at the Piscina,"† and all those miracles of evangelical charity reproduced by miracles of colour? Cast your eyes on that multitude that Murillo has painted in "the Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes," as numerous as it is represented in Holy Writ. "If Christ has fed five thousand men with five barley loaves and two small fishes," says M. Thoré, "Murillo has painted five thousand men on a space of twenty-six square feet." In truth, there is not one less than five thousand; it is an endless multitude of women and children, of old and young, a host of heads and arms which move with ease, without confusion, without inconvenience, without tumult; all gaze upon Christ in the midst of His disciples, and Christ blesses the loaves, and the miracle is wrought! Sublime signal of fraternity amongst men! mag-

\* Seville has always been a city of beggars supported by the monks, and as in this day more thronged with them than ever,—*Vide "Une Année en Espagne, par Chas. Ls. Didier."*

† This picture, as well as that of "The Prodigal Son," formed part of the gallery of Marshal Soult. Murillo received for it 8,000 reals, or £80. Marshal Soult had sold it to the late king, Louis Philippe, for £8,000, but for some reason the bargain was broken off. For "The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes" Murillo received 13,975 reals.—*Vide Cean Bermudez.*

\* "Aun los atomos mas minimos se observan," says the author of "El Museo Pictorico," vol. iii., p. 420.

† "Etudes sur la Peinture Espagnole," by M. Thoré, published in "La Revue de Paris," of 1835.

‡ "The Works of Eminent Masters," Vol. I., p. 45.

nificent lesson of charity, which the painter has magnificently illustrated!

We might be almost tempted to imagine that the picture composed itself, and to look upon it as a fortuitous piece of accident. The groups, however, are well arranged, and if sometimes the different parts are not duly balanced, as may

mystery; but when we are in the presence of an artist so expansive, so impassioned as Murillo—when superiority of expression is the predominant charm, how can we waste a thought on the propriety of these hidden subtleties? When looking at "The Prodigal Son," we yield ourselves up entirely to the joy that irradiates the paternal countenance, to the



THE HOLY FAMILY.—FROM A PAINTING BY MURILLO.

be remarked in the "Saint Philip," formerly in Marshal Soult's gallery, it will be found to be a rare exception. Without doubt there are learned and profound painters who have possessed the talent of interesting the spectator by the occult equilibrium of the different groups which compose their pictures; they know that a man of taste will find a charm in the discovery of an effect, the law of which is a

gestures of the servants who are preparing the feast, and even to the caresses of the little house-dog, which has recognised the son of his master. The Prodigal himself is pale and exhausted without being disfigured,—the very image of his heart, which is withered, not degraded. There he stands divided between the shame of his recollections and the sweetness of his pardon. What consummate knowledge of the

human heart! What philosophy! and how impressive and agreeable is the execution, in perfect harmony with the sentiment that pervades the scene. The colours are lively, the

The character of Murillo resembled the style of his works. He was gentle and amiable. The Spanish blood, however, which circulated in his veins made him prompt in anger; it



ST. DIEGO D'ALCALA.—FROM A PAINTING BY MURILLO.

touch facile; it seems as if nature herself participated in the feast of this family, and shared in their joy; for "the splendour of a beautiful day smiles upon them," as Montaigne observes.

is only with such a temperament that we can possess the happy faculty of having a keen appreciation of the beautiful. He lived in friendly intimacy with Iriarte, an excellent landscape-painter, who, according to Murillo himself, painted

landscape by divine inspiration.\* Iriarte executed the backgrounds of Murillo's pictures, in which he introduced fine trees with light foliage, and smiling or overcast scenes in accordance with the subject, limpid waters and airy distances, which agreed perfectly with the intention of the master. Murillo, in turn, enriched the landscapes of Iriarte with beautiful figures. They possessed together more than double the talent required to paint a *chef-d'œuvre*. They differed one day on the trivial question as to which of them should commence a picture ordered of the landscape-painter by an amateur, who calculated on the alliance of the two friends. Murillo, in a moment of ill-humour, seized his palette, and painted at one sitting both the landscape and the figures in a manner that enchanted the purchaser, who discovered in him what he never expected—a new artist, an admirable landscape-painter. A similar incident is said to have occurred in the life of Rubens.

All Paris has seen in the gallery of M. Aguado, and in the Spanish museum of the Louvre, some landscapes of Murillo. They are composed in the style of Rubens, with breadth and in broad masses. Moreover, he generally made them subordinate to the more important branch of figure-painting, and the scene was then merely an harmonious accompaniment, or an invitation to the realms of poetry. We recollect that one of the pictures before which the spectator remained the longest, in the gallery of the fortunate marquis, was that of "Jacob's Dream of the Ladder." In a dreary country, in the night-time, within a few paces of a ruin, on the borders of a piece of still water, a traveller has thrown upon the ground his gourd, his wallet, and his stick, and has fallen asleep. The dream of the son of Abraham is represented in this landscape by one who knew how to give material embodiment to the subtlest visions of the mind. On the head of the dreamer appears a luminous ladder which rises up to heaven; two rows of Seraphim, scarcely touching the steps of this imaginary pathway, mount up towards the Eternal, and descend to communicate in whispers with the sleeping traveller. The landscape is profoundly tranquil; not a breath of air stirs the summits of the trees or the surface of the lake; no other noise is heard than the mysterious rustling of the Seraph's wings.

In 1812, M. Denon, Director-General of the Museums of France, exhibited at the Louvre the Spanish pictures constituting a portion of the spoils of the French army. The astonished public looked on these painters with wondering eyes, and, accustomed to the mythological style of the Empire, understood very little of Murillo. Some artists found him feeble, and M. Denon did not appear to take any further interest in the matter. Zurbaran had been placed on the pedestal of the building, and visitors stopped on the steps of the Louvre to gaze on his terrible monks. It was an age of romance, as Madame de Staël observes, that could understand the beauties of chivalry and Christianity. And yet, amongst these pictures exhibited for the first time at Paris, there was one which was always considered the *chef-d'œuvre* of its author—"St. Elizabeth of Hungary,"† and which must be pronounced to be the best perfect of his works, did not competent judges yield the preference to "The Miracle of the Roman Gentleman." Our readers will feel indebted to us for reproducing here the fine description which M. Viardot has given of the "St. Elizabeth:"—"This subject has wonderfully united the two opposite extremes of Murillo's style,—the squalid, ragged, and verminous misery of his little beggars, and the noble, simple, and sublime grandeur of his saints. From this also springs the charm of a perpetual contrast and a lofty moral. This palace converted into a hospital; on one side these ladies of the court, beautiful, fresh, and highly adorned; on the other, those children, miserable, poor, and

rickety, who are scratching themselves and tearing their breasts with their nails, without clothes upon their bodies or hair upon their heads; this palsy-stricken wretch borne upon crutches, this old man who exhibits the sores upon his legs; this old woman cowering down, whose emaciated profile is defined so forcibly against a skirt of black velvet; on one side the brilliant graces of luxury and health, on the other the hideous harpies attendant on poverty and disease; and in the midst of these extremes of humanity, divine charity, which draws them together in the bonds of peace. A young and lovely female, who, over the veil of a nun, wears the crown of a queen, tenderly sponges the scald head of a child covered with leprosy, holding over him the silver water-vase. Her white hands seem to shrink from the work which her heart prompts her to perform; her lips tremble with loathing at the same moment that her eyes are suffused with tears. But pity conquers disgust, and religion triumphs,—that divine faith which bids us love our neighbour as ourselves."

Velasquez was the painter of nature, Murillo the painter of religion. He combined with a feeling of reality all the poetry that can enter the soul of a believer. Pious even to godliness, he loved to give himself up to religious reveries, in some corner of those catholic churches, which, even in midday, are plunged in dim religious light. During a visit he made to Cadiz, to paint there "The Marriage of St. Catherine" for the high altar of the Capuchins, he hurt himself dangerously by falling from his scaffolding; and not daring, through an excess of modesty, to make known the nature of the injury he had sustained (rupture), he became a prey to the most excruciating pains.‡ While his pupil Meneses Osorio finished the painting for the grand altar, Murillo, being brought back to Seville, passed the rest of his life in suffering and in prayer. Towards the latter period of his existence he caused himself to be carried every day to the church of Santa Cruz, and was accustomed to pray before the famous "Descent from the Cross" of Pedro Campaña. It is related, that the sacristan being desirous one evening of closing the doors earlier than usual, demanded of Murillo why he remained so long motionless in that chapel. "I am waiting," replied the painter, "till those men have brought the body of our Blessed Lord down the ladder." § Feeling that his end was approaching, he drew up his will, in which he expressed a wish to be interred at the foot of Campaña's picture, which was religiously complied with. He died on the 3rd of April, 1682, in the arms of Pedro Nuñez de Villavicencio, knight of the order of St. John, who had been his intimate friend, and who was, with Tobar

\* We have read in a Spanish journal a detailed description—a very able one—of the "St. Elizabeth of Hungary." The colours of the picture are indicated. One of the queen's ladies is dressed in a silk tunic of ultramarine, with sleeves of a reddish violet (*carminé amantado*). The one who carries the basin of medicaments and the lint has an under tunic of white, over which is another of lilac. The queen wears the widow's black mantle trimmed with the fur of the marten, and under it a linen tunic. This Spanish journal, "El Artista" was edited by men of great learning and admirable taste—Messieurs Ochoa, Cardenera, and De Modrozo. Unfortunately, Spain has doubtless not had leisure to devote to art, and this journal, with a circulation of five hundred, was discontinued after the third volume. A complete set could not perhaps be found at present, the love of collecting being very rare with the Spaniards. We are indebted to M. Taylor for the obliging communication of the only copy in his possession.

† "Trapezo al subir del andamio y con ocasin de estar él relajado, se le salieron los intestinos; y por no manifestar su flaqueza, in dexarse reconocer, por su mucho honestidad, se vino a morir."—Palomino y Velasco. "Vidas de los pintores eminentes Españoles," in vol. iii. of the "Museo Pictórico," page 423.

‡ "Como un Día el Sacristan desasea cerrar las puertas mas temprano de lo que acostumbraba, le hubo de preguntar per que se detenía tanto tiempo en aquella capilla, a fo que le respondió: 'esto y esperando que estos santos varones acaben de baxar al Señor de la cruz.'—Cean Bermudez, "Diccionario Histórico," vol. ii, p. 64.

\* Quillet, *Dictionnaire des Peintres Espagnols*, p. 103.

† This picture was taken back to Spain after the invasion of France by the allied armies, and is now in the Academy of Madrid.—Viardot, "Musées d'Espagne, d'Angleterre, et de Belgique," Paris, 1813.

and Meneses Osorio, one of his best pupils.\* From Murillo he proceeded all the painters of Seville whose histories we propose to write. It was he who founded a public academy of design in his native city, and procured with great difficulty the co-operation of the professors Herrera, Valdes, and Iriarte. He presided over it, and went there to teach the pupils the study of the living model. After placing the model in position himself, he explained to them the attitude, the proportions, and the anatomy.†

The truly extraordinary qualities of Murillo are fecundity, flexibility, and marvellous aptitude for painting everything—the heavens, the earth, tatters, and Cherubim. As we walk through the rooms of the Spanish museum of the Louvre, we are astonished at the marvellous flexibility of such a colourist. Sometimes he is grave and restrained, as in the full-length portrait of the cold inquisitor, "Don Adreas de Andrade;" at others we unexpectedly meet with the effects of a Rembrandt, and golden colouring,—such, for instance, as we recognise in the superb sketch of "St. Thomas of Villanueva."‡ Sometimes his style melts away even to effeminacy, but more generally he is vapoury. It is, perhaps, dangerous to copy Murillo; too readily the artist might sink into insanity of expression in exaggerating the modelling of his subject, or contract a mannerism of execution from which his original escapes, thanks to the charm and brilliancy of its colouring. If, however, there may be danger in copying Murillo, there can be none in admiring him, fearlessly, unreservedly, under a thousand varied aspects,—and especially when in his graceful mood. How, for instance, can we refrain from feeling deeply and tenderly his exquisite "Virgin of the Girdle" (§ p. 313.) In that picture the angelic choir swell their hymns of praise to that celestial Infant, whose deep, black, thoughtful eyes reflect the heavenly peace and harmony of their strain.

The gentle genius of Murillo ever leans to sweetness, ever beams with calm but piercing light. Religion, in his pictures, loses all her dread and awful aspect. She reveals herself only to the faithful, overflowing with grace and mercy, still glowing with the rays of the Sun that shone on Paradise. While Ribera appreciated only her mysterious, threatening, sinister, and sombre side, to Murillo she manifested herself in mercy, in tenderness, and in the glories of a dread sublimity.

Esteban Murillo has left a great number of pictures, which, previously to the wars of the Empire, were nearly all in the churches and convents of Spain—at Madrid, at Seville, at Cadiz, at Granada, at Cordova, etc. etc.

Previously to this period the works of this celebrated painter were scarcely known in other parts of Europe. Nevertheless, the few which had found their way into France had there found admirers and realised high prices. Since then royal collectors have contended for the honour of opening the doors of their museums to the productions of him who has been justly called the prince of Spanish painters.

We now proceed to draw up a brief catalogue of the works

\* His funeral was celebrated with great pomp, the bier being borne, says Joachim Sandrart, by two marquises and five knights, and attended by a great concourse of people of all ranks, who admired and esteemed the great painter. By his own desire, his grave was covered with a stone slab, on which was carved his name, a skeleton, and these two words—VIVE MORTUUS. —*Titel* "Annals of the Artists of Spain," by William Stirling, M.A., vol. ii., p. 888.

† "Murillo was of the most kind, honourable, and amiable disposition, mild, unassuming, and virtuous; consequently was universally regretted, and proved an irreparable loss to the school of Seville, which thenceforth declined into the most corrupt mannerism."—"The History of the Spanish School of Painting," by Captain Bold, p. 93. London: Moyes and Barclay, 1843.

‡ This fine sketch of a picture, which the painter called (*en verso*) his canvas, only cost M. Taylor a *denaro*. It was purchased from some soldiers who were plundering the convent of the Capuchins outside the walls of Seville.

§ This picture is known in Spain as "La Virgen de la Esja," and in France as "La Vierge à la Ceinture."

of this painter, in the public galleries of Europe, premising that we shall only enumerate those most worthy of the attention of amateurs. To commence with the artist's own country:—

The Royal Museum at Madrid, so rich in pictures of all schools, although of recent creation, contains forty-six important works of Murillo. Setting aside his portraits, his allegorical compositions, and the series of pictures representing the adventures of the "Prodigal Son," the following may be noticed:—"The Holy Family;" our Lord, as a child with a goldfinch in his hand, plays with a dog, while the Virgin and St. Joseph, the one spying and the other planing a board, desist from their work to look at him. From the goldfinch the picture takes its name of "El Pajarito." "The Adoration of the Shepherds." "Our Lord in his Childhood as the Good Shepherd." "Our Lord and St. John the Baptist," the first giving the second water out of a shell, and therefore known as "Los Niños de la Concha" (the children of the shell). "The Martyrdom of St. Andrew the Apostle at Patras." Two "Annunciations." "St. Bernard fed with milk from the bosom of the Virgin," who appears to him with the infant Saviour. "The Ecstasy of St. Francis" (p. 312). "St. Ildefonso, Archbishop of Toledo," invested with the holy chasuble by the Virgin, in his cathedral.

The National Museum, of the same city, though less rich in the masterpieces of Murillo than the *Museo del Rey*, still contains some of his most remarkable compositions:—A "St. Ferdinand." A "St. Francis de Paula;" full length, life size. And finally, "The Portiuncula;" Our Lord and the Virgin appearing to St. Francis of Assisi in his cavern in Mount Alvernum, formerly the altar-piece of the church of the Capuchins at Seville; an immense picture, figures life size.

The Royal Academy of San Fernando possesses some of the noblest masterpieces of Murillo. "The Resurrection of our Lord, painted for the chapel of La Espiracion, in the convent of Merce (now the museum) at Seville. "The Dream of the Roman Senator and his Wife," and the "Roman Senator and his Wife telling their dream to Pope Liberius." Companion-piece for the above, and painted for the same church—*Sta. Maria la Blanca* at Seville. These two marvellous pictures are generally called "Los medios Puntos" of Murillo. But the Royal Academy of San Fernando possesses a still more astounding picture, that of "St. Elizabeth of Hungary," described in page 310. The three last-mentioned works were carried to Paris when the Emperor Napoleon collected at the Louvre the richest spoils of Italy, Flanders, and Spain.

Notwithstanding the glorious works we have enumerated, it is not perhaps at Madrid that his choicest pictures are to be found. Seville in its cathedral possesses "Moses striking the rock in Horeb," of which Mr. Stirling, in his "Annals of the Artists of Spain," observes, "that as a composition this wonderful picture can hardly be surpassed." "The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes," and "St. Anthony of Padua."

The Museum of the Louvre.—Previously to the fall of Louis Philippe, the Louvre possessed, in the collection bequeathed to his Majesty by an English gentleman (Mr. Frank Hall Standish), fourteen pictures by Murillo, amongst which may be enumerated:—"Portrait of Murillo," bought from the Count de Maule at Cadiz;—"an Old Woman seated," called the mother of Murillo, but apparently on slender evidence; it bears the date 1678,—and various incidents in the life of the Prodigal Son. In the *Galerie Espagnole*, in the Louvre, purchased in Spain for the late king by Baron Taylor, there were thirty-eight pictures by Murillo; comprising "The Virgin à la Ceinture," formerly entailed in the family of the Count of Aguila, at Seville, from whom it was bought for 25,000 crowns, or about £5,000. "St. Augustine receiving alms from our Lord." "St. Bonaventure writing his Memoirs after Death." "St. Diego of Alcalá" (p. 309), and "Murillo in his Youth," formerly in the collection of Don Bernardo Iriarte at Madrid.

After the Revolution of 1818, these were withdrawn from the Louvre, which now contains only seven pictures by Murillo—"The Virgin of the Itosary," with the infant Saviour on her lap; full length, life size, called "La Vierge au



Chapelet." "The Virgin of the Immaculate Conception," attended by angels, and adored by three ecclesiastics; painted in 1656, or 1657, for the church of Santa Maria la Blanca, at Seville. "The Holy Family"—The Virgin, and Joseph,

seven pictures, some of which are of great celebrity, the French government have just added, "The Conception of the Virgin," supported and attended by thirty cherubs; painted in 1678, for the church of Los Venerables, at Seville. For



THE ECSTASY OF ST. FRANCIS.—FROM A PAINTING BY MURILLO.

with the Saviour, as a child, between them, all standing; in glory above appear the Eternal Father, the mystic Dove, two angels, and a multitude of cherubs. "St. Augustine with a Child, on the sea-shore." "The youthful Mendicant." "A Flagellation." "Christ on the Mount of Olives." To these

this masterpiece, the enormous sum of £24,612 was paid at the recent sale of the collection of Marshal Soult, Duke of Dalmatia.

The National Gallery possesses three paintings by Murillo: "The Holy Family;" the Saviour, as a child, standing

between the Virgin and Joseph, and the Holy Ghost descending upon them from the Eternal Father, who appears in the clouds above. One of Murillo's latest works, and

it was purchased, together with Rubens' "Brazen Serpent" (No. 59), in 1837, for £7,350. "Peasant Boy looking out of a Window." Formerly in the collection of the Marquis of



THE VIRGIN "A LA CEINTURE."—FROM A PAINTING BY MURILLO.

painted for the Marquis of Pedroso, at Cadiz; it was valued, says Cean Bermudez, in 1738, amongst the effects of the family, at 800 pesos, or 15 reals, or 600 crowns, equal to about £140. Brought to England after the War of Independence,

Lansdowne, and presented in 1826 to the nation by M. Zachary, Esq. "St. John the Baptist, as a Child, with a Lamb." Formerly in the Lassay, Presle, and Robit collections, at Paris; bought from the latter by the late Sir Simon,

Clarke, to whom it was valued, with its companion, "The Good Shepherd," at 4,000 guineas, and purchased at the sale of his pictures in 1849, for £2,100. Full length, life size.

At Hampton Court, in the Queen's audience-chamber, there is a "Portrait of Don Carlos of Spain," when a boy of four years old; dated 1645; he was, therefore, king of Spain when this was painted. Full length. And in the Queen's Gallery, "A Boy parsing Fruit."

Dulwich Gallery.—This remarkable and varied collection contains twelve of Murillo's works of excellent selection. Amongst them are comprised:—"The Meeting of Jacob and Rachel;" background, a pastoral landscape. "The Virgin of the Immaculate Conception;" small. "The Virgin of the Rosary" ("Madonna del Rosario") with the infant Saviour on her lap; enthroned on clouds and supported by four cherubs; figures life size. "The Adoration of the Magi;" a composition of eleven small figures. "Our Lord on the Cross." "Three ragged Boys;" one of them a Negro, who appears to be begging for a share of a cake in the hands of one of the others; figures full length, life size. "Two ragged Boys;" one standing munching bread, and the other seated, and apparently inviting him to play at chuck-farthing; figures full length, life size. "The Flower Girl;" a girl with a turban, decked with a rose, and holding flowers in the end of her scarf. Formerly in the cabinet of M. Randon de Boissy, whence it was sold for 900 louis to M. de Calonne, at whose sale M. Descenfans purchased it for £610.

The Imperial Gallery in the Belvedere Palace at Vienna has only one picture by Murillo, "St. John the Baptist," as a child, with a cross of reed in his hand, and a lamb by his side, landscape background; full length, life size.

The Pinakothek of Munich is richer in Murillo's, of which it possesses seven: viz., "St. Francis healing a Cripple at the door of a Church;" in the background stand two Franciscan friars. "Two Boys seated on the Ground," one eating grapes, and the other a water-melon. "Two Boys throwing Dice;" a third, with a dog, stands by, eating bread. "Two Boys eating Bread and Fruit," with a dog by their side. "Four Boys, two of them playing Cards," at the door of a hut. "An Old Woman picking Vermin from the Head of a Boy," supporting his head on her lap, while he feeds his dog with a crust. "A Girl sitting on a Stone," pays for fruit out of a boy's basket.

The Royal Gallery of Dresden has two works of Murillo: "The Virgin, looking up to Heaven," with the infant Saviour in her lap; and "A Girl with a Basket of Fruit," counting the money which has been paid by a boy.

Next to Spain; Russia is the richest in pictures of Murillo. The Imperial Gallery in the Palace of the Hermitage contains between twenty-five and thirty, a portion of which came from the Houghton collection. Amongst these we may enumerate the following:—"Jacob's Dream of the Ladder," "The Annunciation of the Virgin," "The Assumption of the Virgin," "The Flight of the Holy Family into Egypt;" the Virgin with the infant Saviour in her arms, rides upon an ass, which is led by Joseph; two cherubs hover overhead. "The Flight of the Holy Family into Egypt;" the Virgin attended by two cherubs watches the sleeping Saviour, Joseph standing behind. "The Holy Family;" Joseph stands holding in his arms the infant Saviour, who leans towards his mother; she stretches out her arms to him in return. "Nativity of our Lord;" the Virgin, lifting the veil which covers the manger, presents to the gaze of the adoring shepherds the divine Babe, from whose body proceeds light. "Our Lord on the Cross," around which stand the Virgin, Mary Magdalene, and St. John. "St. Florian, in a deacon's dress," resting his right hand on a millstone attached to his neck by a cord, and his left on an X-shaped cross; and beside him are St. Dominic and St. Peter the Dominican; in the background, through a grated window, his martyrdom is represented. "Martyrdom of St. Peter the Dominican;" kneeling at his prayers, he is killed by two assassins. "Boy in a red dress," holding a dog by the ear. "Boy with a Basket and a Dog." "Girl in a green and red dress." "A

Gentleman dressed in black." To these we have now to add, "Our Lord and St. John the Baptist," as children, with a lamb and a basket of fruit; purchased at the late sale of Marshal Soult for the sum of £2,642; and "St. Peter released from Prison by the Angel," bought for the sum of £6,342 at the same sale.

The Royal Museum at Berlin possesses "St. Anthony of Padua, kneeling," with the infant Saviour in his arms; and "A Cardinal, seated in an Arm-chair."

Thus much for the Public Galleries. The private collections of the continent do not contain many works by Murillo. The principal ones are to be found in the galleries of—Don José de Madrazo, at Madrid; Don Juan de Goñanes, Don J. M. Escaxena, and Don Julian Williams, at Seville; Prince Esterhazy, at Vienna; Prince Corsini, at Rome; the Duke of Leuchtenberg, at Munich; Count Portalis, the Marquis de Pastoret, and the Marquis de las Marismas, at Paris.

The private galleries of England can boast of numerous specimens of the great masters; but as it would carry us beyond our limits to particularise them, we must content ourselves with giving a list of their principal possessors; referring those interested in the subject to the admirable "Catalogue of Works, executed by and ascribed to Bartolomeo Esteban Murillo," in Stirling's "Annals of the Artists of Spain."

The Duke of Sutherland, the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Rutland, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Marlborough, the Duke of Bedford; the Marquis of Westminster, the Marquis of Hertford, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Marquis of Aylesbury, the Marquis of Exeter; the Earl of Radnor, the Earl of Ellesmere, the Earl of Wemyss, the Earl of Elgin, the Earl of Lovelace, the Earl of Clarendon, the Earl of Lonsdale, the Earl of Warwick; Lord Northwick, Lord Heytesbury, Lord Ashburton, Lord Overstone; Sir Francis Baring, Bart., M.P.; Sir W. Eden, Bart., Windlestone-hall, Durham; Sir A. Aston, Aston-hall, Cheshire; the Right Hon. Edward Ellis, M.P., W. Miles, Esq., M.P., Baron Lionel Rothschild, M.P., George Bankes, Esq., M.P., John Abel Smith, Esq., M.P., Samuel Rogers, Esq., George Tonline, Esq., Carlton-house-terrace; R. Sanderson, Esq., 48, Bligh-square; George Vivian, Esq., Claverton Manor, Somerset; Colonel Baillie, 34, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square; H. A. J. Munro, Esq., 113, Park-street; W. W. Burden, Esq., Hartford-house, Durham; Richard Ford, Esq., Hevitre, Devon; W. Wells, Esq., Redleaf, Kent; W. Stirling, Esq., Keir, Perthshire; John Balfour, Esq., Balbirnie, Fifeshire; &c. &c.

It may not be without interest to mention the prices realised by the pictures of Murillo at a few of the most celebrated public sales:—

At the sale of the Duke de Choiseul, in 1772, a "Fruit Girl," and a "Boy with a Dog," were sold together for £192.

At the sale of the Prince of Conti, in 1777, "The Good Shepherd with his Rock," was sold for £36. "St. Joseph holding in his hand the Infant Saviour," for £54. "The Marriage at Cana," for £362.

At the sale of M. Randon de Boissy, in 1777, "The Virgin with the Infant Saviour in her lap" realised £440.

At the sale of the Duke de Praslin, in 1793, "St. John the Baptist, as a Child, with a Lamb," fetched £133.

At the sale of the Chevalier Harad, in 1832, "The Glorification of the Virgin" was sold for £100, and a "Nativity" for £114.

Not less than fifty-five of Murillo's works were brought to the hammer at the sale of M. Aguado, Marquis de las Marismas, in 1845. Amongst these were—"The Death of Santa Clara," for £780; "The Reception of St. Gil," for £121; "A Madonna," for £112; an "Annunciation," for £108; "The Glorification of the Virgin," for £716; "Santa Justa," for £321; "Children returning from Market," for £202; "A Fish Girl," for £276; and "The Portrait of a Monk," for £162.

At the sale of Cardinal Fesch, in 1845, a "Holy Family" realised £171. At the sale of the late King of Holland, in

1850, "The Assumption of the Virgin" was sold for £3,261; "St. John della Cruz," for £228; and a "Holy Family," for £105.

At the sale of Marshal Sout, Duke of Dalmatia, in May, 1850, fifteen Murillos realised a total sum of £46,530, including expenses:—namely, "The Conception of the Virgin," £24,612; "St. Peter released from Prison by the Angel," £6,342; "The Nativity of the Virgin," £3,820; "St. Diego of Alcalá," £3,691; "Our Lord and St. John the Baptist as Children," £2,644; "The Flight of the Holy Family into Egypt," £2,163; "Ravages of the Plague," 840; "The Apotheosis of Philip II., King of Spain," £630; "The Virgin of Sorrows," £445; "St. Anthony of Padua and the Infant Saviour," £428; "Peasant Boys," £178; "St. Peter repenting," £231; "The Glorification of the Virgin," £210; "Crucifixion of our Lord," £130; "A Brigand stopping a Monk," £63.

Murillo has rarely signed his pictures. His "Holy Family" in the Louvre, however, bears the following signature:—

*Murillo f Hispan*

## THE FIRST PICTURE OF CORREGGIO.

### CHAPTER I.

In one of the most retired quarters of the little town of Correggio, in the middle of the sixteenth century, there lived a poor simple and virtuous family whose existence was hardly known to their neighbours. The father of the family, a hawker by trade, had for a long time supported in a precarious manner, by hard labour and ingenuity, his wife and two children—the young and pretty Stella and the little Antonio. At last he was confined to a bed of grief by illness. Maria Allegri, his wife, placed then between a dying spouse and the two weak creatures who asked her for food to appease their hunger, prayed to God for strength to support the thousand trials of each day, and to sustain her to the end of her cruel mission. The time which was not occupied by attending upon the invalid, she employed in working, whenever it was her happiness to procure any. As she excelled in the imitation of flowers, the ladies of Correggio frequently entrusted her with the ornamenting of their head-dresses, and by this means she was enabled to obtain a scanty subsistence for her helpless family. During many months the humble expenses of the house were covered by the little emoluments arising out of the art exercised by Maria. But the continued exertion was rapidly undermining her constitution. So much trouble and grief, and so many sleepless nights passed by the poor woman, reduced her to such a state of weakness that one day she returned from the market, where she had gone to procure her small stock of provisions, quite pale and worn out. She fell heavily upon the chair, and seeing no other prospect before her but that of being obliged to depend upon the charity of the public for her support, she burst into a flood of bitter tears. Her husband, who was lying on his bed with his back towards her, turned around, and with much difficulty raised himself up on his elbow.

"What is the matter?" said he, in a weak voice.

"I feel ill," said Maria, "but do not be grieved about it. It will shortly go off, and I shall be as well as ever."

"It will shortly go off," repeated the invalid. "Thou wishest to deceive me. What dost thou think has brought this attack on thee?"

"Fatigue," replied Maria. "A day of rest will set me all right again."

"A day of rest!" returned Allegri, attentively and affectionately examining the countenance of his wife. "A day of rest sufficient to drive that palor from thy brow, to restore the brilliancy of thine eyes, and the colour of thy blanched lips! No, dear wife, thou deceivest thyself. Thou art more sick than thou sayest, and perhaps sufferest more than I do, and I unable to give thee any assistance."

Maria approached the bed, and, taking the hand of the sick man in her own, said in a penetrating tone: "Calm thyself, my husband. Hast thou not for twenty years taken care of me as thy cherished wife, and is there anything surprising in my devoting myself to thee now? For me labour—for thee repose—this debt of gratitude thou hast well earned by thy love and devotion of past years."

"Yes," said the invalid, looking round his scantily furnished room, "my life is drawing to its close, and I am forced to leave thee alone to bear the burthen which threatens to overwhelm thee with its weight. We were born under evil stars, and fate has ever been against us—driving misfortune upon misfortune upon our devoted heads."

"Who knows," murmured Maria, "what the future may have in store for us?"

"I cannot think of it without trembling," said Allegri, in a sombre voice. "To whom does the dying husband wish to leave the care of his beloved wife? Is it not to his son? And can I calculate upon my son undertaking that office? He has never returned anything for all the kindness we have shown him, but ingratitude and disobedience. What has he done for his sister, and what for thee?"

"He is so young."

"So young! At fifteen, Maria, I supported my father. At twenty I was the prop of the family; but old age is now come, and with it poverty. I shall die, and the consolation of knowing that I leave thee comfortable will be denied me. Antonio is a bad son."

A young girl approached the bed and took the hand of the invalid whilst the tears ran down her cheeks.

"Is it thou, Stella, my child?" said the father in a weak and trembling voice. "Thy presence is a balm to my heart. Alas!" continued he, turning towards Maria, "youth is a poor privilege to those born under the misfortune of poverty. Stella will suffer misery much longer than we have."

The young girl left the room to conceal her tears. Allegri continued:

"Hast thou heard, wife, anything of her betrothed?"

"All is broken off," replied Maria. "Lucio's father is inexorable. Frightened by our misery, he has refused his consent to the marriage."

"Did not Lucio assure her he was at liberty to make what choice he pleased?"

"Yes, but his father will not now listen to him. He demands for the wife of his son a full wedding suit for the bride, and a dowry of at least fifty ducats."

The old man's head fell heavily upon the pillow. He closed his eyes and preserved a melancholy silence; in a few minutes he appeared to sleep. A boy about fourteen or fifteen years of age, whose eyes full of sweetness were humid with tears, approached Maria, who embraced him with much tenderness, and could only articulate with maternal fondness and emotion, "Antonio."

"Mother," said the boy in a firm tone, "I have heard and understand all. My father is right—I am a bad son. You have done everything for me, and I have not acquitted myself of the gratitude due you; it is time I should do so."

"What dost thou mean, Antonio?"

"I mean that I ought to work and bring the fruits of labour each day to thee," replied the child in a resolute voice. "It is well I overheard what my father has said, otherwise I should have continued in the same course which has caused his censure, and perhaps the end would have been that both thou and my father would have ceased to love me."

"Cease to love thee, Antonio! It is not possible for a parent not to love the son."

"Ah! thou consolest me, mother, and givest me courage. Thou art my best friend, and I will not conceal from thee what I dare not tell my father. Thou knowest that I am sometimes afraid of him."

"He is a good father, nevertheless."

"Oh, yes, but he prevents me from drawing and breaks my pencils. Three days ago did he not destroy my pretty Madonna, that I took so much pleasure in copying from the



one in the church? My poor Madonna—I loved her so much!"

"Thy father is unhappy, and suffers very much, my child. Thou shouldst endeavour not to irritate him, and, above all, thou shouldst not for a moment doubt his affection for thee."

"I was very near losing it, but from henceforth I will endeavour by every means to recover the ground I have lost in his affections. Adieu, mother; very soon I shall be worthy of being called thy son."

the anguish that surrounded him and of the uncertainties of a gloomy future. The censure of his father struck continually upon his ear, and drove away all inclination for sleep. He felt he could not enjoy repose till he had effaced the last trace of the defaming souvenir. At last, wearied with thought, he fell into a sleep which was agitated by unpleasant dreams. The first light of dawn saw him up. He went and kissed the foreheads of his parents, who, sleeping soundly, were not



THE FRUIT GIRL.—FROM A PAINTING BY MURILLO.

Maria embraced her son tenderly. She then called Stella to retire for the night. In an hour after, all was buried in repose in the house, except Antonio, who, recalling the words of his father, pondered on them and fortified his resolution to make amends. Young as he was, he considered, in all its varied and terrible aspects, the miserable situation into which his family had fallen. For the first time throwing off the happy indifference so natural to youth, he bore his portion of

awakened. He then sat down and wrote the following note—

"Do not be alarmed at my absence. I am gone only that I may merit the pardon of my father. Let Stella hope in the future. Perhaps the obstacles to her marriage with Lucio may be soon removed."

Antonio having left the note upon the table, opened the door quietly, knelt down to address a fervent prayer to Heaven; then casting a last look upon the loved roof which



he had never before quitted for a stranger's, he walked on by the trembling light of dawn upon the first road he encountered.

Two hours after he arrived in Modena.

#### CHAPTER II.

When he had passed the gates of the city, Antonio had to call up all his courage to urge him to fulfil the mission he had

in these juvenile terrors, and hope came very opportunely to dispel the fears which had well-nigh proved fatal to the object he had in view.

Antonio had never learnt any trade. His father sent him several times as an apprentice to different professions, none of which he seemed to like nor applied himself to. It was not that Antonio was slothful, in the full acceptation of the word; but he had an irresistible disgust for all manual labour, and a desire not the less irresistible forced him to the contemplation



THE CONCEPTION OF THE VIRGIN.—FROM A PAINTING BY MURILLO.

voluntarily undertaken. He had never before been surrounded with so much bustle and tumult. He knew not whither to direct his steps, the numerous streets crossing each other bewildered him, and the incessant agitation of the populace seemed like a vast sea about to engulf him. Nevertheless, by degrees he became more accustomed to this new aspect; a consciousness of the goodness of his intention sustained him

and imitation of nature. With a pencil in hand, Antonio forgot the work which he was to execute, and permitted the time of his meals and the hours of his rest to pass by equally unheeded. It was this that brought upon him the reprimands of his father, and was now the cause of the poor child's secret grief, at having discovered the real cause of his father's dislike to his pursuits, which he was accustomed to consider as a

brutal opposition to an occupation which he believed to be his vocation. But when he understood that misery had forced its way to the family hearth, and had destroyed the peace of mind of his parents, and that it was bad for a son to let them suffer the pangs of hunger without making some exertion to relieve them, the natural goodness of the child's disposition was awakened in all its strength. Animated by the feelings which reflection had given rise to, he left his home without thinking of the future or what steps he would take to earn a livelihood, but trusting in God not to abandon him, and believing he was pursuing the only course that would restore him the affections of his father. But whilst the imagination of the young Antonio turned completely in a circle of doubtful hopes, time fled by, and the day promised to draw to its close before he had taken any decisive steps. Nevertheless, he still trudged on his weary way through the streets, his mind filled with the bitterest thoughts! Suddenly he stopped. At one of the angles of the ducal palace, one of the most magnificent monuments of Italy, there was a small statue representing a *Madonnâ* with downcast eyes and a severely pious attitude, bearing in her hand a small branch.

The statue resembled the one of which Antonio had drawn a copy, that was so pitilessly destroyed by his father. Losing sight of the principal object of his journey, and regardless of the time which was fast flying, or of the hunger which he felt and knew not how to appease, he sat down upon one of the marble steps of the palace, pulled out his portfolio which he carried under his arm—the only baggage he brought with him—and drew out a pencil and a sheet of paper of rather an equivocal whiteness; eager then to possess himself once more of a copy of the *Madonna* with her pure complexion, her holy crown of glory, and her Divine Infant who smiled with so much grace and sweetness. A religious feeling came to add to the enthusiasm of the artist. He believed that he was copying, with so much care and love, the complexion of the Mother of God and her Divine Son—that both would intercede for him in heaven and carry to the Supreme Being his prayers and his vows. So, regardless of the crowds that passed him by, and the curious who observed him, he worked away with a courage and a hope he had never before experienced. He had been almost an hour engaged in his work without having once looked around him, when a man of a distinguished mien, whose dress announced him to belong to the opulent class, stepped behind him and bent down, both to observe the sketch and the countenance of the artist. Antonio paid no attention to the approach of the unknown, and continued his drawing without being disturbed.

"Are you of Modena, my child?" at last inquired the stranger, laying his hand upon the shoulder of the boy.

"No, signor, I am from Correggio," replied Antonio blushing.

"Who is your master?"

"I never had any."

"And when did you arrive?"

"To-day only."

"What are your means of existence?"

At this question, that recalled to Antonio the object of his journey to Modena, he shuddered and replied with emotion:

"Alas! signor, if I am here, it is with the hope of finding some employment; my father and mother are very unhappy."

"And what do you propose doing?"

"Anything I can," the child humbly replied. "I will carry the heaviest loads, enter into the service of the nobleman; there is nothing that I will not do to succour my father and mother."

The stranger reflected a moment, and then inquired, "Your name?"

"Antonio Allegri."

"If you accept work with me, I will give you employment which I am certain will accord with your taste. My house shall be yours. Do you consent?"

The child murmured forth his thanks, and accepted the offer with gratitude; but at the same time he cast a look full of melancholy regret upon the *Madonna*.

"Come," said the unknown. "In place of this rumpled paper, I will give you prepared canvas for the pencil and a brush; and as for models, I will supply you with many as beautiful as this *Madonna*."

Antonio followed his protector, without replying, through a labyrinth of streets in which he would have lost himself without a guide. Arriving at a handsome house the stranger knocked at the door, and said, "This is our home."

His first care upon entering was to have provided for Antonio a good repast, of which he partook largely himself.

Then, as the days were long, he proposed to Antonio to take a short promenade in the park; that he might show him the magnificent spectacle that the purplish tints of the rays of the setting sun presented. When they had returned he introduced him into a room hung with paintings; here and there strewn about upon the tables were pencils, palettes, brushes, and boxes of colours. It was, in one word, the arsenal of painting, and all the pell-mell of a workshop. Antonio felt new hope springing in his heart, which dilated with the expectation of pleasure.

"Here you shall pass your days," said the unknown. "Have I said wrong when I told you I would procure employment for you which would please you? You will commence by observing me paint, and then you shall do so yourself. Many a great artist has commenced by mixing colours and cleaning palettes. This occupation will for the present enable you to live."

Antonio employed two long hours in examining minutely the pictures of this sumptuous gallery. Signor Pescara (which was the name of the unknown) explained to him the subject of each canvas, and did not spare his eulogies of their perfection and their beauty, which, considering that he shortly afterwards proudly declared himself their author, was not very modest.

When night interrupted this review, Pescara led Antonio to the chamber which had been prepared for him, where, wishing him a good night, he left him alone. Antonio then recalled all that had happened to him during the day, and rejoiced that so gloomy a beginning had so bright an ending. He thought of the joy he would experience when sending his earnings each week to his family at Correggio; then he pronounced the name of his benefactor and accompanied it with all sorts of blessings. He was very happy, yet a thought which he could not smother filled his breast with remorse. At the moment he received an inappreciable benefit from the hands of his benefactor, he believed himself full of ingratitude, for he considered as detestable the paintings of Pescara which had been styled by him as magnificent.

#### CHAPTER III.

In order to understand better what Antonio considered the paintings of so great a devotee of the art as Pescara appeared to be, it will be necessary to state, that, although of a most benevolent character and the patron of the fine arts, he was himself the most execrable artist in the world. At this epoch, when the praises of Giotto, of Cimabue, of Angelo, and of Raffaele, were universally chanted, men of opulence and high birth were seized with a mania for painting, and endeavoured to gain the celebrity of triumphant artists, and to add to their crown of nobility the precious wreath of an art which was then so much esteemed in Italy.

These degenerate disciples believed that gold, study, and a species of infatuation, would compensate for the absence of genius and inspiration; and the circle of courtiers who gathered round them, like satellites around a planet, contributed in some degree to the flattering illusion. Pescara's proper place was definitely marked out, in the centre of these innumerable martyrs to the art, who were ever to be found surrounding the vestibule of the temple they never were able to penetrate.

Antonio did not inform his benefactor of the opinion he had formed of his works, and regretted that it was not a favourable one. Neither did Pescara afford him an opportunity, as he was perpetually descanting upon the value and great

beauty of his productions. The young enthusiast was very happy that this was the case, as he could not dream of telling a falsehood, nor of hurting the feelings of a gentleman to whose generosity he owed perhaps his own life and that of his family.

About a year ran thus peaceably on. Antonio fulfilled with zeal all the duties which were imposed upon him by Pescara. After deducting a little necessary expense which he incurred weekly, he regularly sent the wages he received to his family at Correggio. These succours were as manna from heaven to his parents and sister. Emboldened by the encouragement of Pescara, he one day requested permission to paint a representation of the Virgin, of which he had drawn a copy at the corner of the Ducal Palace, when he was benevolently befriended by his benefactor. Pescara smiled at the solicitations of his pupil, and said he as yet hardly knew how to hold a brush, and that he had not worked sufficiently to enable him to even attempt a task of such difficulty. Antonio replied that he was fully capable at least of producing a work which would prove to his master that he had profited by his lessons. Pescara at last yielded to the pressing requests of Antonio, both from a desire of indulging the boy's inclination, and of seeing what species of work would emanate from so youthful an aspirant.

"We will both commence a picture upon the same subject," said Pescara; "but we will not communicate to each other any hint of the plans we are pursuing. You shall occupy this portion of the workshop, and neither of us will enter into the division of the other till both pictures are finished."

From that day forward the two rivals were engaged furthering their respective pictures. Pescara used frequently to rally his pupil upon the promised *chef-d'œuvre*, and then with a patronising air encourage him to perseverance.

At last the day arrived when Antonio had completed his work. He ran to Pescara to inform him that it was ready for inspection. Pescara, who had his piece executed before his pupil, arose from the *fautuil* on which he had been reclining, and prepared to accompany Antonio to the workshop. As they were going up stairs a servant overtook them, and told Antonio that a young girl awaited him in the hall. As he frequented no place and formed no associates since he had come to Modena, he could not think who it was that could possibly want him. Pescara desired him to go down and see who it was. Three jumps brought Antonio to the bottom of the stairs, when uttering a cry of joy he ran into the arms of his sister, who warmly and tenderly embraced him.

After the first rapture consequent upon a meeting between persons so dear to each other, and who had been so long separated, Antonio perceived that the countenance of his sister was very pale, that her eyes were red and swollen with weeping, and that in her whole deportment she bore the marks of suffering under some heavy affliction.

"What has happened, my sister?" inquired Antonio, in trembling tones.

"Our father is dying," replied Stella in a broken voice. "God is taking him to Himself. It is a misfortune to us, but a blessing to him. We, alas, have not the means of purchasing a small plot of ground where he could repose in peace, and where we would often go to kneel upon his grave, and ask him to intercede for us in heaven."

"Our father dying!" repeated Antonio, in a wandering manner. "Oh, I must leave instantly, that I may see him and obtain his pardon."

"He has long since pardoned thee; and thou hast well deserved that he should do so," replied Stella.

"Thanks—but thou hast said nothing of our good mother." "Excess of labouring at her needle has injured her sight and reduced her almost to blindness; but she supports all these afflictions with the resignation of a saint. I fear much that in this life she will never be sufficiently rewarded for the sacrifices she has made."

"And thou, good sister, thou hast had thy part in those sufferings. Thou hast seen fading away, one by one, all those

sweet illusions in which thou wast wont to indulge. Thy marriage with Lucio—"

"I think no more of the future," hastily returned Stella, and with difficulty restraining her bursting tears. "It is not for poor creatures like us to hope, as misery has set her fatal seal upon our lot."

"Do not despair thus," replied Antonio, seized with a sudden thought. "Remain here a moment. I will make a last effort. Do not be impatient; I will return immediately."

Signor Pescara was seated before two easels, upon which were placed two pictures representing the same subject;—notwithstanding this identity, the eye of the least critical would at once perceive, from the difference of touch, and more particularly of colouring, that they were the productions of very different hands and of very different talents. Pescara, resolved to give an impartial opinion upon the merits of each, advanced and receded from the picture to observe the different effects.

He then drew the blinds down to subdue the light, in order to perceive it under every aspect. Absorbed in the investigation, the return of Antonio was unheeded; but he approached and cried out to him,

"Signor Pescara, have pity upon me."

"What is it that you say?" said Pescara, surprised.

"I owe you much already," replied Antonio, in a fervent tone. "You have saved the life of myself and my family.

Do more; I have a father who is dying, a mother who is blind, and a sister young and beautiful, who is now an orphan without support. Do a great act; give to the father a grave, to the mother an asylum, to the daughter a dowry. Do this, Monseigneur, and my life shall be yours. I know not what would repay you for so enormous a debt; but it appears to me that my gratitude and my devotion will be able to provide me with the means of discharging it. From this day I will seize every opportunity of proving to you that I am not an ingrate. I neither breathe nor work any more but for you. In pity, then, save my mother—save my sister."

"I hear all thy wishes favourably," replied Pescara, taking the hand of Antonio, "but I will not accept in return all the sacrifices which thou so disinterestedly offerest me. No, I will not accept of the abnegation which would be the destruction of thy future. I have discovered in thee the germ of a precocious talent that requires only the air, sun, and liberty to bring to maturity. Return to Correggio—but before leaving I will provide you for a long time against misery or want. I will purchase thy first picture; take this purse—it contains two hundred ducats."

Antonio could scarcely contain himself with joy; renewing his promises of devotion to Pescara, he ran precipitately to join his sister. "Stella!" he cried, "Stella, we are saved!—let us go."

Taking her arm under his own, Antonio and his sister left the house of their benefactor, and walked along the road, with lightened hearts, which led from Modena to the little town of Correggio.

#### CHAPTER IV.

They arrived in time. Old Allegri still breathed. Maria, to whom Antonio had given the money, wished her husband to witness before expiring the nuptials of his daughter. She ran to the father of Lucio. His avaricious scruples at once vanished at the sight of the gold; he gave his approbation to the marriage. Thus, then, thanks to Antonio, Stella espoused the man she loved. The emotion of joy which her father experienced at this unexpected consummation of his dearest wishes, finished the work that grief had commenced. He died blessing his sons.

There remained no one with Antonio now but his mother, upon whom he bestowed all the fond affections of a strong and sympathetic nature. Her spirit also promised soon to quit its earthly tenement. Deprived of her sight, her constitution broken by the fatigues of a devoted life, and weakened by former privations, she walked with rapid strides to share the tomb of her husband. One evening Antonio, entering the room, found her stretched upon the bed as if in calm and

profound sleep. He ran to her and kissed her, but her lips chilled him with their coldness; he looked again and saw he was an orphan.

Shortly after, Lucio, resolving to take up his abode at Florence, left his native town, and was of course accompanied by Stella. Antonio then found himself completely isolated, but, remembering his benefactor, he wended his way once more to Modena. Pescaro, on his first visit, received him affectionately; the second, more coldly; and on the third was not to be seen. Antonio could not fathom the cause of this strange conduct of his benefactor. His noble heart would not permit him to imagine that he was actuated by any feeling of low jealousy. Such, nevertheless, was the secret of this sad enigma. The superiority of Antonio's Madonna, forcibly recognised by Pescaro, had first weakened, and by degrees completely destroyed, all interest in the fate of his former *protégé*. The child, without wishing it, had humbled the pride of the painter. It is one of those things which an envious artist repays with eternal rancour.

Antonio never saw his first picture afterwards. It is said that, after the death of the Modenese amateur, amongst the several paintings of different merits with which his gallery was hung, a star was discovered which was worthy of genius. This was, it is said, Antonio's "*Vierge au Rameau*;" at the bottom of the picture was printed in very legible characters the name of Signor Pescaro.

The sad fatality which was so inexorably attached to the infancy of Allegri followed him to the grave. The man was as unhappy as the child. Free from pride, forgetful of injuries, and loving to do good, he never found any reward for these sweet virtues but in the purity of his conscience and the pleasures of his art. But if the glorious palm of genius did not shade his brow, posterity placed a crown of immortality upon his grave, and ranked him with Raffaele, Angelo, and Romain; and, as glory is baptism, it has given a new name to the great artist—a venerated name which sums up his beginning and his end, his struggles and his principles, his birth and his death—the name of the town which without him would have been devoted to oblivion. It is not Antonio Allegri he is called, but Correggio; and he will bear to the end of ages the name upon which he reflects so much glory. Magic power, sublime privilege of the man of genius—to ennoble all that is allied to him by the relations of blood, of country, or of religion.

#### MODERN ART EXHIBITIONS.

THE "year," amongst the artists, may be said to commence with the opening of the British Institution, in Pall Mall, early in the month of February; and the second event of importance, to be the opening of the Suffolk-street Gallery, which took place upon the 27th of last month. Therefore, although the Exhibition of the British Institution can no longer be regarded as a novelty, it yet becomes our duty, in chronicling art movements, to run back for some little time, and to notice the first Exhibition of 1854.

This will not be exacting too much from our readers, as the Exhibition is yet open for them to verify our criticisms.

An institution for the benefit of artists, numbering amongst its governors and directors the Earl of Aberdeen, the Marquis of Abercorn, the Earl of Eilemere, etc., and having for its president the Duke of Sutherland, should be in the position to offer much patronage and assistance to the artists. Its frequenters are of the highest class, and, if not so numerous as those of the Royal Academy, are more select. Formerly, works which had been exhibited in the greater gallery in the previous year, were allowed to be again exhibited in this; and the names of the first picture-buyers in the kingdom being amongst those of its governors and subscribers, many very first-rate pictures adorned its walls. Lately, however, this permission has been rescinded, and now none but original works may be hung. If this has not been a benefit to the frequenters, it has yet been of very positive use to the

struggling artist, who has now a chance of exhibition, instead of seeing his place occupied by pictures which were already well known to the public; but although the frequenter does not now meet the picture which he had before admired in the Royal Academy, it must be confessed that, as an exhibition, the character of the place has fallen.

This year the artists seem to have reserved their best efforts for the Royal Academy; and the walls, with very few exceptions, show "monotonous landscapes, mistaken epical strivings, and feeble fancy sketches," to quote the words of an impartial but severe critic. The exceptions are, however, brilliant, and render a visit to the gallery well worth the while of those who love art.

The picture which stands first on the catalogue is the "*Kingfisher's Haunt*," of Mr. Creswick, R.A., which has all the merit of that artist's usual productions, but little else besides.

"*West Loch Tarbet*" (12), by J. Danby, and (22) "*Coiners*," by Inskip, will arrest attention—the first by its excellence, the latter by its subject, which is treated in a novel but thoroughly vulgar manner. Men of a *roué* appearance and unmistakable vulgarity are throwing upon a table a quantity of new coin, without the slightest sparkle, so that nobody would think of taking them. Of a far different order is (29) "*A Scheveling shore, low water*," which is a perfect triumph of purely natural painting: a picture of Dutch galiots unloading, so careful in finish, and so close to nature, that the calm rippling of the sea has a quiescent effect upon the spectator. "*Mounts Bay, Cornwall*" (266), by Mr. Jackson, may be bracketed with this picture.

The picture by Mr. Sant (58), which bears no name, but which has the quotation from St. John's Gospel to identify it as the "*Woman taken in Adultery*," is, in our opinion, the finest picture in the gallery. The figure of the woman telling herself before the reproof from lips which spake as never man spake, has seldom been more finely conceived, and has rarely been so well executed. The terror of her situation, and the blinding conviction of sin, are fearfully realised. The colouring of the flesh is very near perfection, if it be not the thing itself.

The "*Fruit*" of Mr. Lance (30, 180, 218, and 497) have the usual excellences of that painter, and, it must be confessed, some of his weaknesses. The popular illustrator upon wood, Mr. Gilbert, has produced a picture of "*Sancho Panza and his Wife*" (509), which is unrivalled in its way. Sancho is swelling with the thought of his future government, while his wife, bearing a small tray with Spanish onions upon it, looks at him with an incredulous and almost contemptuous air. Few things can be finer than this picture; there is some marvellous painting in it, and the composition is natural and characteristic.

Mr. Glass, in "*A Raid on the Scottish Border*" (355), has attempted not a scene, but a whole series of *tableaux*, and has in our opinion failed to tell his story; though the animals and figures exhibit a very fair knowledge of drawing.

(74.) "*The arrest of Cardinal Wolsey*," by Sir G. Hayter, shows a great want in correctness of costume, and has figures deficient in grace.

(118.) A subject from the "*Te Deum Laudamus*," by the same artist, is of very high merit; the devotional feeling in the faces of the three apostles is finely expressed.

(137.) "*Lytham Common*," by R. Andell, and (158) by the same artist, are two of the gems of the Exhibition, and leave nothing to be desired.

The only bit of art gossip worth recording is curious, and involves a high compliment to "Mr. Punch." The artist of the city statue of Sir Robert Peel having applied to Mr. Gladstone, to know where he could find the best likeness of the lamented statesman, the chancellor referred him to a caricature by Leech, called "*A Chip of the Old Block*," wherein Sir Robert is introducing his second son, a perfect little Sir Robert, to Mr. Punch, with the words, "My son, sir." Mr. Gladstone thought that portrait could not be surpassed; the statue is therefore being modelled from it.

## J. B. OUDRY.



THOSE painters who, like our own eminent Landseer, have devoted themselves to the study and picturing of animal life, have been almost always successful. The reason is clear. This kind of art comes home to the feelings and ideas of large bodies of the community; everybody understands a picture of a horse, an ass, dogs, deer, fox-hunts; and everybody is able to appreciate whether they are correctly or incorrectly rendered. It requires some previous education, some knowledge of

the highest department of human art, but it is an agreeable and pleasing species of painting, that is in every way worthy of encouragement.

The aim and object of high art is to elevate and ennoble the mind. We recognise a mission in the great painter, and we expect that mission to be fulfilled conscientiously and well; we expect him to warm our hearts, to expand the mind, and elevate the soul above the mere chaos of daily occupations. When examining a great historical or sacred picture, representing, let it be supposed, the Crucifixion, we seek not so much exact fidelity as a grand and solemn whole, that breathes of the eternal and mighty sacrifice, that chastens and softens, that carries us far away to realms of space beyond mere actuality. It is the grandeur, the sublimity, the elevation, the genius, developed in their paintings, that have carried the names of Raffaele and Michael Angelo to the uttermost ends of the earth, far more than their rich colouring or fidelity of rendering the human face and form. A daguerreotype is a better portrait than any of Vandyck; but if we could have paintings rendered the same way, we should still prefer those efforts of the hand of man which have around them the immortal halo, the poetry and life of genius.

But if what is called high art were alone encouraged, it would certainly be much to be regretted. There is another mission of painting; and that is, to please, to gratify the senses, to be agreeable. The love of pictures, whether painted or engraved, is one which should be encouraged, especially in the young. Often from the most elaborate descriptions we gain but a very faint idea of the thing itself, while in a painting or woodcut it stands evidently before us, and we comprehend. The mere description conveys often the same idea to us that it does to the blind, who, from feeling even, can gain no conception of the reality. Few men ever carried the art of faithful and elaborate description further than Cooper, the eminent American fictionist. His landscape portraits were



history, some travel through the world, to comprehend and enjoy historical scenes, foreign landscapes—even scenes of life which do not belong to our own sphere. But who has not studied the canine race, or watched a cat in its gambols, or noticed the prancing horse, or seen the deer skimming over the fields? And when we see a picture reflecting these familiar forms, we rarely are mistaken in our judgment of it. We comprehend that which is familiar. Certainly it is not



faithful and true; yet when we visited the places he had thus truthfully portrayed, we had some difficulty in recognising them. But when we were familiar with a place from a drawing, the description then sank deep in our minds.

The cultivation of taste is a very essential element in education, and taste can scarcely be acquired without some conception and study of art. It is well, then, that art has not always been on stilts, that sometimes it has come down and walked on level ground, and condescended to things which appear, at first sight, not its province. Very few in this world would endure subjects not adapted to their capacity and intellect. Even, however, the profoundest students find relief in the song and the tale; so the lover of painting, in its more elevated branches, cannot but occasionally welcome those painters who please, soften, and amuse him, when he is wearied of being taught and schooled.

In this country a very large number of persons have been found to paint, and thousands have been found to admire, the canine race. The man who understands only one branch, and that the highest, of art, will sneer at the dog-painter; but in so doing he commits a great error. Do we not all know of what great value the dog has been to man, how useful he is in every way; and what more natural than that we should gaze with pleasure on the representation of our favourite animal? The history of the dog has yet to be written; authors have not yet done him justice, but art has.

The part of the dog in history began with the very existence of property. He was the first policeman; and it is a fact that races without dogs have always been savages. Let none of us complain, then, of their being made a prominent feature in animal-painting.

In the edition of "The Fables of La Fontaine," illustrated by Oudry, there is a magnificent portrait of this master-engraver by Tardieu, after Largillière. The very first glance we cast upon this admirable engraving charms us. We are struck by the benevolent, lively, and calm air of this man, who represents in his person the very best specimen of the French style. This face, rather fat, in which imagination and wit are mingled with a soft good humour, shows a mind without storms, a fertility without roughness, an easy facile genius without much depth. Such is the conclusion ordinarily drawn from surveying the portrait of this artist; and yet how little can we really judge from the outward semblance of the man.

The great judges of physiognomy in modern times inform us that the peaceful history of Oudry is written in his portrait, and that we may swear to the likeness without ever having seen the original. In truth, we may in vain seek, during his life of more than sixty years, for any of those agitations and those struggles which are the price so many men pay for their renown. There are few artists whose biography is recorded in history, who have not had to overcome either the terrible anguish of physical misery, or the silly prejudices of a family, or even the yielding and trembling of their own genius. Oudry did not know any of these sorrows or griefs. The son of a picture-dealer, he lived during his youth among pictures, always changing, always renewed; and masters who made the fortune of the father, began the education of the son.

However this may be, he experienced in early years a very precocious love of drawing. Oudry, the father, who was a member of the Academy of Drawing, had been a painter before he became a dealer. It is believed that he gave the first lessons to his son; but he soon placed him with Serre, painter of the galleries of the king, at Marseilles, who wished to take him away with him.

Oudry was not destined to have vast and great conceptions, or to devote himself to heroic pictures. He was a keen observer of nature, saw it with a sharp *coup-d'œil*, and drew correctly and justly. He had all the requisites for a portrait painter: we do not speak of those portraits in a lofty style, which, by grandeur of character and the nobility of the sentiments they inspire, rise to the perfection of an historical picture, like those of Velasquez, Vandyck, and Lawrence;

we speak of the familiar portrait—of that which is for the original a kind of mirror, for his friends a happy resemblance, and for amateurs a fine study. The pupil of Serre came back instinctively to Paris, with the intention of placing himself under a master of his own choice, Nicolas of Largillière. This man was a real painter, and it was in reality a piece of good fortune to be brought up in his school, especially for any one who wished to sketch a model, to learn to hang "learned draperies," to paint broadly with a light pencil, by fresh touches that please and do not weary in colour. The pupil soon rose to such a pitch of reputation that Peter the Great, who came to Paris in 1717, wished to have his portrait from the hand of Oudry; and it was so successfully executed that he wanted to take the artist and carry him off to St. Petersburg, as he had done in Holland with the carpenter of Saardam. To escape from the iron will of the great Czar, the painter, who was determined not to leave his country, was obliged to seek for a retreat where he was able to conceal himself from the search of his well-meaning friends.

Largillière, who was something better than a mere portrait painter, took great pleasure in teaching his pupil the principles he had himself drawn from nature, and the study of the painters of the Flemish school. He had also taught him the principles of perspective and *chiaroscuro*, and had laid a very strong foundation relative to mixing and using colours. Oudry never ceased to remember these things, and it was always pleasant in after life to hear him talking of what he had learnt from his long and learned conversations with Largillière. There is much in the way in which a thing is taught, and the young artist will often learn more from the pleasant and agreeable gossip of an able master, than from his most learned disquisitions in one of his most learned moods.

One day the master told his pupil that he must learn to paint flowers, and as Oudry went to fetch some bouquets of flowers of varied hue and colour, Largillière sent the pupil back to the garden to pick out a bunch of flowers all white. He then himself placed them on a clear background, which, on the side of the shadow, threw them up in bold relief, and on the side of the light gave them delicate demi-tints. The master having then compared the white of the pallet with the light side of the flowers, which was less dazzling, showed that in this tuft of white flowers, the lights which were to be touched with pure white were in very little quantity, in comparison with the demi-tints; this is exactly what gave roundness and vigour to the bouquet, and the learned painter thence drew the conclusion, that to give relief to the model, to round it, as it were, large demi-tints were needed, much economy in lights, and some very strong dark touches, in the centre of the shadow and in the places which are not brought up by the refraction.

The worthy Largillière thus communicated little by little the secrets of art to his pupil. Colouring was, above all, the object of his interviews and studies; and it was by bold examples that he taught now how to find local tints, now how to modify them, according to the relative value which the surrounding colour assigned to them. "Look at that silver vase," said he one day: "if it is certainly true that its whole mass is white; but how will you determine the true tone which is proper to it? It is by comparing it, not to contraries, but to things like itself; because what is wanted is a shade. If you bring near this vase of silver either linen, or paper, or satin, or porcelain, you will readily perceive that the white of the vase is not at all like the white of the porcelain, nor of the satin, nor of the paper, nor of the linen; and by carefully examining the tone which it has not got, you will end by finding the tone which it has." On another occasion, speaking of those exaggerated repellants which are authorised by no rule, especially when the scene is laid in an open country—where shaded masses are only produced by the movement of clouds—he ridiculed good-humouredly that ultra-black tone in which drapery, in which lights, flesh, terraces, are lost; while the figures of the second foreground, suddenly lit up, resemble a troop of Europeans beside a company of Moors.

After five years of arduous study in the *atelier* of Largillière,

Odury was remarked for his portraits and some few historical pictures. He was as yet unaware of his own particular talent, and moved in the dark towards his branch of art and his peculiar fame. His first productions caused him to be elected a member and a professor of the Academy of St. Luke. But his effort to follow in the track of the great artists of history was not destined to last very long. One day he sketched off with much success a hunter and his dog, and Largillière said to him laughing, "Get along, Odury; you will never be anything but a dog-painter." Odury thought that in these words he saw his horoscope. He began at once to devote his whole energies to the study and portraiture of animals, and he did so with surprising good fortune. He had hit upon that particular branch of art which was suited to his genius, and thence his immediate success.

But he did not at once renounce the attempt to shine in historical paintings, and he was received into the Academy in 1717, upon the faith of a picture of "The Adoration of the Magi," painted for the chapter of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. His special painting for his reception was an allegorical design of Plenty.

It would be difficult to find these works of Odury, and it is allowable to suppose that they were not productions of a very high order, since the reputation which their author has gained in another style has completely eclipsed them. It is as an animal painter that Odury is a master of his art. He had a name already when he was named professor and pensioner of the king, with a lodging in the Tuilleries. The talent of Odury could not but please Louis XV., who considered hunting one of the first duties of government—one of the noblest occupations of man. It was this king's mad yielding to his impulses, that paved the way for so much that was terrible in the subsequent revolution. He took such delight in the works of this artist, that he passed whole hours in his workshop. It is said that he was wont to take the utmost pleasure in watching him paint several hunting pictures, which were afterwards to be executed in Gobelin's tapestries, and which the king destined for his bed-chamber in the palace of Compiègne, and the council-chamber. The frivolous and capricious king wished the idea of pleasure to follow him to the very chamber where he was forced to undergo the *emui* of governing. A very lively and amusing description of these pictures is to be found in the "*Mercur de France*" of 1738. The king is there represented accompanied by his courtiers, his officers, and his huntsmen—now pulling on his boots to mount on horseback—now present at a *hallali* near the ponds of St. Jean-aux-Bois—now running down the deer in view of Royal-Lieu. This last composition is very animated. In front the pack is seen bounding forward through fields filled by blue-bells and poppies; further off, a troop of huntsmen pass the river Oise in a ferry-boat. The boat of Beaumont, filled with passengers, ascends the river; while other boats seem to be brought in to vary the monotony of the water-lines. The king's carriage, drawn by four horses, and a view of Compiègne, complete the features of this composition.

The king, Louis XV., was so delighted with the personal figure he was made to assume in these pictures, and consequently so delighted with the artist, that he invited him down to the great hunts of Fontainebleau. On this occasion, the rapid conception of nature, caught in her happy moods, lent even a more striking character of truth to his animals, caught as it were in the fact; and seeing them reproduced so faithfully from nature, the king was delighted to be able to recognise them one after another, and to call them by their names.

From the court of France the renown of Odury spread over all Europe. He began to find foreigners disputing for the honour and pleasure of possessing his pictures. The king of Denmark wrote to him to ask him to come to Copenhagen; the prince of Mecklenburg caused a gallery to be expressly constructed to receive the pictures of Odury.

And it was not only by hunting scenes and pictures of animals that this painter made himself a name. In his days landscape-painting—that charming and pleasing branch of

art—was very popular, and many amateurs ordered pictures of him. Lafont de Saint-Yenne speaks highly of them in his little work on the Exhibition of 1746, and he adds to the opinion of the public the expression of his own personal feelings. "There is nothing more happy," said he, "than the choice of sites in the paintings of Odury. Nature shows herself adorned in her native and rarest beauties a thousand times more enchanting than that of the palace of kings. One sees and almost feels a genuine freshness under the deep verdure of his groups of trees, whose leaves are admirable, and of which he knows how to vary the forms, the touches, and the tones with an infinite art. This freshness is seen by the light of his water so well distributed, some tranquil, some in movement; his able pencil makes beauty out of everything; here a ruined bridge, there a mill, further on, huts and old houses, add to these familiar scenes an enchanting air."

If so many successes contribute to the glory and the future of the painter, we have reason to regret, and the French still more, when they think of the numerous and valuable pictures which have been removed from France to foreign countries. This man, whose fertility is confessed in all biographies, has only seven or eight pictures, of moderate size, in the Louvre. The largest represents a "Wolf Hunt." The beast, attacked on all sides, and still menaced by a fourth enemy which forms the rear-guard, turns round his head with an air of fear and powerless rage. The head of the wolf is a remarkably fine piece. The movements of the dogs are admirable for truth and reality. They are painted moreover with rare perfection, and by brilliant touches which show off with extreme vigour even the variety of their skins. It is to be regretted that he has not thrown a little more fire into this terribly bloody struggle. The landscape is, however, one of agreeable country beauty, and, retreating as it does, it adds to the beauty of the picture. A forest warmed by some rays of the sun, and which dies away in the summer vapour, recalls some of the aims, *less naïve* it is true, of the greatest contemporary landscape painters. Its brown mass serves as a background to the skin of the animals, which are precisely those dogs of the Pyrenees with rough skin which Odury had studied in the kennel of the king.

Odury often reproduced these terrific combats of wolves surprised by dogs. Diderot tells us that in the Exhibition of 1753, he hung up a picture representing bull-dogs combatting three wolves and a jackal. "This picture," adds the celebrated writer, "has been described as too uniform; the landscapes and hard."

Though it is perhaps a truthful observation to make, that the pictures of Odury are a little too cold, and that his skies want the charm and the dazzling brightness of those of Desportes, it is quite easy to see, from some of his paintings, that he could easily escape from those faults. He painted in one picture, in most admirable colours, two hounds; one is fawn-coloured, the other black. The one is brought out in bold relief upon a brown background of trunks of trees and dark green plants, while the black is brought up by the clear and pellucid light of a luminous sky. These frank and beautiful contrasts always please the eye, and this pretty picture is a worthy parallel of another canvas which represents the delicate she-hounds, white and spotted with yellow, with long narrow snouts, with speaking and intelligent eyes—delicate personages, whose names have been preserved by Odury at the bottom of his picture—*Sylvia* and *Mignonne*.

Odury was above all an indefatigable and laborious workman. He belongs to that family of conscientious artists who were born in the first half of the eighteenth century, and whose whole life, whose existence, whose very moral and physical being, was devoted to the cultivation, the worship of art. Not satisfied with painting enough to be able to produce and show in a single Exhibition more than fifteen pictures at a time, as often happened to him, particularly in 1753, Odury took a journey into the country almost every day, to draw nature on the spot, and spent nearly all his evenings in producing those numerous drawings of which we shall presently have occasion to speak.

The pupil of Largillière, a passionate admirer of nature, was one of the first to contend against the conventional, hard, and unreal types which spoil the French school. He liked to copy nature itself, and when he sought the real, he found it. He studied the manners, customs, habits, and peculiarities of animals in their own retreats. He frequently went down to Dieppe to be present at the exact moment when the fish were fresh from the sea. He patiently drew the inhabitants of the Jardin des Plantes; and as fast as the royal and really splendid collection was enriched by a rare bird, his portfolios were enriched by a new drawing. And so many earnest studies, from which he profited so well, were not lost to the world.

Oudry, by his pleasant manners, his wit, and his connexion with the court, was one of the influential men of the Academy; his voice was always listened to, the more because he threw

accomplished literary production. It is something extremely rare from a Frenchman, an admirable example of modesty and pious veneration.

The following is the discourse alluded to: it would be spoilt by abridgment:—

"I believe I am sufficiently well known amongst you, gentlemen, not to need the assurance, that if I undertake to give the explanation of certain principles, it is not at all with a view to attack the sentiments of any of my *confrères* who may see things in another light from what I do, and that much less do I suppose myself capable of teaching them. You know that I have always respected the lights and the talents of our best masters. I may then say frankly, that when I wrote these simple reflections, I never thought of bringing them publicly before you; I thought only of arranging them in my own mind, and of putting them together for



THE FOX STARTLED WHILE DEVOURING HIS PREY.—FROM A PAINTING BY OUDRY.

so much grace into all that he said. In the sitting of the 7th of June, 1749, he read to the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture, of which Coppel was then the director, a paper, which was entitled, "Reflections on the Mode of Studying Colour, by comparing objects one with the other." Oudry, giving to Largillière the honour of these reflections, explains with charming and native simplicity all that his master had taught him in relation to colour, the connexion of tones, the infinite variety they derive from the subduing of the lights, and also his ideas upon drawing and *chiaroscuro*. In a literary point of view, this piece belongs rather to the seventeenth than to the eighteenth century, and we are inclined to believe, from the testimony of this production, in the absence of all other private details relative to the life of Oudry, that this painter no-wise resembled his contemporaries in manners or conduct. He was not of the age in which he lived. His disquisition, moreover, is something far better than an

the instruction of my son; but since it has been so clearly proved that every one of us should contribute, according to his means, to the instruction of our young pupils, who are brought to this meeting for that purpose, I thought it my duty to yield to this consideration.

"You know very well, gentlemen, what kind of man M. de Largillière was, and the admirable maxims he had laid down, in connexion with the great effects and, as it were, the magic of our art. He always communicated them to me with the true love of a father; and it is, I assure you, with extreme delight, with the greatest pleasure an honest man can feel, truly loving his art and sympathising warmly with those youths who seek distinction in earnest, that I communicate them in my turn. M. de Largillière has told me many times that it was at the Flemish school where he was educated that he collected together all those fine maxims which he knew so well how to put into practice; and he often men-

tioned to me the great regret he felt at seeing and feeling, on so many hands, the want of attention to things which were of such essential importance to the artist. Perhaps he was a little too partial to his nurse, that nurse he always loved so well; but even if we look upon some of his opinions as prejudices, I hope that you will not consider them unworthy of your attention, and that even these errors, if you regard them as such, may appear to you as the errors of a great artist.

"Where he was so truly great, as you all know, and have repeatedly allowed, is in colour, in *chiaroscuro*, in effect, and in harmony. The ideas he had on these subjects were beautiful and clear, when he explained them, as he did, with so much sweetness, gentleness, and placidity.

"I shall, I warn you, often mix up my own ideas with those of my master; I could with difficulty separate them; they have been united too long; they have become incorporated in one, and to divide them now is an impossible task.

nothing else but what is natural to each object, and that the *chiaroscuro* is the art of distributing the lights and shadows with that intelligence which causes a picture to produce effect. But it is not sufficient to have a general idea of this. The great point is, to know how to apply the local colour properly and efficiently, and to acquire that knowledge which gives its value by contrasting it with another.

"This is in my opinion the infinite in art, and a point on which we have much fewer principles than any other. I mean principles founded on the true and the natural; for in principles founded on the works of the old masters we certainly are not deficient. We have, indeed, writers enough and to spare who have spoken thereupon. But it is a serious question whether what they have said on the point is very solid; or, if it be solid, do we do all in our power to profit by the good fruit we ought to derive from these principles? This is my first difficulty.



THE STAG HUNT.—FR. M. A PAINTING BY OUDRY.

Moreover, forty years of assiduous labour certainly have given me some new ideas, relative to which I do not wish to show myself miserly, any more than I wish to keep back those of others. Loving my branch of art as I do, I cannot but wish that what I know, others too may have the pleasure of knowing. I know nothing more mean, in an elevated art like ours, than to have little secrets, and not to do for those who are to succeed us that which has been done for us. As I have already said, I intend to speak, on the present occasion, only to the youth present; and to remove every suspicion, I hope you will allow me to speak out to that youth.

"Colour is one of the most important branches of our art. It is that which characterises it, which distinguishes it so clearly from sculpture. It is in the colouring that consists the charm and the brilliance of our works. You are sufficiently advanced to be perfectly aware of this. You are also aware, that in colouring there are two distinct branches:—the local colour, and the *chiaroscuro*; that the local colour is

"What do you do? Full of that just and lofty admiration with which you have been inspired for the masters whom we look upon as colourists, you begin to copy them. But how do you copy them? Plainly and simply, and almost without any reflection, putting white where you see white, red where you see red, and so on. So that, instead of forming a just idea of the colouring of the master, you simply get hold of a sample. How must we act in order to do better? We must, when we copy a fine picture, ask our master the reason why the author of this picture coloured such and such a part in such and such a way. In this way you will learn, on the principle of induction, that which you seek by routine, and which it cannot give you. Whenever you copy a new author, you must obtain from your master that instruction, based on new reasoning and new principles, which will sink into your mind, and which will guarantee you against an acquired prejudice, which sometimes lasts a whole life, in favour of one artist and against all others, often the cause of the complete ruin

and destruction of a young man who promised better things.

"By avoiding this danger, mark what will happen. While copying, we will say, a Titian, you will be enchanted beyond all doubt with the beautiful tones you will find in it, and the beautiful play of these tones upon the general effect. But your master will say, 'Take care; do not fancy that all these tones would have the same value, if they were placed elsewhere. It belongs to this composition for such and such a reason. This is the true merit of this author. If this colour were in the least out of place, it would be false and shocking.' The force of this reasoning would surely strike you, and it must even strike you now. Do you not see very clearly that painting would be a very narrow art, if we only required an assortment of tints after Titian, to colour as well as he does?"

"I should myself highly approve and recommend, in order that you might make these studies truly valuable, that you should mix up with them the study of nature. Yes, I should wish as soon as a young man begins to paint, having a good foundation of drawing, and knowing a little of colouring, that when he has copied a Titian, he should take nature, and from it paint a similar picture. This would send him to seek in nature those principles which the great master had followed so beautifully. Do you not perceive that if he could but seize the connecting link, he would be on the high road to discover the truth in art for himself? When I mention a Titian, I mean also a Paul Veronese, a Giorgione, a Rubens, a Rembrandt, a Vandyck—any master, in a word, who is celebrated as a colourist.

"You can scarcely form a conception of the rapidity with which you would advance on this road, and what prodigious advantage you would have over others, even of equal talent, by painting after nature in this spirit—that is to say, with a view to colour. Try the experiment, and I am sure you will be obliged to me for the advice.

"The first intention you should have, when you draw from nature in this point of view, is to place yourself in a position to judge of the value and influence that it must have upon the background which you mean to give to your picture. This is a very important branch, and I shall prove it, I hope, to your satisfaction.

"Every object is cast up in relief against its background; and when you paint on a background without light—that is, of a dark brown—it holds the 'mass' or object painted within itself. If the background be clear, the mass is coloured, not to say brown.

"When then you paint after nature, and gaze at the object of your study, brought up by a background without light, and introduce it in your picture on the contrary, on a light background, the consequence will be that the two will not harmonise, and the effect of your picture will be spoilt.

"The true method by which you may avoid these evils is so simple that it is surprising it should have been neglected. It consists in guiding yourself strictly on the background which you wish to represent in your picture, and in placing your copy from nature on a similar background to that you had painted from. How is this to be done? By placing behind the object you are about to transfer to your canvas a linen or canvas of the colour of your proposed background. I would even require, that you might be the more correct, that you should lay on this canvas a coat of colours identical with your background. If you have a prominent figure to oppose to a light sky, your canvas should have that tint; if the background is architecture, through orifices in which the light pours, the canvas should be stone-coloured; if on a landscape, or a ruin, let it be of a similar colour. Be careful when you are drawing a light sky in the background to turn the canvas to the light, as when you are painting dark shadows you must do the contrary. The good masters of the Flemish school have never failed to take these precautions, and they have derived from this mode of proceeding the great advantage of seeing the force of colours in opposition, of appreciating their value, which can only be done by contrast; the more because no words, no prescription, no directions can indicate

to you any tint of any kind whatever. It is only the study of nature which leads from one to the other—always by comparison, and never otherwise."

It will be seen from this production that the artist, so perfect as a painter and a disciple, is everywhere overcome by his filial piety, and seeks to be forgotten himself while glorifying his master. The great principle which Oudry has endeavoured to inculcate in his treatise is, that a picture should be always strictly in keeping with the background, and that before we compose or paint groups of figures and colour them, we must know on what background we are about to place them; then study them from nature, by placing behind the model a canvas of the same tone as that in which we intend to paint the background. It is quite true, in painting, that the background is a matter of importance too often neglected by artists in their anxiety to finish the principal figures. The background is, in a painting, what the key-note is in singing. A painter who forgets this principle is exactly in the same position as a musician, who having written a piece in a major key, afterwards plays it in a minor.

M. de Largillière always complained of a practice very common in France, of always placing the model—whatever size the picture—at the same distance from the eye. The figures once transposed to the canvas, the master coloured them by guess-work, according to the tone which he intended to give to the picture. This gave rise to numerous mistakes, to defective perspective, and many other very serious errors. If figures in the distant background were too lively in colour, or too faint, they were toned down by a *glacis* of very light blue, or they were heightened by some touches of darker colours. But these tints, supplied by the imagination, were far inferior to those fading, gentle, broken lines, lost as it were in the air, to use a quaint expression—to those faint, indistinct colours which cannot be described. As for the touch, it could not, acquired by guess, impart that vagueness and mistiness which is found in the reality.

To this elegant speech, substantial and yet highly coloured, M. Coypel returned a brief answer full of exquisite politeness, which was taken down upon the register of the deliberations.

Some little time after, there was remarked in an exhibition a tableau, which was the strict application of the principles of Largillière, and as if given as an example to illustrate lessons so eloquently presented. Diderot speaks of it in these terms: "A picture that M. Oudry painted subsequently to his paper read at the Academy, represents upon a white background five or six white objects, all of a different tint; such as a white duck, a damask napkin, a porcelain bowl full of whipped cream, a wax candle in a silver candelstick, and above some paper. This picture is of great, of inestimable value in the eyes of connoisseurs."

The passion, for it could be called by no other name, which Jean Baptiste Oudry conceived for animals, taught him most naturally to love La Fontaine, and inspired him with a desire to illustrate those admirable apologues of this best of little story-tellers. In his studious leisure, he composed more than a hundred and fifty drawings, which were engraved under the direction of Cochin, and are the ornaments of the celebrated edition published in 1755 by Monsieur de Montevault. The imagination of Oudry, the profound knowledge which he had acquired of the structure and the physiognomy of animals, is seen in this doubly precious work. We can here, indeed, appreciate his varied backgrounds, adorned by sweet landscapes; and we gaze with pleasure, in the admirable foreground, on large plants, while we unceasingly admire the attitude of the animals whose physiognomies actually seem to dovey on many occasions the profound or the witty allusions of the fabulist. Before Carle Vernet, before Grandville, by whom, however, he was in after times surpassed, Oudry discovered the secret of giving to his animals the expression of human passions, and it is not without reason that the editor of his drawings calls him in the preface the La Fontaine of painting.

All the engravings are not, however, equally fine. Some, where the subject of the fable obliges the author to produce



the human figure, are far from being equal to those in which animals alone fill up the scene. We may even very readily be led to believe that some of these drawings are not from the pencil of Oudry. We give in this part the words of the preface, in which the editor of the fables confesses that the drawings of Oudry have been touched up by Cochin. "M. Cochin, of the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture, undertook to engrave those drawings, or to have them engraved under his eyes. To succeed in this he was obliged to make new ones from the originals of M. Oudry, in which was distinctly seen that precision of outline to which painters never will bend in their compositions, and which is yet so necessary for the perfect success of the engraving." Strange confidence. Nevertheless, it is not doubtful that the expressions we have quoted are of rather a general character, and from the way in which most of the subjects are treated, it is quite clear that those who thought to correct Oudry only succeeded in reproducing him imperfectly.

He did not wholly confine himself to drawing subjects furnished him by the fables of La Fontaine. He painted six of these fables for the apartments of the Dauphin and Dauphiness. The Louvre possesses more than one of them, and they are really and truly little master-pieces—amongst others, that of "The Two She-goats":—

"Deux chèvres donc s'embaucant,  
Toutes deux ayant palette blanche,  
Quitterent les bas pris, chacune de sa part :  
L'une vers l'autre allait pour quelque bon hasard.  
Un ruisseau se rencontre, et pour point une planche."

The moment when our two adventurers meet nose to nose on the bridge, is precisely that selected by the tasteful artist. The scrupulous fidelity with which the painter has served the fabulist, and the *naïveté* of the tableau, give it its charm. The fierce Amazons meet like two knights in a tournament; and the charm, the piquancy of their attitudes, is derived from its simple truth. The landscape represents some willows, painted broadly and with great vigour; while the faint light of the sky after the sunset is beautifully rendered. The foreground is all demi-tint. We feel that at this mysterious hour the country is deserted and abandoned: the memorable combat will have no other witness save the waves of the stream, into which are about to fall the descendants of the she-goat Amalthæa, which had the immortal honour of nourishing Jupiter.

Diderot speaks of another composition which we have engraved (p. 321): "A picture which pleased everybody, and which may truly be called the best picture in the whole exhibition, because it is really and truly faultless, is 'A Dog with Puppies.' It is impossible by any effort of the pen to give any idea of the truth and vigour of expression which is here displayed by the artist. The semi-stupid languor and the menacing fear of the beast are the work of the real and undoubted genius of the painter. A ray of the sun, which falls on the head of the mother through a loophole, is something really marvellous. This ray of light seems really to stand up out of the picture. This canvas, which is four feet wide by three high, of an oval form, has been recently purchased by the Baron de Holfbach, who gave a hundred pistoles for it."

D'Argenville, in his interesting and lucid biography of this artist, has said: "The pictures of Oudry are rather the work of mind and imagination, than of sentiment and the heart. There are in Oudry none of those dashing and exciting effects, which genius grasps, divines, snatches at, when warmed by the heated imagination. His inventions are calm, real, well-ordered; his drawing correct, his lights ably disposed, his pencil clever and easy; and, nevertheless, in all his works there is wanting that sort of surprise, that spirit, that frank open style, which add so much to the charms of talent and genius."

Jean Baptiste Oudry was a worthy and excellent man. It appears that he never inspired any one with hatred, and that through his life he enjoyed the delight and satisfaction of

being surrounded by many and warm friends. He loved music almost as much as he did painting. "To love music," says a French critic, "is almost to possess a virtue." When Largillière painted his portrait, he took care to remind us of this circumstance, by surrounding the medallion with appropriate ornaments. On one side is a palette, on the other a violin. The probity of the "beloved painter" of Louis XV. was beyond suspicion; and he was always above the corruptions of the court and the venality of his day. He was, in fact, an honest man in every sense of the word. The generality of French critics, from this very circumstance, doubt his claims to be considered a great painter.

If the talent of Oudry sinned somewhat on the side of liberty and fancy, on the other hand what correctness he shows in imitation, what truth in the physiognomies, what charming *naïveté* in the position of his personages, that is, of his favourite, his "beloved characters"—animals. In his hunting scenes that he loved so much to paint, it is not so much the wild chase, the helter-skelter scamper through woods, over hedges, stiles, and ditches that we see; it is not so much the excitement and emotion of the combat, when the wild boar turns round against the panting dogs, when the deer falls wearied under the teeth of ever renewed enemies; it is rather the peculiar physiognomy of each animal, the special character of each race, the distinctive features of each individual. One day Largillière was so pleased with two of his hunting scenes, a wild boar and a bear hunt, copied by Oudry from a Dutchman, that he opened his purse to buy them; Oudry refused the money, and made him a present of them.

We have already alluded to his having painted the portrait of every animal in the Jardin des Plantes; he further drew a series of hunting hounds, into which he introduced every distinct race. It would be endless to attempt to enumerate all the drawings with which Oudry has enriched French art. He himself has engraved several on steel. Of these, the most celebrated are five hunting pieces, drawn and engraved by himself, and amongst which the most remarkable are:—"A Wolf at Bay," "A Deer hanging to a tree, with several birds," and "A Fox caught by Four Dogs."

"The Fox started while devouring his prey" (p. 324) is very cleverly executed. The background is clear and definite, the animal is represented with scrupulous fidelity, the attitude is admirable, his ears intimate clearly that the deep baying of the hound has been heard; his teeth, his mouth, combine to form an expression of fierce rage which is peculiarly effective; the tail lying over the paw is exceedingly natural, while the unfortunate victim lies in an attitude so real, so exactly as we should expect to see it, that too much praise can scarcely be given to this production.

"The Roebuck run down" (p. 328) is also a very fine piece. The dogs, the hunted beast, the tree, the accessories of every kind, are effective and natural. This is a celebrated picture, of which the colouring is peculiarly successful.

"The Rat and the Elephant" (p. 329) is a representation of one of those fanciful allegories to which we have already alluded. It is exceedingly correct in its details, and holds a deservedly high place in the minds of amateurs, from the power of its lights and shadows. The car is imaginative certainly, but what is wanting in truth is gained in picturesqueness.

"The Wolf at Bay" (p. 333) is held in high estimation. It is exceedingly effective in the engraving, and still more so as a painting. It is a subject which Oudry thoroughly comprehended. The wolf is correctly painted, and the dogs admirable in truth, vigour, and expression. A previous allusion has, however, been made to this work.

"The Heron" (p. 332) is a specimen of those still nature productions which have carried Oudry's reputation into the private galleries of so many of the country gentlemen of the world. The trees, the old trunk, the game, the dog, are painted with expression and rare fidelity.

The most picturesque of all those represented in our pages is that of "Bertrand and Raton" (p. 336). It is difficult to

say which is most successful, the monkey or the cat. They are startling from the life-like vigour with which they are painted. This is an illustration of a favourite fable of La Fontaine's.

Whatever may have been the talent of Oudry for drawing and painting animals, it must be allowed that he was not equally well acquainted with every species, and is not always successful in seizing the true character and manner. If he was perfect in dogs, foxes, wolves, even monkeys; and in general in animals which figure as principal characters in hunting scenes, and which he was so fond of dedicating to

more perfect in the art of grouping in trophies, pikes, eels, tench, carp, and shell-fish; or in combining on one canvas, to please the eye, some snipe hanging by a claw, partridges, and quails, ducks of changing colour, with their beautiful emerald spots. How common it is to see artists of the present day imitating these signs over doors, by Oudry, where in chance medley we find violins, guitars, flutes, tamborines, and a hundred other different attributes of the arts. These happy and successfully "arranged disorders," to use an hyperbolical French phrase, invented with so much care, executed with so much talent, have since become mere



THE ROEBUCK RUN DOWN.—FROM A PAINTING BY OUDRY.

"Messire Louis Bontemps, *capitaine des chasses de la venerie du Louvre*," he was far less fortunate when he attempted to portray lions, panthers, and leopards. It seems as if it was reserved for the modern artist to comprehend, elucidate, and create the savage and poetic side of creation. Oudry humanised his tigers, softened down and civilised his panthers, and made his lions quite tame and gentlemanly beings; but he was at home and true when he had to reproduce the bounding deer or the delicate doe, and he knew so admirably how to co-ordinate and arrange the wooded scene, so full of delicate perfume and country balminess. He was also exceedingly successful in the representation of still nature. No one was

filling up—agreeable enough, but so evidently copies as to lose all zest and power.

Oudry used his talents also sometimes in providing models, sometimes in executing table ornaments. France has always been a peculiar country, and one of its greatest peculiarities has been minute attention to the philosophy of the table. In early days, before art had discovered the means of decorating tables, it employed those offered by nature. Flowers, which grow so abundantly and richly on the surface of the earth, were naturally enough the principal objects selected; they were eagerly chosen by man to adorn his table. The walls of houses in early days in France were much in want of

ornament. A rare book, that of Fortunat, tells us that the walls, instead of showing the naked stone, were adorned with ivy. The floor of the festive hall was carpeted with flowers: silver lilies and purple poppies covered the ground. The table was loaded with roses, which took the place of a table-cloth. Flowers, too, were used to adorn chapels. The poets of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries often allude to this custom; while guests wore chaplets of flowers, which also hung from the bottles.

In the fourteenth century artistic contrivances were added,

Objects adorned with scenes of the chase were those chiefly selected by Oudry when he designed these ephemeral sketches, sketches which had for their sole object the amusement and gratification of a prince whom he wished to please, because he patronised him largely. Stags, dogs, wolves, as in his pictures, were the subjects selected; and though only designed for the pleasure of the hour, they were, it is said, sometimes singularly beautiful. Of course, they are not in any way preserved, and the memory only of these trifles now remains.

Oudry has condescended even to make charades and



THE RAT AND THE ELEPHANT.—FROM A PAINTING BY OUDRY.

and we hear of white cloths, on which flowers were tacked by way of ornament. Louis XIV. in his banquets had his tables also thus adorned. In 1680, at the marriage of Mademoiselle of Blois with the Prince of Conti, no other decoration appeared. Later, a kind of cake was invented of clay, by Polish artists, who stuck flowers all over it; and later still, various ornaments of the highest taste, more artificial, but more permanent, were introduced. Oudry conceived many of these for such men as Louis XV. and the Regent of Orleans, who, whatever their depravity, always encouraged a spirit of beauty in all that surrounded them.

rebuses; but they want that startling effect, that amusing absurdity, that salt which now is generally found in these productions. The talent of Oudry was so *naïve* and so decent, that he was never able successfully to illustrate the "Comic Romanée" of Scarron. To enter with spirit into the very reality of this grotesque conception required a liveliness, a gaiety, a humour, which Oudry did not possess. In the seventeenth century, amidst the magnificence and splendours of the reign of Louis XIV., the poem of Scarron was one hundred years after date, and quite out of place. It may be readily imagined, that when reading the "Comic Romanée,"

Louis XIV. must have been quite as much offended as at the "magots" of Teniers the younger; and he must have been profoundly humiliated to have married the widow of such a poet, to have succeeded—after having loved Athenais de Mortemart—the historian of the Cavern and of Ragotin. Oudry, who, by the dignity and decency of his manner, was a man of the seventeenth century, could not understand the spirit of a novel which reminded the reader of the jokes of Don Quixote and the indecencies of Brantôme. He was, therefore, rather cold and heavy when he tried to paint the scenes of this celebrated book. It needed the pen, the wit, the ease of Pater, to paint that wandering caravan of comedians, making a triumphal entry into Mans upon a car drawn by oxen, and carrying all the baggage and materials of the dramatic company: ladders, cages, decorations, old carpets; this one with a guitar on his back, the other with a plaster on his eye; the mob, and particularly the women, scattering their jokes mercilessly after them.\* A certain dose of buffoonery was required to paint the burlesque adventures of Ragotin—the rows, the riots, the adventures in the gaming-house, the showers of fisticuffs, at which are present the washerwoman and Angelica, while on the ground roll the hats of the vanquished. At all events, Oudry showed his great power over light and shade, which plays so marked a part in his compositions, whether it lights up in a picturesque way the scene on the stairs, or the chastising of the servants, or sheds its beams upon the very spot where fall the blows. But it wanted Hogarth to do justice to the subjects which were not either very decent or very refined.

Oudry, always laborious and always inexhaustible, was suddenly checked in his studies by an attack of apoplexy, which struck him in 1755. Afflicted by painful presentiments, he used to say, "If I do not work, I shall die." He had become director and manager of the factory of Beauvais, after being over the Gobelins. He wished to start for Beauvais, in the hope of recruiting his health by the balmy breath of the country air. He died on his arrival, on the 30th of April, 1756, at the age of sixty-nine.

He was widely regretted, for he was a very able artist, a clever master, a sincere friend, a good man; and this is much indeed to say in a time like that in which he lived—the age of good old-gentlemanly vices, when Louis XIV. was king; of orgies and monstrous depravity, when Louis XV. was monarch.

Oudry introduced into some of his scenes, morning breaking and craggy hills and forests with considerable effect; and once, in a scene supposed to be in Switzerland, he is exceedingly successful. The subject was good, but difficult, and the picture is now in one of the private galleries of Paris. M. Bouchard, a very well-known amateur, says that it is exceedingly fine. The following will give some idea of the difficulty of the subject. "All the world over," says one who has described in a few dashes the best of Swiss scenery, "the dawn of morning is beautiful, when the earth looks like a bride arrayed in orient pearls, and the sun spreads far and wide his canopy of crimson clouds, which his glory converts gradually into gold. But amid the Valesion Alps, the loveliness of morning sets language at defiance. Imagine endless wreaths of snow, crowning piny mountains, and enveloped with a rosy flush by the magic of the young light. This glowing investiture, like the breast of the dove, every moment displays new colours, glancing off in fugitive coruscations which dazzle and intoxicate the senses. A luminous border hangs upon cliff and crag, and a whisper, soft as the breath of love, showers down upon you from the pine forests as you move. A feeling, half religion, half sense, fills your breast, and your eyes become humid with gratitude as you look upwards and around you. The reading of your childhood comes over you—you remember the earliest page in the history of man—"And God saw all that he had made, and behold it was very good"—and good, you murmur to yourself, it is. If there be poetry in the soul, it comes out at such

moments; and by the process which I faintly and imperfectly describe, travelling sometimes mellowes the character and improves our reliash of life."

Jean Baptiste Oudry engraved seventy-five pieces with his own hand.

Of these we have engraved "The Roebuck run down," and "The Wolf at Bay." The "Roebuck run down" is a very able and effective engraving in the original.

Out of thirty-eight pieces which Oudry sketched for the comic romance of Scarron, twenty-one are engraved by himself. He also sketched several designs for Don Quixote.

His best, however, are those illustrating "La Fontaine." For the chapter of St. Martin-des-Champs, he painted "The Adoration of the Magi;" for the apartments of the king at Choisy, a monstrous wolf held by four dogs, a jackal attacked by two bull-dogs, some specimens of still nature, boars, deers, herons, pheasants, horses, hung up; for the apartments of the dauphiness at Versailles, subjects taken from the fables of La Fontaine—"The Two She-Goats," "The Fox and the Stork."

The pictures of Oudry are principally found in Paris and the departments.

In the Louvre there is "A Wolf Hunt," "A Boar Hunt," "A Dog guarding some Game."

The Museums of Dijon, Toulouse, Montpellier, Nantes, Caen, and Rouen, have some excellent specimens of this master.

In 1770, at the sale of the Cabinet of M. de la Lîve de Jully, two pictures of Oudry, representing "Seven Ducks lying," and "A Dog barking at a Fox," were sold for £20. "Two Hounds lying near a Hare and a Partridge," £15.

At the Prince de Conti's, there were six paintings by Oudry.

At the sale of the collection of that amateur, in 1777, two specimens of still nature, painted at Dieppe in 1724, representing "Parrots and Fish," rose to the high price of £36.

## THE TOMB OF JULIUS II.

MANY persons have heard of the sufferings of artists and authors, of the struggles and difficulties which almost every man of genius has had to endure, especially in the beginning of his career. Often, too, this has lasted far beyond the time when men have acquired celebrity and fame. It is too true, that those who delight us by their pens and by their pencils are often thoughtless, to use no stronger term; though it would be unfair and unjust to accuse all of the errors of some, and to fancy that every man who suffers does so from improvidence and want of ordinary foresight. In many instances, among the men of the greatest genius, difficulties have arisen from a very different source. Jealousies, suspicions, and heartburnings, have been indulged by rivals, who have contrived, by petty and weak annoyances, to make the existence of some of the best of men a misery.

Michael Angelo, that great painter, whose name is familiar to the merest tyro in the history of art, was not exempt from the heartburnings and annoyances which so many men suffered in common with himself. At a very early age he entered with Ghirlandajo as a pupil; but instead of being taught, he began to teach. In truth, though he was but thirteen, his copies were better than the original. But the master smiled, and encouraged his bold apprentice. Not so the pupils: they were jealous of the juvenile artist. Benvenuto Cellini, himself a great man, often speaks of the blind hatred of his fellow-students. He could feel for him and sympathise with him. A quotation from the wondrous memoir of the Florentine silversmith will be well worthy of a place here.

"About this time (it was in 1518, thirty years after the event—Cellini was only eighteen), there came to Florence a sculptor named Peter Torregiani:—he came from England, where he had stayed several years. This man, seeing my designs and my labours, said to me: 'I have come to Florence

\* See "Illustrated Magazine of Art," vol. ii. p. 208.

to take away as many young men as I can. I have a great work to execute for the King of England; and I will have no assistants but my own countrymen; and as your mode of raising and drawing is more that of a sculptor than a jeweller, I will take you away with me, and I will make you at the same time rich and able."

"He was a bold proud man, was Peter Torregiani, of manly appearance and great beauty. His air, his manners, his sonorous voice, were more like those of a soldier than an artist; he had a mode of frowning enough to startle the most resolute; and every day he told me of his strange stories about those fools of English! One day we were speaking of Michael Angelo Buonarroti; Torregiani was holding in his hand a drawing which I had copied after the great master, and he said:

"Buonarroti and I used to go to work when young in the church of the Carmine, in the chapel of Massacio; and as he was accustomed to make fun of all those who drew along with him, one day, being more angry than usual, I raised my fist, and gave him so violent a blow on the face that I felt the bone and the cartilage of his nose break under my hand; so that he will bear the mark of it all his life." "These words," adds the indignant young man, "shocked me so much, as I had the works of the divine Michael Angelo constantly under my eyes, that I conceived for Torregiani an implacable hatred; and not only did I lose all desire to follow him to England, but I could no longer bear even to see him."

This noble and generous anger was worthy at the same time of him who excited and of him who felt it. It is quite true, however, that Michael Angelo, perhaps without knowing it, was every day committing some new crime, which drew upon him the vengeance of his comrades and the jealousies of his masters. The unhappy youth could not succeed in quelling his genius. One day a portrait was given him to copy, and when he had finished his work, he gave it to the man who had lent him the portrait, instead of the original. The painter, who was one of his friends, though professing to be a great connoisseur, did not perceive the change; and it may easily be imagined that he was overwhelmed with confusion when the anecdote got abroad. The lad had somewhat smoked his picture, in order to give it that antique appearance which adds so much to the price of works of art in the eyes of those who judge by date, and not by merit.

Michael Angelo had now time to commence a few works in sculpture. Already his productions were considered of so much value that they are preserved to this day as precious relics. Among these was a bas-relief, representing, according to Vasari, "The Battle of the Centaurs," with a virgin, in the style of Donatello, and a statue of Hercules, which nobody has seen except his biographers. But suddenly Lorenzo the Magnificent, seized by a mysterious and incurable disease, died at Carreggi in the midst of his rhetoricians. He finished his career as he had lived, rather as a poet than as a Christian. Arts and letters lost in him a Mæcenas. Michael Angelo lost more than a protector—he lost a friend.

Overwhelmed with grief, he now returned to his father's house. At the age of eighteen years his prospects, which were becoming so splendid, were suddenly overcast. Pietro de Medici, the heir and successor of Lorenzo, began his reign by throwing his father's physician into a well; this promised favourably for those who continued in his service. However, Michael Angelo was one morning called to the court. It was snowing hard, and the brother of Leo the Tenth had awoke with great projects. A man is not a Medici for nothing.

"Master," said he to the young sculptor, "I want you to make me a colossal figure—a giant, who will arise as if by enchantment in the court-yard, and be higher by a head than the battlements of my palace. As my father chose you for his sculptor in ordinary, your genius must be equal to such a task. Go, and set to work."

"But of what material must this statue be?" inquired Michael Angelo, with rather a surprised look.

"The material," replied Pietro, laughing, "you will find

in the court-yard. There is plenty of it. There must be at least three feet of snow."

"True," said Michael Angelo, bitterly, "I am in your employ as I was in the employ of your father. Only, when he ordered statues, he preferred marble to snow. Every one has his taste, sire."

Then he added to himself, "As is the prince so will be the monument. Go, poor soul and weak heart; your greatness will scarcely last longer than your statue."

However, he complied with the orders of Pietro with scrupulous exactness, and leaving his colossus before a single beam of sun came to melt it, he retired to one of the cells of San Spirito, where he passed days and nights, sombre, sad, isolated, weeping for his benefactor, and meditating on the darkness of his unhappy country.

It was in this austere retreat, surrounded by dead bodies, which he obtained from a hospital attached to the convent, that, by the light of a lamp, Michael Angelo gave himself up to the long and persevering study of anatomy, which was to be his governing passion.

Armed with his scalpel, he investigated the muscles, he studied the fibres, he laid bare the scaffolding of the human heart. The fruit of his vigils was a wooden crucifix, a little larger than nature, which he presented to the prior of the monastery which had afforded him an asylum, and where he had been able, at least, to rest in peace and to retire from the shame of these melancholy days.

Michael Angelo produced from a common block of marble, which had been massacred by Simon of Pisello, a colossal statue of David. He was then twenty-four years of age, and his absolute and haughty temper would not suffer a single observation to be made. Woe to those who took the liberty to make any remark. He overwhelmed them with his anger, or pitilessly satirised them.

The too celebrated Soderini, although he was gonfalonniere, learnt this to his cost. The worthy man, who was as able a connoisseur as he was an excellent politician, ventured to express an opinion upon David. He said that the nose was too large.

"Do you think so, illustrious signor?" answered the artist, with his most hypocritical look. Then he took a little powdered marble in the hollow of his hand, and gave two or three raps with his hammer, without touching the statue.

"There now," cried the gonfalonniere with delight, "that's how a David ought to be. You have given life to him."

"Tis to you that he owes life, signor."

After this it is not astonishing that Machiavelli, in speaking of the same Soderini, wrote four verses, in which he relates that the worthy gonfalonniere, having presented himself by mistake at the gates of the infernal regions, Pluto shut the door in his face, and said: "What do you want here, you fool? Go to the limbo of children."

However, if the poor gonfalonniere was stupid, as appears to be historically demonstrated, he was not avaricious. He gave four hundred Florence crowns to Michael Angelo, and got him to paint in fresco a crown of the hall of council. Leonardi di Vinci undertook the other half.

Leonardi chose for the subject of his fresco the victory gained over Piccinino, general of the Duke of Milan. In the foreground is a battle of cavaliers and the capturing of a standard. Michael Angelo undertook an episode of the war of Pisa.

Generally a battle, above all at a time when soldiers are clothed in iron, offers few resources to an artist accustomed to the naked. The genius of Michael Angelo did not stop at a little.

An incident, which in the case of any other artist would have passed unperceived, suddenly illuminated the ideas of the great artist, and his cartoon was made.

Overcome by the stifling heat, the Florentine soldiers are bathing in the Arno, when the Pisans suddenly make a sortie. The enemy appears; the cry is to arms; a crowd spring up; some, half-naked, catch at their swords; others try, by superhuman efforts, to get their clothes upon their wet limbs. The drum beats; impatience and despair are depicted in the fea-



tures of the unhappy footmen who cannot join their flag. The appearance of this masterpiece cast the first artists of the day into a profound stupor. From every part of Italy people came to admire it, to copy it, to study it. San Gallo, Ghirlandajo, Granini, Andre del Sarto, San Jovino, le Rosso, Perrin del Vaga—all of these, young men and old, masters and pupils, bowed in silence before the sovereign artist, who, with a giant's step bounding over his whole career, touched the last limits of the sublime, beyond which it is not possible for man to go.

Benvenuto Cellini speaks much of the events of this time. It was about this time that the brutal Torregiani boasted of his anecdote.

"As long as the cartoon stood," says Cellini, "it was the school of the world; though the divine Michael Angelo after-

"I had made up my mind," says Benvenuto, "to dash him to the ground wherever I found him. Having reached the Plaza Santa Dominica, I perceived Bandinelli, who was entering the same square on the opposite side. More decided than ever upon carrying out my sanguinary project, I ran towards him; but I had no sooner cast my eyes on the wretch, and seen him without arms, mounted on a wretched mule that looked like a jackass, following a little boy about ten years old, than Bandinelli saw me, turned pale as death, and trembled from head to foot. I thought it base to kill such a wretch, and said: 'Do not fear, vile coward, you are not worthy of my blows!'"

Scarcely was Julius II. on the throne when he sent for Michael Angelo. Such an artist was worthy of such a pope.

Julius reflected several months upon the work which he



THE HERON.—FROM A PAINTING BY OUDRY.

wards executed the great chapel of Pope Julius, he never reached half the talent displayed in this masterpiece."

A Frenchman observes: "This was the time to have poignarded Michael Angelo."

But this was not enough. Hatred sometimes acts with atrocious calculation, and envy has diabolical inspirations. They forgave the artist, but the work suffered for him. In the year 1512, while there was an *émeute* in the streets, while the republic was expiring, when the Medici were coming back victorious, Baccio Bandinelli, of base and execrable memory, crept in with slow step, treacherously, a dagger in his hand, to the hall where the masterpiece was hung up, and while people were fighting in the streets, this wretch, assassin, and thief, thrust his knife into the canvas, tore it to pieces, trod it under foot, and carried away the remnants.

destined for the greatest sculptor of his age. The ambition of the pope knew no bounds. His thirst for glory was insatiable. He dreamt of immortality upon the earth, and was not long, therefore, in making his choice.

He accordingly sent for the great artist, and addressed him thus:

"If you were to erect a tomb for Julius II., what would be your design for that tomb?"

"I should wish," answered Michael Angelo, after having thought a moment, "that the grandeur of the tomb should answer to the grandeur of the pontiff who orders it. The general form of the monument should be that of a parallelogram, thirty feet in length by fifteen in breadth. The height should be at least thirty feet. Forty statues, without counting the bas-reliefs, should enrich the mausoleum, crowned by a group of

figures representing the apotheosis of your Holiness. Four victories, two feminine and two masculine, should stand on each side of the monument, trampling under foot slaves or rebels. Sixteen statues should represent the conquered provinces, or the captive virtues riveted with chains to the tomb of him who, whilst he lived, reduced the pride of the first and constituted the glory of the second. Eight colossal statues, of from ten to twelve feet, should adorn the upper portion. In fine, there would be entrances to the interior by the two sides, leading to the rotunda, in the centre of which the sarcophagus should be placed."

The pope listened in silence, and looked fixedly at the artist, who was inspired by the grandeur of his subject, and talked with the greatest coolness of this mortuary palace,

Nicolas V. caused the foundation to be laid. I will finish the new church according to the drawings of Horeslino, and the chapel shall be worthy of the tomb."

"And how much will this new building cost?"

"About a hundred thousand crowns."

"Two hundred thousand, if necessary," answered the pope.

"Then I may start at once for Carrara?"

"Immediately. And don't forget to come to me, without any intermuncio, whenever you want to speak to me. Or rather," said the pope, after a moment's thought, "I will cause a bridge to be constructed that shall lead from my rooms to your workshop, and I will come and see you, and scold you whenever the work lags. Adieu, Michael Angelo; you have understood me."



THE WOLF AT BAY.—FROM A PAINTING BY OUDRY.

without thinking of the sombre and lugubrious reflections which he was suggesting to the heart of the old man who was to occupy it.

Those who know the character of the inhabitants of Italy, and the instinctive aversion which is felt in that country for death and for all the ideas which relate to it, will easily understand the majestic and strange character of the conversation of these two men, one of whom was giving orders for his tomb, whilst the other was explaining in the most minute manner how it was to be constructed. When the sculptor had finished, Julius II. made only one objection.

"Where shall we place this immense monument?" said he.

"I have thought of it," replied Michael Angelo. "Your tomb, such as I have conceived it, could not be contained in the old church of St. Peter; but we have the tribune of which

The great place of St. Peter was soon encumbered with enormous blocks of marble, brought from Carrara. The last instalment had been disembarked at the quay of the Tiber, and Michael Angelo, who generally lived in the most complete isolation, did not know what had happened at court during his absence, and went up to the Vatican to ask for money to pay the sailors. He was told that his holiness was not visible. A few days afterwards he went again to the pope. As he was crossing the antechamber, a valet stopped the way, and said to him dilly, that he could not enter.

"Unhappy man! Do you know to whom you are speaking?" cried a prelate who had recognised Michael Angelo.

"I know it very well," impudently answered the valet; "and I only obey my orders."

"Very well," answered the indignant artist; "when the pope sends for me, tell him that I am gone."

An hour afterwards he started for Florence. But Julius II. was not the man to allow the artist whom he considered to be in his pay to escape from his hands so easily. When he learnt the answer, and the flight of Michael Angelo, his anger was great. Five couriers, one after the other, set off at full gallop to bring back the fugitive. When they saw that entreaties were of no use, the messengers of Julius attempted to resort to force; but Michael Angelo seized his weapons, and cried with a terrible voice, "If you come on, you are dead men!"

The messengers, in alarm, allowed Michael Angelo to continue his journey. The anger of the pope knew no bounds. He threatened to reduce Florence to ashes if his sculptor was not restored to him. Soderini received three despatches within three days; the first promised amnesty and pardon to the artist; the second declared war against the republic; the third announced that if Michael Angelo did not return to Rome within twenty-four hours, all the Florentines would be excommunicated.

"Do you intend to destroy us all?" said the poor gonfaloniero, trembling with fear.

"Ha! ha!" answered Michael Angelo; "this will teach him to forbid me his door."

"But I cannot keep you here, unhappy man."

"Well, then, I will go to the Grand Turk."

"To the Grand Turk!"

"Yes; he will treat me better, I am sure. Besides, he intends to throw a bridge from Constantinople to Pera, and has made me the most magnificent proposals."

"Go where you please, but deliver us from the anger of the pope."

Meanwhile, Julius II., true to his word, was advancing at the head of an army. He had taken Bologna, and was extremely delighted with his victory, when Michael Angelo, changing his mind, presented himself before him. Julius II. was at table at the palace of the Sixteen, when the arrival of the sculptor was announced to him. He made a sign that he should be introduced, and not being able to restrain his rage at the sight of the rebel, he cried out—

"You should have come to us, and you expect us to come to you."

Michael Angelo bowed his knee; but in spite of this attitude of submission and respect, it was easy to see that his features expressed rather pride than repentance. Sombre, silent, with bent brow, he seemed to say to the pope, "*Non homini sed Petro*," not to the man but to Peter. All the witnesses of this scene trembled for the poor sculptor, but as the impetuosity of the pope was known, nobody dare to speak, except the cardinal Soderini, worthy brother of the gonfaloniero, who, with the best intentions, began to offer excuses for the artist.

"Holy father, pardon this man; for he did not know what he did. Artists, if you deprive them of their art, are always so. If he has sinned, it is from ignorance."

Julius II. could restrain himself no longer, and giving the *maladroit* cardinal a blow with his stick, he cried in a voice of thunder, "Unhappy wretch! do you dare to abuse my sculptor? Thou only art ignorant and sinful. Get out of my sight."

Every one trembled with fear; and as the poor prelate remained motionless with astonishment and terror, the exasperated pope added, "Throw that fellow out of the window."

The valets had some difficulty in removing his eminence through the door. As we have seen, the Soderini were always unfortunate.

The same evening beheld Michael Angelo and Julius II. the best friends in the world. These two men understood each other completely. For such a workman such a master was required. The pope sat for his portrait and started for Rome, begging the sculptor to follow him as soon as the statue was finished.

"Remember, Michael Angelo," said he, "that my tomb is waiting for you."

Such were the last words of his holiness. Michael Angelo spent sixteen months upon the colossal statue, that is to say, fifteen months more than was necessary for his enemies to recommence their intrigues. This time, Bramanti was at their head, and among the rivals who were opposed to Michael Angelo, was Raffaele. Happily for our artist, Julius II. was as obstinate in his friendships as in his hatreds. He continued to favour Michael Angelo; and although the courtiers, who were inimical to him, insidiously worked upon the pope by praising the efforts of the great artist in painting, at the expense of his reputation as a sculptor, they did not entirely succeed in their object. It is true, however, though Michael Angelo did not lose the good opinion of the pope, that the famous tomb was never completed.

The fact is, that the genius of Michael Angelo developed itself more and more every day, and the whole artist-world became aware of his might. Artists admired him; amateurs and connoisseurs loved him, but mere courtiers hated him. He was proud, haughty, brave, and, worse than all, he had the favour of the pope, who freely opened his purse to him. Money, which the hangers-on about the court thought might be advantageously spent on them, was lavished by Julius in painting and statuary, which was certainly grand—but was it useful?

The delight which Michael Angelo felt at the prospect of erecting such a tomb as that of Julius, can scarcely be described. Those who have the idea of beauty, of the sublime in art; those who have long been weighed down by the influence of a fixed implacable idea, the realisation of which does not depend upon themselves; those who have conceived, in the delirium of their imagination, a gigantic, immense, impossible project, and who suddenly see obstacles removed, thought take a form, and the impossible retreat—those alone can understand what then was passing in the mind of the artist, when Julius II. decided on his tomb.

While a whole crowd of workmen, under his orders, were working in the quarries digging out the marble, he, silent, pensive, overwhelmed by gigantic images, stood upon a great rock which overlooked the sea.

"Why should I not carve the rock?" he cried, while his imagination, roused and on fire, carried him away into realms of space. "Why should not my chisel cut into the flanks of this mountain? Under my hand the rock would become a colossus which would startle the passing navigator. My name would be engraved on it in ineffaceable characters—my work would be eternal as the work of God. But patience. I, too, will have my mountains of marble, and a whole creation of supernatural and mighty beings shall rise to life under my mighty hand. I shall only have to say, Live, and they shall live."

Meanwhile, by the influence of a courtier, a mere insect, whose very name is not recorded in history, the pope had cast Michael Angelo from his heart for a short time, and the event which we have recorded had happened.

The same again took place while he was carving out his statue. A knot of mean and narrow-minded courtiers attacked the pope on all sides.

"He is a great painter," said one.

"It is a pity he should try to be both sculptor and artist."

"Some men will be everything; and yet he is not equal to Raffaele."

"Silence!" the pope roared at these sycophants, and they held their tongues, to begin again next day.

At one time there was a talk of prosecuting Michael Angelo for the sum he had received on account of the tomb of Julius. The sculptor, in a furious rage, came to Rome; but the cardinal de Medici, who soon after was Clement VII., begged him to have patience, and got him to build, in the mean time, the library and sacristy of San Lorenzo, the two first architectural works executed by Michael Angelo. He was now forty years of age.

The Duke of Urbino, nephew of Julius II., finding other modes of proceeding too slow for his fancy, tried another ex-

periment to make the sculptor hurry with the monument of his uncle. He had him menaced, in that day of summary justice, with a poignard, if he did not yield to his desires. The proud artist made no reply, and left the Duke of Urbino to his impotent rage.

Clement VII., having ascended the throne, called Michael Angelo to him.

"My dear Buonarroti," said the pope, whispering familiarly in his ear, "instead of defending yourself, attack the heirs of Julius II. It is time that you received money on account; but at the rate at which your statues are paid now-a-days, the money that you have received does not cover the labour you have had. Bring them before the tribunals; from debtor you will become creditor."

"I would rather finish the monument," said the artist, drily; and he returned immediately to Florence.

But the monument was one of those things which was not to be finished. There was always some reason or other for delaying it or putting it off.

Clement VII. kept the artist fully employed. He visited him every day. One morning a servant told him that Clement VII. would visit him no more—he was dead.

The first thing the new pope, Paul III., did, was to present himself at the atelier of Buonarroti.

"Come! come!" said the pope, "now, master Michael Angelo, your time belongs to me."

"Your holiness will excuse me," said the artist. "I have just signed an undertaking to finish the tomb of Julius II."

And yet it never was finished.

#### MODERN BRITISH ART—THE PRÆ-RAPHAELITES.

WHEN Pope Adrian I. delivered, in his infallibility, a bull, which declared that all painters should represent our Saviour as possessing every attribute of beauty which they were capable of exhibiting, he founded the Præ-Raphaelites. The reader may perhaps see no connexion with the eighth century and the nineteenth; but if he only consider that since then painters have had but one type for the heads of the Saviour and the Apostles, and have degenerated into continual smoothness and into unmeaning faces such as West or Cosway produced, he will see at once what we mean. The earlier Byzantine fathers had taken it as a fact that, since the Saviour "should not be desired of men," he was repulsive, and they continually represented him so; but a dispute happening as to the truth of this, the earlier fathers, St. Jerome, St. Augustin, St. Bernard, and others, joined in the controversy, and Pope Adrian settled it with his bull.

Art is by its nature imitative. The earliest head of the Saviour which exists has the same attributes—the oval, melancholy face, the parted hair and calm eyes—as the most recent, and to a certain extent Adrian's bull had a vast effect. Great geniuses did not alter the type, but threw their weight into the improvement of manner. Till about the time of President West, which we take it was the most instertistic period of English art, we had gone on,

"Improving and improving oft,  
Till all was ripe and rotten."

Character, force, and originality were forgotten, every thing was intended to be pretty and pleasing, and the grand was deserted for the profitable. The mind of the income-seeking artist became imbued with the spirit of the times. Richard Wilson, with his wondrous genius in landscape, could not make a living. Fuselli, who, with all his eccentricities, was of immense talent, declared with a wretched pun that his name should have been "Few-sell-I." Von Holst was neglected, and R. B. Haydon destroyed himself in despair. With the exception of the first, none of these artists were perfect, but they were great men who should have found appreciation where they met with neglect. They certainly should not have been driven to despair whilst Cosway, Opie, and West flourished. Their deaths, however, produced some result; yet with little improvement and much

mannerism, things went on in the same course. England produced great painters individually, but, as a school, mannerism and platitudes were triumphant.

Some half-dozen years ago, a few young men, impressed with this, determined to alter it, and, like all enthusiasts, at the first overshot the mark. To prove their perfect distinctness from modern art, they called themselves Præ-Raphaelians, which, if we understand the term rightly, was about tantamount to a dramatist of the time of Colman and Reynolds calling himself, out of contempt to those playwrights, a Præ-Shaksperian.

Messrs. Millais, Collins, and Hunt, who were the Coryphæi of this school, seeing that all other painters took pretty models, employed plain if not downright ugly ones; finding that the ordinary painter neglected detail and finish, studied every point, speak, or nail in the accessories of their picture; observing that modern artists excel in air and distance in the atmosphere of the picture, they painted sharply and coldly, so that every fold of the dress and feature of the face came out as distinctly as if one was examining it with a diminishing glass. It is plain that amongst these resolves there were many of the faults of enthusiasm. When they exhibited their pictures, amongst many merits, one saw that they had as much to unlearn as to learn, and their eccentricities were so plainly the effect of determination, that they excited an antagonism which resulted in ridicule and odium.

To support their ideas, they employed the pen as well as the pencil. They published a work bearing the name of "The Germ," which was upon the whole the most verdant production we recollect. It bore all the impress of youth, florid of fluent poetry, crude prose, and undigested ideas; illustrated with an etching which might have been copied from a missal. It was unlike anything modern. It was an attempt to reach the golden age by walking backwards; it was, a thousand-fold more than their pictures, an effort against nature, and it died.

With such determination and such vigour of thought, the young painters who formed the school were not likely to die too. He who thinks originally must think *against* a large portion of mankind, but he will soon have disciples of his own. So it was with the Præ-Raphaelites. There was so much truth with them that they soon gathered respect; yet their earliest endeavour had grave faults.

Let us take, for instance, a picture by Mr. Millais, which was exhibited some four seasons ago. We allude to the "Holy Family," a painting in which the young Saviour was pictured as an ill-looking red-headed boy; the Virgin as a woman stricken in years (which was untrue at the period) and excessively commonplace; and St. Joseph as a carpenter of low and mean appearance, the muscles of his arm raised and strained from overwork. In addition to this, the feet of the Saviour were unwashed, and the dirt of them carefully copied. Here Mr. Millais was ignorant, the Jews being particularly careful in their daily ablutions. To redeem all this practical degradation, the detail of the picture was wonderful; time and knowledge had been expended upon every accessory. The shavings and tools looked more like reflections of the things than copies.

But in our opinion the grossness of the representation was a sin, and served to degrade Divinity rather than to elevate it. No one supposes the Saviour to have been crowned and robed as the later Italians make him, or as gorgeously arrayed as the cheap lithographs sold in Roman Catholic countries represent him. But Mr. Millais, though in another way, sinned equally against the truth. If we paint "Holy Families" at all, to which we strongly object, there is no reason why we should make them repulsive. The obvious purpose of such pictures is to exalt the ideas of those who have little imagination. Their earlier use, and that to which a religious society *now* turns prints of sacred subjects, was and is to instruct those who could not read. With the majority in England, that use has ceased; but we have yet to learn why they should not still elevate the beholders, as certainly the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo do. The faults of this picture extended also to others. Mr. Collins, in one



called "Convent Thoughts" (we believe that the young artist embraced as well as illustrated Catholicism), chose a very plain model, an awkward and stiff position, somewhat after the Byzantine school, and a most unnatural method of holding a flower, at which the young lady is pensively looking. He also showed the same wonderful exactness in rendering the very petals of the flower or grain of the oak door, and thereby secured its defence by that *rara avis* amongst the critics on art, an original thinker—one no less than Mr. Ruskin.

deservedly so. He has no longer sought out repulsive models, but observing that golden mean which always leads to truth, has also disdained the doll-like face of the vacant model, and produced such feelings, such tenderness and animation, that one unconsciously recalls the phrase of Byron,

"The maid, the music breathing from her face ;"

and whilst doing so acknowledges that the canvas glows with an emanation from true genius. Any one who has seen the pictures of this artist—"The Huguenot" and "The Order of Release"—must have observed that the expression in the



"BERTRAND AND RATON,"—FROM A PAINTING BY OUDRY.

The great critic, who, to show how extremes meet, was also an enthusiast on Turner's landscapes, did much for the Pre-Raphaelites, but their genius did more. Though still young men, practice and success has been gradually removing many foibles, and the chief amongst them bid fair to be honoured with posterity. Their very eccentricities have been useful, and have read serious lessons to rising and risen artists. Carelessness is now no longer pardonable, and simpering and stupid prettiness is only reproduced upon the canvas of the mediocre and unteachable. The latter pictures of these artists—of Mr. Millais especially—have attracted the notice of every one, and

faces of the female figure of each tells the whole story as plainly as a book. The deep feeling which imbued the painter was communicated by a glance to the spectator.

With such triumphs as these, with original views and a determination to think for themselves, the Pre-Raphaelites have founded an English school of worth and great merit, and by it have produced works which the world "will not willingly let die;" and we therefore hope that, whilst every year chastens their efforts and detracts from their eccentricities, we may be enabled to forge the latter in the excellencies they possess.



## CLAUDE LORRAINE.



THE history of a great painter is the history, for the time being, of the nation to which he belonged. Certainly, as genius is the greatest gift of heaven, the man possessed of genius should be the hero of the hour. It has seldom been so. Some booted and spurred ruffian, with a castle as big as a dozen factories, some cunning little statesman, some petty potentate who should have been a woodcutter, only



he was born a prince, generally occupies more of the world's attention—more of the vulgar world's attention—than the man of mind can obtain. In the first place this arises from the fact that in modern times we leave art to itself; we neither educate the people in taste, nor do we encourage art itself in an efficient way. In ancient times, in Greece, the connexion of the state with art was avowed and distinct. We trust it

to amateurs, and the encouragement of art is greater or less according to the number of amateurs. The office of the state appears to be, in our times, to prevent the total decay of pictures when painted, or to use them for some particular object.

Such was not the case with the Greeks. The arts were with them public, and not the duty or affair of individuals. They became so in after times when they had ceased to flourish, but never to the degree which exists with us. We mean by arts, of course, architecture, painting, and sculpture. Arnold Heeren, in his "Ancient Greece," and James Augustus St. John, in his elaborate work on "The Manners and Customs of Ancient Greece," have both fully developed this theorem. Architecture was the first to be encouraged, its object being use as well as beauty. Not only the Italians, but the Romans of the later ages, tried to unite the two, and in this way private buildings became works of art. But among the Greeks, there was a tendency to the same style of things even in the heroic age. In the halls and dwellings of kings, there was a peculiar grandeur and splendour, which some have called scientific architecture, which, however, disappeared with the monarchical form. Heeren thinks that after Athens became a democracy, there were no handsome private buildings. The investigations of Mr. St. John appear to show that if ostentation did disappear with the monarchy, private dwellings in Attica were really and truly elegant even after the advent of the government of the people.

It is common to find allusions to the boast of Augustus, that he found Rome built of brick and left it of marble; whereas the truth is, that nearly all the splendid endurable monuments, whether dedicated to religion or to facilitate the operation of industry, or the social convenience of the people—temples, aqueducts, roads, etc.—belong to a date anterior to the imperial usurpation.

The plastic art and painting held to each other the opposite relation of that existing in modern times. The first was highly cultivated, and though painting was supported and encouraged, it was in a less degree. The few remains of this department of Grecian art, which existed at the time when historians began to collect evidences of the glorious civilisation that had passed away, may in some degree account for the idea, not unfrequent, that the pencil was never employed in Hellas, but that the chisel alone was wielded by the artistic hand. In Greece, however, the arts, instead of being the instruments of luxury, were the ministers to an honourable public pride. Paintings could not so easily be set up to delight and teach the people; statues might be erected in open squares; the crowds of gods and heroes who were represented upon the Acropolis, could be gazed at by the multitude, and exist uninjured after the sun of centuries in that dry atmosphere had shone upon them.

Paintings could only be placed on walls, and the ancients broke up the even surfaces in their architecture with such profusion of pilasters, cornices, and sculptures, that there were no long ranges, such as we find in the galleries of modern Europe. They do not seem either to have discovered those light and durable colours, which in Egypt retain their vividness after three thousand years. Pictures, therefore, were more designed for furniture than the works of sculpture; indeed, there was scarcely an instance of a statue being the property of a private individual. Even the beautiful Phryne, the model of a hundred Hebes, after she had by an artful stratagem persuaded her lover, Praxiteles, to make her a present of a god of Love just born from a block of marble, immediately presented it to the inhabitants of a Grecian city. Besides, since the ancient artists rarely laboured for gain, wealthy individuals, like the Medici of modern Italy, could not so easily secure the selfish gratification of vast private collections. Still, when Pericles began to corrupt Athens by the display of inordinate grandeur, landscapes and portraits and religious legends, groups of ideal beauty, painted in vivid and delicate colours, began to glow on the walls of the public porticoes and temples. Aleibiades, also, is said to have introduced the custom of adorning private chambers with a kind of fresco. Portrait-painting did not, however, flourish largely among the Greeks until the Macedonian age. Only very celebrated men, such as Miltiades, saw their likenesses produced, in the representations of their battles, which were hung—the trophies and achievements of their glory—in the Hall of Pictures in Athens; though sometimes the vain artist hung his own portrait before the people's gaze, or that of his mistress, for all citizens to admire. When, however, princes began to love flattery, and nations began to yield it to them, artists were employed to produce their likenesses, in which they were delighted at seeing an ideal beauty ascribed to themselves. Napoleon would never countenance an artist who painted him faithfully. In fact, portraits came to be, what dedications of books were, entirely unworthy of trust.

Great landscape painters are those who behold nature with emotions of delight, and impress on their representations of it the stamp of their personal idiosyncracies. Ruysdael recalls to our minds the forgotten dreams of youth. When we look on his pictures, after long familiarity with the crude and hard realities of existence, we begin to believe in the truth of what our every-day experience had induced us to resign as delusions of the fancy. We had thought that the bright and lovely landscapes, glowing under golden suns, with sparkling water, graceful trees, and many winding valleys, were simply the reflections of our own imagination. But when we see that the eye of man has seen, the hand of his genius has preserved, beauties more than ever came to our visions—his still lakes sleeping amid soft and green slopes, his groups of oxen

"Audibly cropping their evening meal."

with all the magically-tinted variety of grace in which his pencil delighted—we no longer think it philosophical to despise the emotions of our best and early days.

Salvator Rosa, with his gloomy imagination, over which a kind of wild poetry throws indeed a light, but the light of a storm, imagines regions which appear like the haunts of monsters and brigands. Everdingen sees nothing in nature but vast pine woods, rushing torrents, and waterfalls disturbing lonely and barren wildernesses. He never paints a bower by the side of a stream; he can only imagine the den of the wolf, or the retreat of the disappointed robber. Even his sunrises have a dark and threatening aspect, and his moon appears pale and cold and spectral in the sky. Hobima imagines little more than solemn silent expanses. He seems to love to brood over the blanks of nature—the lonely desert, or the still more lonely ocean. Berghem, on the contrary, if he paints a glade in a wood, fills it immediately with groups of rustics, dancing as if they had been restored to the golden age: he makes his gardens bright with flowers, his woods alive with buds. Van der Neer spreads over the most beautiful scenes an air of desolation and melancholy. Cagliari, in depicting some of the most mournful scenes in sacred history, throws everywhere a feeble character upon the tableau. Carlo Dolce is celebrated as the best painter of tears in all that school of noble artists who made Italy, under the republics, so illustrious. The rustic assemblages of Guaspari are like groups on the stage; and even when he makes the wind bend down the forest tops, it seems to do it in a bland and accommodating manner. Rubens reproduced himself in enormous waists, broad shoulders, and Herculean arms; and when these had been ingeniously distorted, the masterpiece of his genius was completed. Nicolas Poussin seemed to give additional breadth even to the grandest landscapes of the world. His imagination seemed to have too vast a range, even for the great theatres which he selected for its display; and when he painted the "human face divine," there was always the exhibition of power and grandeur.

Claude Lorraine, contrasting with all these, came, as if with an inspiration from the antique, to take away a reproach from his country, and to vivify and restore and renew the arts in France. With an exquisite sympathy with nature, his genius combined the dignity which prevented him from ever sinking from simplicity into frivolity. He was, like his works, noble, calm, and full of delicate fancy. He had a gentle aspect, lofty and severe, and this gave a character to all those delicious representations of nature which his pencil produced. He may be said to have been among artists what Tasso was among poets. As the eagle is the only bird which can fly gazing at the sun, Claude Lorraine is the only painter who seems ever to have looked boldly on its burning disk. It was he alone who could paint aerial tints—who could suffuse his landscapes with a luminous, ethereal element, which appeared to fall in floods from heaven, visible to the eye, yet transparent and bathing all the scene in a rich and ineffable glow. Artists too often forget that the presence and influence of the light and air are as essential, even in a picture, to the freshness and brightness of the vegetation, to the colour of the rock, to the hue of the water, of the wood, of the straw in the thatch, of every inanimate or living object, as to the existence of man himself. Claude had the genius and the courage to paint skies without a speck of cloud; but there was no one who knew better than he how to throw through the vapour which gathers round a descending sun long sloping beams of coloured light, to gild and beautify his citizens and streams. It will be seen that Oudry and his master were apt disciples of Claude Lorraine.

It has been said, with reference to Claude, that only a love of the marvellous can induce his biographers to adopt those uncouth stories, so often controverted, about his youth and the rude beginning of his art. Some persons are unable to exalt his great genius with satisfaction to themselves, unless they can prove that when a child he was an idiot, or, still worse, the son of a pastry-cook! In fact, the historian Baldinucci, who has left us an account of the early life of this splendid artist, and wrote from memoranda supplied him

\* Baldinucci: "Notizie de Professori del Disegno," vol. xiii.

by Claude's own nephew, makes no mention of these circumstances; but, on the other hand, Joachim Sandrart,\* who, in his "Academy of Painting," has recorded the achievements of the artists of his day, asserts, in direct contradiction to Baldinuchi, a number of statements which concur with the favourite popular traditions. His testimony, however, if at all important, is only so when it concerns the intercourse which he held with the great landscape-painter when he resided at Rome, for he was his intimate personal friend. In all other particulars, we prefer following the authority of family papers, to which the Italian biographer had access.

Claude Gellée, commonly called Claude Lorraine, was born in the year 1600, the commencement of a great epoch in the history of science, discovery, and political changes; his family then resided in the Chateau de Chamagne, which is on the banks of the beautiful river Moselle, which runs through the Vosges hills, near Mirecourt, in the diocese of Jarl. He was the third of the five male children of Jean Gellée. His eldest brother, named Jean, as the eldest brother in that family was named for generations, carried on the profession of an engraver on wood at Frisbourg, in the province of Brigant. Claude, having lost his parents at the age of twelve years, without friends, and without any prospect of employment among the people of the place where he had been left an orphan, had no other alternative than to go and seek his brother at Frisbourg, and to ask from him hospitality, assistance, and advice. He was besides attracted by the occupation to which Jean devoted himself; for he had already exhibited a decided taste for design; and no sooner had he received some elementary instructions from his brother, than, with an aptitude and a facility quite astonishing in so young a child, he produced some ornamental drawings and *arabesques* of quaint but most original and striking variety. "Therefore, it is not true," says Baldinuchi, indignantly, "that Claude Lorraine was ever placed apprentice at a pastrycook's." The good Italian, who had patrician tendencies, thought it necessary for genius not only to have a lineage, but to be respectable and work with white hands. "I detest," he adds, "all those stories related by biographers, who have taken no trouble to authenticate their statements, and who only repeat their ridiculous anecdotes to give meretricious brightness to the dramatic contrast they are about to draw."

In the same way, many historians have tried hard to show that Christopher Columbus was descended from one of the oldest families in Spain. Be this as it may, however, certain it is, that Claude had worked about a year with his brother, when one of his relatives, who was a lace merchant, had to undertake a journey to Rome. Fortune, which too often baffles the hopes of the aspiring, could not in this instance have offered a more hospitable invitation to a young artist, who already felt, but vaguely and in his day-dreams, presentiments of a mighty destiny.

Claude, hearing of the intended expedition, started off immediately to the house of his relative; was introduced to him, and immediately preferred a request that he would allow him to accompany him to the great city of Italy, to which the hopes of every artist turned, where the stores of ancient genius were gathered up, where poets were still crowned in the Capitol, and where pages had been known to rise to the high pelacy and become the masters of the world. The lace-merchant did not at first understand of what use so young a companion, entirely unaccustomed to commercial dealings, could be to him; but he was unable to resist the earnest solicitations of the boy; and so Claude Lorraine found himself in Rome. He immediately took a lodging not far from the Rotunda, and began to develop as well as he could those principles of his art which had germinated in his mind under the humble culture of his brother. A strict economy in his manner of living was rendered absolutely necessary by the scantiness of his purse; for all he had to subsist upon was a slight donation occasionally transmitted to him from his

friends at Frisbourg. But cheered by life and enthusiasm, and by the courage which is a characteristic of genius, he struggled with the difficulties of his position; and if he could gaze on the Colosseum; if he could sit in the rich galleries of the Vatican; if he could look on the works of pure glory, the goddesses and heroes immortalised in marble by the ancient artists; if he could go forth from Rome and survey the soft and glowing landscapes, with all their tender tints and graceful forms, which are spread out in the neighbourhood of the noble city, it mattered little to him that he lived in a narrow town and had no luxuries to place on his table.

At the end of three years, this kind of existence, pleasant if not Sybaritic, was brought to a close. War broke out between the treacherous house of Austria and the protestant powers; that war which during thirty years afflicted Italy and buried half the civilised world in blood and slaughter. Intercourse was now exceedingly rare and difficult between the communities on the different sides of the Alps. Rome especially felt the unholy commotion, and Claude Lorraine, then only eighteen years old, quitted his favourite city and travelled to Naples. It was perhaps not unfortunate for him that he was compelled to make this change. Around the shores of that beautiful bay, on which Torquati Tasso loved to gaze and which he so often remembered, and whose beauty he realised so truthfully in his songs, the young artist found landscapes with myrtle and ilex groves, gentle green hills, fields like garden lawns, and all those accessories of elegance, which, under his pencil, appear to our eyes like the unreal creations of fancy. In that happily-situated place he lived, as the pupil of Godfrey Wals, a painter of Cologne, who enjoyed no inconsiderable reputation. From him Claude acquired the principles of architecture and perspective.

He remained, however, only two years in the studio of this master; precisely the time necessary to harmonise in his mind its perceptions of two elements which impress so distinctive a character upon his wonderful landscapes—monuments, and the far-retiring horizon. He then returned to Rome, abounding more in knowledge, more rich in hopes, more audacious in ambition, but so poor that he was obliged to install himself in the household of Augustino Tassi, less in the character of a student than under the humiliating conditions of domestic servitude. This at least we must believe, if we choose to trust the version of his life which has been given by Sandrart, who impresses a character of truthfulness by the precision and minuteness of the details with which his account is filled.

Augustino Tassi was one of the most attached disciples of the celebrated landscape-painter, Paul Bril. Although afflicted by the gout, he had, like the orator Chatham, a vivacity of spirit which enabled him, in despite of physical pain, to be an interesting and even a fascinating companion. Courted, feasted, overwhelmed with commissions from the opulent citizens of Rome, Tassi surrounded himself with a pompous retinue, and inhabited a house built with those wide open doors, emblematic of hospitality, for which Italy was renowned. Here he was visited by cardinals and nobles, and by illustrious strangers of all countries. Here he was appointed by the conclave of cardinals to paint, for the public adornment of the city, architectural decorations, marine views, cartoons with deep perspective, and landscapes of every description; and with surprising energy he accomplished every task that was assigned him. Still, with a burden of sixty years and many infirmities upon his shoulders, he required an expert and agile assistant, who could superintend the affairs of his house, take care of his horses, arrange all ceremonial details, and otherwise manage his domestic concerns, while he received visitors, held the pencil, or directed the works of his disciples.

In Claude he found a young man sufficiently talented to undertake all that he desired, and sufficiently poor to accept the employment. No doubt, however, the position of the young painter, notwithstanding the degrading circumstances allotted to it, was not altogether unendurable. He enjoyed frequent intercourse with a mind of distinguished resources; he heard daily in his master's studio dissertations on art, which princes were ambitious to hear; and thus the genius of

\* Joachim Sandrart: "Academia Nobilissimæ Artis Pictoriæ," in fol. Nuremberg, 1673.

the painter of Lorraine was cultivated and his memory stored, in spite of the little education he had received in his youth. It is certain that he remained in the service of Augustino until the spring of the year 1625; but why does it happen that history is an oracle which is dumb precisely when we are most curious to interrogate her? That which is most unknown concerning illustrious men is the obscure place of their existence, when they stood in the dark valley of their youth, before they reached the luminous elevations of their greatness,—the long probation, the purgatory of genius, their groans at the threshold of the temple. We yearn to see others labouring through their hard apprenticeship, toiling at the commencement of their sublime labours. Alas! could we perceive and know how many others, perhaps with souls as great, having gazed from a distance at the enchanted landscapes of the earth, at the sweet land of promise, fell exhausted on the road, and perished under discouragement and fatigue, without a witness of their sufferings. Are there any among us who do not rejoice if we can trace the perilous and painful commencement of the journey by which the children

the evening blacken the summits of these mountains. He staid a little time in the monotonous country of Bavaria, the nest of princes, where he painted two pictures of the environs of Munich. The collection of works of art in that city also attracted his attention. Thence he proceeded into Suabia, and on the road met a party of brigands, who stripped him of all he possessed; but they could not strip him of his genuine treasure—his genius—and he became richer after viewing the sublime scenes which nature spread around him, even though he had not a *sackino* in his pocket.

At last, after many adventures, he once more reached the château of Chamagne and dwelt there for a considerable time. It is in vain that we search the records of his life for an account of his residence there. More easily may we penetrate to the retreat of the poet Petrarch, in the sweet valley of Valchiusa, "by Sorga's trembling waters." We can recover no idea of the impressions made on the mind of the great landscape painter by the scenery amid which he lived.

All we learn is that, having stayed sufficiently long to settle some family affairs, he proceeded to Nancy, where he was



THE HERDSMAN.—FROM A PAINTING BY CLAUDE LORRAINE.

of genius in all ages and countries have travelled the dreary flats of unnoticed and unrewarded exertion, hidden, perhaps, by those clouds of calumny, of envy, and detraction, which, like vapour, always gather about the rising sun? We love to see the first pale copy of their brilliant works, their efforts full of anguish and danger, and the gateways of fame and delight. The stars which now burn in the zenith most radiantly, and astonish us with their lustre—shall we attempt to discover their origin?—shall we watch for the earliest glimmerings of the day, so like that magic Aurora, still trembling and uncertain, which Claude Lorraine saw and painted, leaving a dawn everlastingly bright, to show how he loved nature and how nature had gifted him?

In the spring of the year 1625, Claude departed from Rome in order to return to his native country. Amidst his efforts, his hopes, the changes and chances of his career, he had continually gone back in imagination to the place of his childhood—"the banks of the blue Moselle." He visited Loretto and Venice, observing the dark green colour of the water there. He crossed the Tyrol, noticing the very tints which in

introduced to Claude de Ruet, one of the most famous artists produced by that part of France. The pupil of Tempesta, the envious rival of Callot, Ruet, opulent and proud, appears at that time to have enjoyed the first rank in the society of Nancy. The dual impostor, Henry II., had in 1621 conferred on him a patent of nobility. He moved from place to place in superb equipages; he was followed by a pompous suite of attendants; and, like Augustino Tassi at Rome, he was commissioned to execute some very important works. Among these was the decoration of the roof of the church of Carmelites, and several Italian artists were employed under his superintendence. Claude Lorraine, who had, since his journey to Naples and his residence with Godfrey Walas, acquired great skill in painting perspective, wished to be intrusted with the conception of the design. His friend Ruet promised at least to employ him; and he was occupied for more than a year in the decorations of the roof and of the adjoining chapels. But this cold and barren employment little suited the glowing ambition of the young artist, who had not come from Italy without a memory enriched by ideas



of her pure blue skies, her vineyards and gardens, her snow-white ruins, her broad smiling fields, and heroic monuments, which added sadness to her fame and radiance to her glory. He was dreaming of returning thither, when an accident, which occurred to one of the assistants who was employed in gilding some parts of his work, had the effect of completely disgusting him with the equivocal honour to be derived from painting on a fragile and lofty scaffolding. The assistant alluded to, having made a false step, fell from the scaffolding, and was only preserved from a mortal injury by falling on a cross beam, from which he was able to hang for a moment or two. Claude had just sufficient time to descend and save him at the moment when his weight was breaking the piece of timber to which he clung. But the catastrophe, to which he was every instant exposed, had such a powerful influence on his imagination, that he resolved to abandon a task in which his genius had no free or ample scope for the development of his powers. He accordingly started on his

overtopped their varied talents, and looked down upon them from the height of his own genius; he assisted them with his affectionate counsels, and taking up, with many of his faults, the antique traditions of Raffaele, endeavoured to combat the influence of the mannerists. Dwelling at the Trinity on the Mount, on a hill whence his eye took in a magnificent and gorgeous view, he had engrafted on landscape painting a sentiment of grandeur and might, which in those days was quite new; for though Titian and Hannibal Carachi had given a very glowing foretaste of historical landscape, Poussin it was who fixed and determined the style, became its most profound model, and grafted on it the peculiar genius of the French school. Few painters have indeed been more true, more real, and more suggestive of beauty than Nicolas Poussin. Claude Lorraine soon became acquainted with his illustrious countryman, and he accordingly took up his residence near at hand, also on the Trinity on the Mount. It may with justice and truth be predicated, that



THE WATERING PLACE FOR CATTLE.—FROM A PAINTING BY CLAUDE LORRAINE.

way to Italy, through Lyons and Marseilles, but was detained at that port by a severe illness. He then embarked in the same vessel with another French painter, Charles Erard de Nantes. The voyage was peculiar, for a frightful storm assailed the ship off the coast of Civita-Vecchia; but Claude at length saw the dome of St. Peter's, the centre and crown of Rome, in October, 1627; and he discovered that he had entered the city precisely on the day on which the people celebrated the festival of St. Luke—the festival of painters!

There resided in these days in Italy a Frenchman who exercised over the Italians all the usual ascendancy of a superior mind. We allude to the great Nicolas Poussin, who had been established in Rome ever since 1624. Around him, basking, as it were, within the warm rays of his genius, were grouped many eminent painters, Valentin, Guasprè, Jacques Stella, Peter de Laer, called *Bamboche*,<sup>\*</sup> Cornelius Poelenburg, Jacques Callot, and many others. Nicholas

this contact acted much on the character of the artist's productions, and in some degree fixed his style. Claude had certainly, previously to meeting with his countryman, a pre-mentiment of style; but after the lessons he derived from communion with Poussin, his thoughts were elevated, his ideas enlarged, and his education was, in a word, finished and completed in the company of one who appeared to give majesty even to the mighty productions of nature itself. We cannot but become convinced, on a little reflection, that the pupil of Godfrey Wals and Augustino Tassi derived from Poussin a capacity of elevating landscape, by breathing on it the charm of ideal beauty. Able and tasteful in his appreciation of architecture, Claude Lorraine would doubtless have embellished his landscapes by selections from ruins, and by choice bits of architecture; but the selection of his edifices would have been less happy, if the bright example of Poussin had not enabled him to see the distinguished part which monuments can play in great landscape painting.

<sup>\*</sup> See "Works of Eminent Masters," Vol. I. p. 262.



But to speak frankly, the true master of the great painter of Lorraine was the bright, the glowing, the warm and vivifying sun. We may conceive, but not describe, all the efforts, the indomitable patience, the labour and fatigue, the thought, the care, required to cope with such a model. Claude endeavoured to fathom, deeper than any one else ever did before, the most secret mysteries of nature; he determined to catch the sun at every hour of the day, to know it by heart—not by study of the mere caprices of light, but by a careful examination of its true harmonies. He would rise, many a time and oft, before the dawn, to wander into the country and watch the first rise and birth of day. While other men forgot, slumbering securely on their pillows, or turned away through indolence from one of the grandest spectacles that can meet the eye, Claude had ascended some lofty eminence, some green-bosomed hill, or mossy crag, and stood there like the out-posted sentinel of art; and then rosy-fingered Aurora displayed to him all the glorious beauties of her jewel-case, allowed him to play with her jewels, which are but fleecy clouds and transparent vapours; and all this he admired at a time when it was not thought ridiculous to speak of the rosy fingers of the blushing beauty, opening the gates of the East and flooding the earth with light. He wandered alone amid these luminous scenes of beauty, without pencils, without paint-boxes, for he drank in the lovely poetry of the scene, became exhilarated and inspired, and wanted no canvas to receive what he had seen. He watched in their most rapid variations every shade of colour when, in the morning of a lovely day, the sun appears at first of a silvery hue, preceded by a white aureole. This white is then tinged with yellow, some few degrees above the horizon; a little higher up the yellow turns to orange, the orange becomes vermilion, the vermilion turns to violet; and thus from tint to tint, from shade to shade, by delicate hues of marvellous riches

"Le jour pousse la nuit,  
Et la nuit sombre  
Pousse le jour qui luit  
D'une obscure ombre,"

to use the quaint words of old Ronsard, the most original of French poets in his day.

Then on the sea-shore he would gaze with rapt admiration on the glorious picture of the orb of day, bursting suddenly forth from beneath the waves, a minute before dark and gloomy, now dancing, a sheet of molten gold, beneath the sunny radiance of the morn. It is difficult to say where sunrise is most beautiful—on the mighty waste of waters, on the vast mountain chains, or when leaping forth from fertile fields, where the corn is yellow and ripe, where the vine blushes rich and rosy, where the orange-tree blooms and the myrtle shows its deep green foliage, or the rose sends up its bursting fragrance to the senses.

And when he had caught these glimpses of nature, he would return to the silent studio, and seek from memory to reproduce on canvas that which lived in his mind's eye, coloured, tinted, and complete. And as he had always noted in preference great effects, leaving small details on one side, he was sure that no unfortunate recollection of details of vegetation would come to disarrange the harmony, beauty, and ensemble of the whole. His studies, or rather his genius as a painter, thus advanced like the sun itself, which bathes every variety of nature, every tint of the earth and air, every colour of flower and skies, in the one warm flood of his own golden light.

The German artist who wrote the life of Claude, Joachim Sandrart, informs us that he sometimes met with the great artist amid the rocks and cascades of Tirol. "Seeing me," says he, "paint rocks after nature, rather than from imagination, Claude approved highly of my method, and took advantage of it so largely, that, by unwearied industry and invincible patience, he was soon able to paint beautiful landscapes, which amateurs bought at a very high price, and of which he could never produce sufficient to please them."\* The two

\* "Donec aliquando Tibure intra rupes me offenderet asperitima, precipitum manu tractantem et ad nativa prototypa non imaginationis

painters became great friends, often met at Rome, and associated together in order to go into the fields and paint objects on the spot. While Sandrart selected rocks of wild and fanciful form, trunks of trees of strange and wrinkled shape, and the waterfalls, ruins, and buildings best suited, according to his idea, for historical landscapes, Claude Lorraine chose less complicated subjects, and studied rather the gentle sloping away of objects from the second foreground to the horizon,—that is to say, the phenomena of aerial perspective.† His object was to, as it were, pierce the canvas through and through, and represent the immeasurable distances which the eye groups in a landscape; above all, to preserve in a simple picture on an easel the grandeur of the aspects, the serenity of the whole scene, and the majestic harmony of nature, when the sun, from a blue firmament without clouds, sheds below its torrents of light and heat—a glowing and mighty deity, as it were.

The great genius, the varied and bold talent of Claude, soon became known in Rome; and how, in fact, could it be otherwise, when he shone in the full light of the sun? His renown spreading like the rays of light, was scattered over Italy, crossed the mountains and the seas, reached France, and then flew to Spain; and there was soon a contest of no common character between princes, sovereigns, cardinals, and the pope, as to who should possess the finest Claudes. Baldinucci has left behind him some interesting details with reference to the names of the purchasers, and the high price they gave for the pictures.‡ Two landscapes, ordered by Cardinal Bentivoglio, having been shown to the pope, Urban VIII., were thought so admirable by his holiness, that, proclaiming aloud the superiority of the French artist over all other landscape-painters, he ordered of him four paintings in that style, one of which was to be a view of the port of Marinella. Claude painted this view, and another similar one, a sea-piece, with pontifical galleys; he then painted two village festival scenes—scenes which owed their existence to his imagination, which was as rustic as the mind of the poet of Mantua; luminous pastorals they are, in which the wedding of a goatherd becomes grand and magnificent from the beauty of surrounding nature and the gorgeous splendour of the horizon.

We need hardly say to our readers, who know the force of fashion in all these things, who are aware that courtiers will assume even the defects of a sovereign they wish to please, that the whole college of cardinals hastened to imitate the example of the pope; and as the pagan antique was in favour at the Vatican ever since the days of Leo X., the free and easy princes of the church, who were rather men of fashion, gallantry, and intrigue, than priests, were delighted to make the pencil of Claude, his lovely landscapes, supply an excuse for painting subjects from the metamorphoses of Ovid, the history of Cupid and Psyche, or that of the lovely nymph Egeria, who was changed into a fountain. These old men of the church were like the elders who admired Susannah; beauty was what they sought; they cared not how nude or equivocal the mode of treatment.

The king of Spain came in his turn. He ordered eight marine landscapes; four taken from the Old, and four from the New Testament. But while Claude was working with

et inventionis vi, sed naturâ ipsâ suggerente variâ pingentem, que tantopere ipsi placebat, ut simili debine insistere methodo, et post modum laboriositate indefessâ et pernicissimâ invincibilis inimitanda quod tractus sublimis natura cum usque pertingeret, ut sublimis ejus a graphicis anxiè debine conquerantur, caro pretio emanaret."—J. Sandrart: "Academia, etc."

† "Quomododum ego rupes saltem exquirebam singulares, stipites arborum extantiores, ramorum comas magis frondosas, catartas uedarum, ædificia et ruinas majores et pro complemento penuriam historicarum magis mihi idoneas, ita ex adverso ille minores saltem pingebat formâ, quæque poet secundum longius distaret fundum et veras horizontem diminerentur."—Sandrart. The old artist's Latin is worth quoting for its quaintness.

‡ Baldinucci: "Néologie de Professori del Disegno."

ardour at one of these compositions, he learnt that it had been sold as his by plagiarists and copyists. The high price that our great artist charged for his pictures, without any one even complaining that too great a value was set upon them, had stimulated forgers, who came and stole the ideas of Claude Lorraine, and imitated, in some degree, his effects of light, so as to deceive foreigners and ignorant amateurs. Every one will see what a great misfortune this was for the artist, who was not only injured in his purse and fortune, but calumniated by the sale and preservation of bad copies, which, shown as his to men of taste, lowered him in their estimation and detracted from his well-earned fame. Claude, on making this discovery, and on finding the extent to which the system had been carried, resolved to keep a copy of every picture which left his workshop, making a note on the back of the drawing, the name of the purchaser, its date, and, on many occasions, its price. He made himself a portfolio, in which he registered every one of his thoughts as a sketch, so that he was able to offer to amateurs the control of his originals, and confound the impudence of forgers bold enough to imitate the serial light of his pictures. He called it "The Book of Invention, or the Book of Truth."<sup>\*</sup> This was the immortal register where he collected together all the wandering fancies of his genius. These sketches, which were, so to speak, the dawn of his pictures, are washed in with bistre, with a rather heavy hand as regards the figures, and yet with all the evidence of power and genius. Some pen-and-ink dashes show us what the character of the leaves will be; we catch, too, a glimpse of the light; we guess, beneath the glimmering indications of a flat tint, the distribution of the manor, the slope of the grounds, the general set off. We can conceive nothing more exquisite or pleasing to the eye of the artist than these prefaces—these dreamy outlines of what is to be a splendid picture. It seems as if we looked at the future rich canvas through a gauze curtain, and could catch a flickering indistinct glimpse of landscapes, even more beautiful than we shall ever see. Now it is a grove, where the Muses halt, beautifully and gracefully grouped, to hearken to the song of Apollo, beside a rippling lake on which float the lazy swans; and with a country behind, the distances of which probably gave the poet the idea, when he speaks of seeing in the distance hills and mountains the summits of which are lost in the clouds, while their strange shape and vague character leave us to form an horizon where we please; now it is a mysterious bark gliding on the moving waters, and just about to fade away from our sight between two willow-clad islands; sometimes we gaze with admiration on the bulls of the Campagna Romana, up to their knees in a marsh, and tended by a herdman as wild and savage as the place itself.

Many days indeed may be passed in turning over the leaves, in examining the rich and original designs of this book, which is now in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, and of which the fac-similes have been so ably and artistically engraved by Earlom. On the back of the first drawing in the "Book of Truth," we find the following inscription stuck on a piece of paper, written in the handwriting of Claude himself—still the ignorant Claude in all but painting—and which we give exactly, without correction or alteration:—

"Audi 10 Agosto, 1677,  
Ce présent livre appartient à moy que je fais durant  
ma vie Claudio Gillev, dit le Lorrain,  
à Roma, le 23 aov, 1660." †

But the "Book of Truth" was no effective protection for Claude against the rapacity of his greedy imitators. Some, adventuring even into his studio, caught up at a glance his ideas and sketches, and did not even wait until the pictures were issued to reap the profit; so that, by a disgraceful and scandalous system, the canvas of the plagiarist was issued before the original picture. The master, as a last resource,

<sup>\*</sup> Libro d'invenzione ovvero libro di verita.

† The above interesting facts are found in an article on Claude by Eugene Piot, in the "Cabinet de l'Amateur," for the year 1843, vol. ii.

was compelled to shut up his studio to all visitors, except a few friends on whom he could rely, like Poussin and Cardinal Bentivoglio, or disinterested admirers, like Prince Panfilii, the Cardinals Medicis, Spada, Giori, and Mellino, the Constable Colonna, the Florentine Paolo Falconieri, and a few others. This decision, to which the generous artist was driven by a sense of justice to himself, excited great murmurs; but he had no other remedy against the pestilent thieves who picked his pocket and desecrated his genius. But when the painter shut himself up in his studio, excluding the vulgar crowd, he kept the bright sun with him there, and lived in that company and on the memory of real and true nature. He had grown old and had the gout, and his favourite walks near the waterfalls of Tivoli, where Sandrart had so often met him, were past for ever. He now painted wholly from the elements with which he had stored his mind in the past—those glorious and magnificent landscapes, perfumed by the ideal, warmed by beauty, and resplendent with light and the glow of Italian summer.

The French artists of that and other days always placed nature in the background, and made man occupy the first place. The fact is, that, with rare exceptions, the French never cared about nature—Florian was an anachronism—man, his passions and his actions, alone occupied their attention. They neither comprehended nor sympathised with calm and quiet loveliness. The storm and the battle engaged their thoughts, when the sweet beauty of rich and lovely landscape would have passed by unheeded. Claude Lorraine himself, who was so fond of the light and the sun, never went beyond the limits of historical landscape; he remained faithful to the lessons he had taken from his great master Nicolas Poussin. The rays with which his canvases are flooded light up some choice scene in nature, play in the classic colonnade, or peer through the cords of an antique tirreme. It was not without result that Claude lived in Rome, surrounded by learned men and poets, and protected by erudite and classical cardinals. That vast sea, into which the setting sun plunges, bears the galley whence descends Cleopatra the Beautiful. One landscape of Claude exhibits "The Consecration of David," while another exhibits all the preparations for a sacrifice. Warriors in heroic costume saunter about in the foreground of his seaports; all his pictures, in fact, are at all events as much filled by historical recollections as they are by the warmth and glow of the sun. Even when his fancy induces him to delineate the dances of a pastoral festival, the land to which he takes us is that of the Eclogues, and there exhales from them a perfume of the idyls of Anacreon and of the laurels of Virgil.

With regard to putting figures in a landscape, there prevails an error—at all events we regard it as one—which should be corrected. "Intelligent painters," says a critic of the last century, "have rarely painted desert landscapes without figures. They have peopled them, they have introduced into these pictures a subject composed of several personages whose actions may touch us and attach them unto us. It is thus that Rubens, Poussin, and all the other great masters have acted—he might have included Claude Lorraine—who have never contented themselves with introducing into their pictures a man going slowly along his road, or a woman taking fruits to market. They introduce thinking beings, that they may give us subjects to think about. They introduce men moved by the ordinary passions of humanity, in order to move our passions, and to interest us by this very agitation."<sup>‡</sup> These very sage remarks by the learned Abbé Dubos are incorrect, and in fact simply puerile. When an artist desires to create a genuine landscape, that is, to depict the beauties of the country—the evening, a morning scene, the charms of water and wood, to snatch and trace the mysteries of nature—he should avoid introducing any very interesting action, for the landscape loses naturally in interest as far as the action interests, and the real object of the painter is lost. No man who wished to depict correctly and

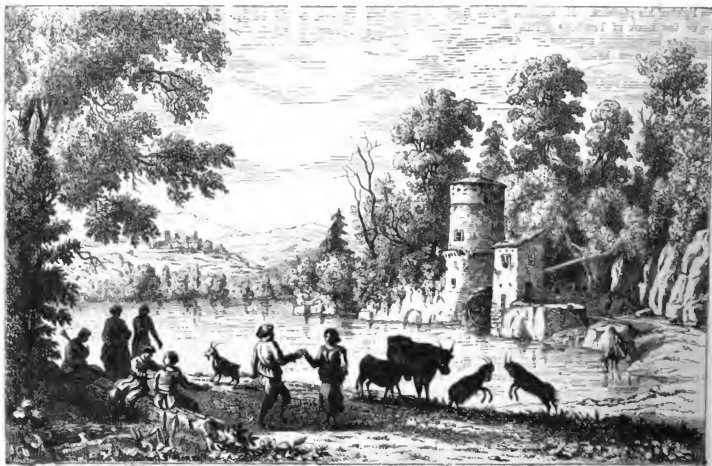
<sup>‡</sup> Abbé Dubos's "Réflexions sur la peinture et la poésie," Vol. i. 52.

convey to the idea the grandeur of Niagara or Mont Blanc, would think of introducing them as mere illustrations of some scene of action.

When Poussin introduces into his landscapes historical figures, or men agitated by passions, as Dubos says, it is the action of the figures, which is the chief end and aim of the picture, and the landscape is an accessory, or rather the framework of the subject. "Arcadia" is an example. Imbued with the great principle of unity, had he desired to create in our minds admiration for the splendour of the horizon, or to show us his power of portraying them, he would have been very particular not to introduce complicated figures. It would have sufficed fully for his purpose, just to recall the image and idea of man, by introducing a solitary cavalier, or a shepherd gazing at his flock as they watered. Having often violated this eternal principle of unity, Claude Lorraine has committed an error very common with French artists; that is to say, he has divided the interest of his pictures.

equally successful, equally admirable in the arrangement of their trees, according to the more or less massiveness which their foliage produces, and also in the art of painting, so that each particular species is recognised at a glance, either by the appearance of the boughs, the division of the bouquets, or the characteristic shape of the foliage. Sandrart himself has made this remark with regard to our artist. He insists very much upon this point, and says, in his German Latin,<sup>†</sup> that the leaves of the trees, painted by Claude, seem to move and shake in the wind.

Claude Lorraine had, properly speaking, no pupils, though historians have given him two: Herman Swanevelt and Le Courtois. Herman was nothing more than a very clever imitator of Claude; Courtois, if we are to believe a very distinguished amateur,<sup>‡</sup> has executed some landscapes in the style of Lorraine; among others the "Siege of Rochelle," and the "Pas de Suse," which are found in the Louvre. It does not, however, appear that these two painters received any



DANCE ON THE EDGE OF THE WATER.—FROM A PAINTING BY CLAUDE LORRAINE.

On the other hand he has never been more successful or more grand, than when he has introduced figures of sailors without a story, pastors without a name; all the while preserving the lofty, sublime, and elevated taste of those ruins full of majesty, which make us think of the absent heroes, and the strange stories of those immortal gods who by their lives, as told by their worshippers, often make us rejoice that they were false, and that we live in a time when we know the true and great God of Christianity.

Turning to trees, we find that those which Claude Lorraine was fond of introducing into his landscapes, are the horse-chestnut and the Spanish, with lofty branches, round forms, and the brown bark of which is enlivened by the clear gray of the moss attached to them. It is easy to remark, as Le Carpentier\* does, when speaking of Nicolas Poussin and Claude Lorraine, that these two great landscape-painters have been

direct lessons from him, though, in reality, he was their master. The only pupil whom Claude formed under his own eyes was a certain Domenico Romano, a poor young cripple, whom he took into his house and fed, and who was for a long time to him what he had been to Tassi; but Domenico Romano, having learnt to paint, the rumour was set afloat that he was the unknown artist, the true author of the picture which were given to the world as the production of Claude Lorraine. When this news was sufficiently spread, the pupil became ungrateful, thought himself a great man, and was inflated by vanity. He left the studio of the great landscape-

<sup>†</sup> Ubi arbores expressit diversas naturali omnes quantitate quasi veras, stipitem, frondes, coloreque tam argute juxta consuevit speciem singula tribuendo tamque distincte cuotias representando, ut vento movente perstrere videretur.—Cap. xxiil. Paris secundum, liber iii.

<sup>‡</sup> Duperthes: "Histoire de l'art du Paysage," p. 157. Paris, 1899. The catalogue of the Louvre gives the pictures alluded to as Claude's.

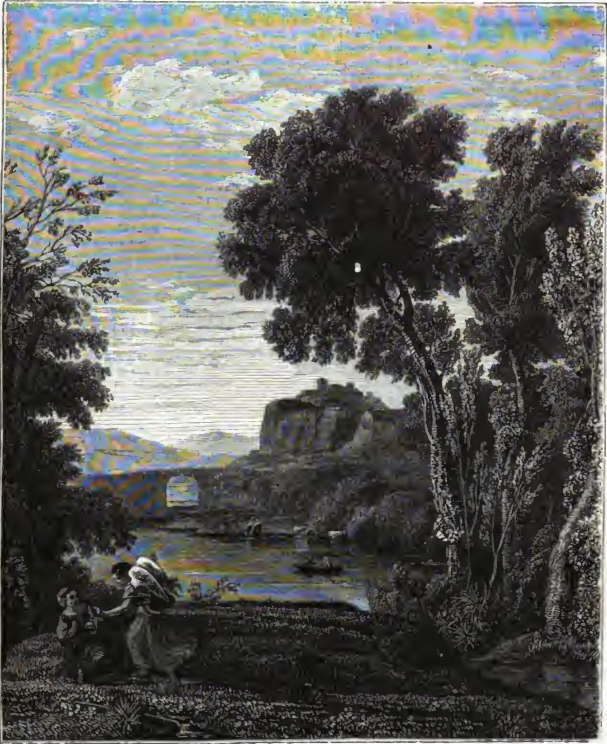
\* Essai sur le paysage. 1817

painter, and brought an action against him for the wages that he said were due to him.

Claude Lorraine sent for his disciple, who stood before him bold and audacious, for vanity and egotism had made him half mad.

"What is this I owe you?" said the great painter, sternly. The crippled pupil mentioned a sum.

As for the imitators of Claude, they were innumerable. All the Dutchmen, Germans, and Spaniards who went to Italy, were inspired by his paintings. In the present day, the brilliant success of our landscape-painters is mainly owing to their enthusiastic admiration and careful study of Claude Lorraine. In France, where they are justly proud of one who was truly great, he has been a constant model for imitation—



TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL.—FROM A PAINTING BY CLAUDE LORRAINE.

"Come with me," said Claude, with a scornful smile.

He took him to the bank of Spirito Santo, where all his money was deposited, and counted out to him the money he asked for.

"Go," continued he, "poor soul. Money may rejoice you, but it will not give you genius. Paint, and let the world judge whether or no I have harmed you."

No more was heard of Domenico Romano.

he has been the classic artist for two centuries. A whole Pleiad of renowned and celebrated artists, from the two Patels to Valenciennes, without omitting Bourdieu, Francisque Millet, Maupérché, Joseph Vernet, and Lantara, undoubtedly felt the influence of Claude, combined with that of his master, Nicolas Poussin. This is natural enough. Before the revolution which the nineteenth century so fortunately made in art, by infusing into it the fresh perfume of the

romantic poetry of the north, the France of that indistinct period called the Renaissance knew no ideal but that of paganism, and none had ever elevated classical idealism higher, or painted the scenes of the heroic past better, than Nicolas Poussin and Claude Lorraine.

A distinction must be drawn between the two, however, and can easily be made clear. The Norman painter painted the land of heroes and philosophers, while the artist of Lorraine cast the light of his ideal beauty over the dwelling-place of herdsmen and demi-gods. The landscape of Nicolas Poussin is generally historical—that of Claude is Arcadian. Pythagoras would have been pleased to saunter with his disciples on the banks of that river that percolates the country scene of Poussin, or beneath the shadows which lead to the neighbouring villa. In the rich conceptions, the sunny bright pictures of Claude, nature is less solemn, and its varied aspects recall rather the primitive period—the fortunate golden time, when the earth of Saturn belonged to poetry, and the heart of man to love. Scarcely ever, in his marine landscapes, does he represent a tempest; for nothing that is strange, violent, or in rude motion is attractive to him. He never runs after fantastic clouds or sudden or unexpected effects of light. His favourite part of light is its peaceful and dazzling brightness; he paints the deep blue firmament when it is pure and unspotted by clouds—the country when it is happy and smiling—animals when they feed in perfect liberty, watched over by the apocryphal shepherds of Theocritus or Virgil. His landscapes are truly those of the golden age. There is one in which the old fable of Narcissus is recorded, with a scene of marvellous beauty around him. Some women, concealed behind a tuft of thick bushes, are watching young Narcissus as he gazes at himself in the fountain, while the sun and nature, and the soft breeze which waves to and fro the summits of the tall trees, and the distant ruins flooded with golden light, all tell of love. What a soft and balmy temperature—what a delicious evening! Who would not wander across that scene of such august tranquillity, lose himself, listen to the waterfall, and come back to that grove in the foreground to find again that deserted nymph dying a languishing death near her river, amid the green turf and surrounded by the narcissus flower?

Of all hours of the day, Claude Lorraine loved the evening, the setting sun; and, to give additional play to his scene, he generally chose the banks of the sea. When just about to dip into the ocean, the sun casts upon the calm sea a positive carpet of light; the waves rustle, as it were, beneath the soft evening breeze; and the gently-moved waters of the trembling ocean reflect, in myriad sparkles, the dying brightness of the luminary. No clouds are in the sky, or very few; perhaps a light vapour, like a veil of gauze, is lit up by the expiring sun. On the borders of the water rise Italian palaces—noble porticoes, whose columns give scarcely any shade, wrapped as they are in a luminous atmosphere which impregnates every place with light. Statues, which rise on the splendid terraces of these palatial halls, swim in golden vapour. Gallies are at anchor; the rays of evening light come dancing through the rigging, and show in the water the long narrow shape of the ship—a furrow, so to speak, of shade. On the shore walk people who are, it seems, dazzled by the rays of the setting sun; and it would be a pleasure for us to imitate those among them, who use their hats as a kind of parasol, to avoid being blinded with the too great effulgence. On the edge of the horizon the sun seems to penetrate into palaces of fire, and is about to disappear in the midst of a conflagration which all the waves of the sea cannot put out, but which will soon be extinguished as it passes through every gradation of vermilion, violet, and deep blue, even unto darkness.

All this is admirably exemplified in "The old Port of Messina" by Claude.

One remarkable thing about Claude Lorraine was, that he never began to be wholly himself until he reached the second foreground, that is to say, until his lungs began to breathe the air. In the front are in general palaces and masses of trees, which serve him as side-scenes, and he might even be

reproached with the monotony of the foreground; but on some occasions the "set-off" is skilfully concealed and dissimulated by the careful discrimination of the darker shades; it is valuable rather from the mass than the actual strength of each shade, so that all remains lit up, though there is a kind of demi-tint to bring it up. We must also not omit to observe that Claude Lorraine was the first painter who studied the laws of refraction, when he painted the sun mirroring itself in the waters of the sea. "If water bends a stick, my reason straightens it," says Lafontaine. But the artist prefers the *naïveté* of nature to the correction of reason.

Drawing and engraving on steel occupied a considerable portion of the life of Claude Lorraine. In the year 1636 he had already engraved some of his best pieces, amongst others, one of his masterpieces, the "Campo Vaccino," in which we are made familiar with the grandeur of the Roman city. It is the ancient Forum, an immense space filled with thousands of people and with light, and surrounded by monuments, such as the Arch of Septimius Severus, the Temple of Antoninus, the ruins of the Temple of Concord; and in the background, the Coliseum and Arch of Titus. "However, the engravings of Claude," says an amateur, the Count Guillaume de L., "have nothing brilliant in them; they produce no great effect, and the magic effect of the *chiaroscuro* which we admire in the engravings of Rembrandt, for example, is wholly wanting; the figures are, moreover, generally badly drawn, as they often are in his pictures; he was not very clever in the mechanical part of the affair, and had not fully acquired the art of applying the aquafortis; sometimes it produces no effect, and sometimes it does not bite at all. His engravings, therefore, have little charm for the superficial amateur; but the enlightened connoisseur admires the choice of the subjects, the beauty of the arrangement, especially that of the trees, the nobility of the architecture, and in general, the taste, style, and spirit of the man of genius."

This judgment is rather too severe, especially as far as the figures are concerned. If it be true, as is very generally believed, that those in his *tableaux* were chiefly from the hand of Courtois, of Philippe Lauri, Jean Miel, François Allegrini, and even of Nicolas Poussin, we must hesitate before we decide that Claude did not know how to draw the human form. When having recourse to the hands of strangers or the pencils of friends, he only followed a very universal custom. The figures which the great landscape-painter has drawn in his "Book of Truth," and in his engravings, have sometimes, it is true, an amount of awkwardness, but it is a powerful and energetic awkwardness; they are correct in their motions and correct in their pantomime. In some few dashes they express with rare vigour and truth the roughness of the men of a seaport, or the somewhat heavy and ponderous elegance of the gentlemen who wore doublets and swords. It was only out of sheer modesty that Claude was wont to say to those amateurs who came to buy his pictures, that he gave the figures in for nothing.

There is still preserved in one of the Queen's collections, a drawing by Claude, which bears the date of 1682, and which represents a scene of the Eniad. The painter was then eighty-two years old, and still he worked. He died calmly in the month of December of the same year, and was buried in the church of the Trinity on the Hill. He left, as an inheritance to his nephews, amongst other works, the "Book of Truth." This marvellous book was sold to a French jeweller, Louis XIV. having charged his ambassador at Rome, the Count d'Estrees, to purchase this precious monument of the genius of the French nation, he endeavoured to fulfil the monarch's wish, but in vain. The "Livre de Vérité" passed into England, to the collection of the Duke of Devonshire, who had it engraved, in 1777, by Enlorm. The heirs of Claude placed the following inscription on his tomb, which is the more worthy of being preserved here that it is utterly obliterated on the white marble tablet where it first was cut.

\* "Œuvres de Claude Gellée, dit le Lorrain," par le Comte G. de L.



D. O. M.  
 CLAUDIO GELLEE LOTHARINGO,  
 Ex loco de Camagne orlo  
 Pictori eximio  
 Qui ipso Orientis et Occidentis  
 Solis radius in campestribus  
 Munifice pingendis effinxit  
 Ille in urbe ubi artem coluit  
 Summam laudem inter magnates  
 Consecutus est  
 Obiit IX. Kalend. Decembris, 1682,  
 Ætatis sue LXXXII.  
 Joann. et Josephus Gellæe  
 Patruo charissimo monumentum hoc  
 Sibi posterisque suis poni curarunt.\*

In the month of July, 1840, the ashes of Claude Lorraine were transferred from the Trinity on the Mount to the church of Saint Louis des Français, in a tomb elevated to the prince of landscape painters, by order of the Minister of the Interior. The inauguration of this monument, executed by M. Lemoine, professor of the academy of St. Luke, took place in presence of the chargé d'affaires of France, M. de Reyneval, and of all the artists who were then at Rome.

The following inscription is upon it:—

LA NATION FRANÇAISE N'OUVRIT PAS SES ENFANTS CÉLÈBRES  
 MEME LORSQU'ILS SONT MORTS A L'ÉTRANGER.

Whenever we find ourselves in presence of a great master, we are led, despite ourselves, to think of principles. With painters of the genius of Claude all becomes matter for learning, and their faults are even as instructive as their triumphs. Do we wish to know if painting is or is not a simple imitation of the outer world? Claude Lorraine is there to answer for us. What, will people say—that disc of yellow ochre and white, pretends to represent the sun—the sun itself? A little colour on a piece of canvas, that is the great luminary of the world; this is what you call the most faithful copy of the great work of the divine Creator. Yes, doubtless, between nature and art, between the sun of God and the sun of Claude Lorraine there is a wide abyss. And yet it must be said that the landscape of the artist is much above and much below nature. Combined with the individual sentiment of a great artist, it bears the imprint of a poetry which matter alone does not contain, or which at least lies latent and unknown within it. If Claude had not come upon the banks of the sea to gaze on the magnificent spectacle of evening, nobody would have ever opened his eyes to the beautiful spectacle of a hot and burning sky. Those sailors who are lying on the deck of that ship at anchor; those merchants who are counting their bales along the golden strand; in fine, those noble promenaders who may be seen coming out of that palace, the steps of which descend to the sea, probably would not experience the same emotions at the reality as would be awakened in them by the sight of a sunset by Claude Lorraine. In the picture all is elevated, if it is only by evoking the recollection of ancient history or heroic fables, and we may readily fancy that the coffers ranged along the banks contain the famous purple of Tyre, twice dyed and unaltered. In this way, by passing through the crucible of a painter's inspired soul, by being touched by the emotions of his heart, the work of God is often more eloquent in painting than in reality. When the earth is beautiful, the painter knows that it is so, and the earth knows it not.

Many criticisms on Claude Lorraine have been written. The following by J. A. St. John is new and fresh:—"It strikes me, if I were a painter, I could have discovered a hundred landscapes between Foush and Cairo, which would not have been unworthy of the pencil of Claude.

"To be in fashion, I ought, perhaps, to have named some other artist, the current of opinion setting in just now against this delineator of the warm and genial south. But whatever happens, it is best to be honest. If my ideas offend the connoisseurs, I am sorry for it; but having myself beheld nature

in her loveliest forms, both in the temperate and torrid zones, I may at least be allowed to judge whose pencil reminds me most of her serene splendour. The object of all art is pleasure, which can only be awakened in us through the instrumentality of beauty, whether in the aspect and colours of external nature, or in the symmetry of the human form.

"To me, Claude in landscape, and Raffaele in historical painting, appear to have worked most in conformity with this theory, and consequently to have produced the noblest and purest results. To derive enjoyment from looking at nature, is practically a simple process; but if we attempt to explain the laws by which the sources of delight are stirred within us, we find the whole apparatus of metaphysics scarcely equal to the task. It is the same precisely with the mimetic arts. When I stand, for example, before one of Claude's landscapes, supposing my mind to have been previously agitated by the perturbing influence of the passions, the storm begins immediately to subside, while a serenity like that of a sweet summer's day takes its place. The beauty, snatched as it were from nature, and rendered permanent by art, sinks into the soul, and through a law or force inexplicable to me, disposes it irresistibly to assume that unruffled composure necessary to its reflecting properly the external image, to the magic of whose influence it is for the time subjected.

"No other landscape-painter accomplishes this triumph so invariably and completely as Claude. Salvator Rosa appeals with singular power to our sympathy for wild and savage nature, chasms, mountain-torrents, sombre and frowning crags, dark forests, with the figures of ferce banditti looming through their obscurity. Nicolas Poussin awakens our classical or scriptural reminiscences, revives the impression of our school-boy days, or, which is still more, carries us back to those moments of unmixed delight, when on our mother's knee we first lifted through the marvellous traditions of Palestine and the East.

"But they, neither of them, put us in possession of that sunshine of the breast which streams in upon us, or is kindled by the works of Claude, who felt all that is serene and lovely in the countenance of our mother earth, and has represented his conceptions in colours which we must grieve to think should ever fade. His architecture, his seas, his glassy rivers, his mountains blue and hazy with distance, his skies full of light and brilliance, his trees displaying every variety of forest beauty, his foregrounds, copses, flowers, weeds and all, fresh, dew-dripping, and almost exhaling fragrance as we look on them, so full are they of suggestions to the sense as well as to the mind,—this combination of things, I say, acts like a glorious poem on the imagination, and hushes it into a rapt feeling, not unakin to devotion. My friend, Linton, especially in his Venetian pictures, is every year giving fresh proofs that he has been drinking at the same great fountain. His sunsets are delicious, his ruins seem to crumble before the eye, and his waves, leaping, cool and translucent, transport us forcibly to the shores of the Mediterranean."

The pictures of Claude Lorraine, so much valued over all Europe, have become very rare. They are now chiefly found in national galleries, or the galleries of the English aristocracy.

The Louvre contains the best collection of pictures from the brush of Claude Lorraine. This Museum contains sixteen, several of which are masterpieces, in which the painter shows himself in all the splendour of his most brilliant qualities. More than half of these pictures are found in "The Book of Truth."

"The Consecration of David" and "The Landing of Cleopatra" (Nos. 80 and 96 in "The Book of Truth") were painted for Cardinal Giorio; in the inventory of the Louvre, made in 1816, they are estimated, the first at £2,800, the second at £4,800.

The two "Seaports" were painted for the Prince de Liancourt and an amateur of Paris. This last picture bears the signature of Claude and the date of 1646. They were both engraved by Dominique Barrière. The one is estimated at £1,000, the other at £3,200.

"The Village Festival" and "The View of a Seaport at

\* Baldinucci: "Notizie de Professori del Disegno."

the *Setting of the Sun* " were executed for Pope Urban VIII. The first of these pictures, painted in 1669, has been estimated at £4,000; the second, very well engraved by Lebas, was sold at the sale of Gaignat, in 1768, for £204; at the sale of Choiseul-Praslin, in 1793, for £600; and is now valued at £4,800.

"The Campo Vaccino" and "View of a Seaport" were painted for M. de Bethune, ambassador of France at Rome. These two pictures were sold in 1737 for £134; in 1768 for £248; in 1776 for £476; in 1780 for £440. In 1816 they were valued at £1,200 and £1,600.

The Gallery of the Hermitage of St. Petersburg almost equals the Louvre in the importance and riches of its Claude's. It possesses no less than fourteen. There is a magnificent series of four pendants of equal dimensions—three feet nine inches by five feet three inches—representing the four parts of the day, in which the ordinary assistant of Claude, Philippe Louis, has painted "The Vision of Tobias," "The Return

There are besides in the Hermitage two landscapes, representing, one, "The Judgment of Marsyas," the other a "Pastoral Scene;" and two marine landscapes, in which are seen, on one side, Apollo and the Sibyl of Cumæ, on the other, men loading a ship. These four superb specimens of this master were purchased by the Empress Catherine II. of Russia; the two first in 1776, with the Crozat collection; the two latter in 1779, with the Houghton gallery.

The Museum of Madrid, and the National Gallery of London, have each the same number of Claude's. Those of the Museum of Madrid are incontestable and very valuable. One, the least of all, is a landscape adorned with figures and animals. The nine others form three series, one of three, one of four, one of two.

The first series, which are the largest-sized Claude's known to exist—five feet nine inches by eight feet five inches—comprise "A Penitent Magdalen in the Desert," and with a rising sun, "A Hermit Praying in the Desert," with a



CATTLE DRINKING AT A POOL,—FROM A PAINTING BY CLAUDE LORRAINE.

of the Holy Family," "The Meeting of Jacob and Rachel," and "The Struggle of Jacob with the Angel."

These four pictures, Nos. 160, 154, 169, and 181 of "The Book of Truth," were painted for several amateurs of the Low Countries; they then passed into the Electoral Gallery of Cassel, where they remained until the time of the German war in 1806. They were packed up with a number of other pictures, the most precious of that gallery, which were being removed from Cassel for the purpose of concealment, until the peace enabled them to restore them to their old place. But a French general succeeded in capturing them, and presented them to the Empress Josephine, who adorned her Malmaison with them. There the Emperor Alexander of all the Russias bought them, with the "Arquebusers" of Teniers, "The Cow" of Paul Potter, the "Gerard Douw au Chien," and thirty other of the best pictures of that collection.

The four *tableaux* by Claude cost the emperor £4,000 out of the money he paid for the pictures bought at Malmaison. They were engraved by Schlotterbeck and Haldenwang.

setting sun, and the "Temptation of St. Anthony," a landscape with a moonlight effect.

The second series is composed of four large pictures; they represent, in the first place, "Moses saved from the Waters," secondly, "The Funeral of St. Sabine," thirdly, "The Embarkation of St. Pauline," the fourth, "Tobias and the Angel Raphael" (see p. 345). These four pictures, of which the figures are attributed to William Courtois, brother of Jacques, called the *Bourguignon*, were painted for the king of Spain.

The last series of two pictures represents two landscapes, smaller than those in the preceding series; one, "A Morning Effect," the other "An Evening Scene."

The ten pictures in the National Gallery of this country are, with two exceptions, as authentic and as fine Claude's as any in the world. There are two of very great dimensions; one well known under the name of "The Queen of Sheba," and the other as "Rebecca's Wedding."

The first picture is of a seaport, seen under the effect of the rising sun, while the action of the production is "The

Embarking of a Princess and her Court;" the English generally call it the Bouillon Claude, says a French critic, because it was painted for the duke of that name in 1688.

The second represents a landscape adorned with figures dancing on a vast open sward. These two pictures were for a long time the pride of the Hotel Bouillon, on the Quai Malaquais in Paris, which also contained numerous other precious pictures, which still remained there in 1787, but in a furniture warehouse, where they were rotting, as the Duke of Bouillon rarely occupied his hotel in Paris.

About 1804 these two Claude's passed into the hands of

Each of the galleries lays claim to the possession of the original, which connoisseurs usually declare to be that in the Doria palace in the eternal city of Rome.

Besides "The Queen of Sheba" our National Gallery contains two other exquisite marine pieces, "The Embarking of St. Uraula," and "The View of a Seaport at Sunset." These two were painted, the first in 1646, for Cardinal Barberini, the second, in 1644, for Cardinal Giorio. They also came from the collection of Mr. Angerstein, who had them from Messrs. Desenfant and Panné about 1800. They also cost £8,000.



THE BEGGARS.—FROM A PAINTING BY REMBRANDT.

Charles Sebastian Erard, who sent them to England. A distinguished English amateur, Mr. Angerstein, bought them for £8,000, and it was at this sum that they were valued in the collection of this amateur, when it was bought by the English government in 1823, to form the basis of the present National Gallery.

The "Queen of Sheba" is regarded as the finest marine landscape ever painted by the great Claude Lorraine; as for the "Wedding of Rebecca," there is a fac-simile of it in the Doria Palace at Rome, where it is called "Il Mulino."

There are also four other Claude's, very much admired for their beauty. They bear the titles of "Reconciliation of Cephalis and Procris," "The Death of Procris," "Narcissus and the Echo," and "Agar in the Desert." The first of these four pictures also comes from the cabinet of that same princely amateur, Mr. Angerstein. The other three were left to the National Gallery by Sir George Beaumont in 1826, with another landscape, which is the fellow to "Agar in the Desert."

A sixth landscape, the most important of all, was left as a

legacy to the same gallery by Mr. W. Holwell Carr, in 1831. It is "Sinon taken before Prisms," a picture dated 1657. This picture, painted for the Prince Don Agustin, was for a long time at the palace of Ghigi at Rome. At the sale of the Walsh Porter collection, which took place in London in 1810, it was sold for £2,750. It is valued by Smith at £3,700.

The other museums of Europe contain very few pictures by Claude. The Pinacothec Museum of Munich has four or five pair, each representing a morning and an evening. The Gallery at Dresden contains three, of which two are of great beauty, reproduced in "The Book of Truth," Nos. 110 and 141. The Museum of Berlin and that of Naples each possesses two pictures by Claude; the Gallery of Florence has only one, but it is an admirable one, "A Seaport with a Setting Sun," No. 28 of "The Book of Truth." It was painted for Cardinal Medici. It is valued at £3,000.

English amateurs, as well as artists, have always shown great attachment for the pictures of Claude. In the years 1799 and 1800, the English who were at Rome bought from the Princes Colonna, Borghese, Doria, Corsini, and others, who were obliged to sell their pictures to pay the heavy contributions imposed upon them by the government. Among these pictures were some of Claude's very best, which before had decorated the palaces at Rome. Most of the works painted for Italy have left that country: poverty and despotism and bigotry have done their natural work.

Mr. Forster found only about a dozen in all the museums and palaces of Italy. In England, on the contrary, there are few private collections, visited by Waagen, which had not some. He found at least fifty. The collection of Mr. Thomas Coke, at Holham, alone has ten—as many as the National Gallery. Most of them are very important productions of the great artist, and are found in "The Book of Truth," such as "Argus and Io," "The Punishment of Mærias," "Apollo keeping the Flocks of Admetus," "Apollo and the Sibyl of Cumæ," "Perseus," "Rest of the Holy Family," Nos. 86, 95, 133, 164, 181, 187, of "The Book of Truth."

The Grosvenor Gallery, belonging to the Marquis of Westminster, in London, contains seven pictures by Claude, all choice pictures, which are taken from the collection of Mr. W. Agar. The most precious of the thirteen Claude's, altogether contained in this collection, are two landscapes, with houses, rivers, mountains, figures, and animals. They belonged to the cabinet of M. Blondel de Gagny, and at the sale of that cabinet, made in Paris in 1776, they were sold for £900. In 1805 Mr. Agar refused £8,000 for them.

The Bridgewater Gallery, belonging to Earl Ellesmere, in London, possesses four *tableaux* by Claude; amongst others, "Moses on Mount Horeb," and "Demosthenes on the Borders of the Sea," two admirable works, numbered 161 and 171 of "The Book of Truth," painted in 1664 and 1667 for M. de Bourlemont.

In the collection of Earl Radnor, at Longford, there are two, named "Morning in the Roman Empire," the other "Evening in the Roman Empire," Nos. 82 and 152 in "The Book of Truth." Smith attributed to them the value of £8,000, twenty-five times the price paid for them a hundred years before at the sale of the cabinet of the Countess of Verrue, in Paris, in 1737. The collection of Mr. J. P. Miles, at Leighcourt, near Bristol, contains two of the finest *tableaux* of Claude.

The first, called the "Temple of Apollo," bears the signature of the master and the date of 1698; the second signed also, and dated 1679. These two pictures, celebrated in this country under the name of the Allieri Claude's, came from the palace of that name in Rome, of which they were the ornament until the French invasion in 1810. They were sold to an Englishman for 9,000 Roman crowns, about £2,000. Messrs. Fayen and Urignon sent them to London, where William Beckford bought them for £10,000. At the sale of Fonthill Abbey in 1823, these pictures were sold for £12,000.

One of the finest *tableaux* of Claude which has been re-

cently sold, the "Arrival of Eneas at Delos," No. 179 in the "Book of Truth," was knocked down for the sum of £1,700, at the sale of the cabinet of Mr. Jeremiah Harman in London, in 1814.

This picture, painted for M. Passy le Gout, is three feet one inch high, and four feet two inches long. It was successively sold in 1737, at the sale of the cabinet of the Countess of Verrue, for £80; in 1747, at that of the collection of Blondel de Gagny, for £396; in 1816, at the cabinet of Mr. Hope, for £1,500.

The other picture, of smaller dimensions, but also of fine quality, "A Seaport with the Rising Sun," height two feet four inches, width three feet one inch, was paid £2,000, at the sale of the cabinet of Sir Simon Clarke at London, in 1810. It was sold in 1787, at Madame Bandeville's, in Paris, for £120; in 1801, at Robit's, in Paris, for £400; at Bryant's, in London, for £1,600.

M. de Garçon, grandfather of the President of Bandeville, brought this picture from Rome to Paris. He bought it from Claude himself, as well as another picture from the same master, representing the "Rape of Europa," No. 136 of the "Book of Truth." This work is now in Buckingham Palace. It was bought by George IV., at the sale of the collection of Lord Gwydyr, at London, in 1829. It went at the sale beyond £2,000, while in 1787, at the sale of the cabinet of Madame de Bandeville, at Paris, the same picture only fetched £400.

At the sale of the collection of the Count de Venice, in Paris, in 1760, "A Seaport with the Setting Sun" was sold for the insignificant sum of £33. Having reappeared in 1820 at the collection of the sale of Danoot, at Brussels, it was sold for £1,080. It is doubtful whether his sunrises or his sunsets were the most beautiful. At all events in this, as in other cases, the effects of light and shade were beautiful. The author of "Isis" describes an Egyptian dawn, which really appears taken from Claude: "As I looked, however, towards the east, over the undulating, sandy plain, and saw the faint, pearly light begin to flush the sky on the edge of the horizon, I thought I had never beheld anything more glorious. Every instant the arch of splendour expanded, and embraced a larger section of the heavens, while streaks of saffron and crimson, shot up rapidly from some fiery centre, seemed to pierce the firmament like arrows, blotting out the stars with their quivering pulsations, and imparting to the whole face of nature a profusion of gorgeous features inexpressibly magnificent. The figures of poetry could never keep pace with the chariot of Eos. Before language could supply epithets to paint one phenomenon, a series of new appearances would have succeeded and vanished. The change from saffron to crimson, from crimson to rose colour, from rose colour to purple, from purple to amethyst, and from this again to cerulean blue, chased and veined, and quivering tremulously with light, was as swift as thought. At length the sun itself arose, and the desert lay blushing before it like an eastern bride."

Two landscapes, one representing "Juno confiding Io to the care of Argus;" the other, "Mercury setting Argus to sleep to the sound of his Flute," each eighteen inches high by twenty-seven wide, were sold for nearly £1,600, at the sale of Mr. Walsh Porter, in London, in 1803. These two charming *tableaux*, Nos. 149 and 150 in the "Book of Truth," Nos. 110 and 111 of the cabinet Choiseul, have belonged to several celebrated collections; they were sold in Paris in 1777, at the Prince of Conti's, for £316; in 1772, at the Duke de Choiseul's, for £270; in 1762, at Gaillard de Gagny's, for £72. They have increased ten-fold in price in the space of fifty years.

Claude's drawings are numerous; they exhibit the harmony and the grandeur which characterise his paintings. They are generally drawn with a pen, with sepia or bistre, brought up with white. These drawings have been very much sought after by amateurs, and have commanded great prices, a small one never having been sold for less than £50. Claude was accustomed to engrave in aqua-

ortis, using a very powerful instrument with a somewhat blunt point. Of productions of this description a considerable number exist. M. Robert Dumesnil, in his "Peintre-Graveur Français," has given an account of forty-two engravings in aquafortis, which form a most *recherché* cabinet for the amateur.

Fine proofs are very rare, and seldom to be met with at the sales, which accounts for the large sums offered for them whenever they are to be met with.

"The Dance on the Border of the Water," sold at the sale of Robert Dumesnil, in 1847, for £14, and at Debois' sale for £15. "A Group of Brigands," on the same several occasions, sold for £20 and £21. "The Campo Vaccino" sold for £16.

Claude Lorraine often put his signature to his pictures and always to his engravings. On the latter he sometimes added brief inscriptions, of one of these we present the fac-simile.

*L'isiochi dell'Ecc<sup>ma</sup> Sig<sup>r</sup> Marchese di Castell Rodrigo Ambasciadore delle  
Maelia Carolica nell'elezione di Ferdinando Terz Re de Romani Sate  
in Roma del mese di Febraio M<sup>o</sup>. DC. XXXVII  
Romae Superior. licentia Claudius F*



*CLAU. IN F.*  
*CLAUDIO IN  
ROMA 1639*

### THE BEGGARS, BY REMBRANDT.

As we shall probably have an opportunity on a future occasion of discussing the life and works of Rembrandt, it will be unnecessary for us now to occupy much of the reader's attention. The education and mode of life of this great master may in some measure account for the want of charm with which certain critics have reproached his style. His father, who had gained great wealth as a miller, at first wished to make him a literary man; but Rembrandt, who had already a decided passion for painting, succeeded in gaining admission to the studio of James Van Zvaanenburgh, which he afterwards quitted for those of Peter Lastman and James Pinaas. He then returned to his father's mill, where he executed a painting, which he took to the Hague and there sold for a hundred florins.

This success, which was the more welcome because it was quite unexpected, inflamed Rembrandt's ambition, or rather his avarice. Seeing in his art a means of obtaining a fortune, he henceforth devoted himself to it with persevering assiduity. He had married a woman no less avaricious than himself, and who confined his expenditure within the narrowest possible limits, compelling him to live upon dried herrings and cheese. One day he persuaded her to put on widow's mourning and spread a report of his death, that she might sell the pictures in his studio at a higher price—a stratagem which completely succeeded. Another trick, equally discreditable, was that of giving his son designs which he was to sell secretly as precious works stolen from his father.

Rembrandt's pupils made great fun of his avarice, painting imprints of coin upon pieces of card and throwing them at his feet, whereupon he never failed to snatch them up with the greatest avidity, to the no small amusement of every beholder.

It is well known that in Rembrandt's style the luminous points are distinguished by touches of great thickness, which render his canvases rough and uneven in surface. He excused himself by saying, he was a painter and not a dyer. In a

general way he was much annoyed whenever his compositions were too closely examined. "A picture," he said, "is not made to be smelt; the smell of oil is not wholesome."

Rembrandt died in the year 1674, at the age of sixty-eight.

The painting which we have engraved (p. 349) represents a woman who, carrying a child at her back and leading an old man, begs alms at a citizen's door. A young boy, with uncouth head-gear and dirty ragged clothes (probably her eldest son), is looking attentively at the money which his mother is receiving. Her face indicates attention, but is vulgar; the expression of the citizen who bestows his charity is almost harsh; the figure of the old man breathes a noble and tender sadness. As for the distribution of light and shade, it is this peculiar magic which has gained him a special position in the Dutch school, and no one has carried to a higher degree of perfection the poetry which results from the opposition and play of colours. But it has often been regretted that his productions do not exhibit more taste, dignity, and especially grace of style.

### MODERN BRITISH ART.—THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK-STREET.

THE misdeeds of the Royal Academicians, their favoritism, their injustice, and in some cases their ignorance—for against that incorporated body, as against all others, these crimes can be urged—raised against them many enemies; whilst their success, and the money they obtained by their exhibitions, made them many imitators. Of these, some have perished, but others have apparently established themselves permanently with the public. These rivals and imitators are supported chiefly by those great artists who, having established fame, are yet angry at some slight put upon them by the larger body, and by a crowd of meritorious and rising artists, who, having risen, frequently, it must be said, desert their walls.



One of these incorporated societies is that of the British Artists, the exhibitions of which take place in Suffolk-street, and the nucleus of which is formed by a body of twenty-eight members, having for its president Mr. Hurlstone, its vice-president Mr. Pyne, and its secretary Mr. Alfred Clint. All these, the reader will recognise as known and talented artists; but amongst its members, it is but fair to say, that there are those whom we do not recollect to have produced one meritorious work.

The consequence is, therefore, that a mediocrity amongst members who, we presume, form themselves into a committee of judges, induces a general mediocrity amongst the exhibitions of the society. The ill-natured, indeed, have said, that as its members number artists in every branch, so every first-rate exhibitor, be he a painter of landscape, history, or figures, becomes obnoxious to them, and his pictures are at once slighted or excluded. We cannot say that this is the fact; but the members, who themselves send many pictures, naturally claim the best places, and those exhibitors who are non-members are frequently disappointed. Certainly, with so many excellent artists of every class which England can boast, we should imagine that some cause besides an adventitious one, must give rise to the effect of exhibitions so mediocre as the present, the thirty-first of the society.

The picture which holds the first place in importance, though not numerically, is that by Mr. Hurlstone, "The Last Sigh of the Moor" (178), a fine picture of a well-known subject, treated in the artist's peculiar manner, and valuable as an ethnological study. The Moorish feature is rendered with that correctness which residence amongst the people depicted alone can give. The treatment is at once excellent and novel, although a little more feeling might certainly have been thrown into the face of King Boabdil. (300) "A Jewess of Barbary" is more pleasing in colour than the majority of Mr. Hurlstone's pictures; we cannot, however, award the same praise to the portraits of this artist, which, with the exception of (189) "Portrait of Mrs. Wilmer," appear all to possess the same dull brown complexion, totally devoid of transparency.

Very different in colouring are the portraits of Mr. Baxter, (149) "Portrait of a Lady;" and (543) "Portrait of Thomas Appach, Esq.," the latter in the north-east room, which are the best in the exhibition, and glow with life and health. "La Pensée" (48), by the same artist, is but a conventional affair, and the flesh tints by no means so good as in the portraits.

(378) "He went out and wept bitterly," by E. Rolt, is finely painted; the drawing and colouring both good and forcible.

(392) "Le Souvenir," by W. D. Kennedy, is a beautiful little bit of colour, very like Etty, from whose model we should imagine it to have been painted. (333) "Gayeté," in the next room, is not so good, the drawing being exaggerated and the flesh too pink.

Mr. Woolmer exhibits some of his usual eccentricities in drawing, as in (23) "The Princess Badroul Boudour," and (401) "Susanna," in the south-west room, in which no beauty of colouring can compensate for so much carelessness. (510) "Spring," in the north-east room, on the contrary, is as well drawn as it is coloured.

(507) "Repose," by T. F. Dicksee, a very highly-finished picture, well drawn, but the flesh-tints of the sleeping infant are too brown. (497) "Girl at the Spring," a very pretty little painting, but rather too hard, by T. Smart. (489) "The Turkish Scribe," a forcibly-painted picture, agreeably coloured.

Mr. T. Clater has several pictures scattered through the gallery, which are as various in subject as they are indifferent in execution; the best, perhaps, is "The Bridal Morn" (29); but what claims the family of "William Brook, Esq." (440), in the south-west room, has to be hung on the line, or even exhibited at all, we confess puzzles us, as a worse picture we never saw; the drawing bad, the colouring disagreeable, and the family without the least pretensions to beauty. Mr. Buckner has two graceful but very weak productions—(73)

"Portrait of Master Barkley" and (119) "Portrait of Mrs. Thomas." (169) "Belinda," by J. Noble, does not equal this gentleman's usual productions, the best part of the picture being the reflection in the glass and the male figure; Belinda is too short. (83) "Corn Flowers," by J. J. Hill, a nicely-painted picture, good in colour and well finished in detail. We had almost forgotten Mr. Cowie, whose picture (406) of "Hotspur and the Letter" is not to be overlooked, although we think the lady, graceful as she is, is rather too tall. (400) "An Incident in the Slave Trade," the separation of a mother from her child, is one of the best pictures in the room; the drawing and colouring both good, and the figure of the woman graceful, but rather wanting in force; and last, though not least in merit amongst historical compositions, is one by Mr. Samuel Blackburn (55), an artist new to the London public, but who is well known, we believe, in Scotland. The specimen before us has evidently been painted some time, but is distinguished by correct drawing and a careful study of costume and detail.

Amongst the landscapes, few are particularly worthy of remark; the specimens by Boddington and Alfred Clint are ordinary achievements by practised artists. A "View of Berne in Switzerland," by Pyne, only wants a more effective foreground to render it the best landscape exhibited. In animals, Mr. Earl has attained a meritorious pre-eminence; his pictures of dogs, &c. (372, 429, 526), being all careful studies, attention to which is drawn by a somewhat quaint selection of titles. In fruit, the best picture is by Mr. Duffield, whose wife, in the water-colour portion of the exhibition, stands pre-eminent for her flower-pieces. (276), by Miss Rumley, is also a very excellent and soundly-painted picture, second only to Mr. Duffield's. This lady artist is one of the most promising in the peculiar line she has chosen.

In the water-colour, besides the "Flower-pieces" of Mrs. Duffield, we may notice "Fruit," by Mrs. Valentine Bartholomew, and a "Girl Knitting," and other pieces, by F. Cruickshank, which deserve especial attention. We may add, also, that in this department lies the strength of the exhibition. The enamel of the "Duke of Wellington," by Essex, is very fine, and the "Keepeake" (711), by Karl Hartmann, deserves also to be much praised. The sculpture is by no means remarkable either for originality or merit. "Two portraits of the Queen," the one by Hughes and the other by John Bailey, may possibly resemble her Majesty; but—if we apply the axiom of Euclid, which states, that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other—must certainly fail to do so, since they are utterly unlike. A "Bust of Louis Napoleon," by John Bailey, is very meritorious.

Last, and oh, not least, we must notice a picture, which we have reserved to a place by itself, since we can scarcely class it as landscape or historical. We allude to that bearing the name of "The Golden Image" (227), which occupies so unworthily so large a space on the walls. An attempt to portray Nineveh, partly from Mr. Layard's book, partly from Mr. Charles Keane's scenery, arranged after the architectural vagaries of the late John Martin, could not but signify fail. An image as high as our cathedral of St. Paul appears surrounded by miles of palaces, thousands of priests, millions of votive fires, and billions of an Assyrian population. Winged bulls and sphinxes, the outermost one drawn and the others apparently outlined from it, in a straight line, and in an interminable vista, and Assyrian soldiers multiplied on the same plan, and clothed in every variety of gorgeousness, the whole overlooked by a perfectly scarlet king, and surmounted by a blazing Assyrian sky, present a *tout ensemble* which would delight the lessee of a low theatre on boxing-night, if he could but achieve such a blaze of triumph. But as a picture, it is beneath criticism, the canvas, after being covered with paint, being even worthless as an oilcloth, a Turkey-carpet pattern of which it somewhat resembles. It is a mere eccentricity, which is as worthless and about as far from the truth, as the pedigree from Adam, which we have seen lately advertised in the papers.

## CHRISTIAN WILLIAM ERNEST DIETRICH.



DIETRICH was truly, to a certain and definable extent, a great painter. He was one of those whose peculiar genius

his mind took in with an energetic and general grasp almost every phase and part of the subject to which he devoted his existence. And yet he was not an original, and therefore not a great artist in the highest sense.

If we examine that canvas over which the sun spreads all the vigour of its noontide heat, chasing away the light vapour from the ground, and which loses itself in the far-off distance, we shall certainly fancy it a Claude Lorraine. That obscure chamber, with an open window which allows a ray of warm light to fall on the figures of three men sitting round a table, appears to be some work of Rembrandt. That tranquil landscape, where the cows, the goats, and the sheep, are led by a fat and buxom maid, who is about to cross a limpid stream, would readily be taken for a Berghem. It must be Wouvermans who is the author of that picture, in which a horse, with clean and wiry limbs and mounted by a gallant horseman, plays the principal part. One is led to think that it is Salvator Rosa who is the author of this landscape overhung by rugged rocks, in which we catch sight of narrow and dark glens, where hide the robbers of the Abruzzi. Those cascades falling from abrupt summits, where grows the gloomy pine, belong to the style of Everdingen; in the same way that those nymphs leaving the bath, to take refuge in the grove near at hand, must belong to the graceful easel of Pöseleberg.

We are mistaken. All these pictures, so varied in composition, so different in style, in manner, are the work of the same painter—of an extraordinary man, who was able to combine all departments of art, and who in each was masterly; guessing at every process, seizing the art of colour, penetrating the character of each style of painting, and imitating them all with wonderful success. The man of whom such rare remarks are true was Christian William Ernest Dietrich.

He was born at Weimar, on the 30th October, 1712, and



was of a very universal character. He stood apart and aloof from the many mere mannerists and copyists of his day. He did not bind himself down to any particular branch of art;

his first master was his own father. This hereditary talent was common enough in the last century, and belonged to the Dutch and Flemish schools more especially. At the age of fifteen he entered the studio of Alexander Thiele, an eminent landscape-painter, who resided at Dresden, with the title of painter to the king of Poland, elector of Saxony. He remained with him only three years, and he left the place very much advanced in the only style which he ever successfully followed without being an imitator—that is to say, in landscape. At eighteen a certain great lord of the court\* of Dresden took him into his service, and gave him a pension of fifteen hundred livres. Thus enjoying protection and ease, he lived four years at Dresden, free from all care, and wholly devoted to his art. But, in 1734, the great admiration he felt for the paintings of Rembrandt, Jean Both, Berghem, Karel Dujardin, and Elzheimer, impelled him to start on a journey to Holland. Artists are in general restless beings, and few have ever been able to sit down calmly and enjoy any good fortune which might fall to their lot.

During the time that he worked under Alexander Thiele, we may guess, from the way in which he imitated the landscape of his master, what kind of talent nature had given him. "He did not copy," says Hagedorn, "but he entered on a kind of contest with the original." The fact is that Diétrich was never a mere imitator, because his ambition was too elevated for that. He sought to do better than what lay before him, which prevented him from ever being servile. As soon as he reached Holland he began to rouse himself to a contest with the great models he had so much admired. Elzheimer, Van Ostade, Karel Dujardin, and, above all, Rembrandt, furnished the subject, the style, the composition of numerous paintings. He devoted much labour and time to the study of the great Rembrandt. He undertook to copy from him the art of combining lights and shade—an art which that artist used with such marvellous and wondrous effect. He endeavoured to imitate the warm and transparent tones of his colouring,—his execution, now soft, now hard,—and the bold reliefs of his touch and harmonious arrangement. Diétrich is not the only artist who has endeavoured to walk in the footsteps of this inimitable model; and it must be at once allowed that he did not do so with the same success which attended Govaert Flinck, Arnold de Gelder, Leonard Bramer, and Van Eckhout. If, however, his shades have not the depth which we admire in those of Rembrandt, if he be far inferior in his *chiaroscuro* effects, if his colouring be heavy and wanting in those brilliant and sharp tones that belong to the painter of the "Night Watch," if his impastings upon the light are heavy without being thick—it is because to imitate and rival Rembrandt was a thing all but above the power of any man. We do not believe that what one man has done, another may not do; but when an artist has, as it were, created something new to equal or excel, it is then extremely difficult and doubtful. But with these reservations, and looking at the canvases painted by Diétrich, after Rembrandt, only as excellent pasticcios, it is impossible not to own the great and deserving talent of the man who executed the painting known as the *Piscina*, engraved by Filpart, and the "Return of the Prodigal Son," with a great many other etchings, of which we shall presently have occasion to speak.

It must be at once frankly allowed that had Diétrich confined himself wholly and solely to the study of Rembrandt, and never done anything but remind us occasionally of the pencil of that great painter, he would scarcely have deserved his very extensive reputation. In art, as in literature, a mere imitator of one man will never make a name. How many imitators have there been in our own day of Dickens, and Jerrold, and Scott, and Cooper, and Bulwer; not one of whom has acquired any reputation of value. But how many living men are there, who, from a careful study of these and

other models, have, without possessing much creative genius, written and produced many works well worthy of being read. It is too much to ask that all those who amuse and instruct shall be original—it is enough that they do not slavishly adopt the style of one man, and seek to make a reputation of it.

The great talent of Diétrich, and that to which he in a great degree owes his extensive reputation, is, the universal power of his imitation. He caught, with rare aptitude, almost every style. When Rembrandt was the object of his study, he was dreamy, meditative, expressive in design, rapid and capricious in execution. But suddenly he found himself in presence of the vulgar and comic physiognomies of Adrian Van Ostade—heavy peasants smoking under a trellis-work of hops beside a pot of beer, great fat dowdies, with enormous heads and short legs. He was at once transformed; he gave up in an instant his Old and New Testament subjects; he drew grotesque heads, covered by coarse woollen caps or shapeless hats. His pencil became soft and unctuous; his colour, just now warm and golden, became cold, and was clothed in that beautiful blue tint which Ostade spread over most of his pictures, and which gives so much harmony and suavity to his compositions. "The Strolling Musicians" of Adrian Van Ostade † is well known—a picture which becomes, so to speak, one of his masterpieces in the hands of the engraver Cornelius Visscher. Diétrich had the courage and boldness to re-paint this great work of the Dutch master. He has changed very little in the composition (p. 360). As in the picture of Ostade, the father, armed with his violin, towers above the troop of children who press around him. They cross a kind of door, or arcade, through which we distinguish the open sky and the country. Diétrich has taken some liberties with the details. We find in his picture a child blowing a bagpipe, which is not in that of Van Ostade. The physiognomies of the modern painter are also finer and more sarcastic, which proves that he did not thoroughly understand the sentiment and idea of his master. It was both philosophical and correct in Van Ostade to represent a sad and wearied sickness on the faces of that poor family dragged from village to village by misery. However, when correcting or travestying the thought of Adrian Van Ostade, Diétrich has, to a certain degree, been influenced by the painting of Van Ostade himself. Thus we easily recognise in the features of the father another of Van Ostade's personages, who also plays on the fiddle, and tells indelicate stories to some peasants sitting before the door of a rustic house.

The picture of Diétrich has been engraved by the celebrated Wille, a friend of the German painter. Wille possessed many of his pictures, and did much to make them known. Several compositions of Diétrich, indeed, were engraved by Wille. His engraving of the "Musicians" is a masterpiece of that art. Besides the picture of which we speak, Diétrich made an etching of one on the same subject. Smaller than his painting, it is also different from it in some of the minor details.

Diétrich often ventured to mix up the style and manner of several painters whom he had carefully studied, in one single picture. This is the case with the "Rat-killer." In this picture, the general effect of which is original and very creditable to Diétrich, several of the physiognomies are copied from Van Ostade, while some belong to others; and indeed the general idea of the whole, and some of the faces, are very much in the style of Karel Dujardin.‡

In landscape-painting, he gives with a few touches, and as if playing with work, new and rare proofs of that extraordinary penetration which made him guess all those secrets that the great masters appeared to have carried away with them to the tomb. He reveals with Berghem in the still depth of smiling valleys; he can tell the secrets of those skies of gold, and more transparent horizons, of Jean Both and his brother André; he is fully capable, when he likes, of following Everdingen to the very summit of his solitary rocks, where the wind moans through his lofty pines; or he will sit

\* Hagedorn supplies us with this fact in his "Letter to an Amateur," but does not give us the name of the nobleman; but it appears that it was the very person to whom this letter was addressed.

† WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS, vol. I. p. 224.

‡ WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS, vol. I. p. 262.

down with Ruysdael beside the noisy and foaming cascade, "That waterfall," says Hagedorn, "which he painted for his friend Wille, would have excited the enthusiasm of Ruysdael and Everdingen, and the troubled surface of the water below would have warmed a Backhuysen or a Parcellis."

He excited considerable admiration in his own day, amongst contemporary artists and amateurs, by the way in which he discovered the mode of proceeding of certain masters. The grace, the suavity, the harmony of Poelenberg were familiar to him, as well as that of all others. Following the traces of Elzheimer, he painted a "Flight into Egypt" (p. 357), which is regarded as one of his masterpieces, and which excels in exactly opposite qualities to those he exhibited in his imitation of Rembrandt. We even find productions of the Chevalier Van der Werff, the most insipid of painters, imitated, on some occasions, by the pencil of Diétrich.

Burtin,\* a great admirer of Diétrich, says: "A precise, learned, soft, and rich touch, combined with judicious glazing, always causes us to recognise the rare talent of Diétrich, though he has been so varied in style, and has chosen such subjects as the 'Village Quack,' the sublime 'Communion of St. Jerome,' the picturesque Calisto, and then risen to the admirable finish of his precious and valuable 'Flight into Egypt.' The composition, the design, the expression, all equally perfect, the learned attitudes, the graceful nobility, the striking truthfulness of the stuffs, the charms of the soft colouring, the *chiaroscuro* of a most piquant character, the admirable toning down of the lights, combined with the most soft and delicate pencilling, which surpasses even the finish of Van der Werff, place this masterpiece of Diétrich amid the pearls of art." We may, perhaps, have occasion to correct the enthusiasm of a man speaking of a picture which was his own property.

It was ten years and more since Diétrich had returned from Holland.† Since this journey he had not left the city of Dresden, where he lived, with the title of painter to the king of Poland, except to go to Brunswick. In 1743, however, he started on an expedition to Italy. The earnest desire he had always felt to see this classic land of painting, this soil of art and fancy, was not his only motive for undertaking the journey. Though he laboured without ceasing, and though his facility was something really surprising, he could not keep up with the tremendous demand that existed at the court of Dresden for his pictures. Already he had been obliged to fly to the Duke of Brunswick, and could not find with that prince the rest and repose he so much desired. He determined to place the broad expanse of several kingdoms between himself and his thoughtless admirers. But he did not remain absent more than two or three years. He came back to Dresden, where he remained until the hour of his death, which took place in 1774.

A Dutchman with the Dutch, Diétrich in Italy became quite an Italian. He there painted pictures in the style of Claude Lorraine and Salvator Rosa, as he had formerly painted in the styles of Berghem and Everdingen. "The easy drawing of this artist," says a biographer,‡ "is quite in the modern Roman style; the energy and lightness of his pencil appeared to unite the taste of the schools of Flanders and Italy, and his landscapes have often the freshness of Lucatelli, and the firmness of Salvator Rosa." We cannot indeed perceive, without considerable astonishment and surprise, in the same gallery, landscapes in the style of Guaspre, smiling country scenes in the style of Lucatelli, wild sights and romantic scenes such as Salvator Rosa would paint, and all of them signed by the name of Diétrich. But it is to the city of Dresden we must go to understand and appreciate Diétrich.

\* *Traité des Connaissances nécessaires à l'amateur de tableaux.*

† According to Hagedorn, Diétrich appears to have gone to Holland only once in 1724. He returned to Dresden in 1735; but Papillon de la Ferté assures us that he returned in 1744, when coming back from Italy, and remained a long time.

‡ P. de la Ferté, *Extract from different works published on the Lives of Painters.* Paris, 1776, il. p. 65.

The gallery of that city, where he lived so many years, and which was his true country, contains numerous paintings from his hand, and in every conceivable style. There you can, in less than one hour, judge of the incredible subtlety of Diétrich's talent; and it appears as if, to show off this peculiarity of our artist, they have united purposely all the most opposite masters, those whom he successfully imitated with his hands. Here we have a pasticcio of Vandermeulen; there an imitation of Watteau; further on, a copy of the "Hundred Florin" piece of Rembrandt; but it is proper to observe, that these several trials do not give a very lofty idea of the master. In the gallery where we find such splendid Rembrandts, such charming Watteaus, we are more than anywhere else struck with the insufficiency of copies which are neither original nor correct imitations.

Thus the "Christ healing the Sick," so admirable, so lofty, so expansive in the original by Rembrandt, becomes a very cold production in the hands of Diétrich. The disposition of the figures is nearly the same. The *chiaroscuro* represents the same proportions of light and shade; but somehow, all this leaves the spectator indifferent. The sick people around our Saviour are not interesting, though their faces bear all the marks and signs of suffering and grief. The "Christ" of Diétrich is delicate and poetical, but there is not a trace of divinity in its composition any more than if it had been painted by David.§ There is no sign of any miraculous power in that figure or in that face. None can feel that sickening of the heart, none can feel tempted to weep, as men have been known to do when gazing at the sublime painting of Rembrandt. They are fætid signs, of which painting has caught but the show; it is a light without warmth, a shadow without mystery.

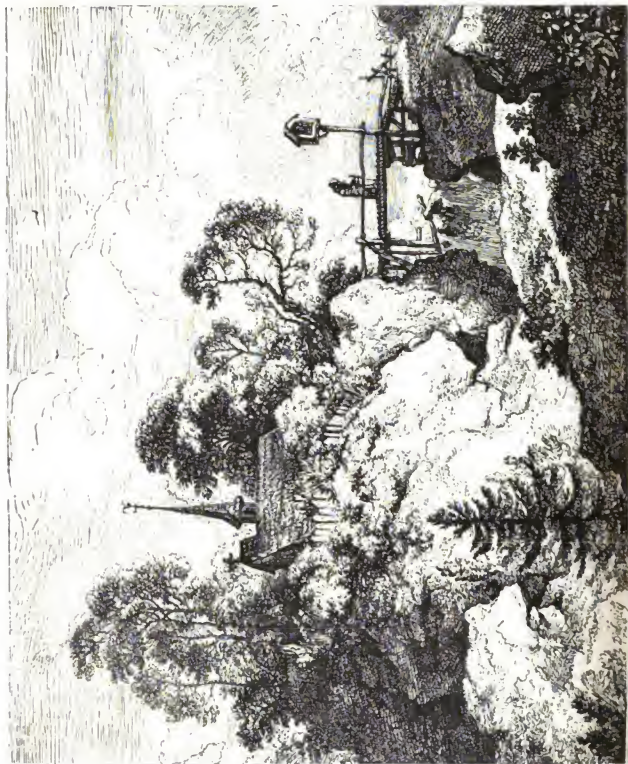
The same may, with considerable truth, be said of "The Presentation to the Temple," another copy of Rembrandt, which is equally cold and awkward, the artist having merely imitated the vulgarity and coarseness of the master, without one iota of his poetry. But if we examine carefully the whole Dresden gallery, we find here and there more happy and successful imitations. Whenever he had only to deal with artists whose merit was wholly exterior, if we may so express ourselves, Diétrich, clever to seize appearances, and incredible in his subtlety when the secrets of any mode of painting were to be discovered, was invariably more successful, and often triumphant. If he undertakes to paint a sketch by Vandermeulen, he succeeds in painting a picture which recalls that master, but in such a way that the pasticcio in the freedom and liberty of its style resembles some painter near at hand—say like Parrocel. He makes attempts upon the most opposite artists, in their turn—the precious Miéris, the easy Sublyras—and reproduces what may be described as the costume of their thought, if not the thought itself.

One day, when painting one of those little canvases where he delighted in representing over again the favourite subjects of Cornelius Poelenberg, he painted a very pretty picture, which few, who have visited the Dresden gallery, can have failed to observe, in which he has been exceedingly successful in the expression. It is, indeed, only from the chaste and delicate tone of the style and the painting that the subject can be looked at with pleasure. It is a little more nude than any of the works of the gentle Poelenberg himself. Diétrich has, in this instance, represented an episode in the constantly recurring subject of "Diana's Bath." The chaste goddess surprises two of her nymphs under circumstances which, according to the mythological view of her character, are objectionable. They have allowed men to violate the sanctity of her grove. The power of the painter is here indeed very great, whether we examine the faces of the goddess, the nymphs, or the men. Nothing could be more difficult than to represent the astonishment and anger of the goddess, the guilty fear of the nymphs, and the curiosity and pretended alarm of the men. Diétrich here, without copying any one, has manifested great power and originality. The figures, too,

are gracefully and elegantly modelled. The nymphs are in the water, up to their waists, save only one, who has been seeking to escape the angry glances of Diana, and whose feet only are in the water. This figure is admirably painted, while the outline and form are graceful and beautiful.

The French school, which then exercised such a decisive influence in Germany, could not but excite the curiosity and

to the antique, while Winkelmann laid his erudition and his fanatical enthusiasm at the service of that reform. Watteau was more admired at Weimar than he ever was at Paris. Diétrich, naturally enough, then adopted Watteau as one of his masters, and began to plagiarise his "Conversation on the Grass," his charming and fascinating masquerades, in which the whole world appears to us with its joys, its dreams, its loves,



THE WOODEN BRIDGE.—FROM A PAINTING BY DIÉTRICH.

draw the attention of Diétrich. The one most admired in the little courts, which made up so large a part of Germany, was the admirable Watteau, the delight of the fair sex. A celebrated connoisseur of that time informs us that there were courts where the paintings of Watteau were more popular than any of the Italian masters, not even excepting Raffaele himself. Thus, while Vien, Drouais, and David were meditating the reform of the French school, and a solemn return

and its sadness, under the aspect and dress and fanciful appearance of the Italian stage. But to interpret and render Watteau, it is not sufficient to have seductive colouring, and a power of using rose, vermillion, and blue; it is necessary to have his mind, his vast and prodigious imagination, his adorable caprices, his insatiable love of reverie and pleasure; it is necessary to have an intuitive belief in the passion of love, as Watteau had. Diétrich confined himself wholly to



the outward surface, and copied Watteau without understanding him; he only saw the sheath of the beautiful and brilliant blade. It is therefore very visible that in his pastorals his grace is borrowed, his delirium pretended, and his passion feigned. As for Diétrich's lovers, they are by no means the lively triflers of Watteau; they are sad, and dull, and monotonous.

who did not care a fig for Diétrich, who studied these Bourguignons, and declared that their touch was inimitable."

All that we have previously remarked and quoted sufficiently demonstrates to the mind of the reader that Diétrich spent the greater part of his life, and expended nearly the whole of his energies, in the somewhat sterile and thankless task of painting an innumerable quantity of pasticcios. While per-



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.—FROM A PAINTING BY DIETRICH.

He was once more successful and pleasing, when the handling of the pencil, the fire of the touch, and practice and experience had to play the principal part. "In his youth," says Hagedorn, "he amused himself by imitating Bourguignon. He was so eminently successful that, having re-painted two battle scenes by this great master, which had been brought from Italy, and had been spoiled by the way, connoisseurs took them for Bourguignons. We knew a stranger

severing in this spirit of imitation, which led him to wander through the galleries and museums of Europe in preference to studying nature, Diétrich obeyed an impulse which then was purely natural. During the whole of the first half of the eighteenth century, science, literature, art, politics, industry, in Germany, were but timid and unfortunate imitations. All the originality and genius of Germany seemed to have been exhausted in the first years of the sixteenth

century. "The political and religious wars," says Madame de Staël, in her able work on Germany, "when the Germans were unfortunate enough to fight one against the other, turned away all persons' attention from literature; and when they began to think of it again, it was under the auspices of the age of Louis XIV., at the time when the desire to imitate the French had obtained possession of most of the courts and writers of Europe. The works of Hagedorn,\* of Gellert, of Weisæ, are but heavy French. Nothing original, nothing which was in conformity with the genius of the nation, was produced."

What Madame de Staël very properly and correctly observes of the literature of Germany at that time, may be equally justly applied to the pictures of the two artists who flourished in that country towards the same epoch. The works of Mengs, his portraits alone excepted, are but heavy and disfigured *Raffaelles*. Diétrich, despite his prodigious ability, has to endure the reproach of having laid a heavy hand on Rembrandt, diminished Salvator, obscured Claude Lorraine, and vulgarised Poelenberg, except in one instance, where he improved him.

In general, works on the divine art of painting have been rather recklessly prodigal of praise to Diétrich. This is very easily explained. Most persons, until of late years, who have written books on painting and the works of painters, were what are called amateurs of *tableaux*. More alive to the material qualities of the execution than to the general character of a work, or to the mighty inspiration of genius, these superficial connoisseurs, these men who live at sales, think every composition admirable, the arrangement of which is able, the *chiaroscuro* well developed, and the pencil managed with ability. As all these varied merits are to be found in the works of Diétrich, they have praised him beyond all reason, and little is wanting for these writers to have placed him on a level with the masters he has copied.

It is the province of the sincere and impartial critic to be more severe. Imitation, even when it is perfect, is proof of want of power. What characterises genius is the fact that it is true and new, as creative in its mode of proceeding as in its inspirations. If Rembrandt has a manner, which is not that of Titian or Corregio, it is because this great painter manifested in his works his thought, his soul, his very life. To a certain extent one can reproduce the system of composition, of style, of touch, and tone of the great masters; but how can we hope to grasp the fire of that genius which gives principal value to their inventions? Besides, of what use would it be? To imitate is to weaken. Every imitator has been fatally condemned to remain below his model. If he were but nearly the equal of the great men he copies, would he think of imitating them? In art none can walk on the road marked out by genius; it is effaced and leaves no mark, like the wake of the sea. Diétrich—called by himself and by some of his contemporaries Diétricy; so little original was he as to deny his own name—is a striking proof of the truth of this axiom. There is not one of his innumerable pastiches which can be advantageously compared to the original works which have inspired them; and we must ascribe to courtesy, or to natural self-love, the judgment of a contemporary who says:—"He is with these masters all that he wishes to be; he feels himself the beauty of their productions. Always full of his subject, a master with an easy pencil, he renders with warmth the sentiment he feels, and adds original beauties to those which strike him in the inventions of others."

We are perfectly well aware that painters of the very first order of merit have delighted in manifesting the flexibility of their pencils, and have painted in the manner and in imitation of all masters, with such success that they have placed the judgment of connoisseurs at fault. We are perfectly well aware that this peculiar talent gained for Teniers the name of the Proteus of painting. But if Teniers had not combined with this one style of merit that of excelling in the style

peculiar to him, he would not have become immortal. It is not because he copied in one picture the whole gallery of Philippe IV., that he is placed in the front rank of the masters of the Flemish school. He owes his most solid glory to those grotesque *fantasies* in which the spirit of the author is seen revelling in the free outline, and in the rapid and light touches, of his magic pencil.

We must not, however, for one moment suppose that Diétrich never did anything from his own inspiration—from his own genius, and that his individuality is never brought out. Even in his pastiches he has not been able so to disguise himself as that it is impossible to recognise him. In vain has he abdicated his nature. In him is always found the German master: the pieces which are called his masterpieces, like the "Flight into Egypt," and the "Communion of St. Jerome," belong rather to the precise and pointed style of Van der Werff, of Elzheimer, of Poelenberg, than to the school of bold colourists, such as Rembrandt, Rubens, and Salvator. His design is often wanting in grace; we can find fault with certain stiffness in his draperies; his touch is dry and thin; his colouring is wanting in brightness and sharpness.

These defects, easily noted by an experienced eye, in divers degrees, in all the works of Diétrich, are especially to be remarked in his original works. The picture which is to be seen in the Louvre, and the subject of which is taken from the Scriptures, representing "Christ and the Woman taken in Adultery," gives a very good idea of the qualities of this painter, and of the imperfections of his talent. By his elaborate study of Rembrandt he had acquired a most incontestable power of disposing of light and shade. Thus, on the canvas we allude to, the woman, who is the principal personage of the picture, is lighted up brilliantly. She forms, so to speak, a luminous circle, of which the rays glide somewhat weakened upon the figure of the Saviour, and are lost by a series of learned effects—are melted away, in fact, in the two corners of the picture where stand the groups of old men.

The colouring of this canvas is harmonious, the touch warm and rich, though in some places thin; but the opposition of lights and shadows wants frankness, and thence it arises that the effect of the whole is weak. The drawing is poor in expression; the physiognomies, especially that of Christ, are wanting in elevation and life. The features of the young woman are charming in grace and Germanic candour; but this face, faithful mirror of a soul scarce woke to sensation, belongs rather to an innocent virgin than to her whose sins were forgiven her, and unto whom He said, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

This form of a woman was to Diétrich one of those types of beauty which the artist prefers to all others, and the image of which is renewed on all occasions by his pencil. It is found in another work by the same artist, engraved by Schmidt in 1775, where we see "Sarah leading her servant Hagar to the aged Abraham;" it is also seen again in the Virgin represented in "The Flight into Egypt." Though the form and conception of "The Woman taken in Adultery" belong properly to Diétrich, he could not help yielding here, as elsewhere, to his intense love for imitation: the personages who surround Christ are quite in the style and after the manner of Rembrandt; and we might apply to it the rather bold words of Michael Angelo, who said to a young painter, after admiring his work: "This is a very clever work, will please everybody, and make the reputation of the artist; unless, indeed, the varied authors of limbs and arms, and hands and legs, were each to claim their own. A pretty state of things indeed would then ensue!"

Diétrich, as laborious as any of the masters whom he took for a model, has left a great number of etchings. He has perhaps shown more ability in wielding his point than his brush. Unfortunately, his engravings, like his pictures, are copies. The great library of Paris, in its wonderful collection of engravings, possesses two proofs of the two first pieces engraved by Diétrich. One represents a strand on the borders of the sea, the other a scene in country life. In these first attempts it appears that Diétrich intended to follow in

\* This Frederick Hagedorn was the brother of Charles Christian Louis, author of several works on painting.

the track of Van der Velde, when that great master himself was yet scratching the copper with an inexperienced hand. The timid point glides over the plate, the lines are as fine as hairs, and the whole is a confused mass. Later, in 1731, a "Christ Preaching" is executed in quite another taste; the point is heavy, the dashes stiff and symmetrical, a little in the ancient German style. But we must not be unjust enough to judge our artist from the works of his youth. The true Dietrich, considered as an engraver, exists in those plates where he has imitated the portraits and the religious compositions of Rembrandt, the landscapes of Everdingen, the rocks of Salvator. If some of these productions are beautiful enough to make us sometimes doubt the name of the author. It must be owned that the etchings of Dietrich, now fine and light, now energetic, are presently too black and too overloaded with shadows, failing in the magic and wonderful effects of the painter of Leyden. And then how could he succeed—he, a German artist, cold in imagination and patient by nature—in discovering the audacious fancy of the point of Rembrandt? But his landscapes, in the style of Everdingen, of Ruysdael, and of Salvator, his imitations of Ostade and of Berghem, are admirable. It is much and always to be regretted, that he did not finish his "Christ Healing the Sick." The composition of this engraving is combined with great art. If Dietrich could have completed it, there is no doubt that it would have been remembered as his best work, as his masterpiece.

When we consider with what attention the portrait of Dietrich, painted by himself, is executed, we are very much struck by the gentle and placid beauty of his countenance. A calm intelligence beams upon his lofty forehead; but in his eyes, large and pure, one is easily able to detect rather a sagacious and frank mind and character, than a profound soul. The inward flame of genius is not seen, but a delicate sensibility, accessible to every impression from without. Nature seems to have written his destiny in his face. In the history of the arts, as in literature, celebrity is the lot of only those men who are gifted with a rare and positive original inspiration. Really great painters have been distinguished from each other by such marked characteristics, that none could fail to recognise them. It was upon condition of being unique, to speak in his own style, that each obtained his brevet of celebrity. Their names even cannot be pronounced without recalling to the mind the idea of perfection in one of the essential branches of art. Dietrich was not one of these. By very opposite qualities, he has saved his name from oblivion. Gifted with the surprising faculty of taking, like old Proteus, every form, and every appearance, he is like everybody, and he is never like himself. But he often carries pasticcio to such perfection, that he astonishes even those whose severe taste rejects these imitations as plagiarisms unworthy of his genius.

To compare and paint in the style of others, is properly to make what is called a pasticcio, a kind of art which we must not confound with a mere copy. Good copies of a master are often precious objects, because they multiply and spread abroad the noble pleasure one has in gazing upon a masterpiece. Clever and faithful, the copyist gives us the facsimile of a picture much better even than the engraver, because he gives character to the design, to the composition, to the justice of the *chiaroscuro*—that is to say, of the effect, the qualities of tone and touch so agreeable for us to survey. The pasticcio, on the other hand, never gives anything but a false idea of the original master to those who knew him not, and only inspires regrets in those who know him. Unless you rise to the ranks of those sublime painters who take their property, as Molière says, where they find it, or who, as Voltaire says, kill their men, it is rare that you do not weaken the ideas of others when you steal them. As for the painter Dietrich, we may quote the words of the poet:—

Coloriste aujourd'hui, demain dessinateur,  
Et, même en inventant, toujours imitateur,  
Dietrich fut tour-à-tour Van Ostade, Corregio;  
De Protée, en son art, il eut le privilège,

Et rut, dans ses tableaux, fleuri, suave et grand,  
Recommencer Watteau, Poelenberg et Rembrandt." \*

Dietrich has engraved about two hundred subjects, of which copies are very rare. He has treated subjects from Bible history, and profane story; he has engraved half figures and head studies, pastoral scenes, views, and landscapes.

In Bible history he has engraved nineteen subjects; amongst which the most remarkable are "Lot and his Daughters," "Abraham Sacrificing Isaac," "Isaac on his knees before the Pile," "Abraham Sacrificing the Ram—these four plates no longer exist—" Christ surrounded by the Doctors," twenty-six figures; "Christ healing the Sick," also with twenty-six figures; "The Descent from the Cross," with nineteen figures; "St. James Preaching in a Village," with seven figures; "The Nativity," and "The Flight into Egypt," in the style of Rembrandt.

In profane story he has many. "Venus on the Rocks," imitated from Poelenberg; "The Combats of the Tritons," in the style of Salvator Rosa; "The Satyr and the Passerby," from Jordans; "The Spectacle Dealer," six figures, in the style of Van Ostade; "The Knife-grinder and the Cobbler" (p. 361), "The Dealer in Poison for Rats" (p. 353), "The Dentist," "The Quack," all in the style of the same master; "Bellisarius Begging," a very rare and beautiful engraving; and "The Dinner," a piece equally rare and equally admirable.

Subjects in half figures and heads are "The Strolling Musicians" (p. 360), engraved in the style of Rembrandt, and imitated from Van Ostade; "The Tea Party," "The Dutch Priest," "The Monk with the Beard," "The Man with Moustaches," "An Old Man standing erect," and heads of women and children.

Pastoral scenes, views, and landscapes are "Young Girls at the Entrance of a Cavern," "Herdsman leaning on a Cow"—these two compositions are imitated from Poelenberg—"A Shepherd tending his Flock," from Berghem; "Landscape with Ruins;" six landscapes; "The Chapel," "The Wooden Bridge" (p. 356), "The Flock," "The Lake," in the style of Salvator; "A Cowherd, with a stick in his hand," "Two Hermits," "Two Peasants," "Studies of Animals: He-Goats, She-Goats, Rams, Sheep, Lambs, the Goatherd, and three Goats."

The nineteen pieces from Holy History were sold at the Royal sale for £14 in 1817.

Most public galleries in Europe possess pictures by Dietrich. The Louvre has "The Woman taken in Adultery," which was only valued at £24 in 1816.

Belgium has the portrait of the artist, engraved, in 1765, by Schmuzer. It is given at page 353.

The Museum of Vienna has "The Shepherds," a night-piece, signed and dated 1769; and "The Adoration of the Shepherds," another night-piece, executed the same year.

The Royal Pinacothek Museum of Munich is richer. It has five pictures by Dietrich: "Lazarus in the Bosom of Abraham," "The Avaricious Man in Hell," "A Landscape on the Sea Shore," "A Landscape, with Fishermen's Huts," "Two Blind Men leading one another."

At Dresden there are fifty pictures by this master, of which the principal ones are: "A Man, a Woman, and a Boy Feeding some Sheep," in the style of Bassan; "The Portrait of the Mother of Dietrich," "The Adoration of the Magi," "The Presentation to the Temple," "The Prodigal Son," "The Marriage Feast of Cana," "A Pastoral Scene," in the style of Watteau; "A Flock of Sheep and Goats, guarded by the Shepherd and Shepherdes," "A Holy Family, by the light of a Lanthorn," "Christ Curing the Sick," "Christ on the Cross," "Mercury and Argus," and "Nymphs Bathing."

• To day a colourist, to-morrow a sketcher, and even when inventing always an imitator, Dietrich was in turns Van Ostade and Corregio. In the arts he had the privilege of Proteus, and was able, in his flowery, sweet, and grand pictures, to reproduce Watteau, Poelenberg, and Rembrandt.

A few prices at different sales may be interesting.

Blondel de Gagny, 1776. "Two Landscapes," £15.

Sale of the Prince de Conti, 1777. The "Flight into Egypt," £91; "The Bathers," £166; "Twelve Women, in a Landscape," £95.

Sale of Randon de Boisset, 1777. "A Landscape," with animals, £78.

Cardinal Fesch's Sale, 1849. "Flight into Egypt," £37.

The pictures represented in our pages give various instances of his style.

The first is the little cut, representing a "Dealer in Poison for Rats" (p. 353). This is a clever production—man, dog, dress, rats, are all in keeping.

"The Knife-Grinder and the Cobbler" (p. 361) is a very



THE STROLLING MUSICIANS.—FROM A PAINTING BY DIETRICH.

Sale of Marin, 1790. Two fine "Landscapes," £81; two others, £33; another, £20.

Sale of Lanjeac, 1802. Two "Landscapes, with Bathers," £69.

Solirene Sale, 1812. "Resurrection of Lazarus," £83.

Laperrière Sale, 1817. "The rest of the Holy Family," £70.

Sale Lenoir Dubreuil, 1821. "The Presentation to the Temple," £57."

able picture. The cobbler in his stall, the cat above, and the queer old knife-grinder, are all faithfully given. The colouring of this is very rich, and the play of lights and shades very forcible.

"The Halt of the Holy Family" (p. 364), though ably painted, is defective in costume. The Virgin in her dress is too like an Italian peasant girl, while the infant Jesus is perfectly Dutch. It is also, however, an able painting in the colouring.



"The Strolling Musicians" (p. 360) is witty in conception and ably carried out. The players are vigorously rendered, and the *chiaroscuro* is admirable.

"The Flight into Egypt" (p. 357) is to a certain extent powerful; but, though not wanting in *chiaroscuro* and general tone, is defective in the figures.

"The Wooden Bridge" (p. 356) is pretty, tasteful, and original.

Smith, in his Catalogue, gives the following observations on Dietrich: "Many very clever pictures, from the pencil of this painter in the style of Rembrandt, partly merit him a place in the present list. He was born at Weimar, in Saxony,

the court of Dresden to send him to Italy. How long he studied in that far-famed school, or what were the important advantages he derived from it, does not readily appear in his works, for these reflect the style and peculiarities of other masters' pictures, as Rembrandt, Pooleberg, Ostade, and Salvator Rosa; but those of the former artist appear to have made the greatest impression on him, for he imitated them so servilely, that even his original compositions have the appearance of being, in many instances, copies from his favourite painter's picture. Two of his finest productions of this man, representing a 'Crucifixion' and the 'Entombment,' brought some years ago in public sale upwards of



THE KNIFE-GRINDER AND THE COBBLER.—FROM A PAINTING BY DIETRICH.

in 1712, and having acquired a knowledge of the rudiments of his art from his father—a painter of very moderate abilities—

three hundred guineas; and a picture by his hand, of very superior merit, in the manner of A. Ostade, engraved by

*Dietrich: Pinx. 1753: Deluy-fecit 1763.*

and afterwards improved himself under Alexander Thiele, a landscape-painter, he gave such proofs of genius as to induce

Wille, under the title of the 'Musiciens Ambulants,' is in the collection of Richard Summons, Esq."



# ANECDOTES OF THE LIFE OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

THE accession of LEO X. marked the commencement of a period wasted in fruitless labour, in bitter regrets, and more bitter sufferings, by the great Michael Angelo. It seemed to have been ordained that, from time to time, the career of this man should be like that of a torrent chafing in its channel of rocks, but afterwards bursting out more free and bright than ever. During nine years, however, the eclipse of his fortunes was unbroken, and only one incident is recorded of him; but this was one alike honourable to his spirit as an artist and to his feelings as a citizen.

The Academy of Florence had sent deputies to LEO X., petitioning him to restore to their country the ashes of Dante Alighieri, the noble and unhappy exile, who, after reviving the language and restoring the literature of Italy, had, two centuries previous, breathed his last sigh at Ravenna.

Michael Angelo relieved his long days of compulsory idleness, of sad monotony, by reading the songs of the Florentine poet, marking with his pen on the margin all the passages which struck his imagination. What an inestimable relic this volume would have been, if it had not, like Ovid's last song, been lost in the waters; for who, better than Michael Angelo, could have illustrated and interpreted Dante?

At the first intelligence which came concerning the embassy, then on its way to Rome, the artist became excited. With a generous enthusiasm, a vivid and ardent sympathy with genius, he joined at once in the work of reparation and justice. We may still read at the bottom of the original petition, preserved in the Florentine archives, these words:—"I, Michael Angelo, sculptor, address to your holiness the same prayer, and I offer to execute for the divine poet a sepulchre worthy of his memory."

And LEO X., the ostentatious Mæcenæ, the vain patron of letters, refused this magnificent offer, and deprived the world of the monument which such an artist's memorial of the great poet would have been! But the whole Medici family, though servile historians have endeavoured to exalt them, were sordid, treacherous, and contemptible. We fully agree with the author of a brilliant article in "The Eclectic Review," who has assailed the betrayers of Florence upon that pedestal to which they have been raised by the worshippers of success:—"History," he says, "has agreed to reprobate the treason of Sforza and of the Visconti, but, with a traditional perverseness, continues to applaud the Medici as benefactors of Italy. They the benefactors of Italy! Florence alone, humiliated and enslaved, is a suffering memorial of their crimes. But turn from her to the pestilent Maremma of Sienna. That was a beautiful salubrious tract, until Cosmo wasted it and transformed it into a deadly marsh. Fever-breeding swamps exist in the places where the republics cultivated fertile and healthy plains. The Roman territories, from Ferrara to the Pontine Marshes, have become bare and putrid since the stagnation of industry ensuing on the decline of freedom. Cosmo dried up the fertilising springs and streams of his country, by hewing down the forests on the Tuscan Apennines. Rocky deserts now exist where the pastures in ancient times were rich with fleece, and a population of banditti derives its descent from shepherds and cultivators of the soil. If, therefore, they are benefactors who make men happy, the Medici have nothing to claim from the gratitude of mankind."

It was about this period, according to all the testimonies we can collect, that the unhappy quarrel took place between Raffaele and Michael Angelo, the most eminent painters of their age. Angelo met his rival on the steps of the Vatican, surrounded by a crowd of scholars, and ironically exclaimed, "You march like a general at the head of his army." "And you," said the other, with fierce contempt, "go skulking alone, like an executioner." Perhaps, however, we may absolve the memory of the two great artists from much of the stain cast by this quarrel; for the fault is to be attributed to that crowd of parasites who only sought their intimacy in order to inflame their passions and flatter their pride.

Meanwhile, LEO the Tenth died suddenly, carried off by poison. If the arts in general lost a patron, Michael Angelo at least had nothing to regret. The Florentine pope had never bestowed friendship or aid upon his countryman. However, no change for the better took place. Adrian the Sixth, of Flemish origin, succeeded to the papal throne; and this was a misfortune for the painter. The new pontiff conceived the strange and barbarous resolution of pulling down the roof of the Sistine Chapel, because, he said, it looked more like the roof of a bath than of a place of worship.

It was not, therefore, with sorrow that the painter saw this pope and the next pass away—feeble princes, who never held the sacerdotal sceptre until their hands began to tremble with the weakness of approaching death. But the succession of despots was unbroken. Florence again and again threw off the yoke of those proficent traitors, the Medici; and the seventh Clement, born from that hateful stock, when his native city had once more become free, hired a host of barbarians to assail her. Their savage standards were soon perceived flying on the summits of those sun-touched hills, whence the beautiful city of Florence may be seen—a picture of delightful houses and gardens, in the glowing Italian light. Forty-four thousand men laid siege to the Tuscan capital. Less than thirteen thousand defended her walls, during eleven months, with heroic fortitude. Eight thousand patriots died in the breaches, and fourteen thousand of their enemies were buried in the plains around. Now was Michael Angelo called on to decide whether he should act as a painter or a man—whether he should offend a family of benefactors, or deny his country. He hesitated not a moment. Being named a member of the famous Council of Nine, and director of the fortifications, he proceeded round the city ramparts, and declared, that unless vast preparations were made, the usurping Medici would enter at their will. But the nobles of Florence, like true oligarchs, were already conspiring to betray the commonwealth. They complained of the sculptor's vigilance; they said he was cowardly and extravagant, because they knew he was faithful and sagacious. Their poisonous tongues prevailed. Florence was already sufficiently corrupted by her nobles to listen to their slanders. Michael Angelo, therefore, indignant and ashamed, himself opened a gate, returned to Florence, and remained in angry solitude, like Achilles in his tent. When he was gone, the Florentines repented. They sent messengers after him, by whom he was found, lonely, sad, stern, and immersed in dreams, in one of the most obscure little streets of the sea-built city. They approached him with humble deference; they prayed him to forget the slight which the provisional government had put upon him; they conjured him, in the name of liberty and of his country, to return. He at first resisted and refused, but in vain; for they pressed him again, and at length he consented. Once more, therefore, we see the artist in Florence, a general, a strategist, at the head of the defenders of his beloved city. It was too late. The last hour of Italian independence had sounded. Charles the Fifth, another of the hateful tyrants whom history flatters, had thrown his sword into the scale. The artillery, by night and by day, poured a storm upon Florence; the bravest of the citizens had already fallen. The old men and the women, pale with hunger, decimated by famine, clothed in black, and smeared with ashes, came together into the squares, or knelt in the churches, and swore they would all die rather than surrender. Michael Angelo had stationed himself on the steeple of Santo Miniato. Two guns, pointed at the besiegers and discharged incessantly, made his post conspicuous. They fired furiously at the spot. He smiled with contempt, and hung down immense draperies of cloth, which were more effectual than stone in resisting the light balls which alone could reach that elevated eyrie. Certainly, if Florence could have been saved, Angelo would have been her deliverer. Already his courage, his firmness, the resources of his mighty genius, stirred and multiplied by the heat of patriotism and the excitement of battle, had carried wonder and terror into the enemy's ranks; but Florence was even now lost. Sud-

denly a cry of sorrow arose from the streets below; women were heard shrieking; the imprecations of the soldiers were terrible. In a few moments all was explained. Malatesta had been corrupted by the Medici; the infamous Valori had sold his country. It is hard to say which was worse, the men who paid, or the man who received the nefarious price of treason? But the moral of the story would not have been complete without its sequel. A capitulation had been signed, opening the gates on condition of a general amnesty to be granted by the conquerors. Let us see how the magnificent Medici, the benefactors of Italy, kept their faith. Six of the noblest citizens were immediately beheaded; many others were condemned to exile or to the galleys. And these friends of art hunted Michael Angelo about, searched his house from the cellar to the roof, drove him from one concealment to another, until the glorious artist was compelled to hide in the lofty clock-tower of the church of San Nicholo del Arno.

At last, the Seventh Clement was artful enough to abandon the pursuit. He knew that, if he laid hands on the artist, supposing this to be possible, he would only be troubled by a new prisoner; while, if he granted him life and liberty, he would have one enemy the less, and be able to claim the praise of clemency, magnanimity, and so forth. So he pardoned Michael Angelo. And not this only. He humbled himself before him; he made him all kinds of offers and promises, on condition that he would resume his sculptor's chisel, and occupy himself without delay with the monuments to Julius the Second, and Lorenzo de Medici, that other impostor whom it was, until lately, the fashion to eulogise and admire.

On his return to Rome, a new trial awaited Michael Angelo. The representatives of the Duke of Urbino, with that tenacity which has characterised the followers of the law in all ages and countries, revived the affair of the tomb of Julius II., of which we have already in a former article given the particulars. The artist had no inclination to fall into the hands of his enemies, and so came to terms with them, by engaging to perfect the monument without further delay. He, therefore, set himself seriously to his task. The design of the mausoleum, which was originally intended to be the grandest work of the kind ever executed, had been reduced to that of a simple façade of marble upon one of the walls of "the church of St. Petr of the Bonds." The vain Julius himself had chosen the spot in which his tomb should be placed. He loved the name of the church, which had been bestowed by Sixtus IV., one of the first founders of the greatness of his family. He himself had been its cardinal during thirty-two years—and, as being elected pope, had transmitted the dearly-cherished honour to his nephew. Some fatality, however, seemed to forbid the completion of the work, frequently interrupted as it had already been. Numerous influences conspired, and of the whole abortive plan, nothing but a figure of Moses was executed in a style worthy of its artist's name. And this statue, beautiful and grand as it is, has been taken from its original position, displaced from the point of view in which it appeared in its proper character, and isolated from the groups of which it was intended to form a porch; and, therefore, produces little of the impression it was intended to create. Had it been seated beside a gigantic tomb, amid a throng of prophets and sibyls, as the artist desired, it would have been an example of the solemn and grand in sculpture. Even as it is, if you enter the church at nightfall, and contemplate by the uncertain and lingering radiance of the evening that superhuman apparition, your mind cannot rest calm when the eye falls on the figure of Moses. He is seated like a demigod of the ancients in Olympian majesty. One of his arms is extended over the table of the law; and the other reposes across his breast, with the superb nonchalance of one who knows he has but to frown, to command obedience from the multitude. A thick and ponderous beard hangs down upon his enormous chest, like a torrent arrested in its course. The simple and primitive character of this great shepherd of a nation is typified in every development of his form—in every fold of his vesture. The double intelligence given to him, since the

divine vision on the Mount, beams from the high, broad, massive brow; and power and benevolence combined seem to speak in every lineament of the countenance.

While Michael Angelo was employed upon his "Moses," Clement VII., like Julius whom he was honouring, troubled him incessantly.

One day a messenger came to the artist, telling him that he need not expect his customary visit. Clement VII. was dead. He had leisure, just while the conclave was sitting, to elect a new pope.

Paul III. was announced. He came, with a pompous retinue of ten cardinals, to the studio of Buonarroti.

"Now," said the new pontiff, "I shall expect, Master Buonarroti, that all your time will be given up to me."

"Will your holiness pardon me?" replied the sculptor; "I have signed an engagement with the Duke of Urbino, by which I have pledged myself to complete the monumental tomb of Julius II."

"What!" cried Paul; "it is thirty years since I formed a wish, and now that I am pope I am not to gratify myself."

"But my contract, holy father—my contract."

"Come, come; I will take the responsibility of that affair upon myself. You shall execute three figures with your own hand, and other artists shall do the rest. I will answer for the Duke of Urbino's consent. And now, my master, to the Sistine Chapel; there is a great vacuum there awaiting us."

What could Michael Angelo urge against a will so positive, and so imperiously expressed? He completed, as best he could, his two statues of "Active Life" and "Contemplative Life," the symbolical Rachel and Leah of Dante; and, not daring to make any profit from an engagement he was forced to break, gave a large proportion of the sum he received himself to pay liberally the artists employed by him to execute the rest of the work. Having thus brought to a conclusion an affair which had cost him so much labour, vexation, and perplexity, he threw himself, with all his enthusiasm and his genius, into the execution of his vast design, "The Last Judgment," the painting of which occupied him during little less than nine years.

This picture, enormous and unique, represents the human figure in every conceivable attitude; it depicts every sentiment, every passion, all the infinitely-varied reflections of fancy and thought, all the impulses and workings of the soul; with an inestimable profusion of forms, tints, and tones, such as are found nowhere else within the domain of art.

In this work, Michael Angelo seems to have challenged with his courage an infinite difficulty, which his genius overcame. The object of this vast composition, the manner in which it is conceived and developed, the admirable variety and skilful distribution of the groups, the unsurpassable boldness and force of the outline, the contrasts of light and shade, the obstacles, almost insuperable, in the very nature of the design, which he appears to have assailed as if in sport, the happy power with which this prodigal variety and these innumerable details are wrought and combined into one harmonious whole—all these render "The Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo a prodigy of painting. Immense as the surface is, each part of the picture gains in effect by close study; for no cabinet-piece for the most fastidious amateur was ever more lovingly retouched, or finished to more exquisite perfection.

This magnificent work, after nearly nine years of labour, was exhibited to the public on Christmas-day, 1541. Michael Angelo was then sixty-seven years old. Several anecdotes are related in reference to his "Last Judgment."

The pope, it is said, objected to the style of representing some of the figures, and sent to tell the painter that they must be altered.

"You will tell Pope Paul," he replied, "to trouble himself less with correcting my picture, which it is easy for him to do, and to try and reform public manners, which he will find more difficult."

The master of the ceremonies of the Vatican accompanied the pope one day on a visit which his holiness paid to the studio of Michael Angelo, when "The Last Judgment" was

about half finished. This creature also would express his opinion on the work.

"Holy father," he said, "if I might utter my thoughts, I would say that this painting is more fit for a tavern-room than for the chapel of a pope."

Unhappily for the master of the ceremonies, Michael Angelo was behind him when he uttered these words, and lost not a syllable of the compliment paid him by Signor Biagio. The moment, therefore, that his visitors were gone, the artist sat down and drew a portrait of his critic, and

placed him among the "Lost Souls," under the flattering character of Midas. This was a revenge suggested, perhaps, by the practice of Dante, who punished those who offended him by consigning them to his *Inferno*.

We may imagine the misery of the poor master of the ceremonies, when he saw himself condemned in this way. He threw himself at the pope's feet, begging for deliverance, and for the punishment of the offender. But Paul professed that he had no jurisdiction. And so Michael Angelo gratified his malicious whim, and went on painting his great picture.



HALT OF THE HOLY FAMILY.—FROM A PAINTING BY DIETRICH.

### GABRIEL METZU.

To have seen a few pictures of MetzU, of Terburg, or of Gaspar Netscher, is to have acquired fresh knowledge of the manners of the Dutch citizen of the time of the Stadtholder, of his costume, of his physiognomy, of his courtesies, of his mode of life, and even of his style of thinking; and this knowledge is to be gained from such a study, as well as from history and description. To be sure, the painting would be unintelligible without the book; for the pencil would create mysteries without the pen, though it is the fashion among the critics of art to say that their craft is superior to that of the writer. But what would a whole gallery, as vast as the Vatican, of historical portraits be worth, if the biographies of the individuals did not exist? What would all the Sculptures in Nineveh tell us, if the sacred and the classic records did

not interpret their mystical tongue? What frescoes could have told us Roman history, if Livy had not written? or what painter could have left such a familiarity with old Spanish manners as we have derived from the literary pictures of Cervantes? We cannot, therefore, agree with the few artists who are able to write at all, that whole libraries of information are rendered superfluous by the paintings of one master. No one will suspect us of a wish to depreciate a branch of art, but it is just to that art itself to remember its office, and not to claim the dominion in a realm which belongs to another genius. From a picture we may learn the fashion of a mantle or a boot, the style of ornamenting a chimney-piece or a chair, the mode of wearing a beard or a wig; but the spirit and moral of all valuable history is still reserved

exclusively for the pen; and the painter in this department must be for ever subordinate, and illustrate what the superior artist:—of words and thoughts—describes and explains.

Nevertheless, as we have admitted, such a painter as Gabriel

spice was first collected for them, and when their exchanges began to grow opulent by the trade with Borneo and Sumatra. In the pride of his freedom, after the yoke of Spain has been broken, he appears before us, a formal citizen, methodical in



THE UNEXPECTED VISIT.—FROM A PAINTING BY METZU.

Metzu is, in some respects, an historian. He exhibits, in dramatic groups, the national manners of his time. In his pictures we see the Hollander of the age when the United Netherlands were first reaping the riches of the Indian isles; when

his life, and very systematic in the conduct of his affairs. His house is to him a world; he gathers into this one place, around this pleasant centre, as many delights as were heaped up in the ancient palaces of the kings of Ecbatana and Susa.

The ships of his country—perhaps his own ships—have for him traversed the ocean from one zone to another,—have searched for porcelains and amber in Japan, for ginger in Malabar, for pepper in Java, for precious canes and drugs in Malacca. From the farthest parts of the world, the famous islands of the Malays, they have brought him all that could enrich his home, benefit his family, and charm away the dreariness of mind naturally inspired by the cold sky and long winters of the north. Asia sends him its muslins, its spices, its diamonds, its feathers of the bird of Paradise, its ivory and camphor. The furs of the Pole have furnished him with those splendid furs, to border the velvet mantle which his wife or his eldest daughter is proud to wear, even in the warmest apartment of the house. The birds, the insects, the shells, and minerals of the remotest lands, fill his cabinets, exquisitely arranged under covers of glass; and, protected in the same way, the rarest plants, the most delicate Persian lilies, the sumptuous tulips, flourish and are cultivated under his inspection. His furniture, wrought with extreme taste, and preserved with the utmost care, suffers no changes from the caprices of fashion, but is transmitted from father to son, one generation after another. The canopy of his bed is supported on pillars of carved ebony, and hung round with drapery of green damask. Hanging from the roof a mirror of gilded copper is twisted round with wreaths of elegant workmanship. The floors of the rooms are waxed into beautiful lustre; the glass is finely cut; the lintel of the door is richly carved; the furniture shines with polish; and the light, at morning or evening, falls across bright variegated tapestries, which moderate and harmonise it with the tone of the whole interior. The manners of the Dutch at that period, as well as the material physiognomy of their citizen life, their interiors, their furniture, the luxury and decoration of their apartments, are delineated in the pictures of Metzú with a charming freedom, which is the more attractive since it appears to be entirely without effort on the part of the painter. His walls, after a lapse of two hundred years, would afford materials for the complete restoration of a Dutch interior, just as architectural fragments enable us to build up a perfect temple of antique proportions. And the representation would be an interesting study, harmonising so faithfully as it would with the spirit of the seventeenth century, with the climate and natural characteristics of the country the manners of the inhabitants, and the historical circumstances associated with the fortunes of the merchant classes of Holland, then the masters and leaders of the trade of the world. And they to whom nothing is insignificant which relates to the intimate life, the familiar habits of a people that once filled the globe with the fame of their achievements, will discover nothing puerile in such remarks or such details. It is indeed delightful to enter, favoured by the painter Metzú's introduction, one of those warm Dutch interiors, which were, unlike the Italian houses of the same period, so inaccessible to strangers. It is most frequently by a glimpse through a window, opening in the centre of the piece, that he admits us into the comfortable privacy of a fashionable lady's boudoir, in which he allows us to surprise her in her graceful morning attire, writing some important letter, or completing her toilette, in expectation of a wished-for visitor; or reclining on a couch and touching the strings of her lute into the expression of the thoughts and desires of her heart.

Metzú possessed a power of interesting, not only the eye, but the mind, by the representation of the most simple acts of domestic life. A lady engaged in sealing a letter, which a servant is waiting to carry to the post, is a subject sufficiently humble, yet, thanks to the finish and excellence of the work—to the attentive care bestowed on the delineation of this occurrence, so common in "every-day life"—the picture attracts and rivets our attention. If the painter's touch were less precious, if the details were not so well chosen and so discreetly managed, no one would pause a moment to examine them. But it is impossible not to notice with care that which the artist evidently conceived to be of such importance, and in which the composition is so admirable, that the general effect

surpasses that of many ambitious pictures, possessing no little merit. It is impossible not to feel curious; not to ask, "To whom is that fair lady, in her elegant *negligé*, writing so careful a letter this morning, and so delicately pointing a sea on the wax? and what means that light but significant smile on the lips of the waiting-maid who attends to carry away the letter, standing with her apron rolled up, and her sleeves turned above the elbows?" And in the background, the closed curtains hint that the bed is still unmade; and the lady, in her half-completed toilet, tells us that she has passed the night more in dreaming than in sleeping.

The expression, so to speak, of Metzú's pictures is often so subtle that it is not caught at the first glance of the eye. Dutchmen's faces, in general, appear imperturbably tranquil, immovably phlegmatic. It is no easy matter to discover in them the latent smile or the reserved sentiment. But, upon a closer observation, it will be found, that there is not one in which, under an exterior perfectly calm, there is no play of thought or feeling. Of course, this remark must refer solely to the originals themselves; for, in the engravings from them, however faithful the engraver may have been, there is unavoidably a loss of some volatile and fleeting essence, as it were, which the painter diffused over his picture,—some airy and spiritual tone, impossible to fix or copy, which was not created by the use of any particular colour or form, but the absence of which, intangible and indescribable as it is, denaturalises the work. The solemn citizens of Metzú bear, in their placid countenances, not the expression of indifference or *ennui*, but of serene souls, in which enjoyment is produced by repose, confidence, and content. We perceive at once that on this surface, apparently so impassive, the least emotion would leave its trace, and that the slightest thought could be interpreted to the sight by the almost imperceptible motion of the lips and eyes. There is a young girl receiving a declaration, in a charming picture called "A Lady tuning her Guitar." Her eyes are raised to look on the countenance of her embarrassed lover; a half-secret gladness beams through her face; something like self-love heightens the carnation on her beautiful cheeks, more glossy than satin; and a change seems visibly coming over all her features. A Spanish lady would not display this, so general would be the vivacity of her countenance and the play of expression in her eyes. But a fair Hollander is seldom disturbed from what Tasso would call "the beautiful serene of her face;" the angers or disappointments of her soul only betray her into the expression of a moderate melancholy, and the gratifications of a flattered heart, which in others would produce a brilliancy of smiles, mark her cheeks with a very gentle dimple. If we criticise the valuable painting, in the collection of the Duc de Choiseul, which is known as "The Hunter's Return," the same delicacy is noticeable in the expression of the lady, and the same quietness in her attitude. Attired in a rose-coloured bodice and a skirt of white satin embroidered with gold, she is looking at a miniature and chatting with her maid, of whom we know not; but at the very moment her husband, coming home from the chase, enters abruptly the apartment of his lady. The conversation in an instant is cut short; the maid puts her fingers on her lips, and her mistress, pretending to play with the spaniel whom she strokes with her hand, awaits with downcast eyes and unmoved countenance the first words her husband is about to address to her.

There are masters of the Dutch school who accumulate innumerable details in their pieces, but animate them with no spirit whatever. They make the representation of manners a pretext for a ridiculous assemblage of furniture, glass, lustres, china vases, and all sorts of curiosities; their interiors are inconveniently crowded bazaars. Metzú, on the contrary, being a man of intelligence and taste, only brings into juxtaposition with his personages such things as are essential to the meaning of his composition, to illustrate the adventure, or explain the conversation. His skill in painting inanimate objects was marvellous; but he never allowed it, like the *Præ-Raphaelites* of our own day, to draw him into a vulgar deference to a vulgar taste; and yet, how perfect was the



finish he bestowed on such simplicities! He could weave over one of his floors a Turkey carpet, or elaborate the decorations of a gold or silver cup, or paint the transparency of Bohemian glass, or of the wine that glowed and sparkled half-way up to the brim of his crystal goblet! Glasses, be it remembered, were of great importance in his pictures, for the life of a retired Dutch citizen was chiefly passed in smoking and drinking, to dull his intellect, and to degrade him into premature and unnatural imbecility. But we do not see in Metzu's pieces the heavy horn cups perpetually passed from hand to hand by the peasants of Van Ostade; his are fine and elegant glasses, tall or shallow, such as were worthy to be filled with Haarlem beer, glasses cut into octagons, with prismatic edges, which seem richly to stain the light. In some the chalice forms a cone reversed on the foot of a heron or the neck of a swan, or ends in a trumpet shape.

One feature, particularly remarkable in most of the pictures of Metzu, is the shape of the chimneys of that period. In general, the mantel-piece belongs to the Corinthian or Composite order; the entablature rests on columns of fine marble, sea-green, gold-reined, or jasper-coloured. Sometimes it is black and white. Frequently, instead of pillars, there are Caryatides, representing creatures as beautiful women down to the waist, but terminating in the form of fishes. Others are carved in satyrs, such as we see in our gardens; and a specimen of this kind may be found in the collection of Sir Robert Peel—a woman tuning her voice to her master's viol. Occasionally the comic is enriched with a bas-relief after the antique. The Italian Renaissance had imported into the north those noble models of architecture which produced in France the palace of Fontainebleau, the chateaux of Anet and of Blois, and in Spain the palace of Madrid. Gradually this renewed taste for the antique spread into Holland, where it flourished during the age of that Louis XIV. whom stupid historians have denominated "great," a hundred years after it had influenced the style of France. But such chimney-pieces peculiarly suited a people like the Dutch, who lived so much in the midst of their families; and it is not surprising that such great care was bestowed on the delineations of them by a painter so intimate with their private life as Gabriel Metzu.

In the love-scenes painted by Metzu, the artist's intention becomes at once apparent, from the care he has taken to make his "Conversations" *à la mode*. If there are three persons in the piece, the third is insignificant; it is some waiting-maid or page, who brings in a letter on a tray, and looks askance while retiring from the room. Generally music serves as the pretext, or more strictly the preface, to the timid declaration of the cavalier who leans on the end of the chair on which the fair young Hollander sits tinkling her guitar, listening to his protestations, and considering what their value may be. Sometimes he holds a glass in his hand to aid his nervousness, as we may observe in two charming compositions in the collection of the late Sir Robert Peel—one of them entitled the "Music-Master;" or else he pretends to be trying the strings of a violin; but with all his thought intent on one end, he seizes every occasion to interpose a word between the notes. "Chamber-music was a new revelation to me," says the affected French author of a recent extravagance;

"it explains to me the secret and the ideal of Northern life."

There is something delicate in the compositions of Metzu, and something more than delicate in the touch of his pencil. But there is one singular characteristic of his pictures, which critics have not often remarked upon. There are scarcely any in which we do not perceive a personage figuring, who, apparently, was then considered essential to a "Conversation Piece"—we mean the lady's dog, her spaniel with silky flanks, who by his attitude and expression adds much to our comprehension of the group. He tells us, in fact, what the human figures leave unexplained. Let us, for example, notice the piece called "A Charitable Lady." We are at the door of a Dutch house, in a narrow street, and there are two steps to mount to the entrance. A seat of iron-work is on the right, and the mistress of the house is seated there, enjoying the fresh air. A little beggar, passing along, has been asking for charity, and the lady is giving alms with grace and good humour. But Metzu, to show the temper of the household, represents the dog standing on the steps. He, accustomed to see poor persons come thither, regards the young mendicant, not with vicious anxiety and restlessness, but with an air of benevolence, so that the hospitality of that place is there doubly illustrated. The whole composition is simple but charming; a masterpiece of nature and sentiment exquisitely coloured. The house is embowered with foliage; a little stream, another of the numerous canals of Amsterdam, runs beside it by two shady rows of trees; between we discern at a distance one of the tall, quaint clock-towers of the city. A copper-plate gleams on the door, with the name of the merchant who lives within engraven on it; and there is also a bright metal bell. And the name of the merchant dwelling there is set forth as Gabriel Metzu, as if the artist would tell us that he himself was the owner of this hospitable house.

In order not to pass over the details, which are so many charms in the compositions of Metzu, we must notice the ornamental varieties he has introduced into many of his conversation pictures. It is not in useful articles or in objects of art that fashion has undergone most changes. In the seventeenth century the Dutch framers affected different kinds of decorations, according to the importance of the painting and the subject. "The Young Man writing a Letter," a beautiful piece, in the possession of Mr. Hope, represents, suspended from a wall, a picture with a frame most elaborately designed. It contains large flutings, shells, marine plants, and leaves so intertwined and so rich, that our attention is fixed even on this slight accessory. Whether the design was the painter's or a copy of something he had seen, it is certainly a fine suggestion.

Little is known of Metzu's life. Picture-histories give us only the true date of his birth, which was in 1615, and a false date of his death, which they, one and all, fix in 1658. This error was excusable, because it had the authority of Arnold Houbraken, who might have been supposed to be well-informed. Metzu, he says, died at Amsterdam from the effects of a surgical operation performed on him in his forty-third year; but it is clear that he survived the trial, since several of his paintings bear a subsequent date. Many circumstances render it probable that 1669 was the real year of his decease.

## WATTEAU.

WATTEAU was the painter of revels, dances, masquerades. His frivolous pencil sought for such subjects as were described in court pastorals, programmes, and books of ceremony. But his delicacy of colouring, the graceful gaiety of the scenes he represented, the ease and freedom of his joyous groups, gained him admission into the Academy, with the title of Painter of Gallant Feasts to the King.

The genius of this skilful colourist, developed very early by an attentive study of Rubens' works, was immediately turned to the class of subjects in which he always principally delighted. His reading was almost confined to pastorals,

interludes, operas, and ballets. He had a strong taste, also, for diversions and spectacles of every kind, and thus fostered a natural inclination, which perhaps owed part of its strength to the influence of one of his masters, Claude Gillot, painter to the opera, who excelled greatly in compositions of a grotesque character. All that is serious or thoughtful in the productions of Watteau appears to have been the inspiration of a later master, Claude Audran, the engraver.

Watteau often drew outlines in red and black chalk, and these studies, whenever they are to be found at the sale of collections, universally excite great emulation among the

amateurs. These designs for the most part represent figures in easy and careless attitudes, and were probably intended as studies of groups to be introduced into larger pictures. Sometimes they are merely sketches of popular subjects, types of character or costume, or every-day scenes. For this last species of composition Watteau possessed no inconsiderable aptitude, since he had the qualifications so essential to it—great power of observation, freedom in drawing, and a fine but bold touch. He bequeathed nearly all of these designs to four of his dearest friends—Henin, Harangin, Julienne, and Gersaint. Julienne was his protector, and one of those who,

In the museum of the Louvre, we discover a few of the quaint but ever-fresh and pleasant productions of Watteau. There are always gazers admiring them, for his works are pre-eminently popular, and have at different times been engraved by some of the highest French masters in that art, by Audran, Chereau, Boucher, and various others. The "Knife-Grinder," which we give in this page, is a fac-simile from a fine plate engraved by Chereau, but of a much larger size, for a collection of the works of Watteau, published in two volumes by Audran. The sketch is in the most simple style. The subject is unpretending. There is only one figure—that of a



THE KNIFE-GRINDER.—FROM A PAINTING BY WATTEAU.

with Crozat and the Abbé Laroque, originally brought him into notice. Gersaint was a picture-dealer on the Bridge of Notre-Dame—that famous spot in Paris, whence, in the age of Watteau, the artist could see an assemblage of buildings, every one of which was picturesque enough to be the subject of a painting. It was for him that Watteau painted the famous "Roof Sign," which, as soon as it was set in its place, created such astonishment by its beauty, that the whole population of Paris crowded to see it. It was ultimately purchased for a very large sum by M. de Julienne, who hung it in his own private gallery, but had a fine engraving of it executed by Cochin.

poor grinder; the only other objects are his rude implements. Yet, in the natural ease of the attitude, the careful finish of the countenance and costume, and the true expression, so to speak, of the whole, there is something to fix our attention.

Of all French artists Watteau is the one who has most imitators and really good copyists. Pater and Lancret succeeded in attaining distinction even by following the footsteps of this master. In the gallery at Nancy there is a very beautiful picture by one of Watteau's pupils, named Constance, who may have been the painter of a piece in the Standish gallery, which is attributed, in the synopsis of the Louvre, to Watteau.

## ALEXANDER FRANCOIS DESPORTES.



Dogs and horses have always been the favourite animals selected by artists for delineation. This is natural, especially



instinct of this creature, and its usefulness in so many ways, create a sympathy for the canine race that can scarcely be experienced for any other. It would be a wondrous book which should tell all the tales of affection, of fidelity, of cunning, of instinct, which are true of this beast. Whether we look at the brute as a shepherd's companion, as the guard of the house, as the guide of the blind, or the saviour of the perishing traveller in the snow-drift; whether we admire the fleet hound, the beautiful Newfoundland, the magnificent Mont St. Bernard, or the faithful cur, there is always something to interest and captivate the attention. The quickness of comprehension, the patience under fatigue, the acute-senses of the dog, are, on many occasions, wonderful. Is it a matter of surprise, then, that painters have been found to devote almost their whole energies, their entire capabilities as artists, to the history of the dog? This has been more the case in England than elsewhere.

François Desportes was the first French artist who painted animals and hunting scenes. The French school of painting, which had flourished about a hundred and fifty years, had never thought of descending to animals—at all events, as the principal personages of a composition; and after the Renaissance there was not, properly speaking, one painter of domestic subjects in the whole.

French school previous to the days of Desportes. It is true, that Sebastian Bourdon had dashed off in his leisure moments

in the case of the dog, which has been a kind of friend to man. The attachment and fidelity, the clever and surprising

some masterpieces, but it was simply to rest himself from his great historical works. The Lensins, though really fond of country scenes, had only obtained indulgence for such departure from high artistic notions by painting religious subjects. As for Baptiste, who was a flower-painter, he treated his subject in a showy style, and with so much nobility, that the gentlemen of the Academy did not think him unworthy of being one of their venerable body, which, as elsewhere, was generally made up of the second and third rates of art and literature; just as, in the Academy of Paris, Lamartine is not a member, Victor Hugo is not a member, and Alfred de Musset is not a member; while the Duke de Noailles and, with two or three exceptions, thirty and odd non-entities fill the academic chairs.

It is a fact worth noticing, that the public and posterity almost always give fame to men whom the learned cliques of the hour never would condescend to notice. Every one can tell of some genius of his own acquaintance, utterly neglected by the world, recognised only by a limited number of discerning friends. Learned associations and bodies never introduced to the world either a Milton, a Shakspeare, or a Byron. Even the literary fund of our own days does not fulfil its mission, since those relieved are generally but the outsiders of literature; while many of those doing battle, and desperately too, who might be saved from much pain and misery by timely-offered aid, never receive anything from its overflowing and bursting coffers.

But genius and talent have a much better means of appreciation than the favour of cliques. The man wholly neglected by the literary world, has but to appeal to the public, and if there be anything in him, he will be supported and appreciated. To return, however, to the particular subject of this article.

François Desportes was the first who imported into France the style which had been made illustrious and famous by the Sneyders in Flanders and the Benedettos in Italy. To form a painter of hunting scenes in France, it was necessary that he should live in the days of Louis XIV., that vain and proud monarch, and that he should have witnessed all the pompous importance which, induced by the cunning calculations of his intolerable pride, he gave to his own acts, his slightest gesture, his fancies, and his pleasures. It really did not appear too much in that day of courtly severity, that, because the king honoured the art of venery so far as to force a boar or hunt a stag, an eminent artist should come expressly to the hunt, follow with his eye the movements of the pack, watch the bounding leaps of the hounds, and paint the greyhounds and curs of his majesty.

"We lost in 1743," says D'Argenville, "an excellent painter in the person of François Desportes, born in 1661, at the village of Champigneulle, in Champagne. His father, who was a rich farmer, sent him at twelve years of age to Paris, to one of his uncles, who was established in business in that city. Poets and painters owe their extraction, not to any particular name or family, but to the beauty and fame of their works; that is their patent of nobility. During an interval of sickness, immediately on his arrival in town, his uncle gave him a drawing, which he copied in his bed. This trial and attempt, though crude and unfinished, demonstrated his taste for drawing, and he was put with Nicassius, a Flemish painter. This master was reputed to be a very good animal-painter." \*

Nicassius was in reality a pupil of Sneyders, from whom he had learnt the secret of that bold and unerring touch, that art of distinguishing each animal by a dash of his paint-brush, that talent of displaying by contrasts the colours and variety of action, those terrible combats of wild beasts, and those hunts with roaring lions, with bounding and furious tigers, with wild boars defending themselves against a pack of panting and torn dogs, which characterised his master. What Nicassius learnt from Sneyders, he transmitted to François

Desportes; but the lessons of the Flemish painter, taking root in the Frenchman's mind, became less wild and far more temperate in their effects. What was the wild fire of genius in Sneyders was graceful motion in Desportes; the fury which the proud comrade of Rubens infused into his animal-paintings was easily varied and changed into a composition quite as true, perhaps, but less warm and striking. The impulsive fire of the master became, on the canvas of the facile French artist, mere vivacity and quiet nature. Sneyders and Nicassius had painted the hunts of heroes and demi-gods; Desportes produced the hunting scenes of noblemen and country gentlemen.

Unfortunately, death removed Nicassius from the world ere he had quite formed his able and interesting pupil. Still it is easy to distinguish, in the freshness of colour of Desportes, in his free touch, in his decided tones, that he took immediate advantage of the advice and example of Nicassius. What is certain is, that Desportes, though very young, would never have another master. All that he did, when Nicassius died, was to devote himself with redoubled energy to his art. Resolved in his own mind to be a painter of hunting scenes, he devoted his whole attention to all that could serve to embellish his compositions; it was with this view that he drew the bas-reliefs from the antique which so often ornamented his pictures. He also studied figures from the model extensively; and when, at a later time, he painted portraits, he felt the impression of his severe early studies, in which he introduced, moreover, most of the objects which are furnished to the painter by the observation of real nature: plants, fruits, vegetables, animals of every kind, elephants, tortoises, serpents, living and dead, landscape, and even grotesque effects. He had not reached the age of thirty when his reputation was made. "He gave himself up first," says D'Argenville, "to all kinds of work undertaken by builders, whether roofs or stage scenery, ornaments, animals, etc.; and then he worked, in concert with Claude Audran, a clever ornamental painter, at the embellishment of the Chateau d'Anet and the Menagerie of Versailles. Everywhere we find a fertile and lively genius, full of truth and expression, a light touch, with an admirable tone."

His first appearance in the world—that is, in the world of fashion of the day—was not as a painter of hunting scenes. Some Polish noblemen, whose acquaintance he had made in Paris, and the Abbé de Polignac, ambassador of France at the court of king John Sobieski, persuaded Desportes to go to Poland. Presented to the king and queen, he painted their portraits, and from that moment became a great favourite at court. To be the king's painter, in the eyes of a courtier, is to be the king of painters. Men of the most distinguished character, and, amongst others, the Cardinal of Arquier wished to have their portraits painted by the hand of François Desportes. He was loaded with presents, above all, with flatteries—it is so easy to respond to them when one is a portrait-painter. This popularity lasted about two years, at the end of which time Desportes, who was a true Frenchman in character, was carried away by an irresistible desire to revisit Paris, which city, like all his countrymen, he believed to be the capital of civilisation and art—an opinion not merely entertained in his time, but still widely prevalent at the present day.

Hunting, in the time of Louis XIV., was an expensive pleasure, more expensive, indeed, than at any subsequent period, the subjects of that king seeking always to imitate the gorgeous luxury of their master. Many a chronicler of the time has alluded to the huge preparations made to kill a poor deer. The king's venery formed a perfect army, which cost millions per annum. The woods and forests in the neighbourhood of Paris were carefully preserved and stocked with deer, bucks, wolves, wild boars, and other animals. The customs of the middle ages were revived, and Louis XIV., in hunting, as in everything else, played the part of a heartless and haughty tyrant. In summer the court went to Versailles, to Meudon, to Compiegne; in winter to Rambouillet and to Fontainebleau. These last woods, silent, gloomy, and solitary

\* "Abrégé de la Vie des plus fameux Peintres," vol. iv. p. 232. Paris, 1762.

during nine months of the year, became suddenly full of life, activity, and noise. From every part of the forest came to the rendezvous, the outriders seeking the wild beasts, detachments of *gens d'armes*, of servants in many-coloured liveries, of elegant lords mounted upon foaming steeds, king's messengers, chairs for the officers of hunting, carriages for the fair ladies invited to witness the scene, pages on horseback, cross-bow men, and the van containing the unfortunate deer. Behind this came the pack of two or three hundred dogs, held in leash by the king's outriders. The king always appeared last, his presence being theatrically announced by some lord-in-waiting.

Desportes, having again given way to his taste for painting animals and hunting scenes, was created by Louis XIV. historiographer of the chase to the king, and with that magnificence which was so familiar to him, because it cost him nothing, Louis generously presented him with a pension and a free lodging in the Louvre. If any animals were sent from India to the menagerie of Versailles, if any rare birds were presented to the king, Desportes was immediately requested to paint them. Attending all the royal hunts in his official capacity, he followed every act of the drama on horseback. He caught at the most interesting moment the attitudes of the dogs, their motions, their bounds, the deer at bay, the hawkaway, and the death scene. When he had thoroughly seized the whole combination of lines and figures necessary to the complete realisation of his picture, he went to the kennel, and drew from nature the handsomest dogs of the pack, and when he had sketched four or five upon a sheet of paper, showed them to the king, who, recognising them, instantly took great delight in pointing them out by name. When he was satisfied with merely studying the structure of animals, their physiognomy, and the model of their forms, he contented himself with a charcoal drawing upon tinted paper without many shadows, the whole relieved with white chalk. Sometimes he caught them successfully with a pen and a little wash of India ink. But as most of his studies contained the elements of his picture, he took care to colour them, because he was thus able to prepare the exact tone as well as the outline. He then transferred his drawings to a coarse thick paper in oil—very excellent practice, if it is executed at one sitting. We have seen some very beautiful studies of dogs by Desportes in varied crayons of exquisite beauty; all amateurs have admired in these brilliancy, warmth, a careful and, at the same time, fanciful touch, as well as a close imitation of nature.\*

When a painter is protected by a king, even should he be clever, he is always received into the Royal Academy of Painting. François Desportes was admitted as a member of this institution on the 1st of August, 1699; he was then thirty-two years of age. His reception-picture is a celebrated piece. It represents him standing nobly in the attitude and costume of a hunter; and he has availed himself of this opportunity to display in union all his versatile talents. We see a magnificent dog, of the pointer breed, with elastic and muscular limbs, who, looking up at his master, as if to examine his countenance, charms us like a creation in some far more interesting department of life. At the feet of the hunter lie quantities of game, hares, pheasants, foxes, drawn with wonderful truth, in fine outline and clear relief, but all properly subordinated to the main figure of the composition, the hunter himself, a noble full-length portrait. He is leaning on his gun, which he holds in one hand, while with the other he impartially caresses a group of beautiful dogs. In the record of the Academy's proceedings we find a memorandum of Desportes' election, in 1704, as a member of the council—no inconsiderable honour, as it gave him a share in the power of distributing publicly the honours and rewards of the national art. His son, Claude François, also, at a later period, enjoyed a similar distinction.

That simplicity, that perfect interpretation of nature, which was the great virtue of Desportes' art, was not only characteristic of his small and more finished cabinet pieces; it is observable also in the large, elaborate, and more poetical productions. Yet there is never any conventionality in his works; never any trace of artistic dogmatism, by which we mean the pedantic insisting upon a set of stereotyped rules or canons, which form the technicalities by which inferior minds are trammelled. Intending to represent all the various incidents connected with the chase, from the figure of a sleeping dog to the animated tableau of the pack closing at full cry upon the victim, he allowed Nature, as it were, to preside over the design of his picture. He observed, and what he observed he reproduced on canvas, adding nothing from fancy, yet softening the crudities of the real scene by touches more truthful than imitation itself. In the beautiful specimens contained in the Louvre collection—"A Dog pointing at a Partridge," and "A Dog pointing at Pheasants"—we recognise details which tell at once that the artist was himself a sportsman. He paints dogs as Audubon painted birds—under the arches of the forest, in the natural studies where genuine art is most familiar and most at home. He seizes the sudden fixed expression of the creature's eye as it discovers the object of search, and as it is caught he paints it. A nervous contraction is visible in the animal's limbs, an eager anxiety expresses itself in its attitude; and to this menacing steadiness of the dog, with what subtle ingenuity does the painter oppose the trembling humility of its prey, crouching, and expecting vainly to escape its enemy by hiding low and quietly in the grass. Oudry,\* another painter of hunting scenes, was the successor, we may almost say the contemporary, of Desportes. It is not easy, at the first glance, to distinguish their works; for the peculiarities consist, not in deeply toned shades, or strongly marked outlines, but in those less perceptible tones, which mark the paintings of the two artists. Nor is it astonishing to find this general similarity, when we remember that the incidents of a chase are not in themselves very varied; the subjects of such a painter's representations are, indeed, nearly always the same. In addition to this, they had both derived their instructions and their inspiration from the same sources; they were pupils in the same school. Oudry derived from Largillière the principles of the Flemish masters, and Desportes, as we have already stated, was a disciple in the second degree of the celebrated Sneyders. Nevertheless, a closer examination reveals the difference between the works of these two painters. Desportes has an easy, free, abounding genius; he attentively remarked the aspects of nature, and he painted them as if by instinct; in fact, he diffuses over his pictures more of native grace and beauty than of scientific touches or reflection. Oudry, on the other hand, has an able pencil; he is a connoisseur who knows all the resources and varieties of his art; he is expert in the distribution of shadow and light; he combines his personages and objects into striking groups, and there is a unity, according to academical rules, in his productions for which we vainly seek in the works of Desportes, who was, as Montaigne would have said, an off-hand painter. He belonged to that generation of exuberant and glowing spirits, who, with a true spontaneous genius, appeared in the seventeenth century to invest its formal models with all the bright and rich drapery of the sixteenth. As a colourist he preserved, in a greater degree than Oudry, the traces of his Flemish teaching. The latter is often cold, gray, and monotonous; the former almost invariably fresh, vivid, and cheering, bringing out his tints most effectively through a transparent medium; and it is owing to this fact that his works, at first sight, seem to have more finish than they actually possess.

No doubt it is true, that Oudry, as an artist, possessed talents which did not belong to Desportes; he understood better the arrangement of a grand scene; he elevated into a more poetical creation the object he was painting. But how

\* Description de l'Académie Royale, des arts de peinture et de sculpture, par feu M. Guérard, secrétaire perpétuel de la dite Académie. Paris, 1715.

\* WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS, vol. i. p. 321.



charming is Desportes in his *naïve* way! His very dogs are graceful, lively, and elegant; his birds fly lightly and buoyantly through the air. There are in the Louvre two pieces, each representing a cock-fight; the one by Desportes, the other by Oudry; for they were barbarians enough to think these exhibitions, disgraceful to any but savages, worthy of the efforts of their pencils. Oudry has placed his belligerent birds with somewhat more skill than his rival; one of them lies on its back, endeavouring to strike with its powerful claws at the other, which has thrown it down. Its plumage is brilliant and dazzling; the motion of its wings, of which one is thrown upwards so as to assume a pyramidal shape, is full of grandeur and power. These striking qualities are not observable in the composition of Desportes. He was unable to give to his bellicose scene so fiery an aspect, such a fierce mimicry of passionate human war. But the introduc-

Since he succeeded in carrying to such marvellous perfection the humble branch of art to which he dedicated all his energies, there is no reason to dispute the probability of his having attained high excellence had he selected another branch. We are ourselves of opinion, however, that he understood his own talents perfectly, and went the length of his genius in delineating the hunting-scenes peculiarly adapted to the disposition of his mind.

The number of Desportes' productions was immense. From the day on which the celebrity of his name had opened to him a fortunate career, in the decoration, in high art, of panels, sideboards, and designs for doors and walls, he continued to labour without ceasing until he attained the age of sixty years. He, with Claude Audran, ornamented the Chateau of Anet, the menagerie of Versailles, and the palaces of Marly, Meudon, Ninette, and Fontainebleau. This last is one of the



THE WOLF HUNT.—FROM A PAINTING BY DESPORTES.

tion of a crowd of fowls, witnesses of the affray, terrified by the shocking combat which is taking place "in their honour," adds to the scene a piquancy, and a tone of delicate irony, similar to that which we discover in the exquisite fables of La Fontaine, and we cannot but give our preference to this, deficient as it is in the high science which marks the rival composition.

It has frequently been remarked, and not, we think, without some justice, that had not Desportes confined his efforts to the lowest department of art—such as dog and fowl-painting confessedly is—he might have ascended with success to the superior, devoted to the painting of fruits or flowers, and still nature. He did not find it difficult to mix upon his palette that rich vermillion, soft as velvet, required by fish, by the feathers of some birds, or the pale though glowing tints of gold, such as would have been needed had he taken the fruitage or the flowers of the East as objects for imitation.

most charming retreats in France; itself a picture, with the splendid forests sweeping round, the artificial lakes, the parks, the green and pleasant hills, the rocks heaped up in enchanting confusion, affording landscapes, from the midst of which we pass into the long quaint galleries in which Napoleon delighted, to find the most radiant spots in Italy, the palace-crowned isle of Isola Bella, the banks of the Arno and the Rhone, and the lakes of Como and Maggiori, interspersed amid snug Dutch interiors and hunting pieces, by Sneyder, Oudry, and Desportes. In 1735, this painter received a commission to execute eight large designs intended for the restoration of some of the Gobelins tapestries. Amid these we find one of his best productions, "A Stag at Bay." But it was not only in France that his pictures were appreciated and admired. He came to this country with the Duke d'Aumont, ambassador of Louis XIV., and left behind him many very agreeable and

talented compositions, amongst others "The Seasons," besides a name which was soon familiar and popular all over Europe. His pictures were, indeed, to be seen everywhere—in London, in Poland, at Munich, at Vienna, at Turin; and not long ago, M. Viardot discovered some in the museum of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg.\* This great and wonderful fertility is the less surprising when we reflect that Desportes lived eighty-two years, dying in 1743; and that he worked until an extreme old age with perfectly juvenile ardour; for never in any one of his productions does he show any falling off. The Abbé de Fontaine calls him the Nestor of painting.

The able and talented painter was also a worthy and good man. He married at thirty, was a good husband, and retained, in a profligate time and under the influence of a vicious court,

in France. They are no longer venerated or respected by the nation. They have vanished from popularity with the monarchy and the hunts. There is nothing of the old attachment to royalty now left in France. Men may call themselves monarchs, but they will never occupy the same place in the feeling of the nation as before the memorable year of 1789. Call a man emperor, king, president, he is still in reality only the ruler by the choice of the nation. The old solemn divine-right feeling has gone out with powder and paint, drawing-room abbés, and the Bastille. It cannot be revived. The admiration for Desportes, then, will be always in part simulated. But if we carry ourselves back to the days of Louis XIV., of royal pleasure and pomp, we can comprehend the vast importance of pictures which, like



DOGS AND PARTRIDGES —FROM A PAINTING BY DESPORTES.

the character of a man of honest and irreproachable life. He was extremely amiable, always lively, and perfectly simple in character. His physiognomy as seen in his portrait is that of an accomplished man, who was easy and pleasant in his manners. Delicate and proud, he had a great objection to the impertinent familiarity of fools. One day a moneyed man was boasting of his riches before many people, in an extremely offensive way. Desportes listened to him quietly for some time; but at last, irritated by his impertinence, cried out, "Sir, I could any day be what you are; but you can never be what I am."

The time, however, for the pictures of Desportes is past

on the entrance hall of the Mucette, on the grand staircase or of Meudon, in the vestibule of the Castle of Compiègne, recalled every act of the hunting drama to old hunters, to the lively ladies who joined the chase, and to their gentlemen and pages.

It requires a considerable exercise of imagination to look on the wild boars, deers, and dogs of Desportes with the same eyes they were looked upon by Louis XIV. and the lords of his court, before old age in the king made it fashionable to despise mundane pleasures. We are actually compelled, when gazing at his pictures, to carry ourselves back a century, or to condemn them, especially in France, as out of place. It is a fact which artists would do well to ponder on, that many pictures lose much when they are seen in a time

\* Les Musées d'Allemagne et de Russie, par Louis Viardot. 1844.

and at a place which are not suitable to their being properly comprehended. They want the "local colour," the inspiration of the time. Who but a turf-man admires the portrait of a race-horse? But these pictures, arranged in vast galleries, where they are preserved because of their origin and for the love of art, the works of many masters resemble some of the heathen gods, for whom the Roman Pantheon was opened, and which, when once they were within the temple, lost the same day their private altars, their worship, their followers, and were but a multitude of random divinities, no longer recognised, or, at all events, worshipped without being understood.

But if Desportes is no longer understood or appreciated in France, where great but hardly successful efforts have been made to revive the gorgeous hunts of the days of Louis XIV., it will be a long time before his dogs and scenes of veneration will be without value in England, where all such sports and pastimes form a part of the existence of a large portion of the community. The chase, against which much may reasonably be said, has, at all events, preserved for us much of that stalwart character which is our boast; and though justly denounced as barbarous in its character and tendency, is not without some advantages to counterbalance the grave objections to which it is liable.

But though the French people do not and cannot appreciate Desportes, the Museum of the Louvre is rich in his pictures. In the catalogue of 1847 there were but five of his pictures; but the active and admirable director, Teanson, is believed to have hunted up the rest in the garrets of the Museum, for now we have three-and-twenty.

The first of these is a full-length portrait of Desportes, in his costume of a hunter, resting at the foot of a tree, with a pointer, a bound, and several pieces of game.

After this we have:—

"A Duck, a Partridge, a Hare, a Snipe, a Cabbage, some Pomegranates, Thistles, Onions, and Beetroot."

"Two sporting Dogs guarding some Game."

"A fine white Pointer, beside a vase of white porcelain."

"A Dog lying down, a Powder-horn, a Game-bag, a Jay, some gray Partridges, a Melon, some Apricots, some Peaches, some Grapes," with a background of scenery.

"A Dog pointing at some gray Partridges."

"Shooting Pheasants."

"Dogs and Partridges" (p. 373).

"A Dog watching some aquatic Birds."

"A Dog pointing with Partridges."

"A Boar-hunt," imitated from Sneyders.

"A couple of Dogs pointing at Pheasants, of which one is flying away."

"Some Prunes, Peaches, a Hare, a Parrot, and a Cat."

"Two Cocks fighting, a Fowl, and some Chickens."

"A Fox-hunt."

"Two English Dogs"—that is to say, of the King Charles breed—"hunting a Hare in a Park."

"Dogs and Pheasants."

"Dogs and Partridges."

"Guns, Game-bags, and Powder-horns."

All these paintings are admirable, both in conception and design.

There are many of the compositions of Desportes to be found in the museums of the provinces; in that of Grenoble there is a "Stag at Bay, surrounded by a pack of Hounds." In that of Lyons, eight pictures, "A Bear-hunt," and some still-nature pieces. The catalogue of the Rouen museum mentions "A Stag-hunt."

In the royal palaces of Fontainebleau, Versailles, Trignon, Meudon, Marly, La Muette, La Menagerie, a vast number of paintings by Desportes are to be found.

The Print department of the Royal Library is less rich than usual. There is a full-length "Portrait of Desportes," engraved by Ferrarois; "A Boar-hunt," engraved by the same, and a series of ten dogs in different attitudes, engraved by Le Bas.

The productions of Desportes in France are rarely met with in sales, and their price is generally from £12 to £30.

*Desportes*

## JOHN BOTH.

If the reader would imagine a rough, savage and somewhat theatrical Claude Lorraine, he would at once understand without further description what was the peculiar style of Both of Italy, as he was wont to be called by his contemporaries. Between the rural style of Ruysdael and the historic conception of Poussin and of Claude there was a style to be created, and John Both filled up the gap. The question has often been asked, Why do men born within the cold and foggy regions of the North feel much more deeply the beauty and grandeur of nature than the children of the South? Whenever a northern painter—a Fleming, like Paul Bril; a Dutchman, like Berghem or Poelenburg; a Norman, like Guaspre; a Lorrainese, like Claude—is introduced to Italian scenery, he appreciates and enjoys it quite as much as—French critics think more than—an Italian himself. Certainly, there are peculiarities and details of scenery which are more apt to strike the stranger than the man who has seen them from his birth. Warmed by novelty, the foreign painter feels and endeavours to convey all that poetry of landscape with which his mind is imbued.

A Dutch historian, whom we have often quoted, Arnold Houbraken, relates an anecdote of John Both, which is characteristic of this excellent painter.\* Van Der Hult, burgomaster of the town of Dordrecht, proposed a prize, for which

\* "Le Grand Théâtre des Peintres, et des Femmes Peintres des Pays Bas." The French translation of this work exists only in manuscript.

Berghem and John Both were alone to compete. The worthy citizen wished to try the talent of these two friends. Both competitors were to receive the sum of 800 florins; but the victor was to receive in addition a magnificent present. Berghem painted on this occasion his masterpiece. It was a mountainous landscape, with numerous oxen, sheep, and goats. The trees, the terraces, and the sky, were painted with so much richness of tone and finish, that none doubted his carrying away the prize. But the landscape of John Both was not less admirable. There was so much light, and so much of the lofty and heroic style mingling with the rural, that none could decide between Berghem and Both. A generous and just connoisseur, the burgomaster of Dordrecht, put an end to the difficulty in a way that is worthy of being recorded in any history of art. "Gentlemen," said he, "you have not given me an opportunity of choosing between you. Both of you have merited the prize, and both of you must have it."†

In the country scenes of John Both, the principal objects are not silent shepherds keeping their flocks, nor the peasant driving his ass before him—but great trees with their lofty summits and their verdant boughs. He does not paint them cut by the trim gardener, nor does he represent them wearing their leafy boughs with effeminate grace, as in the pictures of Herman of Italy. Nor does he make them too watery in their outlines. On the contrary, he loves to

† Descamps relates this fact in his article on Berghem, in the second volume of his "Lives of Flemish and German Painters."

represent them wild, with boughs blasted by lightning or broken by the storm. When we examine the magnificent oaks which are to be found in the pictures of John Both, relieved with so much boldness, now against the warm light of the setting sun, and now against the dazzling and fresh brightness of an Italian morning, we seem to feel as if there were a life in these ever-moving objects, and we can scarcely separate the conception of the tree from something with more than vegetable existence. "To the pantheist painter of the North every tree is a hero," says a French critic; "the forest giant is wrapt in his cuirass, his ligneous muscles swell, his arms are contorted, sometimes he lies down in an attitude of sadness, and then his torn bark, his broken branches give him all the appearance of a dying gladiator; but oftener in the landscapes of John Both the oak stands up triumphant, shakes his shaggy head, in which the vulture cradles its young, while larks play in the lower branches." The French critic was doubtless strongly imbued with the metamorphoses of Ovid, and dreamt of Hamadryads and Fauns when he indulged in this hyperbolic picture of Both. We quote it simply because, amongst our French brethren, it has been considered to convey a correct idea of the artist.

It is, however, by means of his trees, in the form, taste, and truth of his rocky scenery, by the imposing aspect of his mountains, and by the richness of his luminous back-grounds, that we always recognise a true Both. While seeking to be great, and when awakening in our minds a sentiment of poetry and light, he does not ask us to gaze on the gods in the woods, nor does he show us the beautiful forms of women bathing in rivers, like Poussin. He does not introduce us to demigods, as did Poussin. He is satisfied when he has given an imposing aspect to the oaks of his foreground; and nature, which he studied with such patience and devotion beyond the Alps, appeared poetical enough to him, without the assistance of gods and goddesses of more than doubtful morality. The plants, the lakes, the foaming waterfalls, and the rural scent of the bushes and flowers of Italy, their capricious profiles relieved against a fleecy sky, were enough for him. With the great Poussin, history, mythological and real—man in his more elevated actions—is all. With Both nature is everything; but it is a wild and savage nature, so picturesque, and at the same time so real, that it seems to awaken in our bosoms the wish to wander through such scenes, and to gaze upon such trees, mountains, and hills. The enthusiastic lover of art could scarcely gaze upon the warm southern landscapes of the Netherlands artist, without being seized with an irresistible desire—in far distant places, at all events—to whistle some tune familiar to the shepherd; and he is even tempted to believe that he hears the tinkling sound of the bells on the mules' necks, as they slowly ascend the mountain. There is nothing mean, nothing low, nothing common, nothing dirty, in Both. He views still nature in the same way that Albert Cuyp has studied the cow.\* His vegetation is vigorous, sombre, and real. The air is pure and pellucid; the sun shines upon every detail of the picture; and not one shadow of the agitated and active life of great cities ever troubles the calm and reflective beauty of the scenes which seem made for mute contemplation. He never introduces a sign of civilisation, except in the form of ruins. We see a broken column, a huge piece of a wall, nothing else to remind us of the mighty nation which once dwelt upon that historic soil, trodden once beneath the hoof of Scipio's cavalry, crushed beneath the weight of the chariots of Hannibal. And these signs of a life that is past are cast into the distant background, beneath the shadows of the trees. He speaks to us in his pictures only of youth—of the eternal youth of nature. What he seeks to interest us in, is a ray of light falling through a long vista of trees, or in a garden dotted with beautiful flowers. It is sufficient to remark that John Both was born in Munich, to enable the student of art to comprehend why, even when beneath the rich Italian sky, he remained faithful to the purely rustic style; why he loved

nature more than men, or, at all events, than demigods; and why he asked for no sweeter scent than the honeysuckle.

John Both and his brother Andrew, who painted him his figures in his pictures, studied together at Munich, under the learned guidance of Abraham Bloemaert. They started together for Italy, and resided some time in Rome. They attached themselves to two masters: John became the pupil of Claude Lorraine, and Andrew attached himself to the style of Bambocce. The former became necessarily a landscape-painter, the latter painted the human figure; but they divided their styles, the better to unite their talent; for Andrew studied rather to paint in the figures in his brother John's pictures, than to create for himself a distinct reputation. He succeeded at last in introducing them with so much ability, in working them up with so much finish, that if he had not compelled himself to sacrifice them to the general effect of the picture, he would have spoilt its unity; but, moved by a double feeling—great and tender affection for his brother, and by the good taste of an excellent artist—Andrew Both took care to make his figures subordinate to the general design, leaving the real and great triumph to the landscape. It was rare and beautiful to see how John Both, on the other hand, often sacrificed his landscape to bring up with more effect the figures painted by Andrew. The result was, that, by means of this friendship and by the full development of the two talents, pictures were produced so harmonious and so full of beauty, that it has been impossible for even the best judges to separate the work of one brother from the other.

The landscapes of John Both usually represent a mountainous country, great accidents of land, convulsed nature, a winding rocky path carried away by rains, or cut in the rock. Along this road, between two precipices, on the flanks of some mountain, itself a spur of the Apennine chain, we notice travellers, peasants, and mules, with steady foot, covered with bells, carrying little barrels of precious and rare wine. These mules have the shoe made especially for this traffic, and on they go without guide, their driver, perhaps, drinking afar off at a spring. In the distance we remark a rich plain, a pasturage, with islands of trees waving in a flood of evening sunlight; or the scene, rough and full of startling effects, sinks away at last into the quiet hues of some still bay, such as Sorrento. All breathe the soft gentile Italy. As the eye of the amateur, abandoning the background, lingers on the foreground, he feels all is freshness, while the warmth of day illumines and burns the distant scene. The shadow of the trees, deep and mysterious, allows but faint rays of the sun to reach the foreground of the picture. The spectator thus fancies himself more at ease, protected here by huge masses of rock, and there by the rich vegetation of that gifted country. He may even refresh his eyes with the spectacle of a pond, sleeping silently on the front of the picture, the transparency of which is shown by tufts of reeds and water lilies.

It appears from a passage in Sandrart, that even during their lifetime, the brothers Both were ranked among the first of living landscape-painters;† and it was even said by very eminent judges, speaking of the great Claude Lorraine, that he was less happy in his figures than in those marvellous creations of light, those rich landscapes, which we have already described;‡ while the brothers Both, uniting their brushes, excelled in both styles.§ It is perfectly certain that their style of art was exceedingly popular, and that their workshop was full of buyers, *emptoribus abundans*, though John Both always kept his pictures at a very high price. Joachim Sandrart is, therefore, exceedingly proud that the excellent painter of Utrecht was good enough to make him a present of two landscapes, representing "Night" and "Morning,"

† Ut juxta excellentissimos haud immerito locari possent artifices. Academia artis pictoriæ. Nuremberg, 1683. Folio.

‡ WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS, vol. i. p. 337.

§ *Lorrenus . . . subdialis ingeniosior erat quam imaginibus humanis . . . fratres in utroque exercitissimi erant.*—Sandrart, iii. c. xix.

\* WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS, vol. i. p. 177.

when so many amateurs were glad to obtain possession of such pictures almost for their weight in gold.

The great and crowning merit which has been noted in the landscapes of John Both, and indeed of both brothers, is the nicety, the care, the truth, with which they have always

finish—those boughs of trees, illumined and warmed by the sun. He was excellent in the contrast of his grounds, in dashing off on a mass of sombre verdure a projecting root, or some such accident of vegetation by means of those able touches, or, if we may so speak, those theatrical effects of



JOHN BOTH.

succeeded in marking the different hours of the day. In fact, the play of the sun through the forest trees, of its silvery light in the morning, and its golden light in the evening;—these were things which the great landscape-painter studied and noted with as much love and artistic devotion as his master Claude Lorraine, and which he rendered with almost



as much success. We must not, however, pretend that he succeeded in rendering aerial perspective as his master did; nor do we find in his pictures that solemn tranquillity which appears to suit the gods of Virgil; but he expressed admirably, as we may see in "An Italian Sunset," which adorns the museum of the Louvre—he painted with truth and exquisite

light and shade, so familiar to Adam Pynaker. His ground is too rough, too rude; his foregrounds are covered by too many thorny plants; his roads are too rude and steep, for us to suppose such a landscape inhabited by divinities of fable or by the soft pastors of Arcadia. The nymph of Poelenberg would prick her beautiful legs amid those bushes, nor could her tender and soft feet run along those paths so rude and steep. And it is in this that John Both distinguishes himself in such a marked manner from Claude Lorraine. If there is in nature, as represented by John Both, an heroic point of view, certainly his personages are not aware of it; they tread with light and thoughtless step that soil sacred to the memory of great deeds, and every inch of which has had its tragedy or story. The sentiment which bubbles up from the artist's soul is felt only in the heart of the spectator. That is to say, the landscape is sublime, grand, sad, and wild; but that man in a red cap, who is urging his mules with many a cry and shriek, would never have noticed the fact.

Joachim Sandrart speaks of the brothers Both as having sometimes painted night-scenes:—"Nec non nocturnum lunæ splendorem et similia proferebant." These night effects are not familiar to continental amateurs. None of them are found in any of the Dutch galleries, so rich in artistic productions. These moonlight and evening scenes are rather to be met with in England than elsewhere, as we have always been great admirers of John Both, from his resemblance to Claude Lorraine, the prince of landscape-painters, especially in English eyes. A very fine engraving, published in 1791, represents a picture in the possession of Sir Thomas Dundee, Bart.—a picture called "The Bandit Prisoners." In no other painting have the figures of Andrew assumed so much importance, and yet the beauty of the picture and of the landscape is by no means sacrificed to the human form. The prisoners are brought out upon the edge of the forest where



they have been just captured; their fierce brigand physiognomies, the gestures of the soldiers, the officer, and the reflected light on the armour—all give dramatic interest to the scene, completed in the distance by the appearance of a fortress; but the eye turns with pleasure to the majesty, the grandeur of the foliage, to the irregular beauty of the knotty trunks, broken

tempted to Venice to study the masculine landscapes of Titian, so fiery in touch, so robust, and so free. They remained some time in that city. But one day Andrew Both, having supped with some friends, was coming home along the silent highway of Venice in a gondola, when he fell overboard into the canal, and, for want of assistance, was drowned.\* From that fatal



THE WOMAN MOUNTED ON A MULE.—FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN BOTH.

and contorted, and the lofty mass of underwood that skirts the forest and dies away on the borders of the streams.

During the life of the brothers Both, most of their pictures were owned in Venice; and though their appearance in Rome was exceedingly successful, though their life was enlivened, ennobled, and honoured by the acquaintance and friendship of Bamboche, of Herman Swanvelt, of Claude, of the two Poussins, and Elzheimer, the two artists were doubtless

and unhappy hour, a residence in Venice became impossible to the surviving brother, who had lost his best friend. He accordingly returned to his native country, and established himself at Utrecht. There he again found his countryman Poelenberg, who had also been, before Both, the pupil of

\* "Donec alter istorum fratrum qui imaginibus ditabit tabulas, poctu, dum e sodalitie domum abiret, ex improviso in canallem illapsum defecta auxilii, undis miserrime suffocaretur."—*Sanderart.*

Abraham Bloemaert. On many occasions the painter of sylvan beings and ancient dryads embellished with his little figures the rustic scenes of Both; but the softness of Cornelius' pencil did not suit the spiky bushes, the rough plants and rocks of Jean Both, as did the muleteers of his unfortunate brother. Berghem, in his turn, who was very much attached to this painter, whom he could neither compete with nor envy, was delighted to put out to grass, in the landscapes of Both of Italy, some of those black-streaked bulls which he painted under the walls of the castle of Bentheim.

But John Both did not, could not, long survive his brother. He resisted the feeling; but he never painted anything great after his fatal loss. Houbraken does not fix the date of the death of John; but he informs us that Andrew died in 1650; and as he adds that the landscape-painter died soon after, we are able pretty well to fix the date from this expression. Sandrart also affirms, that John Both died in 1650.

We may truly say with the celebrated amateur Le Brun, that John Both is one of the greatest landscape-painters in the world, though his reputation is less vast and world-wide than that of Claude Lorraine.\* We may add, that he engraved several landscapes with a fine free point, in exquisite taste. Upon copper, as upon canvas, the great talent of John Both was to enable the eye at once to catch the truthfulness of every species, to notice not only the character of the leaves, but whether they are attached to their branches in bunches, or in regular order. He was so minute, so careful, and so true, that we cannot say of him what Lairens has said of so many others, that he placed the leaf of an elm on a willow, an ash or an oak. What also distinctly marks this luminous landscape-painter is, that he seems to have selected, to make his task the more difficult, trees which have no heavy and solid

This landscape, so tranquil, so full of light, is also remarkable for strict observation of the rules of art in all their nicety.

Henri Verschuuring and Guillaume de Heuss were the only pupils of John Both. The first devoted himself to battle scenes, and those robber subjects so familiar to Bamboche; but the second imitated the manner of his master so perfectly—his touch, his light foliage, his warm and luminous skies—that an unaccustomed eye would easily confound his works with those of Both of Italy. Though free and easy, the touch of this admirable painter—we are speaking of the master and not of the pupil—is apt to catch its tone in a most marked manner from the object rendered. It is rough when he paints the rugged trunk of the huge oak; it is terse when representing bushes; it becomes soft over the sleeping pool; it is lively when he has to convey, without servile minuteness, thorny little bushes, small grounds, reeds, roots, fine and light plants. "John Both has been reproached," says Descamps, "with tanning his colour, by touching the leaves of his trees with a somewhat saffron yellow." This reproach is well founded sometimes; but from the testimony of Descamps—rather than that of our own observation—we must add that the fault of which this historian, and after him the amateur Le Brun, speak is not general. John Both cured himself of it, and many of his pictures are wholly exempt from it. We may truly say of these, that they are masterpieces, worthy of being placed alongside the greatest works of the greatest masters.

For picturesqueness, for the variety and richness of his compositions, for the exactness of the foreground, and its vigour and form, Both of Italy is a perfect model. The profound and strong sentiment of rural beauty, in a nature of heroic character—this is what, above all, marks the originality

Both Both Jan: Both 1650

mass, those whose branches let in the light, and allow the sky to sparkle between the smallest intervals of their boughs, and even the smallest bunches of leaves.† If he wishes to vary his compositions, he throws in some great wooden bridges flanked with towers and fortified. He likes the country where a chain of rocks ends in a precipitous cliff, where cascades bound off and fall in froth and rain upon a cluster of bushes below. At the foot of these rocks start up some stiff pines. A tuft of chestnut trees have fixed their roots below upon a hillock which springs from the mountain, and a little spout of water comes bounding along amid the rocks in front of the picture, while some peasants with two mules cross a wooden bridge.

The finest picture by John Both, and undoubtedly his masterpiece in his own estimation, as he has made so many copies of it, is his "Italian View at Sunset" (p. 381). A boatman is passing some oxen over in his ferry-boat which already touches the shore. A gentleman appears to be waiting for the animals to land to take his turn. We are at the foot of a steep rock, which rises to the left and dies away at the edge of the water. Two fine masses of trees rise in the fore and background; between the two passes a ray of the sun, which paints on the ground the long shadow of the legs of two horses which are about to cross the river. An old unfinished bridge, or one-half carried away by the tempest, steps in the middle of the water. To the left is a large demi-tint, created by the shadow of the mountain, and which is softened by the reflected light of the sun; a peasant leads his ass along by its halter. Two or three fleecy clouds fill the right of the picture.

\* *Galerie des Peintres Flamands et Hollandais.* Par Le Brun.

† See Deperthe's "History of Landscape Painting."

of Both of Italy—this is what distinguishes him from all his rivals. Sometimes, it is true, his buildings are in a style so noble that they appear to elevate the thought of the painter above a purely Dutch intention—that is to say, above the rustic style which De Piles has so well defined. A temple, with a façade and columns, or an Italian abbey, adorned with pilasters and surmounted by a campanile, sometimes gives to the compositions of Both a purely historical character, quite *à la Poussin*. We feel a kind of inexpressible charm in gazing on this shelter, which a community of Italian monks has raised at the foot of the mountains, but ten steps off from a river, which flows silently across a scene of mingled majesty, solemnity, and silence.

But nevertheless, on all occasions, the artist shows his love for the rural and the beauties of nature, even in his moss-clad ruins.

Good Boths are dear and rare. In 1792, when the pictures of this school were not valued at anything like their present prices, Le Brun paid 500 louis (about £170) for a fine picture by this admirable artist.

The merit of Both was recognised by all his great contemporary artists, countrymen and others; while Berghem, Poelenberg, Wouvermans, and Karel Dujardin were always eager, after the death of his brother, to paint in his figures for him.

If we may judge from the engravings of Daudet, De la Barthe, Bovinet, Niquet, Duttenoer, Dequeuvilliers, Fortier, etc., from Both, without counting his own ten admirable copper-plates, he must have painted numerous works, though he died at an age when many men have only just begun to gather renown.

There were originally a great many pictures by Both in

Italy, before English amateurs began to buy them up. Few galleries now are without one or two pictures by this artist. There are two in the Louvre. There are several in Munich, especially "Mercury setting Argus to sleep." The Dresden Gallery possesses two pictures by this master.

### THE DAUGHTER OF MIGNARD.

ONE fine June morning, three men and a young girl were together in the Castle of St. Cloud, in the great Salon de Mars. One of these men was Louis XIV., who was advancing to age and infirmity. The second was Bloin, first *valet-de-chambre* of the king, whom the Duke of St. Simon has thus painted:—"Witty, gallant, particular, cold, indifferent, unapproachable, conceited, self-sufficient, and sometimes obstinate, always rather wicked, but not to be offended with impunity; a real personage, who had good cheer at home, who was courted by the greatest, even by members of state, who could serve his friends but rarely, and who never served any one else, and was, in fact, rather dangerous than otherwise."

The third was the celebrated artist, Pierre Mignard, the only rival of Lebrun who did not bend beneath his yoke.

The young girl was Mademoiselle Mignard, an admirable model of the young beauties and goddesses painted by her father.

At this moment, Mdlle. Mignard, who was in all the brightness of her youth and beauty, was sitting for Spring in the picture of "Apollo on his Car, surrounded by the Four Seasons"—a painting sketched by the artist in the hall it was to adorn.

Louis XIV. and Bloin were watching the work of Mignard, and were talking as familiarly as royal etiquette allowed. Suddenly the king interrupted the painter, and handed him a parchment with a large royal seal on it. It was a *brevet* of member of the Academy of Painting, founded under the auspices of Lebrun.

Louis XIV. expected Mignard to fall on his knees and pour forth enthusiastic thanks.

His surprise, and that of the courtier-valet was great, when the artist, after having read the *brevet* attentively, returned it to the monarch with a low bow, saying, however, these words, which, to the ear of the haughty king, were all but new:—

"I thank your majesty from the bottom of my soul, and I shall always feel deep gratitude to him; but I cannot sit in the academy presided over by Monsieur Lebrun."

Louis XIV. frowned, Mademoiselle Mignard turned pale, and Bloin thought his *protégé* lost for ever.

"And what academy do you intend to honour with your presence?" said the king, in that pompous tone which by his courtiers was called crushing.

"The Academy of St. Luke, which to-morrow will elect me president, and the next day will submit that election to your majesty."

Louis XIV. understood Mignard, and his pride checked the king's anger.

"Altar against altar," said the king, with an ironical smile.

"Brush against brush," replied Mignard.

"We shall see," replied the king, flattered at the rivalry of two reputations, which he considered owed their very being to his glory.

"Pardieu, my master," said he, rising to leave the room, "I admire your disdain for royal parchments; it is rare among people of your class."

This insolent remark caused the cheeks of Mademoiselle Mignard to crimson. Her beauty was now so dazzling, that the king, about to leave the room, stopped to gaze on her.

Encouraged by his admiration she spoke:—

"Sire! People of our class have shed their blood on the battle-field, and we merited the notice of your most illustrious ancestor."

"How was that?" said the king, coming back.

"Sir! my grandfather's name was Pierre More. He was

in the service of Henry IV., with his six brothers, all as brave as he was, and all handsome."

"Beauty is an inheritance in your family," said the king, smiling.

"One day, when our seven ancestors had fought like men, Henry IV. saw them together, and cried '*Ventre-Saint-Gris*, these are not *Moors*, but *Mignards*!' They have preserved the name, and it is nobility of which your majesty will allow us to be proud."

"I will allow you, and it depends on your father, whether or no I one day remember his ancestors. We will speak again of my academy and of yours. I will sit for my tenth portrait one of these days, if I am not too old!"

"Sire!" replied the painter, "I shall only have to add some more victories to the glorious list!"

The king said no more of the Academy, approved his election to that of St. Luke, and it was only at the death of Lebrun that Mignard became, the same day, academician, professor, rector, director, and chancellor of the Academy in which he had refused to sit beneath his rival. It was but two days after the scene above referred to that the king sent letters of nobility to the artist.

### MODERN BRITISH ART—THE HANGING COMMITTEE.

WHEN Turner was a rising man, and was exciting some or that notice which his eccentricities no less than his talents demanded, he sent a picture full of brilliancy and colour to the exhibition of the Royal Academy. As chance, or ignorance of the Hanging Committee, would have it—(or it might be, to be very charitable, that the size absolutely required it)—it was hung side-by-side with a very dark and sombre painting by Northcote. The latter artist, when he came to his own, upon the private view, found it literally "put out." "You might," said he to the hangers, when he indignantly remonstrated with them, "you might as well have opened a window under my picture."

The force of this remark—and Northcote was celebrated for his happy expressions,—the majority of art-students must at once perceive. The light and brilliant picture naturally attracts more than its sombre and dull pendant. The one is termed "high," and the other "low," in tone or colour, and the effect produced by hanging one by the side of the other, is termed technically "killing."

Now, for "killing" other people's pictures, some artists—and Turner was amongst the number—have a genius. His were so bright, that some one said that they were like holes cut in the wall; and Sir Francis Chantrey, on a varnishing day, which happened to be excessively cold, stopped before one of that artist's pictures, blaxing with vermilion and chrome, and rubbing his hands, as if warming them at the glow, said, "Hang it, Turner, this is the most comfortable place in the room!" But even this brilliant artist could himself be killed, and in 1827, at an exhibition had the misfortune to have his "Rembrandt's Daughter," a very vivid picture, hung close to a portrait of a member of Dublin University in a scarlet gown, the effect of which was, that the Turner was "killed;" and a passer-by found that artist very busy adding red lead and vermilion to his picture, and trying to outblaze his neighbour. "Why, what are you at, Turner?" was the question. "The hangers have checkmated me," was the reply; and the artist's pencil pointed significantly to the scarlet gown of the university man.

These anecdotes we have quoted to illustrate the remarks which we are about to make concerning exhibitions. No one can have failed to observe that some pictures, carefully painted and well finished, have a weak appearance when in a gallery of newly-painted pictures, which they have not when looked at alone. They are hung, it is very possible, near a picture which is high in tone, and which boasts a very brilliant colour. The picture which *kills* its rival is painted, doubtless, by an "income-seeking" artist, who knows very well that a bri-

liant prettiness is sure to attract. It may not attract judges. Unfortunately the great majority, even of picture-buyers, and much more so of gallery or exhibition visitors, are not judges, and the picture attracts them, excites an undue attention, and effectually prevents its more modest neighbour from being seen and appreciated. True worth, the public may urge, is sure to find its place some day; and the saying is to a great extent true; but in addition to the evils with which genius has to struggle, and we have Johnson's authority for the line—

"Slow rises worth by poverty oppress'd,"

we need not load it with unfairness, and by that unfairness vitiate the taste of the public. Pictures of a very high tone, and of great brilliancy, should be hung in a room by themselves. Then the artists who sought, by meretricious ways, or by eccentricity, to jump into notice, would have the battle all to themselves; but it is obviously unfair, when a small historical picture of the time of the Puritans, whose chief

of being the nursing mothers of art, become but cruel step-mothers, who oppress it. Their true province is

"To foster talent young and shy,  
To tender those, which else unfriended die."

And so far from doing it, most of these societies seem to exist for the purpose of affording excellent opportunities of display to those who are lucky enough to be members or associates of them.

The other causes of complaint against exhibitions, and things to be observed by those who frequent them, are of minor importance; but the complaints against the Hanging Committee are loud, long, and unceasing, and in every instance with which we are acquainted, most perfectly founded. The effect of their ignorance, or unfairness, is to negative the value of an exhibition both to the public and to the artist, and the sooner they take the advice which is solemnly written over the gates of the Dublin House of Correction, and "cease to do evil and learn to do well," the better for art in England.



ITALIAN MULETEERS.—FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN BOTH.

merit lies in its sombre and sober hue, is hung by the side of a brilliant sunset, set off by a red cloak, as bright as the robes of a cardinal. The one is no more to be seen than is a violet hid behind a peony. The eye is attracted by the brighter colour, which has a greater effect on the retina; the sombre picture is passed over; and the artist, who might deservedly have sold his performance, and have been cheered on his way by success, finds that he has nothing left but to paint so brilliantly as to outblaze his rival. It is certain that the hangers have as much to learn as the public on this subject. There is little doubt but that the numbers of pictures and the various sizes of the frames, must to a certain extent determine them, and they have also to reserve, which is most unfair both to the rising artist and to the public, all the best places on the line of sight for the pictures of the members of the academy, or the associates of the other exhibitions. Under these circumstances, meritorious artists rise but slowly. The exceptions to the rule, and Mr. Millais is the most brilliant of these, owe their happy fortune rather to an extravagant eccentricity or to some lucky chance, than to anything else. The Royal Academy, also, and the other bodies, chartered or not, instead

### THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE successes of the *Præ-Raphaelites* and the strictures of the higher class of critics, and also; let us add, the very great prices now given, not to picture-dealers, but to the painters themselves, have given an impulse to artists which presses on one as a thing "not to be put by." There is now no doubt about the success of the English school; each year marks its course by some triumphant work; and not an exhibition opens, but has within it some picture of talent, sufficient, thirty years ago, to have made a reputation. That of the Royal Academy of this year, with which we have at present to do, is so much superior to those of the few years lately passed, that in academic history it is decidedly worthy to be marked with a white stone. It was heralded with a note of praise both long and loud; for somehow the performances of artists creep out into artistic circles, and are known and criticised before they are exhibited. Long ago we had heard of the great picture by *Maclise*, of the wonderful and quaint scene by *Frith*, and of the *hætus* to be made by the absence of *Millais*. Long ago we had been told that the exhibition of

this year was to exceed its predecessors; but certainly we did not expect that in this case rumour would lag so far behind the truth.

Notwithstanding the brilliancy of the exhibition, some of the most brilliant exhibitors—to use a term of expression nearly amounting to a Hibernicism—are absent. There is no Mulready, no Dyce, no Herbert, no Millais, who may all be termed brilliant exceptions; and besides these absentees, there is also an absence of familiar names which cannot be regretted—we allude to the fact of the wholesale desertion of those books which "Mr. Punch" declared to constitute the painter's library. "The History of England" is sparingly quoted from, "The Vicar of Wakefield" is laid by, and even "Gil Blas" and "The Percy Reliques" seem to have been passed over. From this arises a freshness of subject which is quite delightful. But we will no longer perform the office of button-holder, and keep the reader waiting; but, after having indulged in a private view, we will enter with him amongst the crowd of fashionables, artists, literati, and nobodies, who throng the rooms on the first day.

yard," by Mr. Uwins, are two very indifferent pictures, which would never have made a reputation. Royal academicians sometimes exhibit very indifferent pictures. If Mr. Uwins had paid more attention to the painting and drawing of the mother in the latter picture, and had not given us the verbose and unnecessary quotation in the catalogue, it would have been more satisfactory, the subject being quite capable of telling its own tale. The dog is well painted, and the children very fairly executed; the flesh in the "Cottage Toilette" has a very disagreeable hue. There are several good portraits in this room. (No. 33) "My two Boys," by Knight; "Martha, daughter of E. H. Baily" (No. 41), by Mogford; a picture which would be better in effect if the background had been cooler. Mr. Grant has some beautiful portraits, of which we think (No. 69) "The Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay," and (No. 74) "Viscount Gough," the best of the male, and (No. 353) "Mrs. Percival Heywood," of the female portraits; the latter is very life-like and forcible, and the black silk dress is carefully finished. Sir J. Watson Gordon and J. P. Knight also do credit to their previously earned reputations;



AN ITALIAN VIEW AT SUNSET.—FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN BOTH.

In criticising so vast an array of pictures—and, by the way, we may mention that between four and five hundred were, *after being accepted*, not hung for want of room; therefore let young artists take courage—we may as well begin numerically, noticing those pictures which are most interesting, premising that we do not intend, like Mr. Ruskin, to abuse any of the public into an intense admiration of any pictures which they neither like nor understand.

In the East room we find (No. 6) "Cinderella," a very clever and fanciful little picture, by George Cruikshank; the figure of Cinderella is not so good as the other parts of the picture. (No. 20) "Death of Francesco Foscari, Doge of Venice," by Pickersgill, is in some respects a fine picture, but we imagine we have seen it before, there is such a sameness in the figures; the yellow-haired lady and the white dress we are sure are old acquaintances; besides this, the lady's head is much too small. These are grave faults of carelessness in an artist of such evident talent as Mr. F. Pickersgill. (No. 26) "The Cottage Toilette," and (No. 79) "A Cabin in a Vine-

yard," by Mr. Dicksee's portrait of "A Lady and her Child" (No. 98) is decidedly the best female portrait in the room; the lady dances her child naturally and gracefully, and the silk dress is perfection. This is certainly the best picture Mr. Dicksee has as yet exhibited.

"The Swing" (No. 60), by F. Goodall, cannot be too highly praised; for grace, action, and beauty of colouring, it is almost unequalled. The boy whispering to the little girl at the foot of the tree is quite a miniature cavalier. The park and distant country seen through the trees, prove Mr. Goodall to be a first-class landscape painter, and renders his picture one of the gems of the exhibition. The productions of Mr. Gale deserve honourable mention for their care, brilliancy, and finish, although their general effect is somewhat injured by an adhesion to the missal-like style of the *Præ-Raphaelites*. Thus in the "Wounded Knight" (No. 65), the ferns and wild flowers, amongst which he is lying, are of equal importance with the figure, and render the general effect glaring and confused; besides this, such minute finish is untrue to



nature, small objects being toned down, and the mind exercised upon the larger objects, prevents the retina from attending to the *minutiae* before it. No. 492, by the same artist, though in another room, represents a scene from "Cymbeline." This is equal in execution to No. 55, while more prominence being given to the figures, the picture is thereby the better of the two. The face of Imogen is refined, natural, and beautiful. "The Last of the Crew" (No. 57), C. Stanfield, R.A., is painted with this artist's usual brilliancy, and is the most touching and poetical sea-piece we ever saw. (No. 63), "Royal Sports on Loch and Hill;" the Queen, Prince Consort, and the Prince of Wales, the Viscountess Jocelyn, etc.—Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A. Of this picture it is difficult to speak, as it is unfinished, with the exception of the game, which is finely painted. In our opinion it ought not to have been exhibited in such a state. The Queen's face has a most extraordinary flush on it. Prince Albert's figure is most effeminate, while the Viscountess Jocelyn's large unnatural eyes have the appearance of blindness. (No. 360), "Dandie Dinmont," the Queen's favourite Skye terrier, is certainly not equal to Sir Edwin's earlier efforts. Mr. Webster has an approaching rival in a young artist of the happy name of Smith, who has two excellently-painted works of children (No. 70) "Blackberrying," and (No. 142) "Bob-cherry." In these, colour, execution, and drawing, are all excellent. War, about which every head in the nation is either turned at the present moment, or violently affected, has two illustrations, termed "Fuentes d'Onor, May, 1810, and August, 1811" (Nos. 71 and 210). Both of these are well painted, and tell a very common but sad tale; the hanging committee having, unfortunately, spoilt the narrative by hanging the pictures,

which are evidently pendants to each other, in different rooms. No. 85 a "Villager's Offering," and No. 104 a "Breakfast Party," are two highly finished pictures by Webster. We may mention, *en passant*, that only the other day, a picture by this artist, which had cost a connoisseur only forty pounds some four years ago, sold at his sale for three hundred!

Mr. Leslie has three pictures, none of which can be classed as more than sketches, the execution being altogether slovenly, the drawing careless, and the colour crude. The principal of these is from Pope's polished court pastoral of "The Rape of the Lock," of which it cannot be called an illustration. Poets have, indeed, to complain of such pictures being foisted on their works. Who, for instance, would dream of the coquetish Belinda, surrounded by gnomes and fairies to do her bidding, when looking at the awkward and somewhat melancholy sketch in the picture of Mr. Leslie? The last picture which we shall notice at present, leaving for our next number a still greater treat, is a curious and beautiful illustration of modern "Life at the Sea-side," by Frith. A multitude of figures are seen upon the sea-shore, following all sorts of methods to kill time, which people at the sea-side generally indulge in. All classes are here represented, from children who use their toy-shop spades to dig in the sand, to the vagabond Ethiopian serenader who kicks and flourishes in the background of the picture. There is a great deal of the treatment of Hogarth about this painting—the same life, bustle, and vivacity; and if there is less force and knowledge, there is yet more prettiness. Few will easily tire of the present work of art. Amongst the crowd may be recognised the artist, his wife, and child. It has, we hear, been already twice sold, the last price given for it being one thousand pounds.

## SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

We have already alluded to this great artist, one of those who has done so much credit to this country, and whose productions are of such value to the connoisseur.\* It is as much for what he did to elevate and spur on others to the noble emulation of fame and success, that we admire and love the great English painter. Before his time art was at a low ebb in England. We had taste to admire the productions of the Italian, Spanish, and Flemish schools, but we were not productive in art. It is a fallacy very deeply rooted in the minds of continental nations, that we are a very fine race of shopkeepers, very excellent sailors, very good at constitutional government, first-rate merchants, and deeply cunning diplomats, but that of fancy and imagination we have nothing. It is in vain that an Englishman, indignant at such an aspersion, points to the greatest poets and dramatists in the world, English born, whose works show fancy at its very highest point—it is in vain that we explain that romance writing, as an art, owes its very existence to this island. Though Frenchmen have sometimes heard of Shakespeare, possess a vague notion that one John Milton did exist, and are familiar with Byron—whom they claim as a Frenchman, Byron!—and Scott, yet still they stick to their old text, and deny us any taste, any fancy, any imagination.

Slowly and vaguely the idea is working itself into continental minds, that England is great in everything. Sir Joshua Reynolds is but one instance of the universality of our genius. It is difficult to explain the slow growth of art in this country, unless we seek for the cause in those religious and political troubles which absorbed every mind in the days of the first Charles and the great Cromwell, while under Charles II. the universal depravity of morals, the degeneration of king and people, and the narrow escape of moral extinction which we had at that time, must have prevented anything great or noble from making way above the surface of disorganised society.

The study of Vandyck, and the appearance in England of Lely and Kneller, two foreign artists, paved the way for the

\* ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. i. p. 19.

higher art, which soon was to be developed in Sir Joshua. Great indeed were the deficiencies of the British school when he arose. Its members seem to have been groping in the dark, conscious of power, of vigour, of energy; but, from want of artistic education, ignorant how to use it. Sir Joshua went the right way to work. He studied hard, gained a thorough knowledge of the elements of his art, and then went to the classic soil of Italy to complete his studies, and drink inspiration at the true fount of art. It was beneath the eye, as it were, of Michael Angelo and Raphael—at all events breathing the atmosphere in which they once lived, and gazing on their matchless works—that he gained such perfect mastery over his pencil.

High art is a phrase which is often used, never very accurately defined. Everything appears entitled to that epithet which elevates the standard of nature to sublimity. Reynolds did this with portrait-painting. He made it something superior, something greater than it had ever been before. It is probable, that had Sir Joshua enjoyed the advantages of a sound early education, he would have been as great in historical as in portrait painting. Here lies the weakness of most British artists. Generally speaking, they study nothing but the elements of their own art. While the foreign artist, especially the French painter, imbues his mind with general knowledge, studies history, anatomy, the intricate history of costume, too many of our own countrymen either cram for the occasion or fall into strange and painful errors.

This is notoriously the case with many living men, who, did they not wholly confine themselves to outline and colour, who, did they but elevate their minds by grasping that which expands and ennobles the intellect, might rise to original conception, instead of being eternal mannerists and copyists. A man will never paint well that which he does not understand. If he seeks to produce a Scripture subject, he must be familiar with all that learning and research has laid bare in reference to the age gone by. He must comprehend the climate, natural productions, costume, and *colour locale* of his subject, or he never will be great. How admirable, how perfect, are

many of our English artists, when they paint English scenery. It is because they paint what they thoroughly understand. As in speaking and writing, so in art, a thorough conception of the subject is half the battle. The artist attacks his canvas with a boldness and courage which he can never feel, when he is in doubt as to details. Imagine a novelist, who knew nothing of the reign of Charles II. but a few leading facts, writing a novel laid in that day. His production would be something ludicrous. Paintings, meant to be sublime, are often ridiculous from this great error. The tragedians, representing Brutus in a bag-wig and red heels, were not more absurd than an artist who, painting a scene in British India, dressed his natives like Syrians; nor at all more out of character than the painter who, representing an event in Virginia, painted Peruvian Indians instead of Sioux or Choctaws. Such errors strike not the vulgar, but they utterly destroy the effect of a picture in the eyes of a man of taste and education.

The severe taste generated by the change from Romanism to Protestantism checked for a time the progress of art, which, owing its birth to lands imbued with popery, could not fit itself at once to the more chaste and pure ideas of a purified religion.

It was not until the days of Reynolds, when Hogarth and Gainsborough also flourished, that British art took an impetus, and became a firm plant in a rich soil. They were men worthy any age and time, and as long as the English language endures—and what mind is there vast enough to grasp the fact of what the English language has yet to do!—will these men be admired and venerated as the leaders and masters of a school, that will yet in all probability rival any that has existed. Reynolds matured what the less cultivated genius of the others prepared.

Devonshire has been peculiarly rich in painters. It produced Reynolds; it has since given us Hudson, Hayman, Cosway, Humphry, Haydon, Northcote, Prout, and many others. Reynolds was originally intended for the church; but fortunately for posterity he changed his vocation. Many a good tailor and shoemaker has been spoiled in the effort to create a painter; but many a man of genius has been kept from his proper sphere in the effort to make him a clergyman. The ministry is a vocation to which a man should rather turn from choice than be brought up to it. It would have been well for Reynolds, perhaps, had he acquired the knowledge which a university education would have given him. But his father, good easy man, taught him little, and he began the world with a very small stock of knowledge.

It was in the society of literary men, from frequent intercourse with the wits and poets and historians and divines, who assembled round his table, rather than from any early habits, that Reynolds acquired a taste for literary composition. Johnson and Goldsmith were his friends. The following from Farrington is high praise. He is speaking of his intellectual evenings:—"Such an example at the head of the arts, had the happiest effect upon the members of the profession. At this time, a change in the habits and manners of the people of this country was beginning to take place. Public taste was improving. The coarse familiarity, so common in personal intercourse, was laid aside, and respectful attention and civility in address gradually gave a new and better aspect to society. The profane habit of using oaths in conversation no longer offended the ear; and Bacchanalian intemperance at the dinner-table was succeeded by rational cheerfulness and sober forbearance. No class of society manifested more speedy improvement than the body of artists. In the example set by Sir Joshua Reynolds, he was supported by some of his contemporaries, who were highly respected for the propriety of their conduct and gentlemanly deportment. So striking was the change, that a much-esteemed artist, far advanced in life, being a few years since at a dinner-table surrounded by men of his own profession, recollecting those of former times, remarked the great difference in their manners, adding, 'I now see only gentlemen before me. Such is the influence of good example.'"

But it is in his pictures that Sir Joshua will live. It is by them that the world knows him; and that which we represent in this number (p. 384) is not one of the least deserving.

Here is the young street-wanderer, holding out one hand to solicit a gift, but offering in the other a few old-fashioned matches for sale. This is his last compromise with shame, the last prudent act of the mendicant-boy. By this he half-conceals from himself the idea that he is a beggar, and eludes the letter of the law, which declares it criminal for the hungry to ask for bread of the passer-by.

But the painter's touch imprints on the figure and countenance of this boy the unmistakeable characteristics of mendicancy. The humble and patient attitude, the sorrowful expression of face, the extended hand, all claim our pity; a compassionate tenderness must be roused by the sight of this poor suppliant. In nothing has the painter exaggerated his subject. Even in the beggar's clothing there is a decent propriety observed; he is not a vagrant in uncouth tatters, a creature repulsive in his dirt and rage, but one who, though possessing nothing of value, still keeps himself above abject and degrading destitution. On the other hand, however, he is no softly-clad beggar, picturesquely ragged. In his countenance there is nobility and feeling; we think, when looking at him, that he is the best object of sympathy, as one who, in other circumstances, would have been sympathising himself. Thus it is not by the externals of misery, or by tears, or by distorted features that Reynolds moves our pity for this poor boy; his appeal is not to our senses; it speaks directly to the soul. The moral sympathies of our nature are touched and awakened far more completely by this sad, quiet, manly countenance, than by an aggregate of terrible details of suffering, of want, wretchedness, and privation.

It is in this, if our theory be not altogether erroneous, that we find the true solution of that problem, so long disputed—What is art? Art idealises form and colour, so as to clothe a sentiment or an idea in truth and beauty. The artist who describes an object in painting or sculpture, as a poet would depict it in an epic or an ode, possesses the real genius to which chisel and pencil should belong. The most skillful imitator of nature is not the true painter; he stands to him in the same relation that a mason holds to an architect. Otherwise an exact copyist would be equal to the original painter.

The artists who have adopted this as their principle, have usually selected, for the subject of their compositions, the high and noble emotions of human nature—sorrow, enthusiasm, devotion, and meditation; while those of the more material school delight chiefly in scenes of earthly joy, in dances such as made Boccaccio's gardens happy, in festivals such as Cagliari painted, in fêtes like those of Velasquez, in flowery and radiant landscapes, or laughing, blooming groups of beauty. The Flemish school is made up almost entirely of such painters. Why is this? Is it because joy has less power over the deepest emotions of man? Is it more accidental and external to him? Is it less bound to him by roots striking far into his innermost nature? It seems difficult not to believe at least something like this. The appearance of felicity, no doubt, is pleasing to us; it inclines us to agreeable thoughts, and, perhaps, communicates such thoughts to our minds; but it does not assume that control of all our emotions which belongs to the sight of moral suffering. We are fascinated by the smiling Hebe; but we are riveted by the Niobe, with upturned eyes, speechless and stricken, without even a prayer or a cry upon her lips. That seems to command all the feelings which live in us; it pierces through our human materialism; it troubles, it softens us, and makes us yearn for power to assuage those pains of the soul which we witness; and it is by this invisible bond, linking all humanity into one, that, unless evil passions completely sway our hearts, we are made to weep with those who weep; so that it is among the gracious dispensations of Providence, that to console others is consolation to ourselves.

It results from this, that every work which awakens, by the representation of sorrow, such a remembrance of our better

nature, tends to elevate the sentiments and to dignify the moral sympathies. It teaches what is noblest in humanity; for it inspires the heart with a desire to accomplish those duties which the divine precepts and the laws of society have established as relations between man and man.

The spectacle of a bright image or a joyous scene awakens

particular class of painters. There are two things to be considered in a question of art—the perfection of the work, and its influence on men—and the latter is by no means invariably proportionate to the former. A work may be a finished masterpiece without exercising any appreciable influence on the beholder's mind, or its influence may be far from good;



THE BEGGAR-BOY.—FROM A PAINTING BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

by no means such great emotions. It pleases, it diverts, but it does not improve us; it is addressed to the inclinations, but it does not penetrate to the heart. Even if its influence be powerful, the effect stops with us, and is of no value to others.

This is not said in order to create a prejudice against any school, or to stamp with inferiority the productions of any

while a statue or a picture of considerably less excellence may attract or excite a crowd. It is rarely, indeed, that the art of one painter is so perfect as to combine the highest purpose with the highest power of execution, to make the work admirable in spirit, taste, and beauty. When the artist this, he is indeed a poet.

## PAUL REMBRANDT.



REMBRANDT was the son of a miller named Herman Gerretsz, surnamed Van Ryn, or of the Rhine; because his mill was situated on a branch of that river, near Leyden, between the villages of Layerdorp and Koukerck. His mother, Cornelia Van Zuitbroek, brought him into the world on the 15th of June, 1606, and he was baptized by the name of Rembrandt, which he rendered so famous. Being intended for the profession of letters, he was sent when very young to the university of Leyden; but the demon of painting was already exciting him, and, soon finding fewer charms in the Latin authors than in engravings, he quitted the study of Suetonius for that of *chiaroscuro*. If we may believe Sandrart, his contemporary, Paul Rembrandt at first attended the studio of Van Swanenburg, who gave him his first lessons. Houbraken, on the contrary, informs us that his first master was Peter Lastman, a painter who enjoyed a considerable reputation at Amsterdam; and that at the end of six months he quitted Lastman and worked with J.ques Pinas. This assertion of Houbraken's seems not improbable, since we find in the works of Pinas and of Lastman the elements of the style that was to immortalise their pupil. Whatever may be the originality of a man's genius, his works will always display some indications of obscure affinity with earlier productions; his manner has been dimly foreshadowed by some peculiarity of his predecessors: thus it might be said that there was a germ of Rembrandt's style in that of Correggio, and its development might be traced by almost imperceptible steps through the works of Elzheimer

and Lastman. It is very natural that many painters should contest the honour of having guided the youth of an artist who, on quitting their studio, became at once their master. Thus it is that Leewen, in his description of the city of Leyden, assigns him a fourth master in the person of George Schooten.

Rembrandt has taken good care to transmit to us paintings of his person, or at least of his countenance, from the period of the freshness of youth up to that of shrunken old age. When he returned from Amsterdam to his father's mill he numbered some twenty years. He was a man at once robust and delicate. His broad and slightly-rounded forehead presented a development that indicates a powerful imagination. His eyes were small, deepest, quick, intelligent, and full of fire. His flowing hair, of a warm colour, bordering on red, and curling naturally, may possibly indicate a Jewish extraction. His head had a great deal of character, in spite of the plainness of his features; a large, flat nose, high cheekbones, and a copper-coloured complexion, imparted a vulgarity to his face, which was however relieved by the form of his mouth, the haughty outline of his eyebrows, and the brilliancy of his eyes. Such was Rembrandt; and the character of the figures he painted partakes of that of his own person,—that is to say, they have a great deal of expression, but are not noble, and possess much pathos, but are deficient in what is termed style.

An artist thus constituted could not but be exceedingly original and independent, though selfish, and entirely swayed

by his caprice. Therefore when he began to study nature, he entered on his task, not with that simple good-nature which is the distinctive characteristic of so many of the Dutch painters, but with an innate desire to stamp every object with his own peculiarity, and joining his own imagination with an attentive observation of real life. Of all the phenomena of nature, that which gave him most trouble was light; and of all the difficulties of painting, that which he most desired to conquer was the power of expression. Traces of these two prevailing desires may be found even in his early engravings.

How frequently has the tragic scene of Calvary been represented by the painter's pencil! From Daniel di Volterra down to Rubens, how many painters have especially chosen the moment when the dead body of Christ is being lowered from the cross! But when Rembrandt approaches the same subject, he presents it to us with an unforeseen sublimity. Considered with reference to those proprieties which we call style, costume, tradition, "The Descent from the Cross" by this master would doubtless be an indefensible picture: the head and body of the crucified Redeemer are frightfully ugly. The men who have drawn the nails, and those who hold the winding-sheet, or who support the descending body in their arms, as well as the three Marys and the spectators of the scene, belong, judging by their odd and dilapidated raiment, their head-dresses, and their figures altogether, to the least elevated, or even to the very lowest classes. In the foreground a sort of burgomaster is standing in an attitude of indifference, with a turban and a braided mantle lined with fur. He is leaning on an official-looking cane, and has quite the appearance of an officer sent by the magistrates to witness the removal of the body. But Rembrandt with one master-stroke has imparted an astonishing poetry to this scene of mourning, by introducing a ray of light falling from above, a glance, as it were, from the Almighty, upon the body of the victim. A stream of light pierces the obscurity of the heavens and inundates the picture with light; while, in the valley, Jerusalem is only seen through the misty half-tint, a glorious splendour illumines and gives brilliancy to the scene of death. Those servants in tatters no longer have a vulgar aspect; and we only notice their expressive g-stures, their careful and zealous precautions, and their heart-felt grief.

Retired within the obscurity of his father's mill, the miller's son had long been an admirer of nature before he had ever thought of admiring himself: some amateur, however, had noticed him. Holland was at that time full of connoisseurs and patrons of the arts, which were held in great honour there; and it was hardly possible that some picture, engraving, or drawing of Rembrandt's should not cause a sensation among a nation who were then running mad after painting. A people whose life is not merely one of external enjoyment, as is the case with the Italians and other nations of the South, but one of a domestic, retired, patient, and profound character, must have readily comprehended the works of Rembrandt. One of the first pictures of the young painter having attracted notice, he was advised to take it to the Hague; and he was recommended to a rich amateur by whom he would be well received. In fact, the artist, to his great astonishment, met with a reception and a reward far beyond his expectations or hopes; his picture was bought for one hundred florins. But here we prefer borrowing the language of the historian Descamps, without altering the simple style of his narrative. "This sum of one hundred florins nearly turned the head of the young artist: he had undertaken his journey on foot; but in order to reach his home the sooner, and to acquaint his father with his great good fortune, he travelled back by the diligence, and thus escaped the fate of Correggio.\* All the passengers descended when the carriage stopped for dinner, but Rembrandt remained. He was anxious about his treasure, and would not run the risk of losing it. The stable-boy, on

removing the trough in which he had given the horses their corn, not having unharnessed or tied them up, they continued their journey, without waiting for their driver or the other passengers, and arrived safe with Rembrandt at Leyden, where they stopped at the customary hotel. Our painter quickly jumped out of the carriage, and hurried off with his money to his father's mill."

This success would not, perhaps, have been sufficient to tempt Rembrandt from the solitude in which he had grown upon the banks of the Rhine, if a new passion had not at that time found its way into his heart. The day upon which he was able to count down a hundred florins, gained by a few strokes of his pencil, he felt himself a miser; whether it was that he had been born with this vice, or whether in the ringing of so many pieces of money he only heard the echo of the admiration his work inspired, it is certain that, seeing fame so readily translate itself into florins, he went to seek it at Amsterdam, and in 1630, at the age of twenty-four, he had already established his residence in that city. The feeling of self was very largely developed in Rembrandt. In the very year of his settling at Amsterdam, he painted and engraved his own portrait in a hundred different positions, and in all sorts of costumes:† sometimes covered with a rich cloak and a velvet cap; sometimes with a hawk on his flat or a gleaming sabre in his hand; at others with a ruff of plaited lace; or again bareheaded, his hair standing on end and flying out from his forehead in all directions, like the waving rays usually given to the sun. When he had once made himself known, he opened a school, and divided the establishment into small cells or compartments, where each scholar might study from the life-model. He was doubtless afraid that studying in one common room might cause his pupils to lose their originality of manner; it might be said that as he was jealous of his own originality, so he equally guarded that of others. How many painters were destined to issue from these cells, without resembling each other it is true, but not without bearing with them some fragments of the genius of their master! Fictor, Gerard Douw, Lievens, Van Eckhout, Van Hoogstraten, Govaert Plink, Leonard Bramer, Ferdinand Bol, and many others.‡

As to the head of this convent-like studio, he was a fantastic dreamer, a man wrapt up in himself, full of originality, contradictions, and uncouthness. He had a large press full of turbans, fringed scarfs, old spangled stuffs, armour, rusty swords, and halberds; and he used to exclaim, when showing these to visitors, "These are my antiquities." He did not fail, however, to buy the engravings of Mark Anthony after Raphael; indeed, his biographer states that he possessed an ample collection of fine Italian engravings; but, different from those who affect to despise the things by which they profit, Rembrandt admired all, but imitated none. By a contradiction still more surprising for one so avaricious, he married a wife without fortune, a pretty country girl of the village of Ransdorp in Waterland; and he forthwith represented her by his side in one of his engravings, holding a glass in her hand, with smiling looks, smart with the finery of her dress and her blooming complexion. However, it is but just to say that if Rembrandt allowed the unworthy passion for money to find a place in his heart, he at least did not exclude from it the sentiment of gratitude. From the very commencement of his career he had enjoyed the patronage of a physician named Tulp, professor of anatomy at Amsterdam; and two years after his establishment in that city, he painted this professor surrounded by his pupils, and thus immortalised him, in the picture well known by the name of "The Anatomical Lecture." This picture appears to us somewhat cold, and wanting in that general relief in which Rembrandt always

† *I*de the catalogues of Clausen and of Bartsch. The greater number of his portraits are of 1630 and 1631.

‡ This portrait is the one that is placed at the head of this biography. It is known by the name of *Rembrandt oppugner*.

§ A complete list of these can be seen in the "Historical Researches" by Hagedorn. Dresden, 1735.

\* Correggio having received 200 livres in copper money as the price of a picture, carried that heavy burden himself the distance of twelve miles, in very hot weather, and caught a pleurisy, of which he died in 1513, at the age of forty.



exels. The painter has only succeeded in this in relieving the separate parts; each head taken by itself is full of life and expression, finely and vigorously modelled; but each attracts the attention separately, and thus injures the general effect; there is no sufficient decision in any part so as to concentrate the interest; the dead body laid out upon the table forms, from its diagonal position and the monotony of its greenish tint, the only point of the picture; the countenances, however, are good, spirited, and full of thought; the professor, with his hat on, in the presence of his pupils who are uncovered, holds at the end of his forceps the flexor muscles of the hand, and explains to his class the simple mechanism of them; he operates with the indifference of the anatomist, and like a man hardened against the scenes of the dissecting-room.

To copy nature even to the minutest details of the model, and to lend an extraordinary power to the representation with great effect and bold relief, is, doubtless, the perfection of art; but this was not the secret, or we may say, the practice, of Rembrandt. It is true, that in his early manner he finished highly; each head in "The Anatomical Lecture," for example, when closely examined, offers an infinity of extremely fine tones, even in a single eye; yet, seen at a proper distance, the object presents only the three elements of the model—the high light, the shade, and the half tint. Although this manner of the painter was not deficient in force, and had an immense success at Amsterdam, owing to the passion of the Dutch for high finish, Rembrandt became bolder by practice, and created for himself a new style, sharp, striking, even coarse in appearance, but dazzlingly brilliant, and of a truth to nature which almost amounted to magic. However delicate the subject might be, he gave the appearance of finish by spirited touches; without altering the forms or disturbing the masses, he rendered them striking in luminous places by vigorous and even rough touches, the passionate expression of which was all calculated by the consummate artist; for such a dashing style of execution is only to be attained by profound study, and when the painter has become the perfect master of his palette. A stroke of the brush, which may seem to have been dashed at random upon the canvas, like cement upon a wall, is nevertheless so correctly placed as to express character, action, and life, to make the nostrils expand, or soften the look; and if it be true, as Descamps asserts, that the originals of Rembrandt's portraits were obliged to submit patiently to the long indecision of the painter on the choice of the pose, and on the nature and style of the accessories, it is certain that they were amply rewarded by the speaking likeness that resulted, the truth of the colouring, and the fine play of light in which they saw themselves depicted: they were fortunate if they did not suffer from some strange fancy of this most whimsical of painters, for whoever sat for Rembrandt was compelled to submit to his caprices, or to renounce the gratification of being the original of a *chef-d'œuvre*.

It is related of him that one day, as he was just completing a picture of a family group, the death of his monkey was announced to him, whereupon he immediately painted the portrait of the animal, from memory, in the corner of the very canvas upon which he was working. The persons whose portraits composed the picture, and who were to pay him for it, were naturally offended at the introduction of a new member into their family; but Rembrandt chose rather to keep the picture than to efface the memorial of his favourite.

The mere imitation of nature, however, was so much beneath the genius of Rembrandt, that he made it a sort of pastime. In the intervals between his poetical compositions, to which his whole soul was devoted, illusive paintings of various objects formed a sort of amusement. Although it may be easy to deceive the senses by representing inanimate objects, such as fruit, flowers, shells, butterflies, and all that is comprehended in the term *still life*, it is not so easy to imitate life with such degree of truth as to deceive the eye. Rembrandt tried this more than once with startling success: it struck his fancy one day to paint his servant-girl opening

the window, as if to look into the street; he cut his canvas of exactly the same dimensions as the window, so that by taking out the sashes he might fill up the opening with his picture. The position of the figure was so natural, the relief of the hand so good, and the head so full of animation, that every one was deceived by the trick. This feat, so like those which are related of the Greek artists, though far superior (since it was not a bunch of grapes, or a curtain, but living nature, that was imitated), might, perhaps, seem an idle story, but that it is mentioned by Roger Piles, who adds, "This picture now forms part of my collection." \*

Dietrich, who was one of Rembrandt's imitators, said to the ingenious amateur Hagedorn, "When we wish to compose and light a picture in the style of Rembrandt, we must also adopt his manner of draping and adjusting the figures, without which the work would be deprived of that spirit which constitutes its charm." This observation is perfectly just; but it is most remarkable that so distinguished an amateur as M. de Hagedorn did not feel the value of the remark, but accompanies it in his book with the following lines:—"I believe, however, that if Rembrandt, that successful colourist, had studied the other branches of painting like Poussin, he would have been only the more admired, and that the combination of two perfections, force of colour and a strict adherence to the story of the picture, could not but have added to his celebrity."

We think there cannot be a greater mistake than this; for if Rembrandt had drawn in the style of Poussin, it would no longer be that of Rembrandt. How could a painter who addressed himself to the imagination of others, and drew entirely from his own, always respect the proprieties of his story or of costume, the beau-ideal of form, or conventionality and tradition? His pencil could not be guided at the same moment by the rules of reason and by flights of the imagination. If an artist places before our eyes the classical imagery of processions of young girls walking gracefully at the Panathænaic festivals, he may allow us to admire the purity of their profiles, and to trace the beauty of their forms under the thin covering which betrays them. Let plastic art have its triumph then, for the caprices of light and shade are useless; the antique school took its rise in sunny climes, and it would be unreasonable to shut up its works in the cavern of the alchemist. The heroes of Rome and Athens, clothed with the buskin and enveloped in the toga, would have been strangely out of place at the bottom of those caverns where Doctor Faustus believes that he sees the sparkling of cabalistic letters!

It is often said that Rembrandt was very defective in his drawing, and that he failed in this branch of the art; this is a heresy on the part of the orthodox critics. Certainly, Rembrandt did not draw with the correct elegance taught in the classical school; he was not acquainted with the chaste forms of the antique; he did not study the nude, at least that which the antique school has decided to comprise the most exquisite proportions and the purest outlines. His Bathshebas are Dutch matrons, whose homely charms would not seduce King David, unless by the warm and life-like flesh-tints; his chaste Susannahs are servant-wenchs, whom no one would be eager to surprise on coming out of their bath, did not a fanciful shadow conceal the poverty of their half-exposed charms, and throw a poetical mystery over the prose of their beauty: but there are some essential qualities of drawing, which Rembrandt possesses in the highest degree—expression and perspective. "Perhaps even," says the learned and classical author of the "*Traité complet de la Peinture*," † when on this subject, "he was superior in his appreciation of these qualities to Giulio Romano himself, or I even venture to say to Annibal Caracci." For the expression which results from the play of the features, and the attitude of attention, it would be difficult to meet with more simple, more energetic, or more striking examples than may be found in the works of

\* De Piles "Abrégé de la Vie des Peintres, avec des réflexions sur leur ouvrages." Paris, 1715. Second Edition.

† M. Faillot de Montabert, in vol. iii. of his "*Traité*," p. 198

Rembrandt. Was astonishment, for instance, ever better expressed than in the "Raising of Lazarus?"

Some authors have thought that Rembrandt visited Venice; De Piles has asserted it on the authority of certain etchings, on which the words, *Rembrandt, Venetiis*, 1635, appear to have been engraved. These words, in fact, can be made out upon three plates of oriental heads, turbaned and furred; but even if this be not a trick of the miser, and if Rembrandt did make a journey to Venice, of which there now only remains the evidence of these three prints, the illustrious painter did not

1628—the peculiarities of his style can be traced. He appears even then to have felt that the most important agent in his pictures was the light.

Rembrandt's principal and peculiar means of expression, especially in his paintings, is the *chiaroscuro*. Despairing of imitating the brightness of sunlight, he shuts his door against it, and closes up his window, only allowing it to penetrate through a small loophole. Having thus, as it were, imprisoned the daylight, he disposes of it at his own will, and makes the captive ray travel round his darkened apartment,



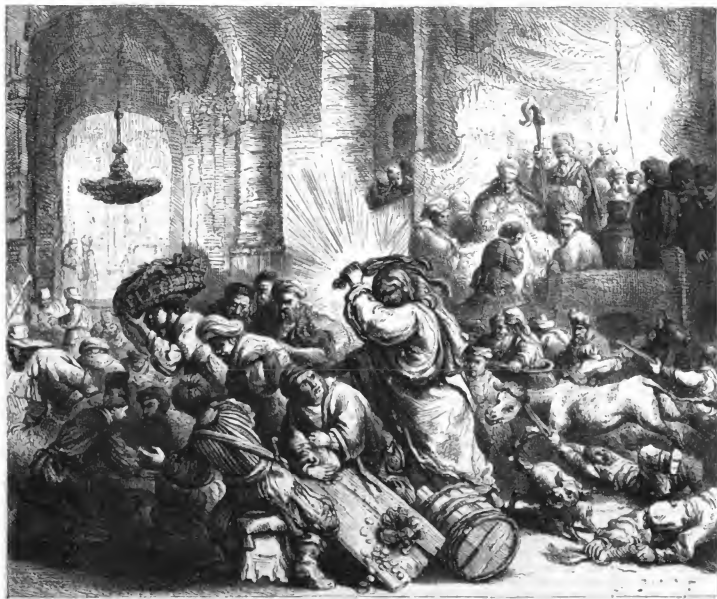
PORTRAIT OF THE BURGOMASTER SIX.—FROM A PAINTING BY REMBRANDT.

sojourn long in the land of the great masters of colour, since, according to the Chevalier de Clausin, who was well acquainted with the works in question, the word *Venetiis* is found upon all the three plates with the same date of 1635. However this may be, it is certain that Rembrandt could not have borrowed his peculiar style from the Venetians, it is so strongly marked with the impress of a great original genius, and so easily recognised, even in the smallest of his etchings previous to the year 1635. Even at the age of twenty-two, in his earliest known works—his first engravings being dated

causing it to fall, according to his fancy, now upon the skull of a hermit wrapt in meditation, now into an alcove with a woman in bed, perhaps the wife of Potiphar. There is no sentiment or idea which this painter does not express by light and shade only. When Jesus says to the buried Lazarus, "Come forth," Rembrandt represents the miracle of the "Raising of Lazarus" (p. 392) by a miracle of light and shade. The scene was pictured in his imagination as having taken place in a sombre cavern suddenly illuminated with a blaze of light. Rembrandt expresses life by light, and death by darkness.

Sometimes he seems to have desired to represent silence, and then a sweet harmony of tones, gently graduated, produces upon the eye the same effect as silence would produce upon the organ of hearing. We have often arrested our steps in the gallery of the Louvre to contemplate the two "Philosophers" of Rembrandt. A faint ray shines through the beared glass in the leaded casement of the hermit's quiet abode. Before him are some open books; but the dreamer no longer regards them; he is wrapt in meditation. The light seems to glide along the wall, and creeps along the floor, scarcely revealing the steps of a winding staircase, then loses itself almost insensibly in the apartment, and dies away into the darkness. In this vaulted retreat there reigns such per-

executed four etchings. In no other instance has he exhibited such consummate skill in toning down the light, and in lowering it to the point at which it seems actually to have disappeared, even while it is still present; for in Rembrandt's works there never is any actual black, but a mysterious half-tint, where the light and the darkness seem to be equally mixed. "Jacob's Dream" is the subject of the first of these mystic compositions. The angels gently ascend and descend a ladder, which is only illumined at its upper extremity. The dreamer, whom we suppose to be at the bottom of the ladder, is in the most profound darkness. This is the first state of the etching; but in a second proof, his figure may just be distinguished through the bars of the ladder as he is



CHRIST DRIVING THE MONEY-CHANGERS OUT OF THE TEMPLE.—FROM A PAINTING BY REMBRANDT.

fect peace, that the mere contemplation of the picture awakes a desire for the solitude. On a closer examination of this picture, we perceive on the staircase the figures of two women, whose colour differs so slightly from the mass of shade, that they do not in the slightest degree interfere with the subdued effect, or, to make use of the metaphor we alluded to above, they do not break the silence of the composition.

There exists a Spanish book \* of great obscurity, written by the Jew Manasse-ben-Iarsel, for which book Rembrandt

stretched at the foot. The celestial ray has descended the steps, and with its dying gleam indicates the vague outline of the sleeping traveller. The mystery is profound, the effect grand. The angels who brush against Jacob with their wings are, it is true, neither light nor aerial, but their very weight seems to render them more powerful and formidable. The lighting of the picture supplies the poetry of the subject, or rather of itself constitutes the poetry, for by means of it the effect is elevated to unequalled grandeur. This engraving,

\* This book is entitled, "Piedra gloriosa, ó de la Estatua de Nebuchadnezzar, con muchas y diversas autoridades de la S. S. y antiguos sabios" (Glorious Stone, or of the Statue of Nebuchadnezzar, with many and divers authorities taken from the Holy

Scriptures, and from the learned men of old). The four etchings of Rembrandt having been executed expressly for an edition of this book, it is not astonishing that they should be very scarce. This curious little book has fetched the price of £16.

destined for a small book, is not so large as the hand of the engraver; but the genius of Rembrandt, in spite of the narrow limits within which it is confined, gives the effect of gigantic proportions to the subject. In the same book he has represented the "Vision of Ezekiel," and he seems to have taken delight in making it pass through all the variations of his magic lantern. A glory is shining above, in the midst of which the Almighty appears surrounded by adoring angels. Below are seen the four animals of which the prophet speaks, loathsome beasts, as frightful as the gnomes lately discovered by Goya, and which, in the twilight where they are seen spreading out their hideous wings, serve as contrasts to the glories of heaven. This engraving measures only three inches; yet it comprises both worlds, hell below and heaven above, the brightness of paradise and the horrors of the infernal regions; it commences like the dream of a perfectly happy man, and finishes like the nightmare of a condemned felon.

Painting was not, perhaps, the principal source of the extraordinary fame of Rembrandt. It was particularly by his immortal etchings that he made himself known in the world of art, from Holland even to Rome. Merchants came from the remotest parts of Italy to offer him some of Mark Anthony's engravings in exchange for his corrected proofs. Shut up in his sombre studio, he silently pursued his occupation without witnesses, his door being closed against visitors. He wished it to be believed that he was in possession of some wonderful secrets, and he hoped that even the smallest print issuing from a laboratory into which nobody was permitted to penetrate, would be the more highly prized by amateurs; and he knew them well. According to his biographers, he would endeavour to enhance the value of his works by first striking off a few impressions of an unfinished engraving; he then continued to work at it by means of a second transparent varnish, making a few slight alterations, either with aquafortis or with the dry point; and thus succeeded in selling as different engravings a number of proofs from the same plate. It is certain that his engravings were the more in demand throughout Europe, because he required very high prices for them; and yet he still further raised their value by tricks which were worthy of a patriarch of the Synagogue. Sometimes he put them up for public sale, in order to raise the price by bidding for them himself; at other, he even sent his son to sell them clandestinely as stolen prints. Taking advantage of the infatuation with which he had inspired his countrymen, he would occasionally threaten to go to England; so that, being uncertain of the time he was to remain with them, the amateurs hastened to buy his prints at any price. He one day caused a report of his death to be spread, in order to enjoy the malicious gratification of coming to life again, in the midst of the astonished bidders, after his portfolios had been knocked down at auction. Amongst his numerous works there were etchings which he would not sell at first, even at the price of a hundred florins. "It was necessary," says Descamps, "to coax him in order to obtain them. It was the fashion—it was the rage. People were actually ridiculed who did not possess a proof of the little Juno with a crown, and another without the crown, or of the Joseph with a white face, and the same with a black face, or of the woman with a white bonnet, and with a little foal, and the same without a bonnet."

Rembrandt had already amassed a considerable fortune. His studio, full of pupils, who were sent to him by the principal citizens of Amsterdam, brought him in enormous sums. Sandrart, his contemporary, informs us that each of the pupils of this great but avaricious painter paid him no less than a hundred florins annually;\* to which must be added the produce of a great number of copies of his works by his pupils, retouched by the master, and sold by him as originals of his own: these were paintings by Pictoor, Govaert Flink,

and Van Eeckhout; this lucrative business brought Rembrandt as much as 2,500 florins, without reckoning the sums which he acquired by his own labour with the pencil, the graver, or the pen; for his designs, which exhibited great spirit and talent, were also valued at very high prices. In the midst of so much wealth, the painter of "The Night Patrol" lived in the same primitive simplicity as when he was only the son of the miller Gerretsz. Chary of his gold, he was only lavish of it in his pictures, where his warm lights resembled the colour and richness of his coin. But, in fact, even his engravings were coloured with that harmonious tint, the colour of the India paper, which Rembrandt liked to have them printed on, and which almost resembled thin sheets of gold. His pupils were so well acquainted with his weakness, that they often amused themselves by painting pieces of gold upon scraps of paper, and placing them on the floor in some corner, where the painter never failed to pick them up, though his good-nature would never allow him to punish those who had so cleverly deceived an eye like his. But, if Rembrandt loved gold, it was only for the sake of the enjoyment which the thought of it afforded him. His mode of living was parsimonious; his meals consisted, says Houbraken, of a salt herring or a piece of cheese. His manners and tastes kept him amongst the lower classes; and when he was one day reproached with this, he replied, "When I wish to amuse myself after my labours, I do not seek grandeur, which is only troublesome to me, but liberty."

The stern humourist, however, had some friends among the superior classes. Professor Tulp, Renier Analoë, an anabaptist minister; Haaring the elder, the great amateur of engravings, Abraham France, the famous goldsmith Janus Lutma, and lastly, Rembrandt's most intimate friend, the burghmaster Six, would all have been glad to introduce into their society an artist whose person would have excited at least as much interest as his engravings; but he declined it. His eccentricity, however, never lost him a friend: he knew how to attach them by his good-humour, and to immortalise them with his graver. John Six, when he was only secretary of the city of Amsterdam, composed a tragedy of Medea. In honour of his friend, and as if to illustrate this tragedy, Rembrandt engraved the admirable print of "The Marriage of Jason," which seems as if created by the wand of an enchanter.

The portrait of burghmaster Six (p. 388) is well known to all amateurs, artists, or patrons of the arts. He is represented standing, leaning against a window, by which the scene is lighted; he is occupied in reading a book, the reflection from which lights up his countenance. This portrait is so finely engraved, that the work of the graver resembles more a vigorous drawing in Indian ink than an etching on copper.

It was on the excursions which Rembrandt made from the city of Amsterdam to the country-house of burghmaster Six, that this great painter acquired a taste for landscape. He brought to the study of nature that sombre poetical feeling from which he never was free, and he often chose for his subject the strife between sunshine and tempest. The landscapes of Rembrandt are generally of a gloomy cast: a boat upon a stagnant canal, a lost road, a bull tied by a cord to the trunk of an old tree, are quite sufficient in his hands to supply subjects for contemplation, and to give us a dreamy view of nature. Broad shadows sometimes envelop the landscape, and the painter-engraver converts a scene in the open air into an interior dramatic composition; he treats his landscape like a vast chamber, with the heavenly vault for a ceiling, and he only allows the sunlight to appear in gleams, to which he opposes some dark trees in the foreground. The landscape of "The Three Trees," which is among our illustrations (p. 397), is composed in this manner. It is valued, and with reason, as one of his finest productions, and it may also be considered as

\* It is thus Robert Graham speaks of him in his "Lives of Painters" appended to the edition of the poem of Dufresnoy, translated into English by Dryden. London, 1716.

‡ According to the historian Baldinucci, Rembrandt belonged to a sect of anabaptists, then very numerous in Holland.

\* Sandrart, edit. in folio, 1683: "Qui singuli annuatim centenos ipsi numerant florinos prater emolumentum aliud, quod è venditis tyrorum suorum, picturis et figuris calcographicis obtinebat." — *Academia Artis Pictoriæ*, lib. iii. cap. xxii.

most characteristic of his style. That which is known as "The Pont de Six," now extremely rare, is worth mentioning, from the anecdote connected with it, related by Gersaint in his catalogue. On one occasion, when Rembrandt was staying at the country-house of burgomaster Six, the servant announced that dinner was ready; but, as they were sitting down to table, they observed that there was no mustard. The burgomaster ordered the servant to go immediately to the village and get some. Rembrandt, who knew the habitual tardiness of this servant, and who was himself of an active disposition, offered his friend Six a wager that he would engrave a print before the domestic returned. The challenge was accepted, and as Rembrandt always had some plates ready prepared, he took one immediately and engraved upon it the landscape that he saw from the windows of the room in which they were seated. The plate was completed before the return of the valet, and Rembrandt gained his wager.

The attempts at copying and imitating, or producing facsimiles of the works of Rembrandt have been very numerous; the merest scrawls by his hand have been counterfeited and imitated with more or less skill. Besides the very deceptive copies by Basan, Folkema, Watelet, Vivarès, Richard Wilson, Jacques Hazard, and Monsieur Denon (who was the Director of Museums of France), or the admirable retouching executed by an English officer, Captain Baillie, upon the plate called "The Hundred Florins," a vast number of painters and of young engravers, since the time of Bernard Picart, have tried the success of these innocent impostures. The author of this history, when studying engraving some years ago under Messrs. Calamatta and Mercuri, made himself a copy of the "Janus Lutma," not so much for the purpose of attempting the difficult task of making a perfect copy, as with a view to discover the pretended secrets of Rembrandt. Our readers, whether amateur or artists, will perhaps be indebted to us if we enter here into some explanations on the subject.

When a great painter occupies himself with engraving, he looks only to the result, without reference to the *modus operandi*. All his attention is directed to the proper disposition of the light and shade, and he endeavours to draw with the graver upon the copper just as he would do with his pencil upon paper. It is useless to talk to him of academic rules, of lines arranged with military precision; or to tell him that the well-known lozenge style of hatching must be rigorously adhered to. Of what importance to him are all these established rules and patent methods, if he can embody his ideas or render the effect of his picture without them? All the traditions of the craft, he will say, are insufficient for a man who has not a true feeling for his art, and are unnecessary to one who is endowed with it. Thus we observe how vigorously Rembrandt handles the great masses of his compositions, whether the material be fur, silk, or velvet; he attacks all with the same freedom of manner; he allows great scope to his hand, though it is always guided, even unconsciously, by an instinctive knowledge of form, by a delicate feeling for perspective, as to what parts should advance and what be kept back; of the texture of objects, whether dull, hard, polished, sparkling, woody, or fibrous. In the portrait of Lutma, the stone of the wall, the oak of the table, the iron of the hammer, the box full of tools, and the silver salver, which shines in a place where every other substance would be dull,—all these things are rendered by more regular and more equal hatching, and consequently appear colder than those which express the furred lining of the mantle and the rough plastering of the wall. But still it is as if playfully, and amidst the picturesque disorder of his numerous hatchings, that the engraver has intentionally altered the movement, graduated the touch, and varied the expression of the etching-needle. If Rembrandt's prints, however, have taught us that tradition can be dispensed with, and replaced by feeling, they have also added to the number of methods previously known, by showing us how to efface in certain cases the transparency of the paper. We may now naturally pass on to the explanation of the engraver's secrets, if he really had any other than that of his genius.

The Chevalier de Clausen distinguishes as many as seven dif-

ferent methods which Rembrandt made use of. The enthusiasm of an amateur, who had devoted thirty-six years of his life to the study of Rembrandt's works, makes it sufficiently clear that he was desirous of discovering in his favourite master more secrets than had been known to his predecessors Bartsch, Pierre Yver, Helle, Glomy, and Gersaint. But even according to his own explanation of these various secrets, it is evident that the seven pretended methods of Rembrandt resolved themselves into three. Thus, the habit of employing etching-needles of various sizes in order to finish both the delicate and powerful parts at the first working, without requiring any retouching upon a second varnish, was not peculiar to Rembrandt. In doing this the engraver only followed the ordinary process of etching, and there is no secret in it any more than in the method of retouching by passing a clear varnish over the first work, which remains visible through the transparent covering, and can thus be strengthened by further crossing the lines. The real improvement made by Rembrandt—and it is a very great one—was the introduction into etching of stains resembling delicate washes of Indian ink, and also dull parts of a velvet-like texture, like mezzo-tint; it may indeed be called the invention of the art of painting on copper. How he accomplished it is a question; but it is a great mistake to suppose that, after the lapse of two centuries, it still remains a profound mystery; for there are at least three methods of obtaining this tint, which may be compared to the glazing colours in painting. By either touching the naked copper with a brush dipped in aquafortis, or by roughening with pumice-stone the parts of the plate which are required to be deadened; or, lastly, by passing over it with fine rollers, the grain of which is invisible, we are enabled without difficulty to imitate the peculiar texture of Rembrandt. But as these operations only affect the surface of the metal, and do not penetrate it, they cannot long resist the process of printing, which soon effaces them. Rembrandt, in order to give durability to his work, most frequently made use of the dry point, which, by light hatching with very fine and very close lines, produces the required tint; afterwards, according as he wished to obtain a vigorous or delicate tone, a flat or velvet-like effect, he removed more or less of the roughness from the surface, which thus retained the printing-ink in the same proportion, and produced gray half-tints, or shadows resembling mezzo-tint.

The two methods most commonly employed by Rembrandt were those of roughening the copper with pumice-stone, of which we have an example in the "Pêcheur à la Barque," and of scratching the plate delicately with the dry point, without afterwards entirely removing the roughness, as the artist has treated the portrait of "Burgomaster Six," and of which the print of the "Hundred Florins" is particularly an example; this may be considered as the whole history of the great master's secrets. There remained, however, one other resource, which was for the artist to keep in his own hands the printing of his engravings; the genius of art being by a sad *mesalliance* associated in his case with the genius of avarice, our artist retired into his mysterious studio, and there using the printer's ink ball artistically, he was able to vary the proofs according to his fancy. Sometimes he contented himself with partially wiping the plate, at others he used the black very thickly, and occasionally his aim was to obtain transparency. In fact, he continued his experiments even to the very last impression the plate would yield, thus subjecting the work to every turn of his capricious humour.

According to de Piles, Rembrandt died at Amsterdam in 1688; according to Houbraken, in 1674.\* He left only one son, named Titus, who inherited the immense fortune, but not the genius of his father.

While Rembrandt was inimitable as an engraver, in painting none have surpassed him in three essential elements of the art; chiaroscuro, touch, and expression. If his subjects are vulgar, his treatment of them is grand; if his drawing is want-

\* The German Art-critic, Dr. Franz Kugler, has adopted the latter date.—Ed.



ing in purity, or incorrect in proportion, it is redeemed by the superior quality of pathos; he goes at once to the sentiment of his subject. Moreover, his very defects are of a nature which it would be a pity to remove. A thorough genius, Rembrandt admits of no corrections, and this constitutes his greatness.

of the sentiment of the art. His treatment of the lights is so powerful, and his shadows are so transparent, that he yields neither to Giorgione or Correggio for force or delicacy of painting. His style, though often rude and coarse, became, when he pleased, sweet, blended, and finished. This latter manner was worked out by his scholar, Gerard Douw.



THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.—FROM A PAINTING BY REMBRANDT.

In the department of light and shade this master has no rival, being able to produce at the same time the relief of individual parts and of the whole of his picture. As to the practical part of his profession, he united a perfect knowledge of the art of manipulation with a refined appreciation

Rembrandt occasionally softens his tints, and moderates his shadows, and thus gives repose to the eye by a calm and harmonious *ensemble*; at other times he is rough, his execution is unfinished, and he affects an absurdly thick style of painting; but his touches are so certain that they

produce at a distance the effect of harmonious colouring. He sometimes finished the hair and beard with the handle of the brush. If any one wished to examine closely his bold juxtapositions of colour, and thickly-painted high lights, he would push him



THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS.—FROM A PAINTING BY REMBRANDT.

brush. His tones are placed above or beside each other, with such a perfect knowledge of their proper relations to one another, that he had no occasion to impair their freshness by mixing them; a simple glaze was sufficient to complete the blending

back, saying, that paint was unwholesome, and should not be smelt at.

As to his portraits, it will be sufficient to quote the opinion of Piles:—"Far from suffering by a comparison with those of

any other painter, they often throw those of the greatest masters into the background."

Considered individually, Rembrandt seems to have detached himself from the traditions of his art, and to have broken through all trammels; but if he be compared with other painters of the first order, as Raphael, Correggio, Poussin, or Rubens, it will be acknowledged that he is a member of that great family, and that his absence would create a void in the history of the art. Rembrandt seems to be identified with ourselves, while Raphael, by the purely beautiful, appeals to the soul; and Poussin, by his knowledge, speaks to the mind, while Correggio awakens our sensibility by his graceful drawing, and Rubens dazzles the eye with his colouring.—Rembrandt, by his treatment of the light and shade, excites the imagination, and transports us into the land of dreams.

During the life of this great artist, as well as since his death, so high a value has been placed upon the least of his productions, that our readers will no doubt excuse us if we multiply on this occasion the detailed information specially destined for amateurs. This task being one of such extent, we will divide it, for greater convenience, into three parts. *The first* will contain the subjects and prices of the principal etchings; *the second* will indicate the place and subject of the principal pictures; and *the third* will give the prices of the small number of the latter which have been put up for sale at public auctions.

#### ETCHINGS.

In the etching style of engraving, Rembrandt is unrivalled. Of all masters who have laboured in this branch of art, there is not one whose prints have met with such continued favour; the numerous volumes that have been published on the works of Rembrandt are a sufficient proof of this. Gersaint devoted a part of his life to making deep researches on the engraved works of Rembrandt, but death overtook this amateur before the publication of his labours. Helle and Glomy having obtained possession of his MS., corrected it, augmented it with their own materials, enriched it with the information which they had derived from the examination of the most celebrated works, and published in 1751 an octavo volume. Pierre Yver, a broker of Amsterdam, celebrated for his critical knowledge, published in 1756 another volume, to serve as a supplement to the works of Gersaint, Helle, and Glomy. Subsequently, in 1797, Adam Bartsch, a learned Austrian, himself an engraver of great merit, published a "Catalogue raisonné" of all the prints that are the work of Rembrandt. Lastly, Chevalier de Claussin published in 1824 a new catalogue, which, though the third, is not the least curious.

The catalogues which we have cited, inform us that Rembrandt engraved 376 plates, of which only 173 bear the date of their execution. The earliest of them are of the year 1628, and the latest of 1661. According to these dates, Rembrandt could only have begun to engrave at the age of twenty-two, and did not relinquish the etching needle until thirteen years before his death.

To facilitate the researches of amateurs, we shall adopt here the general arrangement of Bartsch.

#### PORTRAITS.

18. "Portrait of Rembrandt holding a Sabre," an unique piece, sold in October, 1847, at the Verstolk sale, at Amsterdam, £19 10s.

21. "Rembrandt Appuyé," from the Pole Carew collection, a fine proof, was bought at the same sale for £25.

22. "Rembrandt Drawing," from the Wilson collection, first state of plate, fetched £14 10s. At the sale of William Seguer, in London, this proof was sold at £21.

23. "Portrait of Rembrandt," in an oval form; from the Denon collection, first state, a magnificent proof, which at the sale of the same author (Verstolk), reached the price of £160.

271. "Portrait of Renier Anslou," first state, on India paper, £67 10s.

273. "Portrait of Abraham France," first state, India paper, £36.

277. "Portrait of Jean Apelyn," first state, India paper, £53.

278. "Ephraim Bonus," first state, almost unique, £148; in the second state, £18, from the Denon collection.

279. "Wtenbogardus," first state, £49.

281. "The Gold-Weigher," first state, at the Revil sale, £26 (1838).

282. "Le Petit Coppenol," first state, on India paper, from the Haaring collection, sold (Verstolk), for £67; in the second state, £15 10s.

283. "Le Grand Coppenol," from the Denon and Wilson collections, first state, India paper, fetched at the same sale (Verstolk), £112; the second state, from the Buckingham collection, also on India paper, went up to £14.

214. "The Advocate Tolling," a magnificent proof, in a condition almost unique, from the Barnard and Pole Carew cabinets, sold at £162. This proof had cost Verstolk £224 10s.

285. "Burgomaster Six" (p. 388), first state, on India paper, in perfect preservation, reached the price of £90 10s.; an impression of the second state, from the collection of R. Dumesnil, was bought for £120 at the Debois sale; an impression of the third state, at the Revil sale, was sold at £108 (in 1838).

292. "A Baldheaded Man," first state, £13 5s.

357. "A White Moorish Woman," first state, £9.

#### SUBJECTS FROM THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT.

36. "Four Subjects for a Spanish Work," magnificent proofs, of the first state, India paper, from the Wilson collection (Verstolk sale, Amsterdam, 1844), £27.

56. "Flight into Egypt," unique proof, on parchment, Wilson collection, was bought at the Verstolk sale for £34; on India paper, at William Seguer's sale, £65.

73. "The Raising of Lazarus" (p. 392), unique condition, described by Claussin, £34; second state, very scarce, in the collection of R. Dumesnil, £27 5s.

74. "The Piece of the Hundred Florins," first state, a magnificent proof on India paper, Denon and Wilson collections, was bought at the Verstolk sale for £144. There are only eight proofs of the first state of this plate; two in the British Museum, one in that of Amsterdam, one in the Library of Paris, another in that of Vienna, and the other three in private collections.

76. "Jesus presented in the Temple," described by Claussin, first state, India paper, sold for £49 at the Verstolk sale.

77. "The Ecce Homo," first state, very scarce; Michel and Debois collections, sold for £81; fine proof of the second state, £24.

78. "The Three Crosses," first state, very scarce, £13 15s.

81. "The Descent from the Cross" (p. 393), first state, Verstolk sale, £22 10s. There are only three proofs known; the one quoted was from the cabinet of Robert Dumesnil.

90. "The Good Samaritan," superb proof of the first state, £31 15s.; the same piece was sold for £72 at the Debois sale; it was a very fine impression, with a landscape sketched in the side margin.

107. "St. Francis kneeling," on parchment, Pole Carew's collection (Verstolk sale), £22.

208. "The Bridge of Six," a piece not mentioned, and almost unique (Verstolk sale, Amsterdam, 1844), £17 15s.

211. "The Huntsman," first proof, Wilson collection, £18.

212. "The Three Trees" (p. 397), first state, Debois collection, £16. That which is in the Royal Library at Paris was bought for £5.

"View of Amsterdam," on India paper, not described, Esdaile collection, sold for £22.

214. "The two Houses with pointed Gables," on India paper, £25.

215. "Landscape with Carriage," retouched with the brush, £22.

217. "Landscape with three Cottages," a magnificent proof of the first state, £33; the second state, £19 10s. A proof of the first state was sold at the Debois sale for £68; it came from the Claussin collection.

223. "Landscape with Tower," first state, on India paper, £31.

227. "The Obelisk," the very first proof, £36.

230. "Landscape with two Roads," first state, £27.

232. "The Cottage surrounded by Palings," first state, from the R. Duncanson collection, £27.

234. "The Country House of the Gold Weigher," first state, India paper, £30 10s.

240. "The Canal, with a little Boat," first state, India paper, Pole Carew's collection, £22 10s.

This plate was exhibited in the Royal Library at Paris, with the number 117, as "View of a Canal," and was considered as unique by M. Duchesne, Senior Curator of that establishment.

#### GENERAL SUBJECTS.—BURGERS AND BOOKS.

118. "Three Oriental Figures," first state, very scarce, sold for £11 (Verstolk sale, Amsterdam, 1844).

122. "The Vendor of Ratsbane," almost unique, £27.

142. "Small Polish Figure," almost unique, £22 10s.

159. "The Shell," first state, bought by the Royal Library at Paris for £32. This proof was in the possession of Burgomaster Six.

186. "The French Bed," a very fine impression of the first state, £10 16s., Haaring collection.

107. "The Woman before the Stove," first proof, £18.

NOTE.—From an inventory of the prints in the Royal Library of Paris, drawn up on the 1st January, 1810, it appears that this establishment contains the enormous number of 900,516 different plates. Rembrandt's works amount to 1,805 out of that number; 1,038 originals and 767 copies, the duplicates included. It is interesting to know that, when limited to original pieces, this work is composed of only 687 prints, and at this number the collection of the library is considered as the most complete in Europe.

#### PICTURES.

The catalogue of the Museo del Rey, at Madrid, only mentions as the work of Rembrandt the portrait of a lady very richly dressed, and three-quarter length; it is signed, and dated 1634.

The Gallery degli Uffizi, at Florence, so complete in most things, contains but two of Rembrandt's portraits.

The National Gallery in London contains the following works of this master:—

1. "Christ taken down from the Cross;" a study in black and white. The finished picture of the same subject is said to be in the gallery of Count Schonborn, at Vienna; the original drawing is in the British Museum.

2. "The Woman taken in Adultery." This picture was painted by Rembrandt in 1644, for Johan Six, Sieur de Vromade, in Holland. It ultimately came into the possession of the well-known Burgomaster Six, in whose family it was preserved with an almost religious care, in a cabinet of which the owner kept the key, until the revolution. When it was bought by Monsieur la Fontaine, a picture-dealer; who, not finding a purchaser in Paris, brought it to London, and sold it to Mr. Angerstein for £5,000. As it is a *chef-d'œuvre* of the master, it would now be difficult to estimate its value.

3. "The Adoration of the Shepherds." This beautiful production was painted by Rembrandt in 1646, and was purchased by Mr. Angerstein for £400.

4. "Portrait of a Jew Merchant." Presented to the nation by Sir George Beaumont.

5. "A Landscape," in which the figures represent Tobias and the Angel.

6. "Portrait of a Capuchin Friar." Presented to the National Gallery by the Duke of Northumberland.

7. "A Woman Washing." Painted by Rembrandt in 1644, and bequeathed by Mr. Holwell Carr to the National Gallery.

The Gallery of Windsor Castle contains two Rembrandts:—

1. "Head of a young Man in a Turban."

2. "Head of an old Woman in a black Coif," absurdly called the Countess of Desmond, at the age of 120; it is, perhaps, a portrait of Rembrandt's mother.

At Hampton Court there are only two pictures by Rembrandt:—

1. "Head of a Jewish Rabbi," very fine.

2. "Portrait of a Woman," half-length.

There are five Rembrandts in the Dulwich Gallery:—

1. "Jacob's Dream." Jacob, whose figure is that of a common peasant, and scarce distinguishable amid the thick darkness, lies asleep on the left beneath some bushes. From the opening heavens above, a strange winged shape, "not human or angelic, but bird-like, dream-like," comes floating downwards, and beyond it another figure just emerging from the abyss of light, in which its ethereal essence was confounded, seems about to take some definite form, and glide after its companion.

2. "Portrait of a Man," very highly finished.

3. "A Girl leaning out of Window."

4. "Jacob stealing his Father's Blessing."

5. "A Portrait." Head only; said to be that of the painter, Philip Wouvermans.

But it is in private collections, and especially in that of her Majesty at Buckingham Palace, that the finest pictures of this master are to be found. Sir Robert Peel's collection contains—

1. "A Portrait of a Man" in an oval, one of the remarkable pictures of this master.

2. "A Landscape and some Cattle by the side of a piece of Water."

The Bridgewater Gallery contains four:—

1. "Portrait of Rembrandt himself, at the age of fifty,"

2. "A Female Portrait in a rich dress,"

3. "A Study." The head of a man, painted in a masterly style.

4. "An Old Woman in a bright red dress, before whom a boy is kneeling," intended, probably, for the prophetess Hannah with her son Samuel.

Mr. Rogers possesses three:—

1. "An Allegory," in brown and white, on the deliverance of the United Provinces from the yoke of Spain and Austria.

2. The artist's own portrait, at an advanced age.

3. "A Landscape, with a few trees upon a hill in the foreground."

In Sir Abraham Hume's collection there is one, the portrait of a stately man, whose right hand rests upon a bust of Homer.

In Blenheim Palace there is a duplicate of "The Woman taken in Adultery," by Rembrandt.

There are five Rembrandts in Lord Ashburton's collection.

1. Portrait of a middle-aged man; 2. Portrait of the artist, at an advanced age; 3. The celebrated writing-master, Lieven Von Coppelol; 4 and 5. Portraits of a man and his wife.

In the Grosvenor collection, formed by the Marquis of Westminster, there are six of Rembrandt's pictures. 1. "The Visitation," dated 1640; 2 and 3. Portraits of a young man and young woman; 4 and 5. Portraits of N. Berghem and his wife, bearing date 1644; and 6. "A Landscape with Figures," in the manner of Teniers.

In Mr. Hope's collection there are three Rembrandts. 1. "Christ asleep on board the Ship, being awakened by his terrified Disciples;" 2. One of the rare family portraits of this master, in whole-length figures; 3. "A Plain traversed by a River, with Buildings on both its Banks."

There are two Rembrandts in Lord Cowper's collection. 1. Portrait of Marshal Turenne on horseback; and 2. Portrait of a young man.

Rembrandt's celebrated "Mill," once the ornament of the Orleans Gallery, is in the Marquis of Lansdowne's collection at Bowood.

At Corsham House there is "An Old Rabbi in a Turban," by Rembrandt.

At Burleigh House there is a small portrait, by Rembrandt, called "William Tell."

The Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, possesses the portrait of an officer in a steel cuirass, marked with the name and the date 1635.

Earl Spencer's collection at Althorp contains "The Circumcision," by Rembrandt, a small picture of remarkable finish, and a portrait of a woman, which is believed to be that of his mother, in spite of the richness of her attire.

In the Duke of Devonshire's collection at Chiswick there are two Rembrandts, portraits of men.

In the Duke of Bedford's collection at Woburn Abbey, a portrait of Rembrandt by himself, when young, and an old Rabbi, with a gold chain round his neck.

Amidst the splendid pictures of Rubens and Vandyck which adorn the Museum at Brussels, a fine portrait of a man by Rembrandt attracts all eyes; it is dated and signed.

In the rich gallery at Munich, it is impossible to forget the

all of them portraits, one of his mother, two of himself, and one of a Jew in Asiatic costume.

The Gallery of Prince Lichtenstein, at Vienna, contains two portraits of Rembrandt, young and old, by himself; a sea-piece, a rare subject of this master, and a meeting of "Diana and Endymion," exceedingly grotesque, but with the most beautiful effect of light.

The collection of Prince Esterhazy, in the same capital, contains the "Ecce Homo" of Rembrandt, which engrosses all the admiration of visitors.

The Museum at Dresden contains no less than sixteen pictures by Rembrandt; "The Sacrifice of Manoe and his Wife," "The Abduction of Ganymede," and several por-



THE NIGHT WATCH.—FROM A PAINTING BY REMBRANDT.

*chef-d'œuvre* that Rembrandt has left there in the celebrated "Taking down from the Cross;" this picture is not more than from two to three feet square.

Around this *chef-d'œuvre* are grouped a "Crucifixion" in sombre and stormy weather, a "Deposition" in the obscurity of a deep vault, a "Resurrection" illumined by a fitful ray of light in the midst of the deep gloom, a "Nativity" by the light of a lamp, and an "Ascension," in which the figure of Christ lights up the whole scene by its brilliancy. The Pinakothek also contains several portraits; one of a Turk very richly habited, another of Rembrandt in his old age, another of Govert Flink, his pupil, and his wife, and some other very valuable ones.

The Belvedere at Vienna contains ten works of Rembrandt,

traits; amongst others that of the painter himself, represented with a glass in his hand and a smile on his lips, embracing his wife, who is sitting on his knee, and accompanied by his grown-up daughter.

In the Gallery at Berlin, out of eight of Rembrandt's pictures two are portraits of himself; also a "Blind Tobias," and the "Angel speaking to Joseph in his Dream," small companion pictures, signed, and dated 1645. "Duke Adolphus de Gueldre threatening his aged Father," painted in 1637, a celebrated picture, the colouring of which is excellent, and in which the play of light is wonderful.

No city, not even Munich, says M. Viardot, can boast of having so numerous a collection of the works of Rembrandt as St. Petersburg; the Hermitage contains forty-three, and of

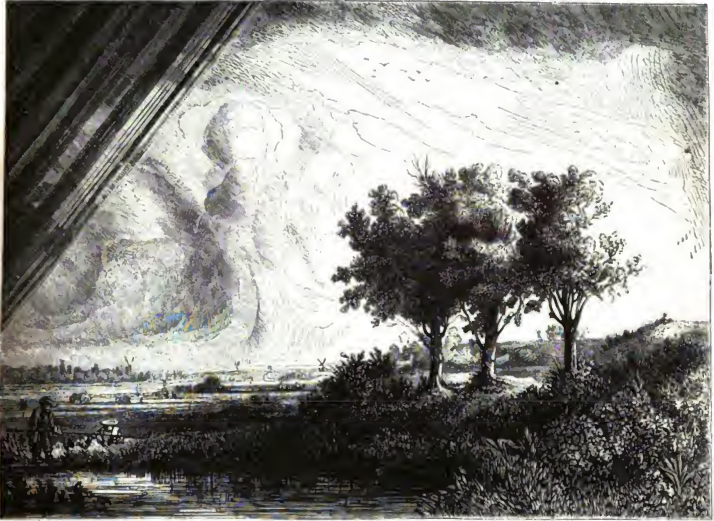


the greatest variety of style,—landscapes, sea-pieces, portraits, &c. The finest, perhaps, amongst the portraits, bears the great name of Jean Sobieski.

Among the subjects from Scripture history, are:—"The Sacrifice of Abraham;" "The Return of the Prodigal Son"

"Corporation of Merchant Drapers," a capital picture, and of astonishing power of execution; "The Beheading of St. John the Baptist;" and the "Portrait of a Man."

The Museum of the Hague may be proud of being able to show "The Anatomical Lecture of Professor Tulp," a serious



THE THREE TREES.—FROM A PAINTING BY REMBRANDT.

(p. 400), a painting of powerful effect in spite of the strange drapery of the figures; "The Education of the Virgin by St. Anne;" a "Holy Family;" "St. Peter in the Judgment Hall," an absurd composition, but admirable for the colour

composition, equally well conceived and executed, an admirable easel-piece; "Simeon in the Temple," a composition of a magical effect, and finished like a Gerard Houw; "Susannah in the Bath;" and lastly, two portraits.



THE MILL.—FROM A PAINTING BY REMBRANDT.

ing; and a "Descent from the Cross." The finest piece in this collection is "La Danse."

The Museum at Amsterdam is not the worst provided; it possesses the famous "Night Patrol," the masterpiece of all Rembrandt's masterpieces; "The Syndics of the Ancient

The Gallery of the Louvre contains no less than seventeen pictures by Rembrandt; amongst others, four portraits of himself, admirable for touch and colour, especially that in which he is represented with a chain round his neck, the head bare, and the hair curled; two "Philosophers in Medi-



## ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.—II.

On a further examination into the Exhibition of the present year, we are still more struck with its general excellence. Seldom has it been our fortune to witness a more sterling year, or one more pregnant with actual accomplishment, as well as of promise for the future. The number of pictures is so large, and those capable of being well studied, from their position, in comparison so few, that the roomer the rooms are altered, or a new gallery raised, the better. The artists surely are now rich enough to do this themselves, the exhibition in a monetary point—if we judge from the crowds who flock thither—paying well.

We now, however, proceed with our notice, reserving what we have to say on this head till a future opportunity.

(No. 180), "Columbus, when a boy, instructed in geography," by T. A. Hart, R. A. Mr. Hart appears to have thought it necessary to give Columbus a most unnaturally-shaped head—probably to prove his claims to genius. There is no composition in this picture, which is as uninteresting as it could well be, and we think Mr. Hart has great cause to complain of the want of judgment of the hanging committee in putting this picture on the line, since there is nothing more disagreeable than to be stared in the face by heads as large as life, in which you can see little else but defects. Another act of flagrant injustice on the part of the committee is to be seen in the Octagon Room, in which they have placed one of the most promising productions in the exhibition; we allude to Mr. D. W. Deane's picture—

(No. 1304), "Van Dyck and Frank Hals." Here is life, expression, colour; certainly, three of the greatest requisites in the production of a fine picture. The surprise of Hals at seeing the effect of his sitter's attempt at portrait-painting, is well expressed, and the enjoyment of the joke expressed in the handsome countenance of Van Dyck is so genuine and natural, that it quite leads the spectator to laugh with him; moreover, the rich brown tone of the whole picture reminds us of one of the old masters, and leads us to expect in future great things of Mr. Deane.

(No. 500), "The Church of Santa Maria della Salute, Venice," D. Roberts, R. A. In saying that this picture is equal to any the artist has produced, we are passing the highest possible encomium on it, in merely stating the truth.

(No. 212), "An Old English Homestead," R. Redgrave, R. A. This is a thoroughly English scene, in which the greenness of the trees and the dewy freshness of the greenward are skillfully rendered; the trees appear to be of a gigantic order as compared with the farm buildings. Mr. Redgrave has most judiciously changed his style, as his landscapes far surpass his figure scenes.

"The Disobedient Prophet," J. Linnell (No. 234), is the grandest landscape in the Exhibition; the conception of the solitary road is poetical, and the foliage of the cedars executed with Mr. Linnell's accustomed skill. There is also—we grieve to say—his usual defect in the heavy lurid sky, which threatens the spectator no less than the prophet.

Mr. F. Stone has retrieved himself this year. His picture (No. 244), "The Mussel-gatherer," has a healthy rustic face of great beauty, glowing with life and innocence. (No. 258), "The Old, Old Story," by the same artist, represents a French peasant girl and boy leaning against the door of a cottage; the girl is listening with a bashful pleasure to the youth, who urges his suit with pertinacity and earnestness. The defect in the piece is that the figures are rather large for the canvas, and the colour, though very agreeable, might have been less florid with advantage.

(No. 314), "First Class—the Meeting," and (No. 361), "Second Class—the Parting," by A. Solomon. Here the Hanging Committee are to blame again in separating so far pictures painted as pendants, neither of which are in fact perfectly complete without the other. The same judicious treatment has been awarded to (Nos. 71 and 210), "Fuentes d'Onor," as we have before noticed. These we are now criticising tell two simple tales. In the first class there is the

meeting for the first time of a young lady and gentleman in a railway carriage. All goes merry as a marriage bell. The stuffed seats and easy motion of the carriage have inclined the guardian of the lady, her old father, to fall asleep, leaving the young lover, who is so smitten with the beauty of the lady, to gaze his fill, "and sigh and wish and gaze again." The story is plain enough. In the "Second Class" it is as plain, but more painful. A widow of a gentleman—it might be the same lady who sits so happily in the other picture—young and beautiful, but full of sorrow, is conveying her son, a midshipman, to Portsmouth, there for the first time to enter the Queen's service. The sad face of the mother gazing on her boy will not soon be forgotten; whilst the bluff honest face of a sailor and his wife, inured to parting, add to the interest of the pictures. The faults, since we must mention them, of these paintings are that they are too literal. Mr. Moses' advertisements and the shirts (six for forty shillings) of European notoriety appearing in one picture, and the varied lights and colours in the other necessarily subtracting from its unity of purpose.

(No. 377), "The Awakening Conscience" is one of, if not the most, extraordinary picture in the academy. A girl, who sits with her seducer, wearing the livery and eating the bread of guilt—one, in fact, who bears the anomalous but expressive title of "mistress"—has, whilst turning over her music-book, fallen upon one of her old home songs. Starting almost from his very embraces, for his arm is round her, she stares out of the canvas right full upon the spectator, with a blank horror which is appalling. The trembling of the lips, the setting of the teeth, and the rising tears, all betoken an internal struggle, rendered the more bitter from the sneering laugh which proceeds from the lolling and vulgar debauchee who has ensnared her. Two mystical passages from the Bible, introduced on the frame of the picture, alone give the reader of this sad tale a hope that the victim will yet break through her toils. Nothing can be greater than the *mind* displayed in this picture. Some of the details are very finely painted; some, it appears to us, as badly as can be.

The other picture, by Mr. Hunt (No. 508), "The Light of the World," has been so prominently brought before the public by a somewhat egotistical letter in the *Times*, by the great high-priest of the Pre-Raphaelite brethren, Mr. Ruskin, that we could not, even were we inclined, pass over it. It is a fine but peculiar and excessively symbolical picture. Our Saviour, represented by a tall and emaciated figure, with a most expressive and sorrowful countenance, in which pity is predominant, stands at a door typical of the human heart, and knocks for admission. In his hand he holds a lantern of antique shape; and in the strange twilight, and beneath the trees of an orchard bared by the autumnal blast, he waits for admission. Again he knocks, listens, and again knocks. The heart may revel within whilst the steady light falls upon the pure dew, the ripe fallen fruit, and the orchard grass, and the steady glow of the glow-worm burns without a twinkle, mystical and pure. Years of patient thought and quiet, yearning love—love not less intense because aware of the sinfulness of the beloved object—are painted in the look of the Saviour. Those who see beyond the surface will see all this; those who look only at a picture as a picture will think it a painful and dull affair. It is not by any means a Protestant composition, unless we class the Puseyites and Oratorians with us; it is pre-eminently Catholic, and somewhat Byzantine in execution, fit only to be hung in some of those little chapels which are to be found in the side aisles of continental cathedrals, where conscience-stricken devotees might find a solace in the patient face, and burn their tapers whilst they prayed beneath it. Mr. Ruskin's exposition of the picture was clever and certainly full of mind; but we must say that his stricture, if applied to the ordinary mass of those who flock to the Academy merely as sight-seers, was ill-judged, since it is useless to

"Break a butterfly upon the wheel;"

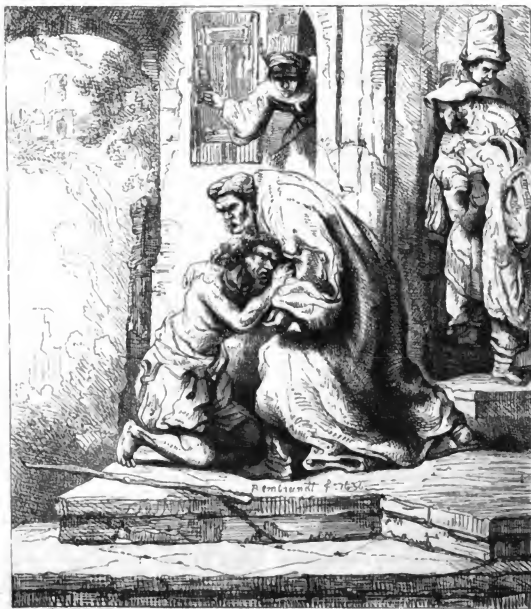
and if to those who look at pictures as pictures should be

looked at, it was unjust. "The Light of the World" must, in our opinion, be looked at as another instance of great excellence amongst the *Prim-Raphaelites*.

(No. 379), "The Marriage of Strongbow and the Princess Eva," by Maclise, attracts perhaps as many earnest admirers as any. It is the largest and most populous picture we have seen for some time upon the walls. It is carefully painted, full of excellent drawing, finely finished accessories, and brilliant costume. It represents Strongbow claiming the hand of his youthful bride upon a battle-field, the foreground of the picture being filled with the wounded, mourners, and searchers for the dead. Yet, notwithstanding all its merit—shall we not rather say, because of its meritorious carefulness

us. With Hamlet, or with a scene from the life of Cromwell, or even Louis XVI., the event would have been different.

The last pictures which we shall notice in this room are (No. 403), "The Last Sleep of Argyle before his Execution, A.D. 1685," by E. M. Ward, forming the second of a series of eight pictures painted for the House of Commons, by order of the Royal Commission, and (No. 400), "Cupid Captive," by G. Patten, A. The first is already familiar, most probably, even to our country readers, from the engraving of it in the *Illustrated London News*. It represents the old Puritan lord calmly sleeping his last mortal sleep in this world, with his hand resting on a Bible, and with fetters upon his limbs. An enemy, one of the recreant lords of the council, has come



THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SON.—FROM A PAINTING BY REMBRANDT.

—it is, to use the language of a contemporary, "loud," The amount of labour expended, the canvas, the expense gone to by the artist for costumes and models, must be all enormous, and the production is a fine one. The question therefore remains, Does the painting before us repay the labour, anxiety, expense, and genius expended on it? does it call up any grand emotions, or realise anything but a theatrical scene? Our answer must be in the negative. As a work of art it is meritorious; as a work of taste, or an historical composition, it is a failure. The scene is too remote, the personages too unknown, to give interest to the contorted or quiescent groups before us, nor has the painter been enabled to vivify them. The picture fails to interest, it only disturbs

to look upon him, and starts back awed at the calm majesty of Argyle. Mr. Ward last year exhibited the companion picture to this scene, "The Execution of Montrose;" and now, with a wide philosophy, to show that on both sides, in civil and religious struggles, good men fall, he gives us "The Last Sleep of Argyle." Let us hope that the lesson will not be lost upon those of her Majesty's subjects for whose corridor the picture is painted, and that they will seek to imitate the fiery earnestness of Montrose and the deep religious fervour of Argyle. The colouring of the picture is perhaps too deeply sombre, and wants relief. "Cupid Captive," by Patten, is a graceful picture from the pencil of one who once promised highly, but who has not yet redeemed that promise.

## PAUL POTTER.



THE celebrated Abbé de Lammenais, recently dead, and whose death exhibits the bigotry of the irreligious classes of France in a strong light—they having prevented him even from seeing a minister of religion—sometimes wrote shrewd things on art, as he did on most other topics. He was a man of reflective

common and ordinary in nature? There is a prairie, with a stream and some old willows; a valley, crossed by a torrent swollen by the storm, the remains of which may be seen in the heated glow of the western sky, along the edge of which it vanishes and flies; upon a desert shore, a hut at the foot of a naked rock, the sea beyond, a tossing sea, and in the distance a sail, which falls down almost on the wave by the effect of the storm. If we reflect, however, we may see that it is the thought of the artist, his intimate and private life which is communicated to us, which absorbs us. It is art that carries us away on its mighty wings to regions loftier than the senses can reach. Do you not discern beneath the exterior form in the animals of Paul Potter, a kind of life which belongs to each of them, a manifestation of their nature, essential and typical? The manner, the position, the look, all speak in them."

"A hundred years ago," observes a recent French critic, "such an appreciation would scarcely have been comprehended, and such ideas would have presented themselves to no man. Amateurs only saw in Paul Potter a faithful copyist of nature, a painter truthful unto *nature*—to use a charming French word—and skilful in rendering that which he had carefully observed. It was reserved for our age, imbued so strongly with pantheism, to discover in the paintings of the Dutch masters that delicacy of sentiment which may be discovered in the smallest of their productions, and to find in the landscapes of Ruysdael, as in the animals of Paul Potter, something of a vague enchantment, which we may denominate by the name of poetry. All that has received the great gift of life, and is warmed in our sun, and breathes our air, has a right to interest us. But between inferior natures and our own there must be an interpreter, a simple man, who approaches secondary beings by his *naïveté*, and rises above his equals by his genius. A poet, a painter, living in the midst of this obscure world, must penetrate its unknown idioms, to

• Lammenais, "Esquisse d'un Philosophe."

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and expressive mind, and grasped all such subjects with a vigour which is ever the characteristic of genius. "Certain Dutch painters," he says, "have given to nature an undefinable language, a language which touches, which moves the heart; which leads it to reverie, and draws it gently on into infinite space. Can you tell me by what mysterious magic they keep us for ever in wrapt contemplation in presence of what is most

VOL. I.



translate them into the noble language of the mind, or better, into the language of the heart, to render them clear to us by colouring and pencil. Bernardin de St. Pierre must reveal unto us the secret harmonies of nature, Ruysdael must move us by the spectacle of a stormy sky and the shivering of great trees shaken by the wind, and Paul Potter must make us hear the complaint of the lamb and the lowing of the cattle. And the strange and surprising thing is, that this nature, which has spoken to us, which has been manifested by the representations of certain chosen men, teaches us to know their genius. It has become the expression of their sentiment, and by this means reaches our souls."

It appears to us, that Lammenais and his commentator, like very many critics on art, make a great deal more of the intentions of artists than ever the artists intended themselves. A cattle painter, certainly, never ought to introduce any other poetry into his humble landscape than that real poetry which exists in every representation of the verdant fields, the leafy forest, and the animals which give them life. Much astonished would some of the great artists be, if they were favoured with an opportunity of perusing the criticism of modern times.

That there is poetry in a cow, by Paul Potter, we readily agree; but it is the poetry that is found in every representation of fine animals in the open fields, quietly and calmly feeding beneath the balmy warm light of the sun, and not that far-fetched and fanciful poetry, "the inner life of the painter," who, when limning a cow, expounds his own character, just as Shakespeare, in his plays, is said by some to reveal himself and his individuality to us—Shakespeare, who is at times an Iago, an Othello, a Hamlet, a Richard III., and a Jack Falstaff.

Paul Potter, Descamps informs us, descended from the house of Egmond on his grandfather's side. His grandfather was receiver of Upper and Lower Swaluwe. His ancestors had filled with honour most of the high offices in the city of Enkuisen, where he was born in 1625, the son of Peter Potter, a mediocre artist, who soon after went to Amsterdam to acquire there the right of citizenship. Young Potter had never any other master than his father, whom he immediately surpassed as soon as he had learnt the first rudiments of his art. "He was," says Descamps, "a prodigy, of which there is, perhaps, no preceding example; he was at fourteen a skilful master. His works at that age figure amongst those of the greatest men."

After executing numerous studies at Amsterdam from the fine pictures which adorned that town even in that day, Paul Potter left his father, probably with a view to be more free to form himself; and he went and settled at the Hague, where chance made him a lodger near Nicolas Balkenende, who had a great reputation in that town.

Paul Potter was very young, and, it is said, that at that age he was very handsome. Be this as it may, he was very studious—but not so studious as to neglect remarking that in the same house with himself lived a young lady of great beauty. She was a young, merry, laughing creature, whom Paul sometimes met upon the stairs, and who, blushing, made way for him. Paul was so struck by her charms that he even painted her face and made it a continual study, without, however, neglecting his favourite animals. At first, Paul Potter was ignorant of the young lady's name, and remained so for some time. He at last, however, inquired, and found that she was the daughter of the comparatively wealthy architect, Nicolas Balkenende.

This startled him at first; and he accordingly determined to make himself as agreeable as possible to the young lady herself. He had not much difficulty in doing this, and found her as pleasant as she was handsome. Having for some time continued his addresses to her, he boldly adventured on a visit to the father.

"And pray, sir," said Nicolas Balkenende, "what may you be?"

"I am an animal painter," replied Paul Potter, proudly.

"I shall not allow my daughter to marry an animal painter," continued the purse-proud architect.

Paul Potter protested, but his neighbour would not listen to him, and the young man retired considerably damped in his hopes. The young girl, however, secretly gave him every encouragement. The Dutch Vitruvius, as Descamps calls him, endeavoured to check their intimacy, but in vain. The loving artist would not be kept down. He persevered in his art, and was soon encouraged by rich amateurs and connoisseurs, who appreciated his merit and began to buy his modest animals. The Dutch Vitruvius soon began to find that an architect, even of his rank, ought to be very glad to have such a son-in-law. He, accordingly, frankly owned his error, and repaired it with a good grace, by giving his daughter, Adrienne Balkenende, to Paul Potter. Paul was then twenty-five years old. He had scarcely married, when he established himself with his wife in a fine house, which soon became, as it were, the Academy of the Hague. The principal personages of Holland, foreign ministers, Maurice, Prince of Orange, the learned men and wits of the time, made it a rendezvous. Paul Potter attracted them to his workshop by his mind, his amiable character, and the charms of his conversation. Thus surrounded and well received in the world, the painter contributed at the same time to the reputation and fortune of his father-in-law, and thus nobly avenged the affronts he had put upon his love.

For an earnest lover of animal painting, there can be no country more favourable to the true study of this subject than Holland. It is fertile in rich models—to use an artistic expression—in picturesque models. The humidity and dampness of the soil makes it an immense prairie of a soft green, where numerous flocks wander about, with their gaudy colours, the robes spotted in contrasted and harmonious tones. Nowhere else are the colours of bulls and cows more varied and brilliant. If it be true, as Bernardin de St. Pierre says, that nature everywhere makes the animals which fill the background in strong contrast to surrounding nature, it is above all true in Holland. A monotonous country, crowned by a sky almost always gray and sad, the country of Paul Potter, charms and delights the eye by the vivacity and richness of tones remarked in the hair of the flocks. It seems that nature has kindly granted this compensation to the inhabitants of a country without light, without change, and without relief. What is certain is, that we have been much struck, during our journeys in Holland, with the spots which are found on the horned animals of that country. Now upon a gray ground are to be seen clear open-work mixed with red spots; sometimes light spots, which serve as a transition between the spots of fire, which are drawn upon a white ground, brought up here and there by some milk-white stains, that look like torn fragments of cloud. Often an animal, whose tones are discordant in themselves, plays its part in the harmony of a group; and while a black bull stands out the chief object in bold relief, the whole flock of varied hues creates the picture.

There are but two countries where, properly speaking, cattle painters could arise and take a commanding position, as we have had several occasions to remark; and these are Holland and England.

Paul Potter had nothing to do but to stroll about the neighbourhood of the Hague to find models; and the first he met with were sure to appear the finest, so that he could copy them in all their native simplicity, in the natural attitude of repose, or even in their sleep. Every phase of their existence created a group for the artist. Ardent in study, he never went out without taking with him a note-book with numerous spare leaves, on which he drew sketches of all that struck his imagination—a tree, a plant, a wooden fence, a quickest hedge, or a shepherd. As for animals, he always drew them with the most scrupulous care, in every imaginable attitude, from the most simple profile to the most difficult specimen of foreshortening. Though not so fond of motion as Berghem, he loved to draw cows three-fourths of their length, to diversify their lines by the projection of the bones; and he was always delighted to place in contrast the most tranquil outlines of an ox lying down to those square forms, infinitely pic-

turesque in their variety, which are furnished by the concavity of the flanks and the bony construction of the hind quarters. He was also very clever in mingling sheep and goats with ruminating animals, so as to obtain a whole of agreeable lines, always allowing some cow with black stripes to take up the prominent place, or some motionless bull that raised its huge horns over the flock, like the solemn but somewhat stupid king of the pasture. He was indeed remarkable for the intelligent attention, the patience, and the love, he brought to bear upon the least details of his picture. He loved to show the contrast between the rough parts and the even parts of the skin; not a shade or tint, however fine, ever escaped him; he studied in every animal the bending of the horns, that peculiar motion of the eyebrows on which depends the air of hardness or softness, the character of the ears, the movement of the hair which stands on end in tufts, and, in fine, the muddled clumps of hair, without forgetting the extremities, which were never drawn and painted with more precision or more correctness than by Paul Potter.

These admirable studies of which we speak, these outlines—or, to speak more correctly, these finished drawings, both in outline and filling up—were taken home by the artist, as the materials for his compositions; and in general his conceptions of these were so simple, that it was sufficient to add to them a background to change a study into a picture. Having returned home, he continued his work without ceasing. He placed upon the marked foreground of his composition large plants, which he had studied from nature; he finished his production with an old trunk of a willow, knotted, gnarled, and jagged, which he copied from his portfolio on to his canvas; and he gave as a background to his group a little house, faithfully copied, with its wild lizards and the smoke of its roof. It was thus that were finished in the studio, full of visitors and quite noisy with conversation, so many charming works, which for two hundred years have been the honour of the most illustrious galleries, the joy of amateurs who have possessed them or who have seen them, the reputation of the engravers who have engraved them, and the fortune of the picture-dealers who have bought them, to re-sell them to the noblemen of England, who have placed them beside the Ostades, the Metzus, the Cuype, and the Rembrandts, to wander no more.

Perhaps nowhere else can be found such rich specimens of the art of the world as are to be found in the galleries of this country, where private individuals make up for the parsimony and niggardliness of the government.

It has often been a matter of surprise that an artist, whose works show us the character of a calm, thoughtful, homely man, could have worked amid men of the world, learned men, ambassadors, and princes, and this without ever departing from his precision, without ever giving up that tranquillity of soul which is breathed in all his pastorals. But when one has carefully studied the nature of true artists, one understands this seeming contradiction, and one can reconcile the fact that a being, melancholy in solitude, should be the gayest of men as soon as he is surrounded by sympathetic friends, and thus stimulated to expansion of his soul. Paul Potter was one of those mobile temperaments. His speech was fluent, and kept on a par and a level with any of those around him. He was even known to join with considerable energy in those somewhat rough jokes which are regarded as the jokes of the studio. If it must be allowed that he was not always in good taste in his jokes, it must be remembered that light wit and a keen epigrammatic style are not exactly the characteristics of the country where he lived. An anecdote is told of him, which we must relate with caution, but which is too much a part of his history to be forgotten wholly.

The Princess Dowager Emilia, Countess of Zolms, ordered of him a picture, to go over a chimney in the apartments of the old court.\* Paul Potter wished to surpass himself. He painted a smiling landscape with cattle, but with one

\* The palace of the States and Stadtholder. It is a vast building made of bricks, irregular but agreeable, near a large pool of water, called the *Veer*.

very objectionable feature in it. A courtier, who was indeed a model courtier for those days, very properly objected, that it was neither decent nor proper that this picture should be admitted into a lady's chamber. The criticism was accepted as decisive. The picture was quietly and politely got rid of.

This criticism and this decision was but a convincing proof, that art is not the imitation of nature taken at random and in the fact. The work of the painter should indeed be the mirror of creation, but an intelligent mirror, which should be ever pleasing and unobjectionable in its uprightness, and never ugly in its beauty. The *naïf* Paul Potter took away his picture, but the anecdote made a noise, and amateurs disputed for the picture for its weight in gold. The "Cow" was celebrated, and it passed into the finest cabinets of the Low Countries. It was long preserved by the family of Mussart, alderman of the city of Amsterdam, and fell at last into the hands of Van Biesum, who sold it for two thousand florins, or £120, to the Sieur Van Hoek. This curious collector, Houbraken informs us, placed the "Cow" in his cabinet, opposite a celebrated picture of Gerard Douw, which had somewhat of a similar reputation. It may be amusing to follow its history. The masterpiece, rejected, and very properly rejected, by the princess Emilia, is now in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, after having passed through the collection of Josephine at Malmaison, where it was bought by the Emperor Alexander in 1815. The picture is valued at £10,000, in the collection of this gallery, composed of about thirty of the most remarkable masterpieces in the world.

In the neighbourhood of the Hague is a pretty wood, which almost touches the town by the northern gate. The Prince of Orange had a little palace there, called the Wooden House. In 1674, Philippe II. was so struck by the beauty of this wood, that he commanded his officers not to destroy it; and among the things which did not give him mere personal enjoyment, this is, perhaps, the only one of which this fanatical destroyer of the human race and his own family ever ordered the preservation. Louis XIV., who was a great and ponderous imitator of other men's actions, having somewhere read a high eulogium on this act of clemency, desired also to leave behind him a monument of his tenderness of soul; and during an invasion, which cost him the lives of 10,000 men, he spared the Mall of Utrecht. The wood of the Hague was one of the favourite walks of Paul Potter. He made it the subject-matter of many of his pictures, and especially of one of his most celebrated ones, which was sold for 27,000 livres, a little more than a thousand pounds, at the sale of the Duc de Choiseul. At the entrance you see a great pack of dogs led by huntsmen, and ready for the chase; behind the trees four horsemen, and some cows, which a herdsman drives before him.

The "View of the Wood of the Hague" is a perfect landscape; that is, the figures are not of such importance as they are elsewhere, if we compare them with the great trees beneath which they pass. Certain men of his day said very freely, that landscape was the weak point of Paul Potter, that his background was monotonous, and those who envied his talents and his genius tried thus to depreciate him. This reproach, however, addressed to an animal painter, was wanting in correctness. Doubtless, Paul Potter had not the fire, the wit, the imagination of Berghem. He knew not how, as that painter did, to throw scintillatingly over a landscape, where lay rustic ruins, little flakes of light; but he is more *naïf*, more true and really Dutch. Brought up in the humid and flat country, which he never left, Paul Potter has not borrowed from the sky of Italy the warm rays which often animate the noble country scenes of Berghem. He never saw anything but the gray and heavy sky of Holland, the horizon of flat plains extending far out of sight, and the line of which is only broken here and there by the summits of steeples; and that low horizon, that pale sky, he has reproduced faithfully, without any addition of his own, without any endeavour to make them striking by embellishment or addition. And nothing suited him better than such scenery. His heavy sky is a background every way suited to show the fleeces and the spotted skins of the animals which occupy a front

place in his composition, as in his artistic love. With the tact of a master who fears to divide the interest, and who perfectly understands the power of unity, Paul Potter takes care not to add to the value of the landscape; he makes it, in fact, as tranquil as possible; he lulls one to rest beneath a fleecy vapour, and is satisfied for the foreground of his picture with a thistle, a dead branch, or some common plants of the fields. With Berghem, the landscape has motion, it shines, it moves parallel with the animals which fill it; with Paul Potter the country is a secondary consideration, and the general appearance of nature is sacrificed to the grace of the flock. See the "Bull" in the Museum of the Hague (p. 406).

We must not, however, be understood to imply that the sun is always absent from the pictures of Paul Potter, nor that he utterly annuls the background to give all the relief desirable to his principal subject of attraction—the sheep and oxen. We mean only to convey the idea that he, in general, selects

bulls, or the curly wool of his sheep, and lustrous hair of his bounding goats.

Who does not feel that Paul Potter must have been an amiable and gentle man? "When one knew him thoroughly," says Argenville, "it was difficult to leave him." And yet, this painter of the quiet of the fields could not obtain domestic peace. "His wife, who had an unfortunate *penchant* for gallantry, was quite delighted with the crowd of visitors who frequented the studio of Paul Potter. She found among these visitors many an admirer. The artist, deeply occupied with his art, saw them with a tranquil eye, and she did not even attempt to save appearances. But one day, coming suddenly upon her, when listening with eager ear to the protestations of a tender lover, he grew furious, and taking them by surprise, cast round them a net-work which served to keep the flies off his horse, and tied them in with a strong cord. Then wishing to imitate the husband of Venus fully



HORSES AT THE TROUGH.—FROM A PAINTING BY POTTER.

a certain hour of the day, not an arbitrary hour, for Paul Potter never gave way to mere fancy, but precisely the hour when the sun is to be seen in his country. In Holland the sun, in general, remains covered with clouds the whole day; it seems, as it were, only to rise about four o'clock in the afternoon, and then it enlivens the fields and meadows until the setting of the sun. At that hour, the light coming from the horizon gives a rosy tint to the country, enlivening all it meets, showing up all the rich colours of the animals, and detaching all objects by their lengthened shadows. But the upper part of the sky is at this time quiet and gray, and unless there is some cloud which catches the light, the background remains sufficiently tranquil to bring out the foreground plans. This is the hour of the day which Paul Potter has chosen to paint. But for fear the sky should spoil the effect and draw off attention from the animals, he paints it softly and even in the cottony style, rather than at all diminish the importance of the coloured robe of his

he called all his friends in—now quite satisfied that among them were many other rivals for his wife's affection—and showed the blushing and furious couple thus tied; thus avenging himself for his wife's and his pretended friend's treachery. The rivals of the unfortunate individual thus captured, went away. The house of the painter became less noisy; his wife, confused and sorrowful, begged his pardon. Potter thought: her sufficiently punished, and forgave her."

Still, after a misadventure of this kind, it was difficult to remain in a town where it had made much noise, and had formed the general topic of conversation for some time. It was in 1652. Paul Potter then quitted the Hague, and went back to Amsterdam, where his family resided. He had been, moreover, invited there by the burgomaster, Tulp, who was one of his friends, and who gave a high price for his pictures. The greater number of the works of Paul Potter became the property of this rich amateur.

The town of Amsterdam was then inhabited by several

eminent artists. There can be little doubt that the examination of their great works filled our painter with the spirit of emulation. It is certain that from this moment Paul Potter endeavoured to enlarge his tone, to increase his proportions, and to elevate his charming pastorals to the dignity of historic pages. It was an error—a very great error. Animals the size of life in a picture fail to interest us; they cannot do so, because then they actually enter into competition with nature, which will not bear this kind of comparison. To render such colossal proportions tolerable with the subject, the charm of which consists in the truth of the character, of which the poetry is domestic and naïve, nothing less than the genius of Rembrandt would be required. There would be need of a kind of fantastic audacity, a strange light, and the interest of some unexpected drama. Unless with such additional arts as these, what illusion can there be about cows as large as life, with horns which touch the framework? In the presence of this enormous reality, the mind refuses to give way to the feeling of imagination, and cannot recall the idea of the country, and feed contemplatively on the beauties and glories of nature. Taste has laws which may be disputed, despite proverbs to the contrary; and yet, though they are unwritten, they are not less rigorous. Reason tells us that we must apportion the means to the end. If we cannot charm the spectator by showing him a little corner of sky about three inches square, three square yards will not enable us to take a hold of his mind.

Moreover, while forgetting these imperious rules, Paul Potter has not succeeded in making himself an excuse by the general success of his attempt; and here is the principal error. The great picture which is shown at the Hague as a marvel, and which represents a bull, with a cow lying down, a lamb, and a herdsman, all the size of life, does not come up to the immense celebrity which has been given to it by books of art, guide-books, and the hurried criticisms of picture-dealers and enthusiastic amateurs. The touch is fine, no doubt; the animals are truthful in the extreme; but the whole wants warmth, interest, and charm. The eye is shocked by the unexpected dimensions, and the precise manner of Paul Potter, so admirable in his smaller productions, is here unsatisfactory and cold. We want a broader brush, with more energy and fire, and some of the great *chiaroscuro* effects, by means of which Cuypp and Rembrandt would have saved the reputation of such a picture. These remarks apply still more to the great "Bear Hunt" of the Museum of Amsterdam, which is certainly the weakest of all the pictures by this master. Ruysdael knew how to express, within the limits of a small picture, the profundity of the infinite.

"These animals, of gigantic proportions," says Thoré, "were made by Albert Cuypp much more gigantic within the space of a foot square. Mathematical proportion does not necessarily decide size. The smallest figure of Michael Angelo is grander than the huge figures of certain artists. Benvenuto Cellini carved on the pommel of a sword, combats which were worth six miles of battle scenes to be found at Versailles, while the elephant of the Bastille was petty alongside the elephants carved on a ring in the time of the conquests of Alexander."

If, however, Paul Potter failed to elevate his talent to a level with the huge canvas on which he painted his humble models; on the other hand, what energy, what sentiment, what perfection is there in his smaller pictures, the dimensions of which, better suited to the simplicity of the subject, allowed him to display to advantage the perfection of his pencil, and even the softness and poetry of his heart. There is no one who has examined these productions of Paul Potter, during the two hundred years which have elapsed since he painted the portraits of the animals that serve man, without, at the very first glance of the eye, admiring the startling truth, the good humour, the happy light of his pictures, so softened and so gentle.

The soul of the painter was, as it were, presented in these peaceful compositions quite as much as have been the minds of others who have painted heroes. "I recollect, when I was at college," says an eminent French critic, "I spent a

whole day in visiting the portfolio of a rich amateur of engravings, who amongst other ancient productions, showed me some superb works by Paul Potter. I knew not even the name of this celebrated artist, and certainly I had no idea of what was meant by copper-plate, first proof, proof before letters, and so on. But glancing over the horses, I was much struck by the beautiful engraving known as the 'Friesland Horse.' \* It represents a powerful horse during a storm, on a vast prairie. In the distance, under the horse's feet, may be seen a village, and some trees bent by the wind, their black outline relieved on a dark sky. I know not why, but the sight of this horse, abandoned and alone, caused me profound emotion. I thought I then felt that nature had within it a hidden poetry, a mysterious essence, which at certain moments reveals itself to elevated minds, to predestined artists; that for them this moral essence is infused even into the breath of the air, and that there is the secret of that inexpressible charm which they knew how to give to the painting of the herbs of the field, as well as to the mute and sad attitude of the resigned animal."

A modern writer has said of the animals of Paul Potter: "Others have painted cows, oxen, well-drawn sheep, all well-coloured and painted. He, alone, has seized their expression, the physiognomy of their inner existence, of their instinct. We admire the flocks and herds of Berghem, of Van der Velde, of Karel Dujardin; we are touched by those of Paul Potter."

Even if we were to regard the paintings of the Dutch painter purely from a picturesque point of view, he would nevertheless take rank amongst the first artists of his country. And, placing him within the limits of his special subject, we may say that Paul Potter is truly and unaffectedly the master. Truly, no one has succeeded more than he has—scarcely as much. Not only does he thoroughly know his animals, their anatomy, their habits, their character; but no one has so carefully observed the gait which this character gives them, the movement or the posture which betrays either agitation or calmness in them. Never was there seen a more robust and simple way of showing the construction of his great oxen, or of his draught horses. And in no case is the triumph of the whole, of the mass, obtained at the expense of delicacy of detail. With the exception of the sky, which flies away gently to the horizon, dim and somewhat gloomy, nothing is sacrificed which may keep the flagging attention alive. The hair is collected and divided on the forehead of the cow, it is rounded where the horns arise, it is smooth on the ribs and ends in unequal tufts. It stands up on the shoulder, it is crisp as horsehair on the back-bone; it stands up again wherever the animal has licked it, or where he has rubbed himself against a tree.

The smallest accidents of the skin are expressed with scrupulous and unerring fidelity. The sheep's wool, the golden fleece of the lamb, are rendered with minute exactness. His pencil forgets not the scum which has stuck to them from crossing a pond, nor the mud which has bespattered them, nor the manure mixed with bits of straw attached to the haunches of the sheep which has been rolling in the yard. The painter is careful to observe the peculiar characteristics which belong to each race, the details of expression and the habits which characterise the individual. It is in this way that Paul Potter was above all the real and genuine animal painter.

If we seek to find out what are the distinctive marks of this master, we must compare him with his rivals—with Berghem, with Van der Velde, Albert Cuypp, and Karel Dujardin. Berghem has more wit and ingenuity, and less nature. Van der Velde has not so much precision as Paul Potter, nor so

\* Adam Bartsch thus describes this engraving: "A Friesland horse, of a mottled-gray colour, seen from the profile, and turning towards the right of the engraving. Its mane is divided into three parts, platted and tied together by a knot of ribbon. He is standing in a large field, before a town, which is seen in the distance, and which crosses the whole back of the picture. The sky is gloomy and black. On the right may be read,—Paulus Potter. 1652."

much energy; but he has occasionally more grace, and, as an instance, we may mention that his "Sheep with her young nestling in search of food" is inimitable. Albert Cuyp is gifted with superior genius; he grasps nature in the varied phases of its history; he is elegant in his luminous portraits and powerful in his landscapes; he draws elegant horses coming out of the stables of gentlemen, as well as he does the horse that works at the plough; he colours beautiful skies, paints the rolling of the sea and the ships which move upon it, passes from the hunting *rendezvous* to the rustic farm, and is, in fact, superior to Paul Potter in the universality of his genius; but the latter, in his special subject of animals, surpasses his rival in the extraordinary truth and perfection with which he renders his models. Karel Dujardin is so amiable, and so charming, that it is impossible to place him anywhere but in the first line; and yet, setting aside the rural savour of his golden landscapes, and only studying his successful animals, Karel must also yield the palm to Paul Potter as

senting the roughness of the skin of his animals, or when he is painting the minute details of uneven ground. In every other part it is, as it were, embroidered and minute. His skies are flaccid and cottony; they have none of that rich tone which in Karel Dujardin makes the clouds so real and successful; none of those open lurid places showing the storm, which Joseph Vernet so admirably rendered. Setting aside these defects, the landscape, considering the distance of the grounds, is dashed off correctly, and the manner of the painting is perfectly appropriate to the subject and the effect desired to be produced.

The love of nature is often found in men of delicate temperament, whose bodies are destined to die away before their time. Like Van der Velde, who loved the country so much and who painted animals so well, Paul Potter had within him the germs of premature death. The gradual weakening of his bodily health is attributed to excess of work. He laboured, says his chief historian, night and day. The lamp at mid-



THE BULL.—FROM A PAINTING BY POTTER

his master, because he is more profound, more true, more complete.

There are in nature many objects which can be successfully rendered by mere-colour without the assistance of touch—that is to say, without the touch appearing. Great historical subjects, above all, when they are treated in the fresco style, show no trace of the touch. The elevation of the idea here diminishes the importance of the material part of art, and the coquettish and niceties of the profession. But it is not the same in fancy subjects, in which are presented animals, vegetables, terraces. These cannot do without visible touches, any more than metals or other shining bodies, on the clear parts. Not only is the touch necessary to express the character of these different objects, as well as to convey the sentiment of pride, of delicacy, or love, which animates painting, but because it is required to interest the eye more in proportion as the mind is less appealed to. It is for this reason that in Holland touch has always been held in such high esteem. That of Paul Potter is firm and decided, when he is repre-

senting the roughness of the skin of his animals, or when he is painting the minute details of uneven ground. In every other part it is, as it were, embroidered and minute. His skies are flaccid and cottony; they have none of that rich tone which in Karel Dujardin makes the clouds so real and successful; none of those open lurid places showing the storm, which Joseph Vernet so admirably rendered. Setting aside these defects, the landscape, considering the distance of the grounds, is dashed off correctly, and the manner of the painting is perfectly appropriate to the subject and the effect desired to be produced.

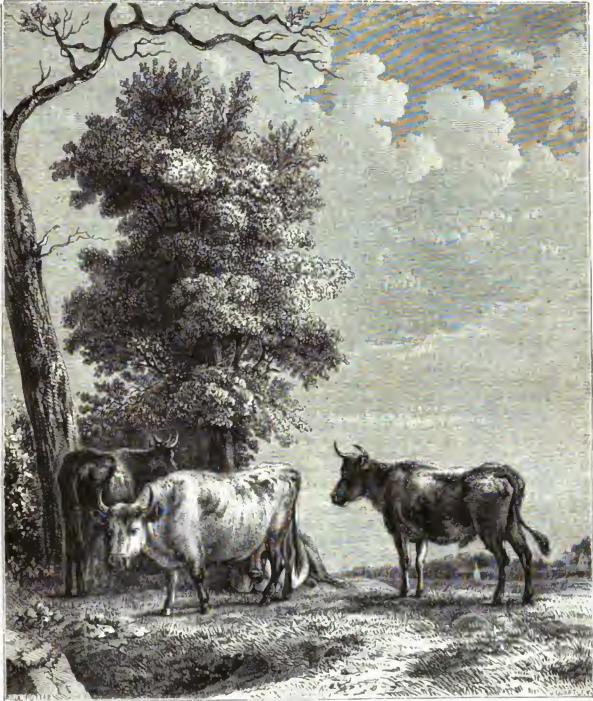
night found him still painting. In the long winter evenings he would employ himself in engraving the studies which he had made for his painting, and he never went out without his pencil and his note book. But this continual application, for which he was gently scolded, and which is looked upon as the cause of his death, was but an imperious requirement of his nature. It appears a kind of destiny of some, condemned to a short life. They devour hours to consume the life of several men in one; and, as if they bore about them the presentiment of their fate, we see them hastening to live, to accomplish their task, and thus make their flame burn to the last. It was so with this great painter, the humble friend of the flocks and herds and fields. Paul Potter died of decline in 1654, not having completed his twenty-ninth year. He was buried in the great chapel of Amsterdam. He left behind him a little girl, three years old, and the wife he had so much loved that he even pardoned her levity.

Two centuries this very year have passed since his death, and the pictures of Paul Potter increase in price day by day.



Amateurs and connoisseurs also seek for his beautiful engravings, which have become very rare; indeed, so rare are they, that many are glad even to obtain the copies from them by the Chevalier de Clausain. But when speaking on this subject, we cannot do better than quote the most learned of critics. Adam Bartsch says: "Paul Potter engraved eighteen subjects, which are the delight of connoisseurs. When we recollect that he was only eighteen when he engraved 'The Cow-keeper,' and nineteen when he engraved

cow and his horses with little short dashes which he seldom lengthened, except when he wished to make large deep shadows, and he rendered the streaks of the hair in a most admirable manner. The work of his engraver's point is neat and close, so that we can scarcely recognise the burin with which he went over it in some places. The little backgrounds in his collections of animals are executed with lightness and delicacy, and the plants in front of the engraving (No. 14, as well as the 'Zubacraia,' No. 18), show a practice in the



PASTURAGE —FROM A PAINTING BY POTTER

The Shepherd,' we are astonished at the extraordinary genius of this master, and we can scarcely comprehend how at this age he could have produced works which would be the glory of the most ingenious artist, of the most consummate master in the practice of his art. Perfect correctness in the drawing, striking truth in the character of the animals, remarkable intelligence in the composition, happy effect in the *chiaroscuro*, combined with a sure and soft point, all unite in his productions to raise him to a level with the authors of the greatest masterpieces. Potter engraved the skin of his

art of engraving such as is rarely met with in engravings by painters."

Though he has only engraved oxen, cows, horses, and some few sheep, Paul Potter studied and drew almost every kind of quadruped; those, at all events, which belong to the domain of art, and which do not interest the naturalist alone. The work of his contemporary, Marc de Bye, who was a pupil of Jacques van der Does, contains no less than sixty-one pieces engraved after Paul Potter. There are scenes of lions, of wolves, followed by packs of hounds, pigs, she-goats, and he-

goats. From the eighteen engravings from the hand of our excellent painter, one of the handsomest and one of the rarest is that which bears the name of "Zubacain." It is a great tree which fills the forests of Brazil. We see a superb branch of it covered with leaves and fruits projecting from the lower part of the trunk, and reaching to the very summit of the picture. At the foot of this tree, engraved with the finest and most intelligent of points, is a monkey sitting on the ground, holding in his fore paws a fruit of the same tree, like a nut. This monkey was the subject of a serious discussion among certain celebrated naturalists in France, during the last century. Margrave gave a woodcut of it from the engraving of Potter, and called it the *exquima* of Congo; but Buffon combated this opinion and that of Linneus, who called it Diana, and decided that the monkey of Paul Potter was the common Brazilian sapajo.

It may be readily imagined, familiar as most persons are with the impulses which generally guide fervent amateurs—these impulses being not always purely artistic—how severe have occasionally been the struggles to possess an engraving which had the honour of such a dispute.

It is when examining such works as the eighteen precious engravings of Paul Potter, that we recognise in the engraving all the merits of the artist: his profound knowledge, his love for truth and exactness, his search for truth of outline, his *noif* character, his sentiment, and his tenderness of soul. How clearly is every shade distinguished! How admirably he renders all the differences of construction which exist in animals of the same race, as, for example, between the bull and the cow! The latter has in general a long face, an open forehead, and soft brows over the eyes; the bull, on the other hand, has a fierce and savage look, a short head, the neck tremendous in its thickness and convexity, thickset, heavy, the shoulders falling away, and the hind-quarters rather light. A treatise on anatomy would scarcely give you more information on these subjects than do the engravings of this master. As for horses, no one ever painted them better than he did. We do not here allude to those prancing steeds introduced by Wouvermans into his hunting halts, nor to the fierce Andalusian steeds which carry the heroes of Vandeyk, nor to the heavy coursers which are found on the canvases of Lebrun and Van der Meulen, as in the carousals and festivities of Louis XIV., nor to that light, lean, and bounding horse of which Carlo Vernet was the excellent painter. The model which Paul Potter adopted was the working horse—the useful, patient, and robust horse—which has been so admirably understood by Gericault, to say nothing of living familiar artists.

There is a difference, however, between these two artists. One painted the horse of the town, vigorously drawing the heavy cart, or the loaded diligence. Paul Potter preferred to study the horse of the fields, the peaceful companion of rustic families, the animal that draws loads of hay to the grange, which takes the farmer's son to the hamlet, which in the evening, harassed with fatigue, fraternises with his comrade at the trough, and is satisfied with the bundle of straw and the pail of water which a serving-man brings him.

We have given an admirable and delicious specimen of this in the "Horses at the Trough" (p. 404). A man must have never felt the pleasure of country places, have never breathed the odour of the country, nor to feel the charm of so simple a picture, so Dutch, with its humid sky, and not to guess every detail of it, and the feelings of the painter who produced it.

The latest of his engravings date from 1652. He was approaching his end, and he seemed almost conscious of what was coming, for his last works appear to bear the evidence of a sad and melancholy inspiration. There was even a dramatic reality about some of his productions. "I know nothing more touching," says Dumesnil Michelet,\* "than the dying horse, which is about to fall near the one that is already dead, and which the dogs are devouring."

The animals of the peasant, and the horse of the people, have given to Paul Potter an immortal fame. He has, on the other hand, taken these animals under the protection of his

\* This admirable engraving is known as the "Mazette."

genius. It was never before the good fortune of animals to play the principal part in creations of the painter, and to form of themselves a picture. Since the *Renaissance*, no one had dared to depart from rule, and give such importance to domestic animals. No one had ever introduced them so boldly into the domain of art. To the Dutch is due the honour of having first given to the inferior race of the world their share of light and human interest. The East had nursed the belief, that animals contained within them sleeping souls, perhaps souls humiliated and for a time captive. Antiquity had given to them the good sense of *Æsop*, and had ennobled them in the greatest works of sculpture. Virgil sang of the labouring ox, and of the sheep of Gallus. The middle age of Romanism proscribed animals as impure, and in connivance with the evil one. But popular tenderness restored them to a better position, until La Fontaine made them speak and Paul Potter painted them. Recently, an historian,†—a French historian of course—cried out in those phrenzied accents which belong only to his country: "The tree which has seen all time, the bird which has seen every place, have they nothing to teach us? Does not the eagle read the sun, and the owl the darkness. And did those great oxen, so solemn under that tree, never think while they were ruminating?"

Paul Potter engraved, we have said, eighteen engravings. There are eight of cows and oxen:—

1. "The Bull," signed Paul Potter, 1650.
2. "The Cow standing, near one that is lying down."
3. "The Cow lying down by the Four-barred Gate."
4. "The Cow at Pasture."
5. "The Cow with the Crumpled Horn."
6. "A Cow."
7. "Two Oxen in a Field fighting."
8. "Two Cows," with their backs turned to the foreground.

At the Rigal sale, in 1817, these eight first proofs sold for £9. There are three different proofs of these eight engravings. The first are before the letters, and "Clement de Jonghe" is not on them; you simply read—"P. Potter inv. et excud." The second have the name of Clement de Jonghe, and the words "et excud." after "Potter," are taken out. The last proofs have the name of F. de Wit marked in the corner to the right.

There are several engravings of horses:—

1. (9) "The Horse of Friesland," signed Paul Potter, 1652.
2. (10) "The Horse neighing," same name and date.
3. (11) "The Horse-dealer," same name and date.
4. (12) "The Plough-horses," same name and date.
5. (13) "The Mazette," same name and date.

At the Rigal sale, above alluded to, these five pieces, fine proofs, fetched £14.

14. "The Cowherd." The author engraved this at eighteen. To the left you read—"Paulus Potter in. et fecit a<sup>o</sup> 1613." There are two proofs of this work. A first proof of this engraving, very rare, fetched at the Rigal sale, £16.

15. "The Shepherd," which Paul Potter engraved at seventeen, is marked 1646.

16. "The Head of a Cow," very beautifully executed.

17. "A Cow lying down near a Tree." A good specimen is worth £8 to £10.

18. "Zubacain." To the left of this engraving the word "Zubacain" may be read, and towards the right, "Paulus Potter fecit, 1650." This piece is very rare, and one of the best of Potter's works. At the Rigal sale it produced £6 10s.

Every museum, every cabinet, has vied one with another to obtain the productions of this great painter, who died at twenty-nine.

The Louvre contains two: "Oxen and Sheep in a Prairie," from the Chiseuil Gallery; "Two Horses at the Trough."

The Royal and Imperial Gallery of the Belvedere at Vienna only possesses two copies.

The Pinacothek Museum of Munich possesses one: "A Landscape with figures and animals."

Dresden has three: "A Forest," with figures painted by A. Van der Velde.

† Michelet, "Origines du droit."

## THE COLOURS OF LANDSCAPES.

MODERN artists are too home-bred to be true painters of beauty. Their Italian scenes are dimmed by the cold clouds of the North; their architecture is not the gleaming marble of Corinth, but the gray old ruin of the northern border. They mix their colours as though nature had no pure tints. Landscape painters especially should visit the bright places of the world, if they would reflect the rich loveliness of the earth.

and all admirers of art, to consider how much would be gained if less cloud, less shadow, less dun heaviness of tone, were employed as the elements of landscape. Turner excelled most of his contemporaries, not only because his outlines were flowing, his touches graceful, his harmonies complete; but because his blue was real blue, his purple the very purple of kings, his green the tender tint of the untrodden earth. The desert scenes of David Roberts were successful, when he painted the red-yellow of the sand and the rosy blue of the



THE COW BY THE STREAM.—FROM A PAINTING BY POTTER.

But the untravelling public is perhaps to blame in this matter. It scarcely believes that in Tuscany and Egypt skies are so blue that not a speck of vapour is to be seen from zenith to horizon; that the Libyan sunset is a hemisphere of violet, gold, and vermillion; that the grass in Spain is not only as green as emerald, but as vivid. All this knowledge would enrich artists' pictures; for by such experience did Claude gain the power to paint that scenery which is irradiated with an unfading beauty.

It is worth the attention not only of painters, but of critics

heavens without shading them down into imitations of the beach and sky at Brighton. When he brings in a cloud, it seems permeated by fire; when he hangs a mist upon the horizon, it is luminous and rich; and if he ever neglected this rule, his composition was less grand and truthful.

It is not enough that the artist should determine to use bright colours. He must not be only brilliant, but brilliant as nature herself is brilliant. A sunset in the desert is no like a sunset on the sea, where the water gives as well as takes tones and hues as transitory as the changes in the sky.

The first light is of a pearly gray, very difficult to represent in painting, from the danger of its appearing cold. Then streaks of saffron and crimson shoot up, which become more delicate as the dawn breaks and fades into rose, into gold, into blue. The verdure of such scenes need not, however, be parched; for the mimosa spreads over the well which feeds its roots a foliage as green as the acacias among our villas, and the young palm is as fresh as the vine, though the leaves turn when the precious golden bunches are hanging under them. The turf, too, is often like our forest-moss, the rice-field like our sprouting corn.

Artists are becoming travellers, and a good many of them are learning these lessons for themselves on the banks of the Nile. They have discovered that it is not enough to study a few months at Florence, or pace up and down the frescoed galleries of Rome. Very much, however, would be gained for their art, if they were to extend their researches further, and visit the rich regions of the East, not to paint Asiatic scenery, but to impress upon their imagination the reality of the brightness and splendour which add such beauty to the creations of art. Perhaps no one has ever visited the Indian Islands with this object, yet no part of the world would afford better studies to the colourist. The moist climate keeps the verdure perpetually of a fresh, vivid green. The water is intensely blue, and bright as light itself; a rose-red glow inflames the mountain-peaks, and wreaths of golden vapour curl up from the summits of volcanic hills. The vegetation is like that of South America, brilliant, gaudy, and with an infinite variety of tints. The birds are in harmony with all this gorgeous ornament, gold, red, azure, with an intense metallic lustre, peculiarly dazzling to the eye. From the boughs hang snakes, green and velvety, or like rolls of coral. The very insects are of superb hues, bronze, green, or silver-winged beetles being abundant in the woods. But the birds are more brilliant than all the rest of the animal creation: the cream-coloured pigeons, the sunbirds, called "atoms of the rainbow," contrasting with the royally-plumaged birds of paradise. The tiger-lily, the scarlet lake-flower, with the bloom of immemorial trees, add touches to the scenery, as well as to the richly-tinted shells—some, like beautiful tulips, strewn the sea-shore. The rose is of a deeper crimson in the East than it is found in the North or South; and the jessamine is more white, for colours of all kinds are more perfect in Asia than in any other quarter of the world. Even the atmosphere has a peculiar tone. A fine purple haze is often perceived on the water; but on land, in spite of the prevailing moisture, the air is so transparent that objects appear more distinct than they would through a less rarefied medium. These peculiar effects, if they were added to the repertory of the artist's experience, would aid him considerably in giving to his landscapes a colouring at once natural and rich.

Still, the artist need go no further than the warm and glowing South for the true colours of poetical landscape. In the paintings of the best Italian masters an attention to truth, in this respect, is one of the principal qualities commanding our admiration; and in the works of Claude, who, in spirit, was quite a Tuscan, the reflex of nature is found in every tint, from the chilly green water rippling against the pier of a broken bridge, to the burning, rosy gleams of such a sunset as that with which Boccaccio brightens his meadows. And, in moonlight scenes, how do the southern artists excel, with the foam-like scatterings of pearl glistening on the sea; the pale, pure, soft light hallowing the trees and gardens and towers; the clouds with silver edges, or the sky unspotted, but still a dark, deep, hollow dome of purple blue. It is a mistake to mark the stars as points of intense, colourless light, for in warm regions they come into the sky like clusters of gold.

In historical groups how much of character and purpose is displayed in the choice of colours. Rubens, with his coarse conceptions and exaggerated outlines, still surprises us into admiration by his bold and truthful colouring. And Raffaele, who was the poet of painters, used only a few pure hues to express his ideal of beauty. He would not sacrifice fidelity to variety, or taste to meretricious effect. If he put a robe

on his Madonnas, it was of vermilion or bright blue; if he draped his virgins, it was in violet or scarlet, not in a fantastic assemblage of contrasting colours. It is true, that in landscapes another rule is observable, and that an infinity of tints may be found in a single spot. But this applies principally to the vegetation. The sky is not generally dark blue in the east, and pale blue in the west; cloudy in the north, and unstained in the south. Grass is usually of one colour, though different fields may vary, but to dissect a picture into plots, sown with wheat, barley, and clover, in their several tints, is to give an agricultural lesson, and not to idealise the living beauty of the earth. In all these matters an eclectic taste will choose, and combine, and harmonise the infinite varieties of nature; and this the masters of great genius have invariably attended to. It will be seen, from our observations on the principles of the chief painters of modern times, that they set the highest value on adequate colouring. Rembrandt valued himself on his lights and shades, which are, in fact, mere effects of colour; Correggio cared nothing for a perfect outline unless filled up with true natural tints. It was, he said, the human body without the divine soul. And Michael Angelo, when painting his masterpiece, "The Last Judgment," used simple colours, but colours like those of the earth and the heavens, declaring that there was no grace in a "painted form" unless it was "faithful in complexion." Of course, that noble artist, as well as the other great masters of the South, understood that it was possible to conceive beauty of form without beauty of colour. Did the Italian or the Greek ever think it necessary to paint his statues? Did he ever gild his architecture, or employ on it the pigments which the Egyptian, more gross and material, valued so highly? But in landscape, the form—that is, the outline—is intended to be a deception. It is the secondary object; for the ideas of roundness, dimensions, and distance, can only be conveyed through the means of delusion. But the colouring is real, and ought to be natural. The oak-leaf ought to be like the leaf of the oak in the meadow; the broken arch ought to shine in moonlight, as Tintern really shines; the sky over Naples ought to be as blue as the sky under which the genuine gondoliers are singing. Landscapes, therefore, since they must, if very poetical and rich, be taken in idea from the East or South, should be coloured in a southern or eastern tone; and when artists are bold, they will paint such scenes as the old masters of Italy conceived, and all the world has since admired.

#### ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE connexion between poetry and painting is so delicate and yet so strong, that our readers will, we are sure, thank us for introducing to their notice an exquisite sonnet from the Spanish of Lope de Vega, which illustrates, and at the same time is illustrated by, the fine picture of "The Light of the World," by Mr. Holman Hunt, noticed in our last critique. We return to our subject the more readily from the knowledge that the attentive study of one fine work of art will more abundantly instruct the art-student than the casual supervision of a thousand. The reader will also perceive that the religious feeling which we noticed in Mr. Hunt's picture is reflected very strongly in the devotional lines of the Spanish dramatist, wherein is embalmed, as in amber, the image of the patient Saviour, so pictured that we are almost persuaded that Mr. Hunt consulted them before he drew his picture.

TO-MORROW.

Lord, what am I, that with unceasing care,  
Thou didst seek after me, that Thou didst wait  
Wet with unhealthy dews before my gate,  
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?  
Oh, strange delusion! that I did not greet  
Thy blest approach, and oh, to heaven how lost,  
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,  
"Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see  
How he persists to kneel and wait for thee!"

And, oh, how often to that voice of sorrow,  
 "To-morrow we will open," I replied,  
 And when the morrow came, I answered still, "To-morrow."

We now proceed with our notice.

(No. 40), "Brigela," by C. Landseer, R.A., represents a scene from "Ossian," painted with great care and finish, without loss of effect; the face of the female is very beautiful, but her feet are too large, the colouring is harmonious and the drawing forcible.

(No. 176) is a clever picture by Mr. H. Wallis, called, "Dr. Johnson at Cave's, the Publisher's." Johnson is seated behind a screen, near a window; a smart impertinent servant girl, who has not long left the parish school, is bringing him a plate of meat. Behind the screen we get a glimpse of the company with whom Johnson is too shabby to associate. The artist has made a mistake in representing Johnson so old; and the picture, though carefully painted, is not quite so harmonious in tone as it might have been.

(No. 216), "The Pet of the Common," J. C. Horsley, is deserving of notice for its truthfulness to nature and its careful finish.

(No. 227), "A Study," A. Egg, R.A.: a very clever bit of costume, but nothing more. (No. 461), "Dame Ursula and Margaret," from "The Fortunes of Nigel," in the West Room, is of more importance. The figure of Margaret is graceful, and the air of weariness with which she turns from the old woman is well expressed; but surely there is time in twelve months for an artist like Mr. Egg to produce something more worthy of his former reputation.

(No. 315), "View of the Pic du Midi D'Ossaid in the Pyrenees," by C. Hanfield, R.A., is a noble picture of mountain scenery, absolutely elevating for a lowland man to look at.

(No. 330), "Chastity," by Mr. Frost, is a picture somewhat departing from his usual style; all the figures are draped. It professes to be a commentary on, rather than an illustration of, the passage of Milton.

"So dear to heaven is faintly Chastity,  
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,  
 A thousand liveried angels becky her."

The figure of Chastity is weak, ill-drawn, and ungraceful, and it is of course the principal figure; the accessories, and especially the groups of angels, are well drawn. The colouring is less exceptional than Mr. Frost usually gives us, but as a whole the picture is far from that which we might expect from this artist's reputation.

(No. 314), "The Children of the Wood," by Sant, is a beautifully painted illustration of a story that never tires. The background is an example of the good effected by the Fra-Raphaelites; it is both beautifully and carefully painted. As a whole this is charming.

(No. 352), "The Song of the Troubadours," by Poole, is a very excellent composition, treated in the very original style of the artist of "Solomon Eagle," which is so well remembered. We cannot award any artist higher praise than we do to Mr. Poole, when we advise every visitor to mark his forcible drawing, his delicate touch, and the perfect originality of his treatment.

(No. 362), "The Chequered Shade," by Messrs. Lee and Sydney Cooper, is another triumph of these two artists, who have for so long a period achieved the foremost position in their art.

The West Room, at which we have arrived, contains many admirable pictures; of these, (No. 420) "Nature's Mirror," by Antony, is one which will attract notice, although the composition is by no means a pleasant one.

"The solitary pool fringed round with reeds" is so adjusted as to be very objectionably placed as regards the line of sight. Otherwise the painting is true and forcible, and not unaccompanied with the quaint rendering of the artist.

(No. 426), "The Countess of Nithdale petitioning George I. on behalf of her Husband," who was under sentence of death for rebellion, R. Hannah; a very carefully-painted pic-

ture, but which almost verges on caricature in the representation of the king. The screwed-up, wrinkled countenance, the awkward, stooping stride, and the manner in which he grasps his sword, remind one more of a frightened clown in a pantomime, than an angry king repulsing a suppliant. Ugly and ungraceful though he might have been, and violently as he treated the countess, dragging her across the ante-chamber on her knees, the artist has evidently mistaken extravagance of gesture for appropriate action. Besides this, there is a total want of relief in the picture. It is impossible to tell where one of the "blue ribbons" (of which the countess speaks, and who are disengaging the king from her grasp) ends, and where the other begins: all is confusion. And it would puzzle any one but this artist to discover in any human countenance the green tints of which he is so fond; otherwise, the picture has many meritorious points. The draperies are all carefully represented, especially the Moire-antique of the countess.

(No. 435), "Fruits," G. Lane. Mr. Lane is not equal to his previous reputation in this specimen of his pencil. The fruit may be as fine as usual, but it is completely overbalanced by a glaring blue sky, and an equally intense parrot. Indeed, Mr. Lane has not only extinguished his fruit by these violent accessories, but also by an unfortunate specimen of humanity in the background, whose pale, sentimental countenance, and costume à la Rubens, appear quite out of character with the rest of the picture.

(No. 439), "Scene from Faust," H. O'Neill, finely finished, but by no means a good conception of the characters. Faust is here represented as a middle-aged dandy, whose silken and pointed beard destroys all expression. The flowers and turf borders of the garden are admirably represented. Margaret is hardly young enough, and her position is somewhat fantastical.

(No. 445), "The Entanglement," T. H. Maguire; a specimen of want of taste which is much to be deplored; the more so, as the draperies are represented and finished with a truthfulness we never saw surpassed. The colouring is too florid, harmony in colour not being produced by such violent contrasts, but by a judicious admixture of warm and cold tints.

(No. 447), "Fruit," Miss E. Rumley, is firmly and forcibly painted, and true to nature, and may be pronounced the best production of the artist that has yet been exhibited, being more free from the faults of colour than those hitherto before the public.

(No. 455), "The Governess," by Miss Solomon, declares itself by the title. When will people have done bestowing their lackadaisical pity on a class of persons usefully and honourably employed, and as fairly dealt with as any other class? This production is as weak and sentimental as the quotation from "Tupper's Philosophy" which accompanies it.

(No. 469), "The Entrance to the Lagoon of Venice," by Cooke, is, in every way, excellent. We have no hesitation in pronouncing this fully equal, if not superior, to any of the works of Stanfield.

(No. 470), "A Letter-writer, Seville," by Mr. Phillip, is one of the attractions of the Exhibition, and confirms the promise put forth in the artist's former pictures. A well-known letter-writer exercises his trade in an open but quiet street in Seville. A gaily-dressed lady whispers an assignment, which she wishes him to write; and a peasant mother waits patiently for him to read a letter received from her husband. The group is full of interest, and is excellently painted. Her Majesty has been fortunate enough to secure this admirable painting.

(No. 456), "The Poison Cup," by Frith, a scene from Kenilworth, will be sure to arrest the visitor.

(No. 490), "Peggy," from Ramsay's admirable poem of "The Gentle Shepherd," is an excellent study of a figure by Mr. Faed, which should make the reputation of the artist.

(No. 492), "Guidicus and Arizagus," scene from Cymbeline, introducing the dead Imogene, by W. Gale, is an admirably-painted scene; but, unfortunately, the taste of the artist is not nearly so good as his execution. The positions are formal, theatrical, and unnatural.



(No. 506), "Christopher Sly," by H. S. Marks, a name with which we have not met before, is a fine study of Shakespeare's drunken impersonation. We look forward to some great things from this artist.

(No. 820), "The Charity of Dorcas," by W. C. T. Dobson, is a very promising picture; and, as promise achieved, we may class pictures by those excellent artists, Sydney Cooper (No. 556), "Common Fare;" F. R. Lee and J. Hollins (No. 572), "Salmon Fishing on the River Aire;" (No. 581), "View of the Frith of Forth," by Roberts; (No. 586), "Traveller attacked by Wolves," by Ansdale; and many others. The object of our criticism being, generally, for the encouragement of the younger and less-known artists, and also for the elucidation of very great works, by men foremost in their art, our readers will forgive our doing anything further than calling attention to these pictures. Of the South Room drawings and miniatures we shall not speak; except to say, that there is general finish and excellence exhibited in this branch of the art. Two instances of bad taste are too glaring

1853;" where he has exhibited a sensual-looking widower in the newest black, stretched upon a sofa contemplating the hush of his departed wife, in a sprawling attitude of grief. His daughters, of all ages, surround him, dressed in the newest fashions from the mourning warehouse in Regent-street, and, with upturned eyes, assuming looks intended to be as deep as their crape. Nay, as Edmund, in "Lear," complains that even domestic animals shun him:—

"—— The little dogs all,

Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, they do bark at me."

so Mr. Chalou, or the gentleman (?), has lugged in the pet dog, who, in a mourning suit of white, gazes with reverent wonder in his master's face. Grief more indecently exhibited we never saw—grief evidently, from the bereaved person's face, as constrained as his attitude, and a thousand times more transient than the water-colours of the fashionable artist. The effect of such a picture may be guessed; scarcely a single person passes it, hut "*àesu tremet icur*" as he or she turns away in laughter or visible disgust.



THE MEADOW.—FROM A PAINTING BY REMBRANDT.

to be passed over. Mr. Essex, to his excellent enamel portraits of "Byron, Scott, and Moore," has thought fit to append the following senseless and halting parody on Dryden's epigram—"Three poets in three distant ages born:—

"The Poets in one age were born,

England, Scotland, Ireland, did adorn;"

by which he disgusts more than he can charm by his painting; and Mr. Chalou has perpetrated a worse than senseless parody on the sacred character of grief, in his "In Memoriam,

Of the Octagon Room we have little to say; its one brilliant picture we have before noticed. An historical composition by S. Blackburn (No. 1,295) has much merit, and would be vastly improved by an addition of a few forcible touches. The Sculpture Room contains many repetitions of figures, some busts of merit, and two groups (Nos. 1,411 and 1,514) from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, "The Lamentations of Phaeton's Sisters," which exhibit grace, knowledge of anatomy, and merit.

END OF VOL. I.

THE  
WORKS  
OF  
E M I N E N T M A S T E R S,  
IN  
PAINTING, SCULPTURE, ARCHITECTURE,  
AND  
DECORATIVE ART.

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# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
SEBASTIAN BOURDON:—		The Rising of the Moon ...	68	The Raving, after Haymams ...	137
Portrait ...	1	Morning ...	73	Fresco Painting in Florence (eight figures) ...	140, 141
The Virgin and Child ...	4	Moonlight ...	72	Portrait, by Leonardo da Vinci ...	144
Security ...	5	The Skaters ...	76	SIMON MATHURIN LANTARA:—	
Works of Mercy (Healing the Sick) ...	8	A Sea-piece ...	77	Portrait and Small Design ...	145
The Halt of the Holy Family ...	9	Moonlight on the Water ...	80	View of Peçq, near St. Germain ...	148
The Flight into Egypt ...	12	JOHN ANGELIN:—		View on the Seine ...	149
Painting ...	13	Portrait and Small Design ...	81	The Return from Market ...	152
Grammar ...	16	The Cavalier ...	84	WILLIAM KALF:—	
ADRIAN VANDERVELDE:—		The Watering-place ...	85	Portrait and Small Design ...	158
Portrait and Small Design ...	17	A View on the Tiber ...	92	Interior of a Kitchen ...	156
The Rising Sun ...	20	FRANCIS DE PAULA FERG:—		The Descent from the Cross, by Lesueur ...	157
The Blind Man ...	21	Two Small Designs ...	88	SIR DAVID WILKIE:—	
The Ox and Three Sheep ...	24	The Village Fair ...	89	Portrait ...	161
Winter Amusement ...	25	Hercules between Virtue and Vice, by Lairese ...	93	The Jew's Harp ...	164
The Morass ...	28	VALENTIN:—		Duncan Gray ...	165
Hay-making ...	29	Portrait and Small Design ...	97	The Village Festival ...	168
BREUGHEL DE VELOURS:—		Five Soldiers quarrelling over Dice ...	100	The Village Politicians ...	169
Portrait and Small Design ...	88	The Concert ...	101	The Letter of Introduction ...	172
The Roadside Chapel ...	96	Another Concert ...	104	The Cut Finger ...	173
The Country Carriage ...	37	The Judgment of Solomon ...	105	Portrait of Sir Richard Westmacott ...	176
View near Bruges ...	40	St. Matthew ...	108	FRANCIS ZURBARAN:—	
JAMES STELLA:—		Susanna's Innocence Acknowledged ...	109	Portrait and Small Design ...	177
Portrait and Small Design ...	41	The Horse Dealer, by Gericanit ...	112	A Monk in Prayer ...	180
The Return from Labour ...	44	JACOB RUYSDAEL:—		St. Peter of Alcantara ...	181
The Dance ...	45	Portrait and Small Design ...	113	The Adoration of the Magi ...	184
Peter denying Christ ...	48	The Rustic Bridge ...	116	HENRY STEENWYCK:—	
JOSEPH VERNET:—		A Corn-field ...	117	Portrait and Small Design ...	185
Portrait and Small Design ...	49	The Beech ...	120	Jesus with Martha and Mary ...	189
A Violent Storm ...	52	The Lake ...	121	DOMENICO ZAMPIERI:—	
View of the Environs of Clitta Nuova ...	53	Entrance to a Forest ...	124	Portrait and Small Design ...	193
The Bathers ...	56	Portrait of Sir Thomas Lawrence ...	125	St. Jerome in the Desert ...	196
The Tempest ...	57	The Æneïd Group, by Pierre Lepautre ...	128	The Triumph of Gaieta ...	198
Italian Workwomen ...	60	NICHOLAS BERGHEM:—		The Triumph of Love ...	199
View of Panisloppo ...	61	Portrait and Small Design ...	129	The Communion of St. Jerome ...	201
Portrait of an Old Man, by Rembrandt ...	64	Conversation on a Journey ...	132	Tobit and the Angel ...	204
ARENT, or ARNOULD VAN DER NEER:—		Rural Employment ...	133		
Two Small Designs ...	65	The Ancient Harbour of Genoa ...	136		
Evening ...	68				

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
Æneïd Group, the, by Pierre Lepautre ...	169	Exhibition of the Fine Arts in Brussels, ...	119, 134	Rembrandt, a Portrait by ...	63
Art and Artists ...	171, 188	Exhibition, Fine Art, at Geneva ...	114	Ruyssdael, Jacob ...	118
Art-Education ...	158	Ferg, Francis de Paula ...	88	Society of Painters in Water Colours ...	62
Artists and their Patrons ...	154	Fine Arts in America ...	46	Solario, Antonio ...	11, 43
Asselyn, John ...	81	Fresco Painting in Florence ...	139	Steenwyck, Henry ...	182
Beginnings of Art, the ...	138	Gericanit, Theodore ...	110	Stella, James ...	88
Berghem, Nicholas ...	129	Hercules between Virtue and Vice ...	87	Stirling, Elizabeth, the Sculptor ...	28
Bourdon, Sebastian ...	1	Haymans, Cornelius ...	151	Story of a Picture ...	175
Breughel de Velours ...	83	Lantara, Simon Mathurin ...	145	Valentin ...	97
British Galleries of Art ...	159	Lawrence, Sir Thomas ...	122	Van der Neer, Arent or Arnould ...	65
Cain: a Tale of the Luxemburg Gallery ...	185	Lebas, Jacques Philippe ...	71	Vandervelde, Adrian ...	17
Censorship of the Arts in Spain ...	58	Lesueur, Eustace ...	155	Vatican, the, and the Artistic Treasures of Italy ...	90
Constantinople and Environs, an Artist's Idea of ...	78	National Pictures ...	96, 107	Vernet, Joseph ...	49
Discovery of Oil Painting ...	110	Originals of Saluts and Madonnas ...	190	Vinci, Leonardo da, a Portrait by ...	143
Early Painters and their effect on Modern Art ...	191	Picture, a ...	75	Westmacott, Sir Richard ...	176
Exhibition, the French ...	14	Picture Cleaning ...	118	Wilkie, Sir David ...	161
Exhibition, the German ...	47	Pictures in Spain ...	148	Zemperi, Domenico ...	193
Exhibition of the Art Union ...	79	Remains of Medieval Art in England ...	186	Zurbaran, Francis ...	177

# THE WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS.

SEBASTIEN BOURDON.



We turn from the picturesque and cattle-loving Dutchman—the painter of animal life and scenery—to one of very different characteristics, whose subjects were, indeed, quite of another order, and owed their being to a very different taste and inspiration. The one was fitted, indeed, to represent the hour when

“Day dwindles to a span,  
And silence spreads her meditative wing  
Before the glimmering light:—no straggling sound  
Breaks o’er the deep uninterrupted gloom,  
Save in the distant fold where cattle graze,  
The sheep-bell breathes a moment through the calm;  
Then all is hush’d in slumber soft again.  
The evening zephyrs glide along the air,  
Spreading their gauzy wings in playful sport,  
And catch against these lofty elms below  
Which tremble at the touch, so soft and pure.”

But the poetic and versatile, and, we must say it, rather fickle mind we have now to deal with was of another order. The above suggests calm home-scenery, the scenery of England or Holland; but now we are about to enter on

where

“Thy sweets, oh, Palestine,”

“The rose that bloom’d on Sharon’s plain  
Has withered and is gone again;  
Tho’ gardens of the loveliest flowers  
That ever bloom’d in Eden’s bowers,  
Glad the warm heart where’er we turn.”

We have to speak, we say, of that land

“Where the citron-trees are growing,  
——— and the sunlight glowing  
O’er a land of balm discloses  
Its gardens and its beds of roses;  
Where the palm-tree’s solemn shade  
Spreads along the sultry plain,  
Ere the clouds of evening fade,  
Which shall never come again.”

The author of these picturesque lines could scarcely have indicated better the subjects chosen by the two men of such different schools—Paul Potter and Sebastien Bourdon.

• “Hours of Recreation,” by Charles S. Middleton.

A man of easy and universal talent, Bourdon had his day of glory and fame, and, more fortunate than many equally clever men, he has preserved the reputation of the past, and descended with approbation and smiles to posterity. His southern impetuosity, the vivacity of his mind—which, however, penetrated no deeper than the surface of art—the suppleness, the liveliness, and the unprecedented good fortune of his pencil—all these characteristics are, in him, curious, eccentric, and as erratic as his wandering life; for this painter, who was to emulate so many masters, and reflect so many styles in his productions, was educated on the highway, and remained all his life a pick-up of trifles—a flâneur from other men's brains. Like the celebrated Gil Blas of our early reading, he wandered much in search of truth, and did not appear ever to approach it very nearly. He, too, had to contend against many difficulties, like most men of genius, who only win fame and distinction at the price at which man has been destined to earn his bread. This, though inconvenient for the individual, has been useful to the world, which has owed its literary masterpieces to the humble in position, if not in spirit.

The career of many a poet and painter should well stir up the earnest spirit of youth to fight the battle of life, whatever their position, with energy and vigour. Milton was a schoolmaster, Shakspeare a player; Goldsmith wrote for bread at a guinea a letter—his "Citizen" was thus published; and if we come down to the present day, which is not our province, we might tell of the humble walks from which rose almost every noted man of the hour, save only the leading statesmen, who have an hereditary fitness for legislation, which has never been satisfactorily explained, and therefore is not understood and appreciated.

Indeed, genius is seldom hereditary. Few instances are known of talent descending—except, be it marked, in aristocratic circles. There have been few sons of artists great painters; and, with rare exceptions indeed, no family has been distinguished for literary attainments, if we except the Roscoses, sons of the Roscoe, and one or two more such instances. But generally we have seen an Oliver Cromwell give us a Richard, a Milton but unknown children, artists imitators unknown to fame. Let, then, those who really feel the sacred fire, have courage; the road is all before them, where to choose.

Bourdon had not much encouragement in early life to continue the profession of an artist. He was born at Montpellier in 1616,\* in the house of an artist. His father was one of those painters on glass, that were still found in those days in the remote provinces of France; patient and laborious defenders of the *Renaissance*, that is, the style of the sixteenth century. The honest glazier and painter was himself his son's first master, until the day when he was taken away to Paris by one of his uncles. He worked in the capital under the guidance of an obscure artist, whose name has not descended to posterity, though he is very generally supposed to be an imitator of Simon Vouet. Soon, however, led away by the extreme fickleness and versatility of his nature, Sebastian Bourdon left Paris to run after dame Fortune in the southern provinces of France.

His biographers inform us that he was at Bordeaux in 1630, in the employment of a new master, and painting in fresco—it is the Abbé Lambert who gives us this minute detail—the roof of a great *salon* in a chateau in the neighbourhood of that town. Then we find him starting for Toulouse, where, not finding it so easy to succeed as to daub, he became thoroughly disgusted with his profession, and threw up painting. Led away by the impetuosity of his character to adopt the profession of all others least suited to his capricious, volatile, and feeble nature, he became a soldier. The king's army gained by this freak but a poor, ill-disciplined soldier; while art lost an ardent mind, an impatient but clever hand; and Bourdon lost what he loved above everything—his personal liberty. Regrets soon began to assail him; and the young painter shouldered his musket with such a very ill grace, that his captain took pity

on him, and granted him some hours of relaxation and leisure. Powerful friends now interposed, and, after some difficulties and delays, they succeeded in liberating the soldier who had enlisted so imprudently.

Once free, Sebastian Bourdon never stopped until he found himself in Rome. At this moment he was but eighteen years of age. The sentiment of art, which for a moment had been deadened, but not killed within him, revived with fresh ardour and renewed energy. He was, indeed, destined to finish at Rome an education which had commenced under such strange auspices and in so turbulent a manner. It was in this city of art, where are piled up the monuments of gigantic men, men of old, men of renown, that the genius of the young disciple of painting was to make itself known to himself and to the world. At this early period, it may be said, Bourdon was guided by ill-regulated instincts, by inexplicable and somewhat foolish and inexcusable bursts of enthusiasm for some particular style. All kinds of paintings attracted him, every style pleased him alike. We may at once, however, remark, that the hesitation and fickleness of his early days continued all his life, it being, in fact, based on his character and instincts. It was, indeed, from this inconsistency, which sometimes descended to weakness, that Sebastian Bourdon, instead of becoming a grave and original painter, condemned himself always to be the brilliant reflection of contemporary styles.

Sebastian Bourdon was poor. His first duty was to find the means of existence, and, led away by the success then obtained in Italy, and soon to be obtained in France, by military scenes, by picturesque groups of Bohemians and beggars, by the interiors of guard-rooms and tap-rooms, which Pierre de Laer had made the fashion, he executed some of those pictures called *Bambocchades*, and though his pencil was as yet inexperienced, and had not the true humour and coarse wit required by these somewhat eccentric scenes, still Bourdon had begun to succeed, and in the place of poverty saw a more golden and promising future before him, when an unfortunate adventure compelled him to leave Rome in all haste.

Sebastian Bourdon, as we should have intimated before, was a Protestant. This was quite sufficient for him to be viewed with an unfavourable eye in the land of intolerance. After a somewhat fierce quarrel with a French painter named Riccio, whose name but for this anecdote would be utterly unknown, the latter menaced him with his vengeance, and threatened to denounce him to the Holy Inquisition as a heretic. Very likely the danger was not so great as he apprehended; but Bourdon, who was seriously alarmed, thought proper to escape from the tortures of the castle of St. Angelo, and he took flight. Having escaped from the Papal territory, he took refuge in a more hospitable land, at Venice. He visited also several other Italian towns, and at length returned to France, after an absence of about three years.

It was a profitable voyage to the young artist in an artistic point of view. Bourdon had at all events learnt in Italy the rapid process of fashionable painting. He had watched the magic results of the labours of the great *improvisatore*, Andre Sacchi, and he returned to his native land with an ardent desire to do much, and that quickly, if even not well. The French school of painting, at the time when Bourdon once more saw his home, was ruled by the powerful and brilliant influence of Simon Vouet. The young painter was, therefore, without being quite prepared for it, perfectly in the fashion, and his successful productions soon proved this to be a fact. He halted first at Montpellier, where the chapter of the cathedral confided to him the execution of a vast picture, "The Fall of Simon the Magician." Bourdon painted on this canvas more than thirty figures, and only took three months to carry out his somewhat stupendous design. It was scarcely finished ere it was publicly exhibited in the church of St. Peter, and gave occasion to a very violent and somewhat disgraceful scene. Being severely criticised by a painter of Montpellier, whose name was Samuel Boissiere, Bourdon flew into a passion and boxed the critic's ears. The affair having assumed a very serious aspect, Bourdon, faithful to his habits of prudence, suddenly, and without warning, left the city of Montpellier.

He now came to Paris, where a more fortunate career was opened to him. He was scarcely twenty-seven years of age when the corporation of goldsmiths, who had adopted the custom of offering a

\* Bryan says: "The French writers differ in their account of this artist. They place his birth in 1605, 1606, and 1619; and his death in 1662, 1671, and 1673."

† L'Abbé Lambert, "Histoire Littéraire du Règne de Louis XIV.," vol. iii. p. 167.



picture to Notre Dame every year, employed our artist to execute for them a painting of "The Martyrdom of St. Peter." The opportunity thus offered was grasped manfully by Sebastian Bourdon, who now executed a masterpiece, or to speak more correctly, his masterpiece. This picture, which is now to be seen in the inimitable gallery of the Louvre—a place of itself worthy of a visit to Paris—is painted, as is generally allowed by all critics, with great care, freedom, and facility of pencil. The touch is broad, fully developed, and full of spirit; but the drawing is somewhat more loose than is allowable in a serious subject, while the colouring is, unfortunately, made up of warm and fiery tones, the excessive vulgarity of which surprises everybody. We are compelled to add that the scene is ill-lighted up, and while the secondary actors in the drama encroach too much on the foreground, the chief actor is kept back in undue obscurity. The *furia*, or dash, and boldness of the brush caused this work to succeed immediately.

We are told of a strange specimen of painting where Bourdon represented "Mercury killing Argos," in relation to which a writer, who was seldom in the habit of inditing anything serious, wrote these lines:—

"O, Bourdon ! sur la peinture,  
Dont tu charmes l'univers,  
On voit autant d'yeux ouverts  
Comme on a fermé Mercure."

What proves, however, more than the four verses of M. Scudery, the rapid and universal success of Sebastian Bourdon, is that, in the month of February, 1648, when the Royal Academy of Painting was instituted, he was admitted to the highly honourable position of one of the twelve ancients, under whose patronage the learned society of artists was formed. Without recapitulating all the illustrious masters, who were the companions of Bourdon, in the list of founders of the world-renowned Academy, we may mention the Sieur Duguernier, an able miniature painter of that time, whose sister he afterwards married. Duguernier, who "was known at court and had many friends," says Felibien,† "became a powerful and influential supporter of his brother-in-law.

Strange caprice and freak of the fickle artist! At the very moment when fortune was at his door, in a rare and friendly humour, Bourdon, instead of opening it wide, closed it and thought of seeking it elsewhere. It was currently rumoured that the disturbances and civil tumults caused by the Fronde had deprived artists of the means of subsistence. But the truth is, that Queen Christina of Sweden, to civilise a little her more than semi-barbarous court, had already collected around her a group of learned men and poets, and sent for Bourdon to join them. This was in 1652. The adventurous Bourdon started for Stockholm, that beautiful northern Venice, and one of the most picturesque sites in the world, just as he would have set out for Versailles. The queen, who affected to protect the arts, and who really was possessed of talent and taste, received Bourdon with open arms, made him her first painter, and confided to him, it is said, the keepership of all the pictures she then possessed, and which with a view, it has been suggested, to their more perfect security, she allowed to sleep in the chests in which they had been packed to be sent to Sweden.

But as the office of keeper of the pictures of others was rather a dull one for an artist who had but one desire in life, and that to create, Bourdon was selected to paint the queen; and then it was that he executed that admirable portrait which Nanteuil and Michel Lesne have engraved, and which has ever since been the official, historical, and ever-interesting portrait of the famous queen of Sweden.

D'Argenville relates a very creditable anecdote of Sebastian Bourdon, in connexion with the keepership of the pictures. While he was still engaged in painting the queen's portrait, Christina spoke to him of some of the pictures which her father, the king, had captured at the siege of Prague. We have already said that

they were in the original packing-cases, and a fancy striking her, the queen requested the French artist to open the boxes and make a report as to their contents. Bourdon came back to her majesty with a very warm report of the pictures, particularly of one of Correggio. The good-natured princess requested him at once to accept this as a present from her. But the artist, more generous even than the queen, represented to her the fact that they were some of the finest paintings in Europe, and that she should not part with one of them. The queen, accordingly, acting on his advice, kept the pictures, and when she abdicated the throne took them with her to Rome, where she increased the value of the collection by judicious purchases. After her death, the heirs of Don Livio Odesleschi, who had bought them, sold them again to the Duke of Orleans, the prodigal regent of France, in whose house they remained until the Revolution. Most of them are now in London, in the Bridgewater Gallery, in the possession of the Earl of Elibescre.

Felibien, already quoted, who was the intimate friend of Sebastian Bourdon, assures us that at Stockholm the worthy painter confined himself chiefly to the painting of portraits; and he mentions, among his most successful works, that of the Count Palatine, Charles Gustavus, cousin-german of the queen, the very prince in whose favour she afterwards abdicated. The *saif* and simple author of "Entretiens sur la Vie et les Ouvrages des plus excellents Peintres" informs us also, that the queen of Sweden, wishing to erect a mausoleum to the memory of her father, Gustavus Adolphus, who was killed at Lutzen in 1633, requested designs of the monument from Bourdon; and Felibien explains to us the strange and endless project which he, the learned and ingenious author, had devised—a project which the painter declined to present to the filial Queen Christina for good and sufficient reasons.

In truth, our artist was doomed to be the Wandering Jew of painting. The queen of Sweden, not satisfied with having her bust taken, had cherished the ambition to leave an equestrian portrait of herself, which she then requested Bourdon to take and present from her to the king of Spain. The French painter picked up the picture and put it on board a vessel which was about to set sail for the Peninsula, and personally disliking a long voyage, he merely crossed the Sound and made the best of his way to Paris. He could not have been more fortunate, had he been guided by some guardian angel; for, on his arrival in Paris, the prudent traveller learnt that the vessel loaded with the equestrian statue of the queen had perished in a shipwreck. This was a singular coincidence, which made Bourdon all the more prudent and thoughtful of his personal safety. He learnt very soon afterwards that his protectress had abjured the Protestant religion and abdicated the throne. He at once gave up all idea of returning to Sweden, and resumed at Paris his functions of professor of the Academy of Painting, which named him rector on the 6th of July, 1655, in company with Sarrazin, Lebrun, and Errard.

Now began for our artist the epoch of extensive labours. Not to mention landscapes and *bambocades*, which poured with extraordinary rapidity from his easy and inexhaustible pencil, he painted for the master-altar of the Collegiate Church of St. Benedict a "Christ dead at the Virgin's Feet," which was greatly admired; "The Woman taken in Adultery," for the Chambre des Enquêtes; a "Christ with Mary Magdalen," for the Chambre des Comptes; "The Sacrifice of Solomon," at the Hotel of Toulouse; and a number of other paintings, the enumeration of which in this place would occupy too much space.

When speaking of the first "Christ" alluded to—that painted by Bourdon for the Collegiate Church of St. Benedict—Mariette praises it highly in his manuscript notes on the "Abecedarium" of P. Orlandi. "It is," he says, "his masterpiece; he has caught with animation and power much of the style of Louis Carracci, who would not have been ashamed to have owned it." This opinion of so consummate and reconde a connoisseur as Jean Pierre Mariette is here of great weight; and his opinion is also generally quoted as an authority of considerable importance, with regard to "The Crucifixion of St. Peter," which Bourdon painted for the May month of 1643.

Bourdon possessed two designs of this composition. They were both extremely rich, and were executed in the style of Paul Ver-

\* "Oh, Bourdon, we see as many eyes fixed on the painting with which you delight the world, as Mercury himself has closed." *Le Cabinet*, de M. Scudery, Gouverneur de Notre Dame de la Garde. Paris, in 4to. 1646, p. 199.

† "Entretiens sur la Vie et les Ouvrages des plus excellents Peintres," iv. p. 241.

nese. They abounded in figures, but the painter was wise enough to simplify them. It appears to be a recognised fact in art, that while drawings admit of the introduction of a great many personages, the painter is wiser to lessen their number, as not in keeping with the sublimity and unity of high art. In a painting, too many figures create confusion, and destroy that repose so necessary to a historical picture. We may see from the information afforded us by Mariette, in relation to Bourdon, that instead of ripening and correcting his first thoughts as Poussin did, Sebastien threw his various projects on paper, and was quite satisfied, instead of any correction or search

into lodging-houses or factories. A Parisian of any note, even a clerk on £80 a year, would as soon live in the Marais, or the rocky fissure-looking lanes of the city, as the quondam fashionable island.

But in the days of Sebastien Bourdon, the island of St. Louis was in its glory. Its hotels were magnificent, and its inhabitants men of mark and likelihood. In the one mentioned above, he painted on a roof of nine compartments of unequal size, the fable of "Phœbus and Phaeton" on the wainscot he ordered his pupils to execute, in fourteen little octagon squares, the allegorical figures of "Virtue and the Arts." The ornamenting and painting of this gallery, one



THE VIRGIN AND CHILD.—FROM A PAINTING BY BOURDON.

after improvement, to follow up his first effort of improvisation by a new improvisation.

His most important work was the decoration of the Hotel de Bretonvilliers, in the island of Saint Louis. This locality in the good city of Paris, so little known in the present day to tourists and explorers, is one of the most curious corners of that curious city. It is as yet quite sacred from any invasion of improvers. It was once a region of fashionable hotels, a perfect Belgravia on an island, all large houses, with courts and yards, and lofty arched entrances. It is now reduced to a very unelevated position. Many of its finest buildings have been pulled down, while the rest have been turned

of the richest monuments or the showy and fanciful elegance of the seventeenth century, was completed by architectural scrolls, garlands of flowers and fruits, painted by Charmeton and Monnoyer, the able *fleuriste*, as he was called in his day. Unfortunately, all those beautiful paintings have perished, and nothing could be said about them, beyond the mere record of their having existed, if we had not written descriptions, and better still, engravings of them by Friquet de Vaurose, the favourite pupil of Bourdon. When d'Argenville printed his "Yoyage Pittoresque," the gallery of the Hotel Bretonvilliers was already spoilt. Now the hotel itself has utterly disappeared.

Those who instructed Sébastien Bourdon to paint and decorate the wainscoting of a sumptuous dwelling, were fully alive to the peculiarity and grandeur of his genius. No one, perhaps, in the whole French school, if we except Charles Lebrun, was better gifted by nature and by study for undertaking this very brilliant part of the painter's art. His inexhaustible imagination, his boldness, his independent humour, and with all this, a constant reflexion of the old style, combined to make him the decorator *par excellence*; that is, one of those prolific, proud artists, as prompt in execution as in conception, who are fully qualified to interest and amuse us without profundity of painting, but not without brilliancy, in productions which, although not wholly addressed to the mind, still take their impression from it. The decoration of the interior of a palace can, and ought to be only the means of striking the attention, of astonishing and flattering the looks. The

pupils; for, to a certain extent, they are indeed his best productions. In these are displayed his most brilliant qualities, a surprising and wonderful fertility of invention, much movement and dramatic effect, a perfectly novel and curious art of arranging his drapery; in fine, a vivacity of execution and a warmth of pencil, which are to be seen even in the rendering of the engraver. What can we imagine, for example, more cold than the subjects treated by Sébastien Bourdon in the octagonal, round, or oval compartments he had to paint? The Virtues and the Arts, with their usual attributes and their accustomed costume, are the somewhat dull subjects undertaken by this impetuous artist. And yet he has shown his vigour and his power by almost everywhere replacing a symbol by an action. He has to represent "Music." He tells the charming fable of Arion, who, at the moment of being cast into the raging waves by a ship's crew, obtained leave to touch his



SECURITY.—FROM A PAINTING BY BOURDON.

artist who should attempt to elevate the mind to profound meditations would fail in his object, because the very existence of this elevated train of thought in the spectator, would draw his attention from the general magnificence of the whole. A painter, who is able, in a simple group of three figures, to concentrate the expression of the most elevated thoughts, the most secret impulses of the heart, and epitomise the human mind in a picture, is not the man to execute those paintings which are destined to dazzle the imagination and the eyes. Nicolas Poussin was gifted with too serious a genius to employ his time in decorating roofs and walls. Sébastien Bourdon, on the other hand, was sure to excel in it. The one only glided over the soul, the other dug to its very deepest foundations.

It is extremely fortunate for the glory and fame of the painter of Montpellier that his paintings in the Hotel of Bretonvilliers have been handed down to us in the admirable engravings of some of his

lyre, and thus attracted a dolphin, which took him on his back, and escaped with him to Cape Tenarus. This is the way that Sébastien Bourdon celebrates the magic power of harmony, by means of an anecdote familiar to every student of that apocryphal lore of gods and goddesses which the ancients have handed down to us in such very beautiful forms, that we forgive the absurdity within for the outward loveliness. A French critic says: "Always occupied with the idea that he must make a picture, and being above everything—a painter, he substitutes for the monotony of traditional emblems a drama full of life, colour, and poetry. Borne upon the back of the wondering dolphin, as upon a living bark, the musician of Lesbos smiles at death, which has been overcome by his songs, and seems to listen to the sound of the murmuring waves more harmonious than his lyre. Afar off we see the ship, whence the poet has been cast into the waves, and we cannot help admiring

how ably the artist has managed to give an antique and noble character to the imaginary construction of the distant ship, which, without this heroic physiognomy, would at once have vulgarised the picture."

Again, he has to paint "Geometry." Instead of remaining chained to conventional tradition, he recollects the history of Archimedes, and seizes the occasion to represent a town on fire, and soldiers, whose unbridled ferocity and wild intoxication contrast in a most effective manner with the sublime tranquillity of the philosopher. All the heroes of classical antiquity are called upon to figure in person, in place of their wearisome attributes and emblematical noumenities, which were so repugnant to the boiling southern genius of our artist. We are indeed led to observe, that the more metaphysical his subject is, the more does he show his ingenuity in giving a striking and energetic form to his ideas. "Astronomy" serves as a pretext to Bourdon to tell us the story of the emperor Hadrian, who, preparing a sacrifice, is astounded to see the lightning strike the altar and cast to the ground the priest and the victim. It would have been hardly possible to invent better materials, to have found more happy and successful outlines, or to unite in a composition of such small size more life and a grander character. The proud, quick, and noble gesture of the emperor, the bull struck by the lightning, the foreshortened figure of the sacrificer—all this is in a savage style, and executed with a vigour which is not far short of genius.

The triumph of Pompey, drawn by Olympian horses, the liberalities of Augustus, casting heaps of sesterces to the Roman people, the celebrated act of Scævola burning the hand that had killed the guard of Porseus instead of Porseus himself, represent "Magnanimity," "Liberality," and "Constancy." All the active and familiar figures in fable and history are presented to us in the place of inapt abstractions, and most amateurs will allow, with considerable success. The allegorical subject of "Painting" is celebrated in a picture which reminds us of the story of Alexander presenting his favourite Campaspa to the great painter Apelles, who, while painting her for the king, has fallen in love with her. It will readily be allowed that the king, the artist, and the lovely heroine of the tale, whose beauty enhances the generosity of Alexander, satisfactorily replace the usual dry mementoes (p. 13). In everything we find the subject speaking, animated, alive. Even the cold subject of "Grammar" is clothed in the form of a young woman watering plants, according to an ancient tradition of the imaginative Greeks.

The learned collectors of anecdotes pretend that the authorities of the Church of St. Gervais ordered from Bourdon six pictures destined for the ornament of the nave, which were to recount the history of the "blessed patron of the church and of its friend St. Protain." Bourdon accordingly set to work. But unfortunately for him, as regards the execution of this order, he could not get rid of his Calvinistic feelings; and not being able to abjure his religion, like the accommodating queen of Sweden, he was led, with regard to the pious martyrs whose apotheosis he was painting, to perpetrate certain jokes on their history, which were very offensive to the churchwardens. Bourdon was thanked, and dismissed, the more that his first picture, the "Beholding of St. Protain," did not receive the approbation of the chapter. This picture, which is to be found in the Louvre, is generally considered by Roman Catholics to be worthy of the blame which it received from the worshipful chapter of St. Gervais. The labours of Bourdon were continued by Philippe de Champagne, Lesueur, and Goulay; and on a candid examination of "St. Gervais refusing to sacrifice to False Gods," we are not led to regret the change from Bourdon to Lesueur, however much we may sympathise with, and comprehend, the very natural feelings of the Calvinist.

The landscapes of Bourdon are not the least important parts of his works. Everybody is familiar with them; everybody has seen a hundred times, in old books and albums, in shop windows and collections, his favourite subject, "The Flight into Egypt" (see p. 12), a landscape in which the grandeur of nature is almost on a par with the elevation of the subject. When we say *nature*, in the strict and philosophical sense of the word, we are wrong; nature certainly does not hold a very high place in these strange and savage compositions, which awaken in us neither the sentiment of

reality nor the image of the ideal. Sebastian Bourdon unfortunately lived at a time when the sentiment of nature had not developed itself in France, at all events in the arts, though it was soon to become the rage in painting, poetry, and prose—on the canvas of the fashionable artist, and in the pages of Florian and others, who, in the end, made nature appear ridiculous. The country, in the eyes of the artists of those days, was but accessory to the figures, the mere amusement of man, the frame in which their thoughts were developed. In those artificial times, certainly no member of the Academy, I mean excepted, would have ever thought it possible that a painter's landscape could be anything else but a scene wholly invented, composed to serve as the theatre of one of those fabulous or vulgar dramas which fill up the history of humanity. Less than any one else, could Bourdon escape the universal tendency of a school—he, whose fancy always overpowered every other feeling. His landscapes are, therefore, wholly drawn from his extravagant and sombre imagination. There is none of that warmth which the subject demands, none of that golden eastern glow, to which we alluded in our last number.\* We find violent and savage horses galloping along a vast plain; brigands dragging along the body of a man whom they have just slaughtered; warriors on the watch; travellers alarmed; or cavaliers galloping away from some startling danger. Sometimes we have Spanish muleteers making their way along difficult roads; but his favourite subject is the "Holy Family," Joseph and Mary flying with their precious burden from the wild rage of His enemies to the land distantly seen beyond the flowing waters. Moreover, despite the introduction of these figures, the landscapes of Sebastian Bourdon always represent uninhabited or uninhabitable countries, dotted here and there with ruins whose presence would be difficult to explain, did we not know what exists in European Turkey, where vast plains, deserted, uncultivated, and abandoned, yet teem with the ruined habitations, often with the crumbling tombs of the millions who once dwelt there. 'Twas such scenes Bourdon loved to paint—scenes which might once have been beautiful,

"Till, when the ruthless conqueror came  
With vengeful sword and eyes of flame,  
'Twas from its stately basis hurled,  
Where the bulbul all day long  
Charms the valley with her song;  
And at evening's silent gloom  
Sighs above Saadi's tomb.  
Now he wanders wide and far,  
Along the plains of Isakar,  
Whose ruined temples and whose shrines  
No longer give the voice of prayer,  
But while the Day God brightly shines  
His altars lie in ruins there!  
Where palaces and tombs are spread,  
Sad relics of the mighty dead!  
And while he gazes on each scene,  
Where pomp and power and wealth have been;  
Where costly pearls and rubies shone  
Upon the steps of djemshedd's throne;  
The owl within her lonely cell  
Sits brooding o'er the pride of kings,  
And watches like a sentinel  
Above the wreck of human things."

He paints solitary scenes, it is true; but not the melancholy and silent and solemn solitudes of the tender Lesueur, but, on the contrary, savage, broken, terrible solitudes, teeming with all the noises of creation, the fall of heavy waters, the roaring of the bleak wind, the shuddering of the trees, as in the tempests of tempest, and now and then the unexpected rolling of chariot wheels over stony roads. And even when agricultural occupations, the labour of the fields, the harvest, and hay-making, become the subject-matter of his landscapes, the rustic figures introduced have a quaint gait, which carries us back to the rudeness of the middle ages, and reminds us neither of what we have seen in real nature, nor even what was painted in this style by the Venetian, Jacques Bassan.

Another remark, which it is essential to make with regard to the somewhat disorderly flights of Sebastian Bourdon's fancy, is that he often forgets the geographical fitness of the scenery, the *couleur*

*locale*—as our friends over the water say—as well as that strict fidelity to costume to which an artist should adhere when painting historical personages. He was not at all particular or careful in these things, would collect in the same country trees of widely different orders, introduce genuine Egyptian palm-trees amid Italian constructions, and even paint and engrave impossible trees, imaginary bushes, and absurd dwellings.

There are individuals to whom this eccentricity is a charm; it pleases certain artists, too, affording them novel and picturesque ideas; but it will only seriously seduce and enervate those who prefer the scenery of the stage to undressed and real nature, the poetry of the reign of Charles II. to that of Milton and Shakspeare; the Minerva press to the healthy writings of Scott, Cooper, and Dickens; the ravings of a Reynolds to the truth and satire of a Jerrold; the false, untrue, and theatrical, to the beauty and loveliness of eternal truth.

Supple and varied in the style of his painting, seeking to imitate, now the colours of Lombard artists, now the grave rules of Poussin, now the pomp of Paul Veronese, or the easy elegance of Simon Vouet—doing over again, in fact, for a crowd of masters what, in the beginning, he had done for Claude Lorraine and Buecetto—Sebastien Bourdon naturally applied to various subjects the great diversity of his aptitudes and his characteristics. We find him descending with satisfaction to the interiors of guard-houses in the style of Michael Angelo des Batailles or of John Miel, and to wild gipsy scenes in the style of the brothers Leinai and de Sallot. It is quite useless to disguise a fact which any picture-dealer will be able to prove. These little pictures are much more sought after than many of his more ambitious works. The real fact is, that in these pretty and agreeable trifles—delicious little treasures at times—Bourdon is marvellously successful, without, however, having any of that style which, in the Dutch, is *naïveté*. He introduced an agreeable mode of colouring into them, a pliancy of style, the general base of which was that fine gray tone which colourists are so fond of—Velasquez, for instance, Simon Chardin, and David Hardon, whose name no one, according to a critic of the eighteenth century, understood better than Bourdon.

Upon this neutral and soft ground is admirably relieved the brilliant and gaudy rage of his Bohemians, the bright adjustments of his cavaliers, the yellow vests of his old soldiers, or the red feather of a heaver cast carelessly on the ground. The wide-topped boots, the chain leather gloves, and the buff jerkins also play their part, with drums which serve the soldiers to gambol on with dice. He is also very fond of introducing an old lean horse with outstretched neck, his dirty white crumpler brought up by a warm ray of the sun. After carefully studying for so long a time, in antique bas-reliefs, that type of race-horses with swan-like necks that drew the triumphal chariots in ancient Rome, Bourdon suddenly catches a glimpse of a caravan of ragaunfairs, and, forgetting all the subtilties of style, caught for a moment by a genuine bit of nature, he paints with energy the lean Rohante mounted by a knight of sad and rueful countenance, or the injured steed of the company of comedians in the "Comic Romance" of Scarron.

Much is said in the books of art-critics of the engravings of Sebastien Bourdon; and some even go so far as to assert, that they are fit to rank alongside the productions of the best masters in the cabinets of amateurs. Thus carelessly is history written, above all, the history of art, which being on a subject with regard to which few understand much, every attempt at guiding men's minds in the right direction should be strictly correct and impartial. The error arises from the critics of one era copying word for word the ideas and thoughts of those who have preceded them, without ever taking the trouble to think or reflect for themselves in anything like an independent manner. The truth is, that the engravings of the artist of Montpellier are only worthy of being collected and preserved by artists, because they are able to draw from them happy ideas, inspirations, and thoughts; but as works of art to be kept in the portfolios of amateurs, they are very inferior. They are executed with extreme negligence, and could never please men whose taste had been formed by a study of beautiful Italian line engravings, particularly those of the Barocci, the Carracci, and the Benedetti. The coarseness of execution which is particularly remarked in the numerous compositions called "The Flight into

Egypt," is not admissible in pieces of such dimensions. Scratchy lines, when they are done with proper spirit, are tolerable, and are even charming, in little pieces; but plates of the size of a large quarto become dull and heavy when they appear to be scratched as with a sabre, crudely, roughly, inartistically. The roughness, too, is not in keeping with the intention of the style which is visible in the figures. In a picture where the artist takes the trouble to select elegant form, a graceful gait and mien, it is not reasonable for the execution to be so much behind the thought. This is exactly the error of Bourdon. His heads are graceful and pleasing; his Madonnas are extremely pretty, a little in the taste of Parmesan; but their costume and other details display unpardonable negligence. His draperies seem to convey the idea of his having studied them on a stiff lay figure. They never clothed a human form—let it be here remembered that we are speaking of his engravings—and it must be apparent that, without falling into the exaggerated seeking after effect which gives to drapery the appearance of wet linen, sticking here and there on the body, it is well that the form of the human figure be seen, and that the folds should have some object in view. With Bourdon the drapery is in general greatly of that metallic look, that stiff unwieldy conception so often found in the engravings of Albert Durer, without possessing at the same time any of his learned precision. His Virgins are clothed in stiff rays, or in angular drapery which are exceedingly displeasing to the eye, and which mar the effect of his general picture. His best effects in this line are his trees and his backgrounds, which at times are touched off with considerable delicacy and lightness.

The fine works of Bourdon are not, therefore, these hasty engravings, but rather those which he has touched up with the burin, or some few which he has devoted himself to with more attention, earnestness, and determination to do justice to his subject. His "Halt of the Holy Family" (p. 9) is one of the richest and noblest compositions of the French school. We find in it some of the sublimity of Nicolas Poussin. How admirably the verdure agrees with the buildings, and what an august character does the scene assume from the very solemnity of the landscape! We remark also the ineffable sadness of the Virgin, surrounded by the childish games over which she presides with so much grace; and we take the more notice of this, as it is not common in the work of the painter. The action of the washerwoman, so ardent at work, forms a great contrast with the tranquillity of the maternal group. Even the details of the donkey engaged in eating his thistles, and the ducks playing in the water, add happily and harmoniously to the beauty of the picture, which is a mingling of sacred history with ordinary nature.\*

One characteristic feature in Bourdon, another of those things in which he resembles Poussin, is his taste for architecture. With him, as with the Norman painter, the buildings introduced into his compositions hold a very important place. But while, on the one hand, Poussin uses them soberly, and when it is fit they should be used, Bourdon, on the other, abuses this love, and goes so far as to make it an habitual source of composition. Taillasson† has said, with considerable truth, "that one of the things which chiefly characterise the pictures of this master is—the same may be said of his engravings—the habit he has of placing in the foreground architectural remains, and always round forms opposed to square ones. We will suppose that he has too many straight lines in a picture: the broken remains of a column come to his assistance. If he wants to bend or seat one of his figures, to make it assume an attitude at variance with those which are upright, immediately a piece of an old wall, a happy pedestal, starts from the ground at his command. He makes a very picturesque use of the variety of these forms. But besides that the repetition is fatiguing, it takes away the illusion, because it is improbable."

When gazing at the architectural productions of Bourdon, we fancy him an ardent student of antiquity. In his classical subjects may be recognised much, though irregular knowledge of his subject; and especially in his "Seven Charities" we are led to believe him cognisant of much that is described in the following

\* This beautiful composition, engraved p. 9, is called by Robert Dumesnil the "Sainte Famille au Lavoir."

† "Observations sur quelques Grands Peintres." Paris: 1807.



passage from Heeren — "The houses of the heroes were large and spacious, and, at the same time, suited to the climate. The court was surrounded by a gallery, about which the bed-chambers were built. There was a direct entrance from the court to the hall, which was the common place of resort; moveable seats stood along the sides of the walls. Everything glistened with brass. On one side was a place of deposit, where the arms were kept. In the background was the hearth, and the seat for the lady of the mansion, when she made her appearance below. Several steps conducted from thence to a higher gallery, near which were the chambers of the women, where they were employed in household labours, especially in weaving. Several outhouses, for the purpose of grinding and baking, were connected with the house; others for the common habitations of the male and female slaves;

all they used from that country." In his picture of "The Plague," much of this is visible.

There are occasions, however, when architecture is not simply, in the pictures of Bourdon, an expedient to produce contrast in outline, to balance the masses of colour, or to make the squared parts appear less square by opposing them to round ones, and *vice versa*. When this is not the case, his palaces, almost wholly invented of a new and original style of architecture, have all the grand eccentricity of his landscapes and historical subjects. There is a composition by this master, one of those which perished with the Hotel de Bretonvilliers, and which the burin of Bourdon and his pupils has preserved, in which architecture is the object. It bears a singular title, "Magnificencia." Artemisia, surrounded by her women, contemplates the monument which she has erected to



WORKS OF MERCY (HEALING THE SICK).—FROM A PAINTING BY BOURDON.

and also stables for the horses. The stalls for cattle were commonly in the fields. Astonishment is excited by the abundance of metals, both of the precious and baser ones, with which the mansions were adorned, and of which the household utensils were made. The walls glittered with them; the seats were made of them. Water for washing was presented in golden ewers on silver salvers; the benches, arms, utensils, were ornamented with them. Even if we suppose that much, called golden, was only gilded, we still have reason to ask, whence this wealth in precious metals? Homer gives us a hint respecting the silver, when he speaks of it as belonging to Alibi, in the land of the Hæliænes. Most of the gold probably came from Lydia, where this metal in later times was so abundant that the Greeks were, for the most part, supplied with

Mausolus. Here the decorator has proved himself to be possessed of extraordinary invention. This monument, of which the model exists nowhere but in the brain of our artist, is composed of three orders of architecture piled one upon another, and is surmounted by a pyramid which, on all sides, presents a flight of steps running from the base to the summit. From the angles of the edifice dart forth four horses in a row, which prance and are kept down with difficulty by the grooms. This immense tomb, which is opened in its lower part by a gallery of the Ionic order, shuts up and closes as it rises in elevation. The second story receives light by arches, which separate pilasters of the Doric order. The third story is without windows, and completely closed up, and it is pleasing to survey the steps ranging round the pyramid and reminding us of the great and majestic stairs which lead to the lower gallery.

The last days of the life of Sebastian Bourdon were absorbed

\* "Ancient Greece," by Arnold H. L. Heeren.

in ceaseless labour. According to a very excellent authority, the "Dictionnaire des Beaux Arts," he worked in a sort of garret, where he sometimes remained whole months without coming out. He covered his canvases with unexampled and unceasing activity. Though age had a little softened his natural fire, he preserved enough to have the decoration of a palace confided to him; a kind of painting which, as we have already remarked, so admirably suited his fertility of mind and the rapidity of his brush. Louis XIV., in fact, confided to him, in company with Nicholas Loir, his pupil, and already his rival, the task of decorating some halls of the palace of the Tuilleries, especially some of the lower halls. But Bourdon was unable to finish the task he had undertaken. A violent fever seized him in the month of May, 1671, and carried him off in a few days, at the early age of fifty-five. He died president of the Academy.

There was also a certain Guillerot, whose renown does not seem to have extended very far. Learned men alone are aware that he copied and imitated the landscapes of Bourdon as well as he could.

Felibien, who was the friend of Sebastian Bourdon, speaks with interest of the prodigious facility of this master, whose error, however, he freely censures, while he is warmed and animated by the fire which animates his works, especially in his youth and riper age. But a writer who appears to have admired Bourdon very much, cannot help expressing his regret "that he did not finish his pictures a little more, and that he did not preserve that boldness and that courage of the mind which gives strength to perfect his invention by constant labour."\* We may be allowed to suggest that, perhaps, a greater assiduity would not have corrected the defects of a too ardent imagination. "It is even true," says Felibien,† "that his first thoughts, and what he executed with



THE HALT OF THE HOLY FAMILY.—FROM A PAINTING BY BOURDON.

Bourdon left behind him several daughters, who were very successful painters in the miniature style; and some pupils, who were rather too faithful to the frivolous traditions which he had brought from Italy and spread over France. We have mentioned Nicholas Loir, who was more of a colourist than Bourdon, and Priequet de Vaurose, professor of anatomy in the Academy of Painting, who, more of an engraver than a painter, undertook the task of reproducing the works of his master in line engravings. To these names we must add that of Pierre Mosnier, who was only a heavy Academician, different in this respect from the wit Piron, who wrote his own epitaph:

Cy-git Piron  
Qui ne fut rien,  
Pas même Academicien.

the least finish, were the works which were often more successful than those which he tried to work up more completely; because at the first outset, the fire of his imagination supplied him with the power to satisfy the eyes; but when he tried to paint a subject completely, he stopped short, and could never successfully carry it to the point it should have reached. In this way, by too careful a work, he obscured his first ideas, rather than rendered them clear and beautiful. This has often been noticed with regard to portraits from his pencil. For, whatever pains he took to complete a head, it was noticed that the more he sought to reach the

\* Taillasson, "Observations sur quelques grands Peintres."

† "Entretiens sur la Vie et les Ouvrages des plus excellents Peintres. Part V. Paris, 1688."



landscapes in water body colour, very effective, though much injured. The drawings of this painter are recognised by his heads, their singular hair-dresses, and the extremities, which are heavy and neglected.

As for the numerous paintings of Bourdon, they must be sought for rather in churches than in museums. We have been unable to find a trace of a picture by this master, which is mentioned in the abridgement of D'Argenville, and which it would be curious to find.

"Some business," says his biographer, "took him to Montpellier; and during the short stay he made, Bourdon executed several large pictures, and numerous family portraits. A tailor of this town, esteeming the artist, whom he knew not to be rich, sent him, by a painter named Francis, a complete suit of clothes, with a red cap and cloak. Bourdon made him a present in return of his own portrait, dressed in the same dress, with the same cap, and painted Francis alongside him. This painter looking upon it as a very fine production, made a copy, which he gave to the tailor, and kept the original."

It would be interesting if any tidings could be had of this picture, and we should be glad to learn that some of our learned readers are able to furnish the information.

The Museum of the Louvre has nine pictures by this master:—

1. "Noah offering a Sacrifice to God after leaving the Ark." Valued at £320.

2. "The Halt of the Holy Family." Valued at £320.

3. "Holy Family." Valued at £12.

4. "Christ and the little Children." Valued at £160.

5. "Christ taken down from the Cross." No value is set on this; at the time of the estimation being made, this picture was, doubtless, in some Paris church.

6. "The Crucifixion of St. Peter." Various estimated at £400 and £600.

7. "Julius Caesar before the Tomb of Alexander," a picture in the style of Poussin. Valued at £140.

8. "A halt of Gipsies." Valued at £140.

9. "The Portrait of Sebastian Bourdon." He is seated, and holds in his hands the head of Caracalla. Estimated at £80 and £100.

These are all that are found in the "Handbook of 1847." But in examining the new French galleries of the Louvre, we find another portrait, and two other Bambocchades of Bourdon, in the style of Jean Miel and also *Le Nain*, in a gray tone, which would be agreeable if it was not too uniform.

It appears to us that the connoisseurs, who in general underrate the real value, have here given it too high.

The Louvre also possesses some drawings of Bourdon, more precious even than his paintings.

We remark amongst these, studies for the "Crucifixion of St. Peter," and the repetition of the same subject with changes.

"Tobias burying one of the Children of Israel by Torchlight;" a drawing washed over pencil and touched up with white.

"The Apparition of the Saviour and the Père Eternel granting the prayers of St. Roch;" a drawing with the pen touched up with white.

The "Portrait of the Author," after that which he painted in the picture of "Simon the Magician."

The "Adoration of the Magi," drawn with a pen, coloured, in the collection of Mariette.

In the native town of Sebastian Bourdon, there are some fine works of this master. The following are contained in the Fabre Museum at Montpellier.

1. "The Portrait of a General."

2. "A Landscape," a very large composition, but not equal in conception to its size.

3. "Landscape crossed by a River."

4. "Discovery of the body of St. Theresa."

The three last pictures were given to the town by the founder of the museum, M. Fabre.

5. "A Halt of Gipsies," gift of M. Valedot, of Paris.

6. "A Descent from the Cross," a little picture, presented to the museum by the government.

7. "Portrait of a Spaniard." This was formerly in the mayor's house at Montpellier.

8. "Portrait of Bourdon with the head of Caracalla." A copy from that of the Louvre, by M. Ferosio, Jun., a pupil of the academy of Montpellier.

In the Museum of Grenoble, is "The Continence of Scipio." This picture formerly formed a part of the gallery of the Hotel of Bretonvilliers, of which we have already spoken. It was placed over one of the chimneys of that hotel. In 1811, it was given to the Museum of Grenoble by the imperial government.—In that of Toulouse, "The Martyrdom of St. Andrew." This painting is well painted, and is not wanting in style.—In the Museum of Lille, "A Car supported by Angels."

The paintings of Sebastian Bourdon which are found in the Museum of the Louvre are not signed. The signature which is preserved of this painter, is taken from the records of the old academy of painting, of which he was the rector.

## ANTONIO SOLARIO, IL ZINGARO,\*

THE BRIGAND-PAINTER OF NAPLES.

SALVATOR ROSA has accustomed the student of art to the wild scenes of those forest-clad mountains where lived, in days when the world had little else to do but fight, bands of lawless men, whose avocation, though not much worse than that of many a hired band of *condottieri* in the pay of the emperor, pope, or duke, was without the pale of the law, and subjected them when captured to most serious consequences. But here it was, amidst the rugged fastnesses and savage gorges, where pines and rough briars and the wild flower only grew, and where the foot of nothing but man or goat could make way, that Salvator drew his inspiration, and that many an artist before and since has sought that gift, which the outward world can never give, if the inner soul be not gifted with its burning light. Study and observation never created poet or painter. It has finished and elevated both; it never made one.

There is a gorge which opens near the Mount Velino, on the road by which travellers sought some years—many years, indeed—ago, the city of Naples. It is wilder and more striking, even, than any other around. The road, which has wound along the side of a hill for some time, suddenly becomes level for about a hundred feet, bordered on one side by a precipitous bank, which towers fifty feet

\* The painting to which this episode in Italian art refers is now in Naples, in the Galleria de' Cap d'Opera, and divides applause with superb productions from the pencils of Titian, Spagnoletto, Sebastiano del Piombo, Raffaele, Giulio Romani, Andrea del Sarto, Annibale Carracci, Velasquez, Claude Lorraine, Domenichino, Correggio, and others. The Virgin is represented on a throne, surrounded with saints, and the features are those of Colantonio's daughter. The portraits of Il Zingaro and his father-in-law are also introduced, the latter giving the countenance—says M. Faery—"of a very ugly old man." There is, indeed, a strong and singular resemblance in the lives of the Brigand of Naples and the Blacksmith of Antwerp. Nor is there reason to doubt the truth of each account. All the biographers of the Italian painters relate the incidents connected with Il Zingaro's becoming an artist. They are related pretty fully in Count Orloff's "Essai sur l'Histoire de la Peinture en Italie," tom. ii., p. 330—335. The particulars relative to Quintin Matsys are more familiar to general readers. Il Zingaro was born in 1382, and died in 1455. Quintin Matsys, born in 1450, died in 1529. The inscription on his monument outside the Cathedral of Antwerp is, "Connubialis Amor de Muliere fecit Apellem."

above, before it slopes away, clad with trees, upwards to the mountain; on the other, by a fall of half as many feet down to where a small hollow, in which a spring nestled from the sun, precedes another hill-side, which falls away into a rich plain below. At the end of this level space, the road narrows, and is overhung by trees that border what, in heavy rains, is a mountain-torrent—in warm and dry weather, a stony and gloom-clad gorge.

It was along this somewhat picturesque bridge-path, for it was scarcely anything more, that, one summer afternoon, two men rode in grave discourse. They were men of different ages. The one was about five-and-twenty, the other about forty; and, from their

materials beneath. There were lace ruffles, too, a jaunty cap of dark velvet, a plume, a dagger, a sword, a short Spanish cloak, pistols—all, in fact, that belonged to a gay cavalier in a day when men were more mindful of their exterior than of the soul within, which, in the majority of instances, they left to its own impulsive culture.

The serving-man was a gaunt, tall fellow, with little eyes, a large mouth, low forehead, and an expression which seemed to convey much cunning and little confidence in his own physical powers. As he rode along, he appeared anxious to make as little of himself as possible; and, for this purpose, stooped low, and rode with his



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.—FROM A PAINTING BY BOURDON.

dress, it was pretty evident they were master and man. The younger of the two wore a kind of semi-warlike costume, that left his profession in doubt. He was well-knit, of middle height, and not ill-looking. His features were marked, and a little coarse, though a thoughtful and somewhat intellectual expression softened the outline, which otherwise would have been harsh. His hair was light; his nose thin, and rather aquiline; his mouth wearing an aspect of singular scornfulness; his eyes having a habit of searching beyond his age. He wore a fine tunic of cambric and lace, the collar of which showed his neck; and over this a doublet of dark cloth, which, though fastened at the waist, showed the rich

head projecting over that of his horse, only sorry that he could not wholly vanish and conceal himself from mortal eyes. He had by his side an armoury of weapons—a vast blunderbuss, two huge horse-pistols, a rapier that would have delighted the celebrated knight of La Mancha, and an old breastplate, that would equally have moved the heart of that worthy descendant of Amadis of Gaul.

"*Ma foi*," said the serving-man, in tones of reproachful gravity; "why do you laugh, *maitre Louis*?"

"I never look at thee, worthy André of my heart, but I do laugh," replied the other in the peculiar tones which immemorially belong to a genuine Parisian. "Thy armoury is worthy of the



most valiant Bayard, who, doubtless, thou art anxious to rival."

"No—no!" cried the other in a deprecating tone, glancing hurriedly round at the road they had passed, and eyeing each bush and tree with uneasiness, speaking, meanwhile, for any lurking brigand who might overhear him. "I don't want to fight—I'm not a fighting man. I couldn't draw this sword—it's too long; the pistols are extracted from a collection of curiosities; and the

"Page! Dost thou call thyself a page? There's enough in thy carcass to make a dozen pages."

"I said nothing about my volume," resumed the other drily. "I was only observing that a more faithful friend and devoted servant the respected Chanoine of St. Denis—Heaven bless him!—could not have found. I never leave you, sir; I never complain; you kick me—I say nothing; I am the dog obeying the dissatisfied master——"



PAINTING.—FROM A PAINTING BY BOURLON.

gun has not been loaded these fifty years. Besides, I've a great respect for the gentlemen of these mountains."

"Silence, *radotcur!*" said the other sternly. "I do believe my uncle gave me such a wretched serving-man to make me ludicrous. There's more valour in a vineyard scarecrow than in thy whole body, and more death in a jar of Falernian than in thy whole armoury."

"I don't know about what death there is in Falernian wine; I know there's more taste in it than in my master's head. Why, where could you get such another page?"

"André Mothe, harkee," said the Frenchman drily; "I took thee to please my uncle; I dislike thee not personally, but I have thee imposed on me."

"Sure I am, I never imposed upon any one."

"None of thy dull jokes, know. But mind you, André, I can bear thee very well, if thou art not, as I expect, a spy. My uncle sent thee to watch and send tales to him of my acts."

"No, sir," began the man; "I may retail some of your adventures by way of small talk, but I am incapable of reporting."

"How dost thou mean, insufferable *banda*?" asked the other fiercely.

"Why, sir, to retail a fact only requires a tongue, but to report requires a pen, and André Mothe never was suspected of writing before."

"So much the better, Monsieur André; that consoles me, because, when we return to France, I have but to cut thy throat to prevent thee telling any of thy long-winded stories to my uncle."

"Then take my word, sir, if you stick in that mind, I shall not stick to you."

"Be then on thy good behaviour;—eh! what have we here! soldiers of the emperor or bandits? Draw, maître André, and show thy valour."

"I'd rather show my heels," said maître André, trembling and falling off his horse as if shot; "now, my good gentlemen," he roared, "be merciful. I'm the father of seven children, entirely dependent on—"

"Silence, coward! What want ye? Why bar you the road? We are quiet travellers; but if you seek battle, we are ready. Up, André, and shoot the first man who—"

"No, I won't; I'll be shot myself first. Good *messieurs*, my name is André; I'm a poor serving-man."

"Get up," said a rough fellow, "get up; or, by our lady of Loretto, I'll give you more inches of my steel than ever you eat of macaroni. Signor Cavalier, resistance is useless. We are nine. Our orders are to use no unnecessary violence, but down with your sword, or—"

The young Frenchman surveyed his enemies. They were nine as ill-looking Abruzzi bandits as ever startled a quiet traveller, and all armed to the teeth, with odd-looking muskets, swords, pikes, and other weapons of the day. Their eyes were fierce and their gestures menacing. To fly was to ensure a dangerous volley, to advance was impossible.

"Gentlemen," exclaimed the volatile Frenchman, taking off his velvet cap, after sheathing his sword, "your arguments are overpowering. I resign myself to their exigency."

The brigands smiled, and assisted the son of Gaul to alight, while one with a hearty kick induced André to rise. They then disarmed both, gave their horses to a lad of their party, and, placing their prisoners in their midst, moved up the gorge, which, rough as it was, appeared a familiar road to the whole of the land.

About half-a-mile higher up in the hills, where the rocks were nearly barren, was the place where the brigands were wont to encamp. A small ledge of rock, marked by many fires, lay before a cave of no very large dimensions—but still sufficient for the shelter of some dozen men accustomed to the rough life of the mountains. Within this cave, which was hung round by gay apparel, guns, swords, pistols, and the floor of which was covered by rude beds, sat a solitary man—scarcely a man either, but a beardless youth, of not more than nineteen summers. Rudely dressed in the gaudy attire of those mountains, he was, by the light of a torch of pine, a study for a painter. His face was very handsome. A lofty forehead, dark, curling hair, a mouth of wonderful expression, combined with marked though regular features, and a commanding form, to make him a perfect study. But it was his eye that attracted chief attention. It seemed to roll in an absolute frenzy, as he sat wrapped in thought, a book on his knee, a book which he had just abandoned—he, the runaway favourite of a convent—to think, and that book, Dante. He had been poring over it for hours, until the light of day had faded, and then he had lit a torch and read, until the magic of the poet's lute had awakened in him ideas, thoughts, and feelings which, though already common, grew stronger and stronger every day.

Beneath the swarthy skin of that youth, there burned that restless, nameless fire, which impels to deeds of good and ill. A yearning for something beyond that rude life already overcame him. Already had its impetuous feelings driven him from the calm convent cell to a cavern in the Abruzzi. A student who devoured books, especially books of song, records of heroism, deeds that won for man and woman immortal fame, the lad had in the library of the abbey felt that uneasy craving for action which often pervades the being of the man born for a purpose, the man inspired by the intuitive desires of genius. Fired, inflamed, excited to a pitch of

frenzy, believing himself capable of anything, he had written verse, made drawings in charcoal in his cell, roused himself to fits of oratory, and then run away to seek fortune. This was at seventeen. At nineteen he was a brigand chief, the life and soul, by force of mere mind, of a band of lawless ruffians, who knew no law but their own passions. There was a wild excitement in the position, which pleased Antonio Solario, and yet he was not satisfied.

Suddenly he started, as the sound of footsteps caught his ear. He rose, took up his gun and went out into the open air, well aware that it must be some of his comrades and men returning, but yet using all the caution which was necessary in his position. If "uneasy is the head that wears a crown," how much more uneasy is the head of the man who seeks to live by rapine, whose hand is against every man, and against whom every man's hand is raised.

"Who comes?" he cried in the rich tones of his native land, with a slight guttural, which often belongs to men of mountain birth.

"It is the band, with prisoners," replied one; and the foremost came suddenly in sight, with the French cavalier and his somewhat prudent servant, the worthy, and in general, merry-tongued André.

"Welcome!" said the brigand chief. "Welcome! I was weary of being alone, and I should have joined you soon. Enter, strangers."

"Your politeness is too strong to be resisted," said the Frenchman, sarcastically.

"Be quiet," muttered André.

"Gentlemen," continued the youth, "sit down and tell me who and what you are. Believe me, we are not so bad as we are painted."

"I do not deny but you would make excellent studies for an artist, but I must say that I prefer those I am in search of in the good city of Naples."

"You are an artist," cried Antonio Solario, impetuously.

"I am," replied the other, "proceeding to Naples to study under Colantonio."

"Then you are welcome; be seated, I beg; your residence here will be less unpleasant than you expected."

The Frenchman smiled, the servant-man André looked agreeably surprised, and the robbers did not appear so gratified as might have been expected at this announcement of their chief, which seemed to convey the impression that he did not intend to pillage the travellers of every article of property they happened to have about them. Not being artists in practice or in idea, they could not sympathise with the feeling which the announcement of De Rieux had excited in Antonio Solario, who was said to be of gipsy origin, and hence was called *Il Zingaro*.

Of the consequences which ensued from this interview we must speak at a future period.

## THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.

ONE of the effects of the present happy union between two nations which should have ever been joined happily in almost marital connexion, has been the foundation of "an Exhibition in London of the productions of the most popular artists of France," which it is hoped "must greatly contribute to augment the esteem of the British public for the French school."

Under the direction of a visiting committee, consisting of two celebrated English artists, Messrs. Stanfield and Macdise, and four other gentlemen more or less connected with art, this Exhibition, the first of its kind, has been opened at No. 121, Pall Mall, opposite the Opera colonnade. Had not our own Exhibition demanded the first place, we should most assuredly have directed the attention of our readers to this very interesting gallery of paintings, which we accept very heartily, but rather as a promise than as a performance.

The various specimens of the French masters here exhibited are not very numerous (there are but 195 pictures catalogued, a few

others appear since to have been added), nor do we believe them to form by any means a fair criterion of the power and ability of artistic France. Still they are decidedly worthy and interesting, and in a few cases, such as the "Delaroche and Ary Scheffer," works of genius which could not be surpassed by any other nation.

The most noticeable thing which strikes the visitor unaccustomed to French pictures, is the want of that glowing colour which peculiarly distinguishes the English, and also the excellent drawing almost everywhere prevalent, an excellence unfortunately not observable in every English picture. There is also, here, a large preponderance of conversational cabinet pictures, beautifully drawn, and imagined with great delicacy, but wanting in force and colour.

Another peculiarity is the arrangement of the numbers, which are not consecutive upon the walls, but stuck about in the oddest manner possible, No. 1 being next to 45, and the next to 102, and so on. Upon consulting the catalogue, the visitor finds that all pictures by the same artist have consecutive numbers; but the pictures being of various sizes, and thus requiring to be separated, the numbers attached thus appear as if they had come up in a lottery.

(No. 6), "Repose," by Henri Baron, is almost familiarised to the reader from his acquaintance with the artist's illustrations upon wood. It is a pleasing design, of good colour.

(No. 7), "The Rose-coloured Domino," by Joseph Beauséjour, an artist of standing, and celebrated in Paris, is the very best specimen of portrait painting, both as to finish, colour, and grace, in the exhibition. The work in question is, indeed, of very high-class merit.

(No. 7), "Madame Du Barry consulting Cagliostro on her Destiny," by François Braid, is rather distinguished for its subject than for its treatment.

(No. 13), "Gulliver in the Island of Brobdingnag—microscopic studies of plants in the forest of Fontainebleau," by the same artist, is worthy to be classed with any eccentric absurdity ever perpetrated by a painter. It is absurd because it travels out of the region of art. An immense canvas is covered with gigantic leaves and flowers, insects, etc., which almost hide Gulliver, who in relation to them is a pigmy, and who seeks to escape from an immense hand, which, with part of a face, far bigger than that

"Of Memphis sphinx,  
Pedestalled, haply, in some palace court,  
When sages looked to Egypt for their lore,"

is shown in a corner of the picture ready to pounce upon him. Had this been the only picture by Braid we should have been inclined to speak but slightly of him. (No. 14) however, "The Interior of a Custom-house," with an enraged lady, whose bonnet has been completely sacrificed by the douaniers, and several other victims of these intelligent officers, affords us one of the few pictures which are provocative of mirth, and at the same time artistic. The picture before us is full of very high comedy, and although hilarious in the highest degree, and perfectly true to nature, is by no means coarse.

(No. 43), "The Portrait of the Emperor on Horseback," by Alfred de Dreux, is admirable, not only as a portrait, but as a work of art. The position is spirited and free; the drawing of the horse might be improved.

(No. 46), "An Arab Woman," by Auguste Delacroix, is a fine study, remarkable for its colour.

Paul Delaroche, one of the greatest of French artists, not only of the present day, but also of all time, is represented here by four specimens from his pencil. (No. 49), "The Great Artists of the Revival," which seems to be a sketch of the composition painted in fresco in the hemicycle of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris, and which is scarcely within our province; (No. 50), "The Death of the Duc de Guise;" (No. 50\*), "Napoleon at Fontainebleau;" and (No. 51), "The Burgomaster's Family," a sepia drawing. Of these "The Death of the Duc de Guise" is the chief. It is the property of the Duc d'Anmale, and is a work of art of the highest class, at the same time that it is of the most ambitious kind—the historical. The stiffening corpse of Guise, lying with glazed eyes and matted

hair; the whispering group of assassins, one of whom is sheathing his sword; the approach of the king, who draws back the arras with a guilty look, are all excellent. The grouping and attitudes are true to nature, and by no means exaggerated. The costume and details of the picture accurate and most carefully painted. The chiaroscuro is especially remarkable, everything being perfectly distinct in the darkened gloom of the vast chamber. This picture has been now painted some twenty years, and criticism on so well known and valued a work of art may, therefore, be somewhat supererogatory; but we would earnestly call the attention of all English artists to this picture, which they now have an opportunity of studying.

Louis Devidieux, pupil of Paul Delaroche, contributes two specimens of paintings, which are both excellent in colour, but which are destroyed by the subject; they are (No. 52), "The Chinese Guitarist," in which a not ungraceful Chinese woman is represented as playing upon that instrument, and (No. 53), a pendant to the foregoing. The high cheekbones, and the transverse position of the eye betokening the Mongolian race, render the pictures so opposite to ideas of beauty formed in an European school, that we look upon these rather as curiosities than works of art.

(No. 54) and (No. 56), "Cupid and the Graces," and the "Woodcutter's Family," quite stand out from amongst the surrounding pictures; the colour being remarkably beautiful, very much in the manner of the best productions of Titian. They are painted by Diaz, an artist who has studied much in Rome.

"The Widow's Mite" (No. 60), by Edouard Dubufe, is a production worthy of his father's pupil. Our readers will call to mind a pleasing example of the elder Dubufe, now in the Vernon Gallery.

Of (No. 67), "Cows and Landscape," and (No. 67\*), another "Landscape," by the same artist, Raymond Esbrat, we can say little favourably. In truth, the French do not by any means excel in landscape. Not so, however, in cabinet conversational pictures, of which the next thirteen pictures in the catalogue, from No. 68 to No. 80, are excellent examples. The four first, "Consulting Cards;" "A Young lady;" "Meditation;" and "A Page," are by Jean Fauvellet, a pupil of Lacour. The remainder are by Eugene Fichel, pupil of Drolling and Delaroche. Of his productions, "The Music Lesson," and "The Desert," are probably the best, but all are excellent. The drawing is capital, the accessories well managed, and the colour, which is the most faulty part of the pictures, is delicate. The great fault in these little gems is, that they want force; but a little varnish, for which the majority of the pictures in the exhibition are perishing, would add both brilliancy and force to them.

"A House in Cairo" (No. 84), and "A Street" in the same city, by Theodore Frere, are picturesque and interesting; both productions are well painted.

Edouard Frere, another of the pupils of Paul Delaroche, contributes five cabinet pictures of the class criticised above. Of these (No. 86), "La Blanchisseuse," and (No. 89), "The Prayer," are most excellent. They are distinguished by all the qualities which distinguish those before noticed.

(No. 90), "The Caravan," by Eugene Fromentin, is a desert scene, painted with great force and extraordinary knowledge of the subject.

Theodore Gudin, who, in common with the majority of artists noticed, has received both medals and honours, has sent to this exhibition no less than six sea-pieces; of these, none of which can bear comparison with our English masters, Cooke, or Clarkson Stanfield. (No. 100), "Fishing Boats in a Squall," is perhaps the best. (No. 104), "Evening after a Wreck," is also highly meritorious.

(No. 105), "Virginia at the Bath," from St. Pierre's well-known romance, is a very nicely painted and drawn production by Omer Guet.

C. Hoguet, contributes five landscapes and several sea-pieces, none of which are of a very high class. Eugene Isabey, a name well known from the fame of a former artist, is also represented by various sea-pieces of usual merit; and Charles Louis Noguin has sent five sea-pieces, well painted, and excellent in finish and

colour. Still, it is neither in landscape or in sea-piece that the French, judging from this exhibition, excel.

(Nos. 126 and 127) are two "Portraits of parallel reformers, Calvin and Luther." They are undoubtedly well painted, but the flesh tints are somewhat dark. The portraits are at once recognised, being evident studies from known pictures of these great men.

So (No. 144), "The Right of Might," by Eugene Poittevin, is one of the finest and most originally-treated pictures in the exhibition. A camp-follower of the time of the Wars of the League, stripped to his waist, and infuriated by drink, is represented in a farm-yard, with his foot upon a pig which he has stuck; a naked sword in one hand and a pet rabbit hanging dead from the other. The farm buildings burst in flame around him, and in the distance a woman struggles in the arms of one of his comrades, whilst amidst the wreck, the principal figure roars out a drunken catch. Anything more finely conceived, or originally treated, it is hard to imagine. Its quaintness and truth are fully equal to any of the groups of "Les Misères de la Guerre," of the renowned Jacques Calot.

published of the "Francesca di Rimini di Dante." The entire devotion of love was never more thoroughly and chasely exhibited; Paolo, in pain and contrition, veils his face from Dante and Virgil, whilst around him Francesca clasps her arms, tears at the time starting from her eyes, as, thus embracing, the figures are borne onwards through the gloom of Hades.

"As doves  
By fond desire invited, on wide wings  
And firm, to their sweet nest returning home,  
Cleave the air, wafted by their will along;  
Thus issued, from that troop where Dido ranks,  
They through the ill air speeding."

*Dante, Inf. Cant. v.*

Her Majesty, we believe, commissioned the admirable artist to execute this duplicate, for which she has given £1,200. Ary Scheffer has five other productions in the gallery, but none of them are of equal interest with the one we have criticised, and all of them want the glow of colour which distinguishes Titian, Rubens, and our own Elty.

Last on the catalogue are two pictures by Horace Vernet, one of



"GRAMMAR."—FROM A PAINTING BY BOURDON.

(No. 153\*) "Greek Children," by J. de Moulignon, has the merit of excellent colour and drawing.

From No. 161 to No. 168, the productions of Antoine Emile Plassan, are cabinet pictures, so delicate in their finish, and chaste in their execution, that they have attracted universal attention and admiration; the best of this artist's productions (No. 162), "The Foot Bath," a little picture, which is perfect in every respect, has been, we hear, purchased by her Majesty, at a price which, for the size, is very high indeed. It does not measure more than ten or twelve inches, and has been sold for forty guineas.

(No. 170), "An Incident in the life of Peter the Great, wherein he attends Menzikoff upon his sick bed," by Robert Fleury, is an historical composition of great merit. It does not, however, from its size and the unpleasant nature of the composition, show to advantage in this gallery.

(No. 176) is an admirable drawing of a "Turkish Odalisque, laughing, as she indolently lounges in the enjoyment of a Chibouque." The texture of the skin, the ease and grace of the figure, are beautifully rendered by the artist Schlesinger.

The great attraction of the room is the piece by Ary Scheffer, a reproduction of his picture so well known from the engravings

which only (No. 194), "Hunting the Mouflon in Africa," is a fine specimen of his powers. The drawing of this is as spirited and excellent as Horace Vernet's productions usually are, the drawing is especially fine. In the second (No. 195), "Death Purifying the Soul," an allegory is attempted, which, in our opinion, as the majority of allegories do, signally fails. The arrangement is besides faulty, and the sky so intensely and deeply blue, as to be, to English eyes at least, unnatural.

There is one thing which the visitor will be struck with, not in the gallery but in the catalogue, where he will find that every artist, even of comparatively moderate capability, has had honours abundantly showered upon him, and everything has been done to elevate him in his art. He will contrast English encouragement to art most disadvantageously in this respect, and will involuntarily recall Mr. Thackeray's *dictum* in the last number of the *Newcome's*, "that a gentleman may be allowed to toy but not to marry with the Muse of Painting, and that an English gentleman would as soon place of bringing up his son as a confectioner or hairdresser as of placing him as a pupil to a painter."

If it only induces our "Society" to remedy this injustice, the French Exhibition will have done much for English art.

## ADRIAN VANDERVELDE.



Nature never showed herself to this painter but full of grace and sweetness, smiling and happy as youth. Barren in her aspect to Ruysdael, arid and melancholy to Wynants, she appears to have

however perturbed, that will not catch a gleam of inward peace. By what miracle of art is it possible that, with a few colours spread over his canvas, the artist is enabled to awaken in us the same

ineffable sentiment of repose, of abandonment, and happiness that the actual odour of the fields and the solitude of nature produce? To paint trees, animals, meadows, woods, and lakes, with a surprising fidelity to truth, is, without doubt, a rare merit; but may we not wonder that Nature should ever permit what a poet used to call the secret of her influence to be ravished from her?

Few men have attained celebrity in any intellectual pursuit without having, at a very early age, given striking proofs of the natural bent of their inclinations for it. This is particularly true of poets and painters. Every one is aware of the truth contained in the well-known quotation,

"Poeta nascitur, non fit;"

and, however much a man may exert himself, however skilful he may become in the mere mechanical part of the art, in the nice appreciation of *longs* and *shorts*, however great the praise he may possibly attain at Cambridge or Oxford, for a certain number of flowing polished lines, dignified by the name of a prize poem, and destined, after no very long space of time, to be buried for ever in

oblivion, he will never be a poet unless Nature herself has implanted the sacred fire in his heart; if she has done so, that fire will give indications of its existence in the spring of life as certainly as that, in the spring of the year, the blossoms will precede the fruit.



reserved for Vandervelde her loveliest pastorals, her most refreshing verdure, and her most invigorating breezes. In contemplating the meadows in which this master groups his goats, his sheep, and his ruminating cattle, there is no mind, however ill at ease, no spirit,

VOL. II.

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What is true of poetry, is true also of painting; and Vanderelde is one of the very numerous examples in support of our assertion. Scarcely had he learnt to read, before he had learnt to paint. During the hours when he was not at school, he seized the brushes belonging to his brother, or his relation William, who was six years older than himself, and belaboured with an indelicate hand the walls and even the furniture of his paternal home.\* The animals, the cows, the sheep, and the goats, whose peculiarities of form and feature he was subsequently destined to reproduce in unequalled perfection, formed the subjects of his first essays. His father, who was a ship painter, saw with regret that his son preferred the more elegant and artistic pencil to the unwieldy brush which he himself had handled all his life. He was, therefore, but little inclined to admire the drawings and paintings with which the young Adrian coveted the walls of his home. One day, however, Adrian dared even to paint a milkmaid on the foot of his father's bed, and this painting so far exceeded any of his former attempts, that the old painter gave up all hope of combating his son's evident vocation. He determined to take him to John Wynants, who at that time enjoyed a high reputation at Haarlem; and this great master, on seeing the child's sketches, was unable to conceal his surprise and admiration. It is related that Wynants' wife, who was present, exclaimed to her husband: "Wynants, you have found your master!" †

This happened at Amsterdam, where Vanderelde was born in 1639. Entirely devoted to his art, he soon justified, if not the prediction, at least the enthusiasm, of the wife of Wynants. This, however, did not for a moment awaken the jealousy of the master, who only felt proud of having had such a pupil. A noble example, but one which is rarely met with in the history of art! It is said that his introduction to Wynants made him acquainted with Philip Wouvermans, who was his senior by some years, and who also was a pupil of Wynants. The tastes of the two young students were very similar, and this circumstance caused a feeling of friendship to spring up between them, which was not without a beneficial influence upon Vanderelde, whom Philip Wouvermans aided with the advice his greater experience enabled him to give.‡ However this may be, it was not long before Vanderelde familiarised himself with every practical difficulty of his profession; and Wynants himself declared that he no longer needed any instruction, excepting from that great mistress—Nature,—who has always endless lessons in store for the man of genius. It may be said with truth, that to artist was ever a more studious observer of nature than Adrian Vanderelde. He never permitted his imagination to supply the knowledge in which he was deficient, and it is easily perceived that he never painted a picture, or executed an etching, without having beforehand prepared himself by making patient studies of every object which he was desirous of representing.

That this is the only way in which a man, however gifted, is sure of becoming a great painter, we have the testimony of one of the greatest artists that England ever produced: "I again repeat," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, addressing the students of the Royal Academy, "you are never to lose sight of nature; the instant you do, you are all abroad, at the mercy of every gust of fashion, without knowing or seeing the point to which you ought to steer. Whatever trips you make, you must still have nature in your eye. . . . Let me recommend to you not to have too great dependence on your practice or memory, however strong those impressions may have been which are there deposited. They are for ever wearing out, and will be at last obliterated, unless they are continually refreshed and repaired." §

The qualities which strike us forcibly in nature are her softness and repose. In the pictures of Vanderelde the flocks feed in

rich pastures, beneath noble trees whose leaves are scarcely moved by a breath of air, with the pale azure skies above, in a sort of terrestrial paradise where the noise of the world does not penetrate, and the agitations of the heart are calmed. There is scarcely an amateur in Europe who has not viewed with delight his "Sunrise," in the Louvre, or at least the beautiful engraving of it which was executed during the last century. Who does not feel inclined to sit down for a few hours beside those careless herdsmen, who are fishing on the bank of the river? To the right, in the distant horizon, some light clouds, rose and amber-coloured, announce the rising sun. The earth is awaking gently, the water flows silently on, the foliage is almost motionless, and the pure invigorating air of daybreak braces the limbs that have been relaxed by sleep. The animals themselves appear to enjoy this refreshing coolness, which the sun's rays will soon disperse. The cattle bathe their feet in the waters of the river, which is so still that it might be mistaken for a lake. One of them breathes forth a suppressed and melancholy howling, and then suddenly ceases, as if alarmed at having disturbed the surrounding silence; another, on a mound, which is sharply defined against the sky, illumined by the sunrise, stretches its powerful neck, and seems, with expanded nostrils, to be snuffing the fresh air.\*

Rivalling Paul Potter in the art of representing animals, Vanderelde is richer in accessories than his illustrious predecessor. Paul Potter concentrates his whole genius on the reproduction of the expression, the physiognomy of the soul—if we may use the expression—of animals. In his eyes the landscape is but an accessory; a scrap of green pastureage suffices him to make a picture, where two cows are lying down at the foot of an oak awaiting the time to return home. Vanderelde, too, is a great animal painter, but this is not all; he possesses a true feeling for landscape as well. His flocks and herds feed in meadows dotted with bushy trees, and varied by lakes and rivers, beyond which the landscape stretches out until it is lost in the distance, while a gentle breeze slowly scatters across the sky fleecy clouds, such as Karel Dujardin delights to paint. In a word, every beauty of nature is enlisted to contribute to the effect which he desires to produce. The cows and the horses of Paul Potter are undoubtedly unrivalled, and no other painter has been able to combine, in so great a degree, power of reproduction with accuracy of observation; but Vanderelde, with a different feeling for nature, attained a perfection no less rare, for in his works gracefulness and truth are invariably found united to each other.

The mind of an artist is a mirror, endowed with the marvellous power of reflecting natural objects, and at the same time of communicating to them something, as it were, of human vitality. Nature, infinitely varied in her aspects, takes every form which genius is pleased to give her. Melancholy to poets who are gifted with a restless sensibility, tranquil to hearts that are at rest, stormy to impassioned souls, her manifestations are as numerous as the phases of the human mind. To every different person nature wears a different aspect, but in her entirety she is invisible, like the Almighty Creator. A painted landscape is, therefore, not to be regarded as representing only a fragment of material creation, but also the impression produced by the subject of the picture on the mind of the painter. In viewing the paintings of Paul Potter and those of Vanderelde, we are inclined to fancy one the very image of good-nature, and the other a mixture of gracefulness and simplicity.

The ancients used a sublime word to express their idea of nature; it was: *Alma Paterna*—the kind mother. Those words might be placed at the foot of every canvas signed by Vanderelde, and little would remain to be said to characterise his peculiar spirit. We should err greatly in attributing any system or philosophical consciousness of his power to this simple Dutchman. He only endeavoured to prove himself a skilful and accurate imitator of the objects which he studied carefully in his long country walks. He saw animals, trees, meadows, and grassy hills, and painted them with delight. Animals, above everything else, attracted his attention; their structure, their physiognomy, the varied appearance of

\* Houbracken, "Vie de Vanderelde." Descamps, "Vie des Peintres Flamands, Allemands, et Hollandais," vol. iii. p. 872.

† Houbracken. Manuscript translation of Madame Bernard Picard.

‡ "A Catalogue raisonné of the Works of the most eminent Dutch, Flemish, and French Painters," by John Smith. London, 1831.

§ "The Discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds" London: 1812.

\* This picture is in the collection of the Louvre, and is known under the title of "A Sunrise."

their hair, from the fine and glossy coat of the horse, to the long and tangled covering of the goat, is represented in his paintings with the power of rare and pleasing truthfulness.

In the pictures of Vandervelde, the animals always occupy the foreground, and it is to this, no doubt, that we must attribute the pleasing impression which the works of this master produce. Wherever man appears, the repose of solitude takes flight. The silent flock form part of a landscape; they live the same life as the herbage which serves them for food and bed; and they in nowise disturb the sentiment which impresses the soul when viewing the silent landscape. Figures may animate the scene, but they disturb the mystery and destroy the air of peaceful repose. Whenever Vandervelde introduces shepherds or shepherdesses into his paintings, he generally takes care to confine them to the middle distance. Thus, in the "Sunrise," the two careless herdsmen who are fishing are scarcely to be perceived; and the whole of the foreground is occupied by cattle, sheep, or goats. These domestic animals need no guardians to prevent their straying from the accustomed pastures, or the calm lake which is their watering-place. In another picture, a woman is conversing at the door of a cottage with two men. It is really a difficult task to discern them beneath the thick foliage of the shadowy oaks, while the eye is attracted by a white cow, painted with charming softness, descending the slope towards the spectators; by a sheep lying down, whose fleece, as seen from behind, is a miracle of execution, and by a cow, also lying down to the right in a half tint, whose hind-quarters are modelled with a vigour, and painted with a truth of colour, which is unsurpassable.

We may here remark the difference which separates the Dutch painters from the ideas and manner of the French school. "What is chiefly to be blamed in their figures," says de Piles, "is inaction, since this fault deprives them of every connexion with the surrounding landscape, and causes them to appear unreal. Without wishing, however, to shackle painters with any fixed rule, I am persuaded that the best method of causing figures to be appreciated is to arrange them so far in accordance with the character of the landscape as to make it seem as if the landscape had been created entirely for the figures. *I would not have them either insipid or inactive.* They should tell some story to excite the interest of the observer, or at least to give a name to the painting, by which it might be distinguished from the mass of others by those who are judges of such matters." How strongly characteristic is it of the national spirit of the French school, that its disciples make the landscape subordinate to the figures, and not the figures to the landscape, never allotting to man a secondary place in nature. An *insipid* or useless figure is a fault in the eyes of a French painter, while, on the contrary, the simple Vandervelde, in his love for the country, feared to make his figures play too prominent a part. To him the herdsmen is a part of his fleecy charge, and he is satisfied with the great spirit of nature which seems to sigh in the breeze that moves the tree-tops, or to speak in the deep and solemn lowing of the cattle that crop the herbage in his meadows.

While Berghem delights in multiplying the figures in his paintings, exhausting his spirit and his genius in varying their attitudes, and attracting the eye by his rosy countrywomen with their brilliant skirts and scarlet bodies, Vandervelde leaves the foreground to his flocks, and does not find it necessary that the stillness of nature should be enlivened by the human voice. In his compositions nature preserves the deep poetry and silent happiness of her solitudes. Berghem, who looks at nature through the smiling atmosphere of his imagination, who often ornaments her with historical recollections and the reflection of the brilliant colours with which Italy impressed his imagination, fills his pastorals with life and motion. Vandervelde, devoted entirely to his true and almost tender admiration for nature, draws with a more discreet hand. He is generally sparing in detail, and the simplicity of the composition heightens the grace and harmony of the whole.

But though Vandervelde showed such a marked predilection for animals, it must not be imagined that he was unable to ornament a landscape with graceful and lively figures; it is true, however, that he made less use of this talent for himself than for his friends, except in those pictures where the figures form the chief

subject, as in his "Winter," so beautifully engraved by Jacques Allamet.\*

\* One of those who have most successfully engraved from Adrian Vandervelde, is Jacques Allamet the Elder, who must not be confounded with his brother, François Allamet, an engraver of but little talent or ingenuity. Jacques Allamet was born at Abbeville in 1727, and died at Paris in 1788. He therefore belongs entirely to the eighteenth century, which was a very brilliant period for engraving in France. During that period the French engravers proved themselves thoroughly national, in bringing to bear upon the practice of their art that critical spirit, that elegance and good taste, and that absence of all exaggeration, which characterise the Gaulic character. We shall have somewhat more to say hereafter respecting the revolution in art to which he contributed more than any other. We may mention here, however, that Jacques Allamet was his pupil. He commenced, says Watteau, by the execution of those small engravings which are introduced into books, and called *épreuves*. Huber and Rost have not mentioned these, although deserving of notice. Those which we have seen in the collected edition of his works in the print-room of the National Library at Paris, are executed for the most part from the designs of Gravelot, and some from those of Boucher and Cochin. They accompany a very elegant edition of "The Decameron" of Boccaccio, which was published in London in 1755. Although these charming vignettes are small, they are treated broadly, and never slurred over, as often happens when the subjects are confined to such small dimensions.

Jacques Allamet soon attracted the attention of publishers. In fact, it was not difficult for a practical eye to perceive in the vignettes of "The Decameron" a talent which would rise without effort to greater productions, and which would lose nothing in being employed on more important labours. His first attempts were of the class in which he afterwards met with the greatest success, namely, landscapes and sea-pieces. His beautiful engravings of "The Fire by Night," "Stormy Weather," and "The Fog," after Joseph Vernet, are the most highly-prized. These are all engraved in perfect accordance with the sentiment of the painter. The plate is full of work, and, like the original picture, presents a full-toned appearance. Deep, close, and bold lines present the effect produced by the brilliant and daring brush of the master. If Jacques Allamet was less successful than Balcelon in rendering the mountain-waves of a stormy sea and their foaming crests, which are so admirable in the celebrated "Tempest" of the latter engraver, yet, on the other hand, he has succeeded in representing with rare fidelity the clouds of mist which it is so difficult to render with the graver or the etching-needle. By mingling different methods of execution, and by lowering, or rather blending, all his lights, Jacques Allamet has imitated to a remarkable degree "The Fog" of Vernet. Following nature, the engraver has left his positive lights only on those objects which are nearest to the eye, while in the background and the sky he has produced the effect of having stippled his plate, and yet he has employed neither the needle to fill up the cross-hatching, nor the roulette, nor any of those processes by which the effect of stamping may be produced. He has thus obtained the soft effect of mezzotint with those tools which would appear most unlikely to produce such a result,—the needle and the graver. Still the real merit and originality of Jacques Allamet are more distinctly visible in his landscapes after Berghem than in his sea-pieces after Vernet. It is in the former that he has perfected the use of the dry-point, which was invented and brought into repute by his master, Lebas. By this process he obtained the most varied and pleasing gray tints, and nowhere was he so successful as in the large folio engraving from a landscape by Berghem in the Dresden Gallery. The animals,—the dogs, sheep, goats, cattle, and asses,—though prepared with the etching-needle, were almost entirely finished with the dry-point, as well as the faces of the peasants, where the flesh was wholly executed in this manner; skillfully-applied touches of the graver completed and brought out the work. Opposed to the system of very dark engravings, Allamet is reported by a contemporary to have compared their effect to "that produced by actors who, departing from nature, rant and grimace on the stage to attract the plaudits of the multitude."

Allamet thoroughly appreciated his own talent. Notwithstanding his aversion to making his engravings black, he was always able to avoid monotony and coldness. This powerful effect arises from the fact that the master-touches, the free handling of the brush, and the bits of brilliant colour, are rendered by abrupt transitions

Wynants, who had long availed himself of the pencil of Wouvermans, was not long in preferring that of Vandervelde—a fact that renders praise superfluous. To say that Vandervelde was in this branch of his art the rival of the most elegant painter in Holland, gives a sufficiently exalted idea of the powers of this charming master.

The celebrated landscape-painters of his day held in great esteem the little figures which he placed in their paintings with such grace and spirit, while his inexhaustible imagination varied to infinity their gestures and actions, according to the aspect of the scene which they were intended to enliven by their presence. Hobbema, Vanderheyden, Moncheron, Peter Neefs, Hackert, Ruysdael himself—the great and pathetic Ruysdael—whose genius might well have stood alone, all availed themselves of the pencil of Vandervelde, to give a greater value and charm to their paintings.

Vanderheyden, in particular, found the value of his somewhat frigid pictures doubled by the crowd of little figures with which the inventive spirit of his friend peopled them. In one of these pictures, where Vanderheyden has represented the square and Town

a man, who is sitting down, appears to search in a packet for some article which a woman standing before him has just asked for; further on, two grave citizens of the capital of Holland are seated on a stone bench placed against the wall of the Town Hall, and are conversing about the events of the day; here a carman whips his horse, harnessed to a heavy dray loaded with wood; there a group of men, women, and children run after a kind of chair drawn by a horse, which appears to excite their curiosity; to the right, another horse of a dark bay colour, exquisitely painted, awaits his load, which a man is bringing in a basket. In the centre of the foreground, and in the middle of the picture, two gentlemen are bowing to each other with a truly aristocratic grace. May they not be two Frenchmen of the court of Louis XIV.—there were many in Holland at that period, and might we not expect to hear them use the words of Molière! "*La place m'est heureuse à nous y rencontrer.*"

Thanks to Vandervelde, this picture of Vanderheyden's, which is in other respects so valuable for its finish of detail and skilful perspective, becomes an animated scene, displaying the activity of a



THE RISING SUN.—FROM A PAINTING BY A. VANDERVELDE.

Hall of Amsterdam, we may see clearly with what generosity Vandervelde lavished his talent. More than thirty figures, with horses and carriages, fill the space left vacant by Vanderheyden. The groups are arranged with great skill, concealed under the appearance of the most perfect observance of nature. At the left,

from light to shade, and that the local colours are in his engravings exceedingly well contrasted, with clear and well-defined lights. In this manner, while the engraving remains light and airy, it is not tame, and preserves all its piquancy. We must add to this merit the power of execution, the delicacy of touch, and the lightness in the handling of the points employed to define the figures, darkening them when necessary, and expressing the exact qualities of the objects represented—whether they be the silky hair of the goats, the rough coats of the beasts of burthen, the fineness of linen, the coarseness of frieze, the cracked and parched earth, or the polished surface of fruits. All that we have here said respecting Aliamet, may be verified by examining his various engravings from Berghem: "The Old Harbour of Genoa," "The Ransom of the Slave," "A Rustic Watering-place for Cattle,"

great city, peopled by men of every rank and every calling, from the beggar who awaits at the door the descent of the rich stranger in quest of local antiquities, to the lazy noble who rolls along, softly reclining in his carriage. To convey an idea of the spirit, of the artistic talent, which Vandervelde has manifested in these figures,

"The Meeting of the two Village Girls," and generally all that he has engraved from this master. His skies, but little burdened with work, are transparent. The lines seem readily to follow the forms of the clouds, or rather indicate the formation of them by their varied directions, which are happily contrasted with the smooth sky which is produced by horizontal and rather wide lines, ending in breaks and consecutive points. All this is full of feeling.

Wouvermans and Teniers have more than once given employment to the etching point of Aliamet. His two plates of "The Sabbath," after Teniers, are vigorous, brilliant, and held in great estimation by connoisseurs. But nothing is more delicious than his "Spanish Hilt," and "The Advanced Guard of Hulus," after Philip Wouvermans. Even Moyreau, who so perfectly

of all the difficulties which he must have encountered, so that the interest of the spectator might be rivetted to his work, without detracting too much from the essential objects of the picture, it would be necessary for us to enter into a minute analysis of this view of Amsterdam. We must content ourselves with having pointed out what his imagination, seconded by a light and infallibly certain pencil, could produce. But how much shall we increase the surprise of the reader when we state that the largest of these life-like and truthful figures is only an inch and three-quarters in height, while the smallest 'are not more than from half to three-quarters of an inch high.

Sometimes, certainly, Vandervelde made use of that talent which

animals after the manner of Berghem, as may be observed in one of his principal works—"The Departure of Jacob from Laban." Even in this case it may be said that the painter, in surrounding Jacob and his family with his numerous flocks, in a subject taken from Scripture, again betrays the invincible direction of his mind, which in this instance is in perfect accordance with the requirements of the subject. At other times he represents scenes where the landscape and the animals are confined to the middle distance; in examples of this description, it is the action of man which attracts and concentrates the spectator's interest. Such are his two "Views of the Beach at Scheveling." Scheveling is a little village on the sea-shore, where the inhabitants of the Hague are



THE BLIND MAN. - FROM A PAINTING BY A. VANDERVELDE.

he lavished for others in the embellishment of his own works. Occasionally he fills his composition with a number of men and

understood this painter, never did anything superior. Aliamet represented with no less success than the latter the vapours of the low lands and those stretches of country which so often have the fault of appearing like velvet. His choicest work is reserved for the coquetry of accessories and the expression of the figures. The handling of the master, his firm but softened touches, and the pithiness of his manner are charmingly transferred to the copper of the engraver. Horses' coats are expressed by great masses of dark touches without distinction of the hair, as it is right to represent it when the animals are not in the foreground, or of unusual size, for then the detail of their coats, of their manes and tails, are not supposed to be distinguishable.

"Winter Amusements," after Vandervelde, is another excellent engraving by Aliamet. The scene is made agreeable, which is not usually the case in such subjects. The French painters, Boucher,

accustomed to proceed on Sunday for their amusement. Vandervelde, in one of these paintings, shows us the state carriage of the Prince of Orange, which is proceeding along the sands at low water.

Greuze, Jeaourt, severally employed the truly French talent of this artist. His representation of the deep effects and stippled manner of Boucher, as well as the broader handling of Greuze, was admirable, and he was even able to render their very faults without exaggeration, as, for instance, the coarseness of the draperies of Greuze; but the painter whose style he transferred most successfully was Jeaourt, whose beautiful pictures, "La place Maubert," and "La place des Halles," he engraved. Aliamet was, as an engraver, what Chardin and Jeaourt were as painters—a natural and simple artist, but at the same time elegant and full of spirit and clearness. His brother Francis went to London, where he worked under Robert Strange; but his engravings bore no resemblance to those of Jacques. They were always heavy, affected, tasteless, and uselessly overburdened with work.

The carriage, the running footman who attend it, the postillions, the fisherman who runs up, net in hand, to see the *cortège*, the poor man who uncovers beforeland in expectation of alms, are the elements which form the painting, and yet the six noble horses of German race, which are so vigorous and elegant that we might fancy them sketched by the pencil of Vandermeulen, and touched up by Wouvermans, contribute not a little to the charm of this courtly scene. The second "View" is peopled with figures only. The carriage and horses of the prince are seen, it is true, in the background, but the foreground is occupied by the fishermen of Scheveling, who are playing with their children in front of a tent. What a delicious *chef-d'œuvre* is this painting! The fishermen are true without being vulgar; for Vandervelde did not, like many other Dutch painters, believe himself called upon to sacrifice grace for the sake of simplicity. The calm and unruffled sea is of boundless expanse; the waves roll with a soft murmur upon the beach. How happy is the possessor of such a talent! to him even the waves of the ocean are without storms,—to him peace smooths the waters of the sea just as she revels in the meadows of Holland.\*

One of Adrian Vandervelde's master-pieces, to give it no higher title, is the picture in the Museum at Amsterdam. The view is very limited, and we might be induced to believe that when he pointed the animals, he was lying on the grass beside them. After an hour spent in the admiration of this marvellous work of art, we arrive at some conclusions which it may not be out of place to mention here. "If it is desired that flocks or other animals represented in fields should attract the attention of the spectator," says Hagelorn, "the landscape itself should be composed of but few objects, bounded by mountains, or with a light and misty distance. Over the latter the eye should wander, on the former it should be made to dwell. If the artist intends to arrest the spectator's eye by the principal objects of the foreground, he must not attract it by a too varied distance, or impair the effect by bestowing too much labour on the foreground itself. He should rather contract the view and close in the pastoral scene by mountains or woods. The artist must, however, conceal this carefully, and so transform the necessity into a beauty. Thus Adrian Vandervelde often represents the shepherd, his dog, and his flock grouped around a spring, part of which is hidden by a copse; the spectator who only sees the edge of the pleasant green wood enjoys, as it were, the freshness of the peaceful spot by the help of his imagination." These remarks upon the art of closing in a portion of a landscape, show great discrimination; they apply to Vandervelde as well as to Berghem. But, leaving out of the question all reference to what imagination may gain by one part of the landscape being closed, we may say that Vandervelde has made use of this artifice with much address to detach the different objects and make each one relieve the other. If on one side of the picture there rises a hill which sharply breaks the line of the horizon (we refer to the picture of "The Rising Sun"), it is not only for the purpose of confining the attention of the observer, and preventing it from wandering into the distance, but also because this mound offers a dark brown mass, by which the light colours of the most prominent cattle are clearly brought out—the object of the artist being to direct particular attention to their spotted coats and picturesque forms. But if the painter places animals upon this mound, whose brown mass throws back the horizon, he will take care to choose such as are of a sombre and uniform colour; he will represent dark-bay horses, black goats, or ewes of a deep dun colour, so that they serve to relieve the oven whose light colour and bright markings enliven the foreground of the picture, at the same time that their own outlines are sharply defined against the clear sky. Thus, we find that in the works of these masters, who are apparently so simple, and appear to have grouped at hazard the flocks grazing in their meadows, the laws of art are so well observed, and the painters themselves, perhaps

unconsciously, so skilful, that their compositions are full of instruction. The laws of the distribution of light and shade are so clearly defined in Vandervelde's pictures, in which an amateur only perceives the charming and natural side, that a professor might readily make them the subjects of his discourse, and say with the learned Lairese: "When an object in a full light is to be relieved by a clear background, it is necessary that the object, having no shadow, should be of a sombre colour, in order to produce a good effect. For the great art consists in placing the objects of a sombre and warm colour upon a light, tender, and soft ground, as well as in relieving light and soft colours against dark and warm backgrounds; in the same way the most vigorous objects of the foreground may be relieved against the extreme distance, and the reverse."<sup>†</sup>

The atmosphere is light and pure in the paintings of Vandervelde: we feel inclined to inhale the freshening breezes which sweep across the broad bosom of his lakes, whisper among the imitable foliage of his trees, and flood the spreading pastures in which he represents the cattle cropping the short thick grass, or contentedly ruminating as they slowly chew the cud. Through the fluid and transparent atmosphere we behold skies of a tender blue, where fleecy clouds float on in graceful and undulating lines; so light are they, too, that a breath of air would suffice to disperse them, but at the moment chosen by the painter the winds have left the ether undisturbed. The peaceful skies are reflected in unruffled lakes. The clouds, the animals, the trees, the shepherds, melt together in the reflection of the transparent waters. No landscape can be absolutely beautiful without a river, a lake, or a torrent. A poet who loved nature as one loves a mistress, has expressed this in some charming lines:—

"S'il n'a point de rive humide  
Je fais un site admiré,  
Comme un front pur et sans ride,  
Mais dont l'œil serait aride  
Et n'aurait jamais pleuré,  
Otez les flots à la terre,  
La terre sera sans yeux,  
Et jamais sa face austère,  
Pleine d'ombre et de mystère,  
Ne réfléchirait les cieux."†

The greatest landscape-painters of swampy Holland were all well aware of the indefinite charm a landscape gains by the presence of water, whether it slumbers imprisoned by the shores of a lake, or glides murmuring between the banks of a river. Vandervelde, following the example of Ruysdael, loves to lead us to the sea-beach, where the waves sport among the pebbles, or to the pond, whose freshness attracts the thirsty flocks towards midday. But nothing can be more dissimilar than the manner in which each of these two artists treats the same subject. While Ruysdael delights to contemplate the ocean when maddened by storms, and represent it to our astonished gaze stretching out into the distance, until it is confounded with the fearful masses of dark clouds that are seen looming dimly through the hazy atmosphere, and contrasting with the white-crested billows which rise upon the grand and threatening waves, and only serve to make the general darkness more awfully

\* Gérard de Lairese, "Le Grand Livre des Peintres, ou l'Art de peindre considéré dans toutes ses Parties et démontré par Principes, avec des Réflexions sur les Ouvrages de quelques bons Maîtres et des Défauts qui s'y trouvent," tome ii. page 11. Paris, 1787.

† If no stream the landscape grace,  
Quickly from the spot I fly,  
As I would some calm, pure face,  
Where sad tears ne'er left a trace  
In the cold and haughty eye.

Take the waters once away,  
And the earth will have no eyes—  
No more then its face shall play  
With expression blithe and gay,  
As it mirrors back the skies.

\* Vandervelde also painted hunting-pieces much in the style of Wouvermans. Sir Thomas Baring possesses, in his picture-gallery in London, a "Rendezvous de Chasse," by this master, representing the moment when the huntsmen meet on a terrace adjoining a house. Among the figures may be distinguished an elegantly-dressed lady and gentleman, and two pilgrims who are demanding charity. Further on are pages, dogs, and hunting paraphernalia.



apparent, and lend a kind of savage sublimity to the whole scene—while Ruysdael, too, casts a gloomy shadow over his lakes, Vandervelde scarcely raises a ripple on the smooth, untroubled surface of the sea, and does not permit the polished mirror of his lakes to be one moment overcast by menacing masses of dark and gloomy clouds, which were so little in unison with his calm, loving disposition.

We once travelled through Holland with a friend of ours, who was a distinguished literary man, full of enthusiasm for painting, and who took a fancy to discover the points of resemblance existing between celebrated writers and the painters that we had come on purpose to see. If we are not mistaken, he asserted that Rembrandt, in his mind, corresponded to Hoffman, the author of the "Contes Fantastiques;" the melancholy Vandermeer was compared to Young, the author of the "Night Thoughts;" and, while Boucher called up to his recollection the Chevalier de Florian, he recognised a familiar kind of Theocritus in Berghem, and a Virgil in Vandervelde. "Do you not perceive," he said, "a singular resemblance between Vandervelde and Virgil!" On our smiling at the idea of these two names, one of which was so famous, and the other so modest and so little known to the world, being compared with each other, after the lapse of so many ages, he proceeded with his comparison, and, without allowing himself to be stopped by our smiles, gave us the proofs in favour of his theory. "Have they not both," said he, "exquisite grace and ideal beauty in place of that boldness and virility in which both are equally deficient! If I may use the expression, there is in their works the same *bucolic* sentiment, the same talent of imparting a certain indescribable softness to the representation of pastoral scenes, the same sobriety, the same elegance of composition, and the same harmony. But it is in the finish, the soft and perfect style of their execution, that they particularly resemble each other. The pencil of Vandervelde is as delicate and mellow as the pen of Virgil is elegant and chastened. The style of Vandervelde, replete with studied transitions and gentle gradations of colour, contributes not a little to the soft and peaceful effect of his landscapes. With him we find none of those violently contrasted lights and shadows, none of those struggles between night and day, which many Dutch painters appear to have borrowed from the Persian theologians; if thick trees or rising ground intercept part of the light, enough remains for the broad half-tints to harmonise with the lighter portions of the picture. He does not, like Berghem, use those bold and brilliant touches which cannot be looked at closely without appearing somewhat coarse. So dashing a style does not suit his fancy; the use of half-tints, the softness of his touch, the peculiar truthfulness of his manner, distinguish him among all the great Dutch masters."

The trees, those stumbling-blocks to ordinary painters, are always treated by Vandervelde with singular felicity. Whether he paints a thick and branching chestnut, or the poplar with its straight and pliant branches, or the aspen with its trembling leaves, he succeeds with unvarying skill in giving the most agreeable form to the masses of foliage, and in making the breezes appear to blow round them, or in relieving the long and slender branches against the sky. The conscientious nature of his genius is exhibited in the care with which he elaborates this most difficult portion of the landscape-painter's task.

To these general characteristics, which render the works of Adrian Vandervelde unmistakable, we must add the preference which he always showed for young animals. The painter, full of admiration for the graceful, could not but be struck with the supple and sprightly movements of young animals in their sports. He often delights in painting the gambols of a young lamb, forcing itself beneath its mother in search of nutriment, while the patient ewe continues to crop the grass before her.

This familiar scene in pastoral life must have often attracted the artist's eye during his rambles in the beautiful meadows which surround Amsterdam. Among his etchings,—that portion of his works in which an artist gives way to the caprices and originalities of his genius,—he has reproduced it as in his larger works. The lamb is given with striking fidelity. Its limbs, though still clumsy, have yet that flexibility of articulation which characterises the young of all kinds of animals. The delicacy of touch, and the correctness of execution, give every characteristic of perfection to this composition.

There is one picture by this master which deserves especial notice. We allude to the one in which he has represented himself in company with his wife and family. Not only is it to be classed among his very best productions, for the great care with which he has finished the very smallest details, and for the appearance of breezy freshness and calm repose which distinguish it, but also for the fact of its giving us an idea of his own personal appearance. Vandervelde, dressed in brown, and holding in his hand a walking-stick, is seen strolling along a country road, while his wife is walking with him on his left side. Her dress consists of a red gown, over which is thrown a black silk cloak. Before them is a boy, also dressed in brown, who is holding in a dog by means of a cord. The dog is pulling at the cord, and is evidently impatient to spring away. Sitting on the trunk of a tree is a young woman nursing a baby, and amusing it with flowers. To the left of the picture is a meadow, in which some goats are seen grazing, while a herdman, stretched on the grass, with a pipe in his hands, is watching them. On the road, a little further on than Vandervelde and his family, is seen a waggon drawn by two gray horses. The driver is engaged in doing something or other to their harness. The right hand of the foreground consists of a large hill, with some broken-down fences and old stumps of trees. Near the top of the hill is a thicket of young oaks, painted in the most marvellous manner. The foliage appears so natural that the spectator might almost fancy that he heard the leaves rustle as the breeze passed gently through them. Beyond these oaks is a line of thick, bushy trees, while on an eminence beyond is a small house partially embosomed in trees, with a river rolling its calm waters before it. This picture is a perfect gem, and conveys an idea of quiet, happy repose, such as Vandervelde loved so much to depict. The light, gossamer, vapoury clouds, which partially mask the blue expanse behind them, as they float lazily along in mid-air, give the finishing touch to this harmonious composition, and impart a most beautiful and soft effect of evening to the whole.

Vandervelde's etchings are not all of equal merit. Bartsch,\* whose opinion on this subject is of great value, distinguishes three epochs in the works of this master, consisting of twenty-four subjects. In 1653, that is, at the age of fourteen, Vandervelde engraved five plates; in these we easily recognise the youth and inexperience of their author. The touch is meagre, the etching is too fine and close, the herbage is scribbled, the foliage unfinished and devoid of taste; six years later, however, from 1657 to 1659, he is already in the full exercise of his talent. "Nothing can be suggested," says Bartsch, "to correct his drawing, the truthfulness of the animals, their attitudes, the correctness of the muscles, and the perfect care with which every detail is rendered. The etching discloses the practised hand of the master; it is freer than in the pieces dated 1653, and the lines are less close and more expressive." His last engravings of the year 1670, two years before his death, are all master-pieces. The "Ewe suckling her Lamb," of which we have already spoken, is of this date. The "Two Lambs reposing," of which the one lying on its back, is a prodigy of truth, of knowledge, and good taste, bears the same date. We may form an idea of the path which the artist traversed between the two extreme points of his career, by comparing "The Peasant on Horseback," one of his works which is at present very scarce, with the "Two Lambs." Between the dates of these two pieces a period of seventeen years intervenes. In the first, although the peasant is well drawn, and the horse shows good action, the execution is meagre, and the graver appears to have passed timidly over the copper; the artist has multiplied his lines without attaining vigour or character. In the latter, on the contrary, there is not a superfluous touch, and there is not one which does not produce the most striking and truthful effect.

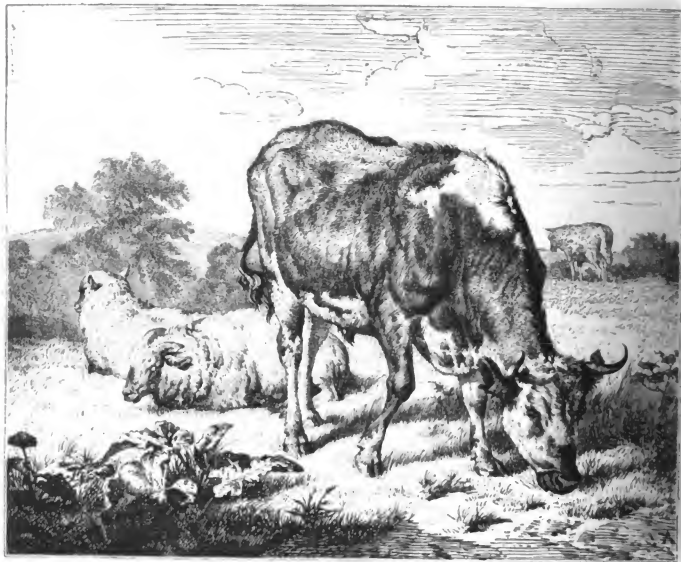
This prolific master, whose paintings are to be found in all the public and private galleries of Europe, died, nevertheless, at the age of thirty-three, at Amsterdam, in the year 1672. So great, indeed, is the number of the works which are entirely his own, as well as of those in which he merely inserted figures of men and animals for other artists, that it almost seems impossible that one man could have found time to execute them all, particularly when

\* Bartsch, "Le Peintre-Graveur," Adrian Vandervelde, vol. I.

we take into consideration the minute and exquisite delicacy of finish by which they are, with scarcely a single exception, distinguished. This fact has led some of the authors who have written on Vandervelde to suppose, that the dates which we have given as those of his birth and decease, respectively, are erroneous; but we know what seeming impossibilities may be effected by never-flagging perseverance; and we therefore see no reason why we should distrust the authorities to whom we are indebted for the facts of this notice. He left a daughter, who handed down verbally to Houbracken the few particulars which we know concerning the life of her father. He never left Amsterdam and its immediate neighbourhood. He was the painter of the rustic scenes of his

died, leaving behind him his great but unfinished opera of the "Zauberflöte."\*

The illustrious amateur, Gersaint, who was a friend of Watteau, and the author of some of the most learned catalogues of the eighteenth century, has given an opinion of Vandervelde which must surprise us by its exaggeration, proceeding from a man usually so free from this fault. "This landscape-painter," says he, "has the most delicate pencil, and is the most mellow in his tones, of any artist I know. Even Corneille Poelenbourg appears dry, so to speak, in his touch compared to Vandervelde; his figures are generally simple and well-drawn; his colouring is rich and vigorous; and his paintings are perfectly harmonious. He is, in



THE OX AND THREE SHEEP.—FROM A PAINTING BY A. VANDERVELDE.

own native country; he found the materials for his pictures, with but few exceptions, in the broad, verdant meadows that surrounded the city of his birth, and had no need to seek for them in foreign lands. His works produce the impression that his life must have been full of peace, of private virtue, and unwearied labour. May he not have been, like Mozart, a victim of that affection of the chest with which so many great men have been afflicted from their birth, and which their excessive labour aggravates rapidly? Consumption, which develops in those whom it devours so many precocious powers and such melancholy grace, may have caused the premature death of this extraordinary artist, who, at the age of fourteen, was already a great master. At eight years of age, Mozart, who was still more remarkable, performed before the court of Louis XV. on the organ of the chapel at Versailles, and thenceforward ranked with the greatest composers of the age! At thirty-six years he

fact, the most interesting painter to those who value beautiful work and high finish."

\* It may not be uninteresting to the reader, nor altogether misplaced, considering the affinity between all the arts, and the striking resemblance between Vandervelde and Mozart, both in their precocious talents and their early end, if we here give a few extracts from a curious paper, by the Hon. Daines Barrington, F.R.S., printed in the Philosophical Transactions for the year 1770:—

"If I was to send you a well-attested account of a boy who measured seven feet in height, when he was not more than eight years of age, it might be considered as not undeserving the notice of the Royal Society.

"Joannes Chrysostomus Wolfgangus Theophilus Mozart, was born at Saltzbourg, in Bavaria, on the 17th of January, 1756.

To say that Poelembourg is dry beside Vandervelde, is certainly going too far; and therefore this must probably be no more than a figure of speech. Poelembourg is so melting that he gives inanimate objects the appearance of velvet; Vandervelde, on the contrary, having to paint animals, the forms of which are well defined, such as horses, cattle, and goats, takes especial care to avoid falling into the fault of Poelembourg, and without making his outlines as strongly marked as Paul Potter, he finishes his figures with a light and delicate touch. In this respect he is more justly appreciated by Descamps, who in the two insignificant pages which, as usual, are all that he devotes to one of the most charming painters in his gallery, has only said a few words concerning the

dervelde is crisp and highly worked up, and that the sky glimmers through his trees,—points which in nowise resemble the work of the too silky Poelembourg.

After examining the immense labours of Vandervelde, we cannot doubt that he was possessed by that fever of never-ceasing activity which hastens the end of those who are destined to die young. Not only is he reckoned among the first Dutch landscape-painters, but he also deserves to occupy a distinguished position among historical painters. There are several compositions by his hand, taken from the Passion of Christ, and which, in Houbracken's time, were in the Roman Catholic Church in the Spinhuysteeg at Amsterdam. There is also in the Church of the Appel-Markt a



WINTER AMUSEMENT.—FROM A PAINTING BY A. VANDERVELDE.

style of this master, but his remarks in this case are more direct and pointed than usual. He even adds that the leasing of Van-

"I have been informed by a most able musician and composer, that he frequently saw him at Vienna when he was little more than four years old.

"By this time, he was not only capable of executing lessons on his favourite instrument the harpsichord, but composed some in an easy style and taste, which were much approved of.

"His extraordinary musical talents soon reached the ears of the present empress-dowager, who used to place him on her knees, while he played on the harpsichord.

"The notice taken of him by so great a personage, together with a certain consciousness of his most singular abilities, had much emboldened the little musician. Being, therefore, the next year at one of the German courts, where the Elector encouraged him, by saying he had nothing to fear from his august presence,

"Descent from the Cross" of large dimensions, in which the graceful painter of "The Rising Sun" has shown, in one of the most

little Mozart immediately sat down with great confidence to his harpsichord, informing his highness that he had played before the empress.

"At seven years of age his father carried him to Paris, where he so distinguished himself by his compositions, that an engraving was made of him.

"... In this print, little Mozart is styled, 'Compositeur et Maître de Musique, âgé de sept ans.'

"Upon leaving Paris, he came over to England, where he continued more than a year. As during this time, I was witness of his most extraordinary abilities as a musician, both at some public concerts, and, likewise, by having been alone with him for a considerable time at his father's house, I send you the following account, amazing and incredible almost as it may appear.

pathetic subjects of Christian art, that he was capable of representing the strong emotions of sacred subjects no less admirably than the joyous tranquillities of pastoral life. One of Vandervelde's most successful efforts, perhaps, in this peculiar branch of his profession, is a "Repose of the Holy Family," which is dated 1658. The Virgin is represented as supported by cushions, which are placed on the ground, and holding the Infant Jesus in her lap. Joseph is seated on the stone pedestal of a fountain, some distance off. On the other side of the Virgin is an ass, while behind her is a sheep in the act of grazing. The figures of the two animals are in the master's best style. Had Vandervelde lived a few years longer, he might probably have gained further reputation by these works, and have given to the world his *David* as a sequel to his *Buddies*. It was, however, determined otherwise. As we have seen, he was snatched away in the full vigour of his talent at an age when his contemporaries might naturally have expected a long series of fresh masterpieces from his prolific pencil.

In the present day the name of Vandervelde recalls only ideas of rustic scenes, of peaceful cattle ruminating in the midst of the artless sheep lying at their feet, and of rich pastures where the flocks are wandering listlessly about, while the shepherd is sleeping under thick foliage of the beech-trees.

Adrian Vandervelde was one of the most skilful engravers of the Dutch school, as well as a correct, delicate, and harmonious painter.

The catalogues of Dutch sales do not mention more than twenty-two subjects engraved by this master. Adam Bartsch was acquainted with only twenty-one, and yet we have every reason to believe that the subjects engraved by Vandervelde were at least twenty-four in number. In the catalogue which we are about to give, we shall preserve the number and titles adopted by Adam Bartsch:—

1. "The Cowherd and the Bull." In the upper left-hand corner we find: A. V. V. 1659, and at the right: *Just. Dawckerts, exc.*
2. "The Cow Lying down." On a rough stone to the left is written: *Adrian Van de Velde, f. 1657.*

"I carried to him a manuscript duc, which was composed by an English gentleman to some favourite words in Metastasio's opera of 'Demofonte.'

"The whole score was in five parts; viz. accompaniments for a first and second violin, the two vocal parts, and a bass.

"I shall here likewise mention that the parts for the first and second voices were written in what the Italians style the *contralto* cleff. The reasons for taking notice of which particular will appear hereafter.

"My intention in carrying with me this manuscript composition was to have an irrefragable proof of his abilities as a player at sight, it being absolutely impossible that he could ever have seen the music before.

"The score was no sooner put upon his desk, than he began to play the symphony in a most masterly manner, as well as in the time and style which corresponded with the intention of the composer. I mention this circumstance, because the greatest masters often fail in these particulars on the first trial.

"The symphony ended, he took the upper part, leaving the under one to his father . . . His father was once or twice out, though the passages were not more difficult than those in the upper part, on which occasions the son looked back with some anger, pointing out to him his mistakes and setting him right.

" . . . Having been informed that he was often visited by musical ideas, to which, even in the middle of the night, he would give utterance on his harpsichord, I told his father that I should be glad to hear some of his extemporary compositions. . . . I said to the boy that I should be glad to hear an extemporary 'Love Song,' such as his friend Manzoni might choose in an opera. The boy on this (who continued to sit at his harpsichord) looked back with much archness, and immediately began five or six lines of a jargon recitative, proper to introduce a love song. He then played a symphony which might correspond with an air composed to the single word *Affetto*.

"It had a first and second part, which, together with the symphonies, was of the length that opera songs generally last. If this extemporary composition was not amazingly capital, yet it was really above mediocrity, and showed most extraordinary readiness of invention."

3. "The Three Oxen." Below, at the left near a stick: A. V. Velde, f.

4. "The Two Cows and the Sheep." Toward the bottom, on the right-hand, close to a stick, we read: A. V. V. f.

5. "The Three Cows." The letters A. V. V. f. are to be seen in the left-hand corner of the engraving.

6. "The Ox in the Water." At the top, on the left-hand side: A. V. V. f.

7. "The Horse." We read at the bottom, on the left-hand side: A. V. V. f.

8. "The Calf." At a little distance towards the right will be seen a prostrate tree, where, on the stump, may be observed in reversed letters: A. V. Velde, f. 1659.

9. "The Dogs." In the upper part, at the left, is written: A. V. Velde, f. 1657.

10. "The Goats." The name A. V. Velde, f. is inscribed in the upper right-hand corner.

These ten pieces were executed at the age of eighteen or twenty, and the engraving already shows the hand of a practised master. At the *Rijal sale*, in 1817, they were sold in one lot for the sum of £2.

11. "The Cow and the Two Sheep at the Foot of a Tree." In the centre, at the bottom, we read: 1670, A. V. V. F. This plate is the masterpiece of the artist.

12. "The Pied Bull and the Three Sheep." This piece is equally remarkable; at the bottom, on the left-hand side, is written: A. V. V. F., and beneath it, 1670.

13. "The Two Cows at the Foot of a Tree." Below, on the left-hand side: A. V. V. F. This plate is executed in the same style as the former.

(These three plates fetched £16 at the *Rijal sale*).

14. "The Sheep." Marked A. V. V. F. 1670, below, on the right side.

15. "The Two Sheep." Below, to the left, A. V. V. F. 1670. (These two plates, in superb proofs, were sold for £4 at the same sale.)

16. "The Goats." In the lower left hand corner: A. V. V.

These six plates ordinarily go together as forming a series. They are very rare, particularly the last one. Adrian engraved them two years before his death. The drawing is admirable, the style is large, the landscape and the herbage are done with richness, and expression not laboured, and in excellent taste.

17. "The Shepherd and the Sheepless with their Flock." We find, in the upper part, on the left-hand: *Adriaen Van de Velde, fecit, 1653.* This plate is very scarce. (It was sold at the *Rijal sale* for £8.)

18. "The Castle Gate." On the left-hand side, above: A. V. Velde, f. 1653. The figure 3 is reversed.

19. "Hunters Resting." On the left-hand side, above: A. V. Velde, f. 1653. (This plate fetched the sum of £14.)

20. "Countryman and Countrywoman." This plate is extremely rare, and does not bear any date. Bartsch, who made a magnificent copy of it, believed the original to date from 1653.

21. "Peasant on Horseback." In the upper right-hand corner is written: A. V. Velde, f. 1653. This plate is the rarest of all; it has also been copied by Bartsch. (It was sold for £1.)

These five engravings are feeble, and executed in fine, but rather meagre, lines. Adrian engraved them when only fourteen years of age.

The following are the pieces which have not been described by Bartsch:—

22. "Landscape," partly bordered by a river. On the right-hand side two villagers standing; further on a cottage and an inn, with a carriage standing near one of them, the horses taken out; some travellers and a four-wheeled carriage are in front of the other; to the left, at the water's edge, a boat on the stocks; the spire of a village church appears on the horizon, on the other side a flight of birds; towards the right, and nearly over the inn, is inscribed: A. V. Velde, f. This plate is not highly-finished.

At present only two proofs of this plate are known to be in existence; one which, in the *Rijal sale* in 1817, sold for £16; the other in the collection of the King of the Netherlands.

23. "Girl Spinning," seated near a tent where a man is lying

down; she is speaking to a peasant who is in a hollow road, and leaning on the bank near her feet; beyond, on the left, an ass and two goats; on the same side, in the sky, *A. V. Velde, f.*; below, 1653. The figure 3 is reversed.

This proof, the only one known, was bought at the Riga sale for £38, and was formerly in the collection of M. Van Leyden the younger, which was sold at Amsterdam in 1811.

24. "A Cavalier and Two Huntsmen." The cavalier, with his left-hand elevated, appears to be pointing out a place of meeting to one of the huntsmen, who is standing near him, with his hat in his hand and his gun on his shoulder; behind them is a large tree. The other huntsman is seated on the opposite side on some rising ground, with his hand resting on a gun; behind him are five dogs of different breeds; on the left-hand side, in the sky: *A. V. Velde, f.* 1653; the whole traced in reversed characters.

This plate sold at the Riga sale for the same price as the preceding one, £38, and came originally from the same collection.

These three pieces were engraved during Adrian's youth.

If the engravings of Adrian Vandervelde are the delight of amateurs, his pictures, not less sought after, are the ornament of many public galleries and private collections.

The Louvre possesses six valuable compositions by Vandervelde:—

"A Flock of Sheep and Cattle on the Banks of a River," also called "The Rising Sun," which those experienced in such matters valued at £1,440 at the time of the French Empire, and at £1,000 under the Restoration in 1814.

"A Pasture with Flocks," valued at £480 under the Empire, and £600 after the Restoration.

"The Beach at Scheveling," valued at £720 and £480.

"A Shepherd and his Wife playing with their Child," valued at £240 and £400.

"Landscape and Animals," valued at £200 and £120.

"Winter Amusements," valued at £100 and £120.

The Belvedere Collection at Vienna contains only one painting by this master, signed and dated 1664. It represents "A Landscape," with a small flock near a stream.

In the Museum at Munich there are five or six charming paintings by Adrian, all representing, with some variations, his favourite subjects.

The Royal Gallery at Dresden only possesses one.

There are only two at Amsterdam,—one representing "A Landscape," in which we see a woman seated upon a horse, a herdsman on an ass, some sheep, a dog, and in a river a boat bearing men and animals. This painting is carefully and delicately worked out. In the second, a peasant woman is seated before a cottage; there are several groups of cows and sheep, and a man riding on a white horse. This picture displays great delicacy of handling.

The Royal Museum at the Hague possesses two of minor importance.

The Collection at Dulwich College contains two very remarkable paintings by Vandervelde.

In the collection of Sir Robert Peel there are two specimens of this master's best style,—a herdsman and a young milkmaid, five cows, two pigs, some poultry, and a frozen canal.

In the Bridgewater Gallery there is a picture of two cows and a sheep by Vandervelde. A small work, but most luminous in effect.

Lord Ashburton possesses "The Haymaking," a loaded waggon before a haystack, with four men and two women; and another picture representing a flock of sheep and two horses in a meadow.

In the well-known collection at Grosvenor House, belonging to the Marquis of Westminster, may be seen a delightful picture by Vandervelde, dated 1658, when the artist was scarcely nineteen years of age; it represents cows, pigs, sheep, some fowls, a man, and two women.

Among Mr. T. H. Hope's pictures there is a Vandervelde, representing "A Meadow," in which are cows and horses, with herdsman.

In Fall-mall, in the private collection of George IV., we find "A Landscape," enriched with two cows, and a horse that is drinking; further on, a woman who is drawing water, and convers-

ing with a man on a white horse. The picture, which is delicately painted, is dated 1659.

In the collection of Earl Grey, there are two good pictures of cattle by Vandervelde.

At Sutton House, the property of the Marquis of Bate, there is a composition by this master of an old herdsman, a shepherdess, and a flock reposing near a stream—a small painting of such delicate execution, that we think it preferable to many of his larger works.

It now only remains for us to mention the prices at which pictures of Adrian Vandervelde have been disposed of at public sales.

At the Julianne Sale, 1767.—Two small pictures fetched 3,000 livres (£120). In the one there are two cows, one of them standing, the other lying down; three sheep near a large tree, watched by a young boy; to the left a cottage, to the right in the distance several animals. In the other, a herdsman, and a woman spinning, with two cows and two sheep.

A subject containing two cows, one lying down, the other drinking, four sheep, a ram, and a goat, with a shepherd and shepherdess in the background, 1,011 livres (£40).

Live de July Sale, 1770.—A group of three figures, a woman, sleeping, and two men, with three cows, goats, and sheep, 3,100 livres (£124).

Blouet de Gagny Sale, 1776. Five pictures by Vandervelde, among which we must mention that which represents two men near a cottage; one, whose back is seen, holds a gray horse by the bridle; the other, on horseback, is seen in full face; a woman suckling a child, accompanied by a blind man who is playing on a flute and soliciting alms; his dog is held by a string. This celebrated picture, which we have engraved under the title of "The Blind Man," was sold for 14,951 livres (£590). The other four pieces fetched the sums of 2,000 livres (£80), and 1,000 livres (£40).

Prince de Conty's Sale, 1777.—Seven pictures by Vandervelde:—"The Beach at Scheveling," which is now in the Louvre, 5,972 livres (£203).

A frozen canal, engraved by Allamet, under the title of "Winter Amusements," from the Mariette collection, 4,000 livres (£160).

A man sleeping, and a woman sitting down speaking to a man on horseback, some sheep, goats, and cows, 2,616 livres (£104).

"A Landscape;" cows and sheep; in the middle distance, a man near a cottage and a woman milking a cow, 2,450 livres (£95).

"The Forest of La Hague," in which are several animals, 909 livres (£36).

The others, which sold for about 500 livres (£20), were of minor importance.

Randon de Boissset's Sale, 1777.—Five pictures by Vandervelde; one, in particular, of considerable importance, containing four cows, one of which is drinking, and two men, one of them fishing with a rod and line. This picture is dated 1664, and is eighteen inches high, and two feet two inches wide, and sold for 20,000 livres (£800). It is in the Louvre, and is known under the title of "The Rising Sun." The four others reached the sums of 7,000 livres (£280), 5,000 livres (£200), and 4,800 livres (£192).

Robt. Sale, 1801.—"Haymaking;" ten figures, with a loaded waggon, drawn by two white horses. We have given this picture, which was engraved by Boissset, and fetched the price of 9,900 francs (£396).

The Chevalier Krard's Sale, 1832.—Five pictures by Vandervelde. A peasant woman seated by a brook in the middle of a landscape, suckling her child; at her feet is a boy caressing a dog; farther on, cows, goats, and sheep, 8,550 francs (£354). The four others, 3,320 francs (£132), 700 francs (£28), 3,129 francs (£125), and 201 francs (£8).

Duke de Berri's Sale, 1837.—"Mercury and Argus;" a white cow, sheep and rams, 9,500 francs (£390). "The Pastoral Musician," 4,410 francs (£176 8s. 4d.).

Count Perregaux's Sale, 1841.—"The Start for the Hunt;" containing five huntsmen, two horses, pack of hounds, etc.: a large and beautiful composition, 26,850 francs (£1,074).

Paul Perrier's Sale, 1843.—"Landscape;" animals at the watering-place, 9,000 francs (£360).

Duval de Geneva's Sale, 1843.—Two Vanderveldes: first, "View



of Scheveling;" a sandy beach, with a fisherman lying down, and another standing; a dog gnawing a bone; in the background some small figures and some vessels, 3,400 francs (£136); second, five beautiful cows, a peasant endeavouring to embrace a young girl without being aware that he is observed by a herdsman, 24,925 francs (£997).

Adrian Vandervelde almost always signed his etchings and paintings as follows:—

*A. V. Velde*

A. V. V. F. 1610.

A. V. V.

spared to it, might have excelled in the sculptor's art, and rivalled, indeed more than rivalled, the figures of Georgina Duchess of Devonshire, and the busts of the honourable Mrs. Damer.

The visitor to the Fine Arts' Court of the Great Exhibition may have observed amongst the smaller, but not least beautiful objects of art, a little statuette of Waverley, exquisitely carved in ivory. It was but a few inches in height, stood beneath a glass shade on a small black pedestal, and arrested the attention of even the uncritical eye by the beauty of its proportions, the delicacy of the carving, and the spirit with which Scott's first prose hero had been conceived and represented. Turning to the catalogue, this brief notice, at page 151, added surprise and interest to the admiration elicited:—"Class 30, No. 186, Stirling, Elizabeth, Mrs. Finn's, St. Thomas, Exeter. Des.—Statuette of Waverley, in ivory, carved by a



THE MORASS.—FROM A PAINTING BY A. VANDERVELDE.

## ELIZABETH STIRLING, THE SCULPTOR.

BY SILVERPEN.

"Oh! weep for Adonis—he is dead."

AMONGST the speculative thoughts incident to an event like the Great Exhibition, none was of more interest than that relating to the lives and labours of the individuals who contributed to so magnificent a result. From the poor Hindoo weaver, or the Tunician designer, to the artist-potter of Dresden and the scientific engineer or mechanist of our own country—what histories might have been written of patience, earnestness, endurance under countless difficulties, of noble motives, and exalted aspirations! There was not, we may be sure, one fragment of human labour there, however rude or simple, that had not called into action some of the best qualities of the human soul; and there were romances of labour, that if written or known, would have enhanced the world's idea of human nature. Much as is necessarily unspoken and evanescent in the psychological progress of labour, some such histories might be imagined, some were known; and, here and there, a few brief words in the official catalogue, gave us glimpses that stimulated the purest curiosity. A simple history, so indicated, we now proceed to write. We do so with a faltering pen, for friendship and attachment had latterly enriched that history to us; and now, alas! the world no longer holds a genius that, had life and maturity been

self-taught artist, twenty years of age, from her own conception of the character of Waverley, without the aid of any drawing or modelling." Such was the truth; though richer facts lay hidden beneath.

If there be a characteristic more broad and marked than another between genius and talent, it is the universality of power in the former. This is Shakspeare's distinctive characteristic beyond that of all other men; it is Milton's; it is that of the greatest painters as well as the greatest musicians. Recollect Michael Angelo—recollect Mozart! and it is equally a characteristic of the higher degree of female intellect. This power would, perhaps, be better expressed by the word *comprehensiveness*, or the faculty of not so much doing many clever things, as the general perception of how they are done; though, at the same time, one faculty or power predominates above the rest. This, as in so many cases of real genius, was a distinctive feature of Miss Stirling's intellect. She wrote with facility in verse; often admirably in prose; and possessed a range of intellectual power rarely equalled; yet she was emphatically an artist in that highest of all departments—delineation of the human form.

Elizabeth Stirling, who was of Scottish extraction, was born at Newton Abbot, in the county of Devon, January 2d, 1831, at which place her father kept a school. When she was three years old, he was appointed master to the Free School of Colyton in the

same county, whither she accompanied her parents. Here she remained till 1839. They were then so good as to entrust her to the tender care of the two excellent aunts, who were affectingly connected with her future history, and who resided at a pretty rustic cottage of their own at St. Thomas, near Exeter. But the child and parents saw each other at stated intervals; the summer months being always spent at Colyton by the aunts and their beloved charge.

Prodigies in childhood no more result in gifted men or women than a facile knack of rhyming constitutes a poet. Yet there is a certain degree of intelligence and comprehension in a child that indicates much; and it is a curious mental, as well as psychological fact, that where this intelligence is high in kind, its first spontaneous efforts at expression are usually in verse. We could give countless instances of this, were it worth while—and amongst men whose after intellectual excellences were of the severest and gravest character. An analogy in this case would seem to lie

she wrote some verses "On being left alone on the Sabbath," which, though still childlike in rhyme and unpolished in diction, elucidate that most consoling of all mortal thoughts, that God is present with us everywhere; and show her devotional, as well as metaphysical, cast of ideas even whilst so young.

But it was towards art—the art of form—that the light of her genius began so rapidly to shine. It sought expression, and found the means where only genius would have found it. Bits of bone and ivory were searched for or begged from friends. From these, and with no better graver than a common penknife, exquisite things were fashioned as well as carved; paper knives, seals, figures, and other small objects. Parasol and umbrella handles were, as she once told us, her great resource at this period. "But how could you learn to cut a substance so very hard as bone or ivory?" we asked; "it must have hurt your fingers so." "No, the power came to me I don't know how; and auntie would be often surprised at the change I had made in one of her parasol tops." Yes! this



HAYMAKING.—FROM A PAINTING BY A. VANDERVELDE.

between the first dawnings of creative power in the child, and the first intellectual tastes of vigorous, but rude, nations. Thus, this young child, whose love of art, as it related to form, was afterwards uncontrollable, repeated little hymns at twenty months old with great distinctness; at eight years old she wrote them; and somewhat at the same date, or rather earlier, she began to draw figures of little men with a pen. Some of these latter are preserved, that were traced by her baby-hand at five years old. From her first verses, entitled "Morning Thoughts," and "Evening Thoughts," we extract a verse. The measure and ideas were undoubtedly caught up from the repetition of others' hymns, yet it is curious in a mental point of view.

"Father of light! the morning comes;  
Praises and thanks we owe to Thee;  
For Thou hast kept us through the night  
In tranquil sleep, from labour free."

There was immense mental progression after this. At fourteen

is an eternal attribute of genius, to change the useless into the useful, and impress a beauty of its own upon the simplest things. By degrees, as gifts from various friends, Miss Stirling became possessor of more appropriate tools, much to the benefit of her artistic labours. At this period—namely, her thirteenth year—she received lessons in landscape-drawing from Mr. Williams of Exeter, for about ten months; and this, be it recollected, was all the instruction she had, in any branch of art, previously to her conception and carving of the statuette of Waverley. At the close of this brief period, the lessons had to be given up owing to the state of her health, which, always delicate, now greatly declined. Writing was even prohibited, as well as any kind of work that caused her to lean forward. But this latter prohibition was of little use. She wrote abundantly, though secretly, for she knew it was against the wishes of those who loved her tenderly. Her habit was to take a pencil and scraps of paper to bed with her, and rise to write at the first dawn of day. "Our talking, begging, or scolding, was of no

service," writes her youngest aunt to us in her most affecting letter; "it only made her try to hide it from us. But I don't think she would have lived without it." Her artistic labours, thus temporarily stayed, took a new direction. She cut out in paper landscapes diversified with human figures, which she either painted or pencilled. Many of these were so beautiful as to be considered worthy of preservation and framing.

After the age of sixteen, the young artist's health improved, and she was allowed to follow her old tastes without restriction. She drew, wrote, and carved by turns. A singular present now enriched her, and supplied the material for new and more elaborate carvings. This was a quantity of sea-horse teeth, such as are used by dentists. From these were produced brooches and other things of beautiful design.

In 1849, Miss Stirling commenced her brief connexion with literature and literary people. Lured by the progressive spirit of a journal of the day, she forwarded articles of considerable merit, more particularly those in prose. They were received with overwhelming gratulations and promises—the latter so golden and prolific, that the highest gifts of fortune seemed to have fallen at once, and without measure, at the young artist's feet. But these promises came to nothing. After three years' weary hopefulness, Miss Stirling found out her error; though at the same time newer and more sincere friends raised her drooping spirits by showing her, that disappointment in one literary quarter was not tantamount to all, that depression was unwise, and that all work must be accepted in noble faith, and with reference to its disappointments as well as to its triumphs. These friends at the same time pointed out to her, with judicious kindness, that with a faculty so great as hers, it was to the art of sculpture that her attention ought to be permanently directed.

In the year succeeding that in which the sea-horse teeth had so enriched her, the same friend presented Miss Stirling with two fine pieces of ivory. They were larger in size than any she had yet carved; and the subject of the Great Exhibition occupying at that time everybody's mind, the thought struck her that she would use her utmost skill, and prepare some piece of work for the Fine Arts' Court, which should excel anything she had previously effected. Scott's novels had already supplied her with countless day-dreams, and she had little hesitation in choosing the character of Waverley for her imagined statuette. But there arose a point of difficulty as to what should be the attitude. "There is much hesitation in the character of Waverley," thought the young artist; "and this I must endeavour to express as the leading idea. But what would be the characteristic attitude of such doubt or vacillation?" By one of those intuitive flashes of thought that are the prerogative of all true creative power, it occurred to her that her own condition in asking herself such a question was itself one of hesitation. "Therefore my attitude at this moment will be the true one for Waverley. What is it?" Rousing herself to observant consciousness, she found it was one of thoughtful rest, with the index finger of her left hand to her lips. There was no longer a moment's delay—she saw Waverley prefigured in the ivory, and began her work, without design, drawing, or model, other than the conception in her own mind. In three weeks this elaborate work was finished, and Waverley stood revealed!

The influence of true genius is as beneficent as it is exalted. Of the homage paid to the productions of Scott, none was ever surely more genuine than this dedication of the young artist's labours to the representation of one of his most delightful, if not greatest characters. His most humorous smile would have been her reward if he could have looked upon the handsome face of his hero, and the pre-Raphaelite care bestowed upon curls and ruffles, hat and sword! And what pity would have been his, had he at the same time read her early fate, and foreseen the return of this precious gift of genius to the Great Giver!

"The bloom, whose petals nipt before they blew."

By the aid of a friend, Waverley was mounted, and consigned to the Great Exhibition. Miss Stirling at the same time repaired to London, in pursuit of those literary illusions we have before referred to. Nothing but premeditated hopes was the result, and she returned to the country after a lengthened absence, ill and inconceivably depressed. But the success of the little statuette—

valued at ten guineas—was decided. A bronze medal was awarded to her, and her further pursuit of art resolved upon. She returned to London, in the guardianship of her youngest aunt, who from this time watched her through her London life with anxious solicitude. In this duty she was after a while assisted by her sister, Mrs. Pinn—who, giving up her cottage and the pleasures of a country life, came purposely to London to join in this pious care of their beloved child. No more than Milton can be separated from the image of his father, or Cowper from that of his mother—can Elizabeth Stirling from those of her incomparable aunts. Their little Islington parlour was a picture worth going far to see.

In February, 1852, Miss Stirling became a student in the Government School of Design, Gower-street, Bedford-square. With her usual enthusiasm she began and carried on her work, and, fertile in invention, countless other things besides. She was soon tacitly the leader of the junior room, though unconsciously to herself—and the post was resigned to her with inconceivable goodnature. If an eager discussion was being carried on, Elizabeth Stirling was at its head; if there was anything to be written, she was both author and scribe; if a grievance of that small republic of art had to be represented, hers was the voice—and the amount and kind of authorship and discussion that was carried on would startle many who have had no insight into these female republics. Art, politics, theology, anatomy, philosophy, and metaphysics, were in turn discussed—and that one voice, with but scanty scholarship, but commanding grasp of intellect which in a great degree supplied the deficiency, was certain to be at the head and have the best of every argument. Not content with this, private classes were organised among the pupils themselves, for all sorts and kinds of culture. Miss Stirling was as busy as a bee amidst these. A sketching class, an anatomy class, a class for drawing humorous figures, one for essay writing, and so on—in fact, the enthusiasm of knowledge could go no further—in each of these she had officiating duties. A curious fact was begotten by this intellectual ferment. As the reader may recollect, at the time when preparations were making for the Duke of Wellington's funeral, the task of embroidering the pall was assigned to a certain number of the young ladies belonging to the senior classes of the Female School of Design. This circumstance led to a general desire among the pupils to witness the forthcoming funeral procession from no less a place than Somerset House. How could this be accomplished? After much discussion, it was agreed that an address must be written, and presented to the gentlemen of the Department of Practical Art, or in other words, the Board of Trade! What sort of an address! A poetical one, suggested Elizabeth Stirling. The suggestion was enthusiastically received—and to Miss Stirling the task was, as a matter of course, assigned. Without premeditation she turned away to her pencils and scraps of paper, and wrote, as it were *impromptu*, what follows. It was amongst the best things she ever wrote.

TO THE GENTLEMEN OF THE DEPARTMENT OF PRACTICAL ART—FROM THE STUDENTS OF THE SCHOOL OF DESIGN, 37, GOWER STREET, LONDON.

Most Friendly, Practical, and Gallant,—

We ladies hence appeal to you,

Revering wisdom, valour, talent,

As earnest students ought to do.

This Nursery of Art expresses

Our Lady-Sovereign's love and taste—

Which, in confessing, thus confesses

By woman's progress she is glad'd.

We would—our loyal feelings showing

In more than "broider'd ornament—"

In more than form and colour glowing,

Ourselves to her design be lent.

We hold ourselves part of her glory,

As titled Lords and Captains be;

Ourselves would aid to trace the story,

Which crowns the grave of Victory.

Would join the acknowledgments of splendour

For warfare waged, that war may cease;

We ask to watch our Land's Defender

Pass, honour'd, to the Home of Peace.

With all our love of truth and beauty—  
With train'd appraising mind—  
To contemplate the end of duty,  
And, in the lesson, grow refin'd.

We would behold the Grand Procession—  
The signal of a land's regret—  
From that proud Hall of Art's profession,  
The regal House of Somerset.

Never were the promptings of female curiosity more delicately veiled; and we can fancy the mirth of the grave gentlemen to whom this poetical address was written and sent—for sent it was—producing the result desired, with the exception that Marlborough House was substituted for that of Somerset.

Previously to this, Miss Stirling had been introduced to Mr. Behnes, the eminent sculptor. He at once formed a high opinion of her capability, gave her lessons gratuitously whenever her time permitted, and allowed her to model under the care of his artists. Latterly—that is, through the spring and summer of 1853—she took these lessons frequently; and we, who often saw her on her way home from Mr. Behnes' studio, can never forget the enthusiasm with which she would relate her progress, or talk over her future plans of work, nor her expressions of grateful pleasure at the kindness shown to her. In fact, no one with the least pretension to feeling or heart, could act otherwise than justly and kindly to her. Her simplicity of character, her entire and most touching innocence, her disregard of self, the generosity and truth that neither allowed her to think or speak evil of others, were the most perfect we ever knew. She was not without faults; but they arose from disease rather than nature. Age and more culture would have tempered her egotism; and better health and stronger nerves added perseverance to a naturally great firmness of character.

With the judgment of a true master, Mr. Behnes likewise supplied Miss Stirling with elementary works, as collateral to her modelling. This elementary knowledge was precisely what she needed, both as respected literature as well as art. Up to a certain age she had lived buried in the country, surrounded by no intelligence superior or equal to her own; and with the usual result, of leading the individual to aim at ends before means are effected. Quiet, judicious, logical culture was what her mind required, as the means of tempering a somewhat exuberant enthusiasm, and justifying the possibility of expected results. This advantage, both as respected art and book-knowledge, was becoming hers, when her life so unexpectedly and prematurely closed.

Our first acquaintance with Miss Stirling began in November, 1852, when she paid us a visit. We talked of countless congenial subjects—of art and the spirit of our time—of literature and of the glory and dignity of all work. The history of the little statuette was related; with it, all the struggles of conscious genius; and we never can again listen to anything that more deeply interested us. We listened quietly to the story of literary disappointments, and at once austere negative depression on its account. There were other and noble sources of work; yet, at the same time, we gave it as our opinion that Art and Literature were jealous masters, and could not be efficiently served at one and the same time; and with genius so decided, and with sculpture so unhacknied as a female pursuit, it might be well to direct attention to this alone. But it was evident that the counter-current towards literature ran very strong. Her natural capacity was so excellent that she would have excelled in either—perhaps in both; and there can be no doubt that the metaphysical cast of her mind, her power of seizing remote analogies, would have led her to choose subjects for sculpture that might have assisted the progress, and enlarged the taste, or rather the spiritualism, of modern art. She might have seized the Spirit of her Time, and set it broadly in sculpture; thus realising Mackay's beautiful lines:

"And whate'er thy medium be,  
Cavrus, stone, or printed sheet,  
Fiction, or philosophy,  
Or a ballad from the street.  
Or, perchance, with passion fraught,  
Spoken words, like lightnings thrown,  
Tell the people all thy thought,  
And the world shall be thy own."

It would have been in some form of expression of this nature, that her genius would have found its vent. In writing, fiction or narrative formed—as we think she told us—no portion of her power. But in analogies, in inductions drawn from facts, in speculative trains of thinking, her genius excelled. As experience and age advanced, this would have told in her sculptured productions. She might have placed, as it were, some of the ideas of the age in stone or marble, and thus beneficially led sculpture away from its eternal copy of Grecian masterpieces. The simple, the ideal, the natural, exists now, as it did when the Venus de' Medici, the Hercules, or the Jacobin were sculptured; and that alone is genius which will attempt and succeed in giving us equal masterpieces, ennobled with reference to and in the spirit of its newer age. That a prolific age of art, so distinguished and so characterised, will come, may, is rapidly approaching, is what we earnestly believe. It will be different from any foregone, and in its successes, woman's labour and idealism will take their share; for there are branches in all the arts which none but she can effect. Had Elizabeth Stirling survived, it might have been her destined work to have anticipated, in some degree, this phase of advancing time; or, at least, to show the capacities that lie hidden in it. But, even if she had not advanced so far, but only indicated woman's capacity for the sculptor's art, and her ability to assume it as a profession for bread—she would have done much. Each day only increases the degree in which woman is thrown upon her own resources for the wherewith to live. Teaching and literature are the only channels in which she can seek this object; and these do not afford remuneration for the half who seek it. Were this the place to discuss broadly the question of labour, we think we could place this relation of it in a different and more advanced light; namely, in a general elevation of the social idea of labour, and woman's own cheerful descent to many useful forms of it, which she now, if educated, thinks irrelevant to her position and intelligence. Leaving this point—the enlargement of any profession to woman's capacity and duty would be a blessing. In sculpture there is a visible field for this, in our want of a more multiplied and advanced household art. Twenty or thirty years ago, the plaster casts, which replaced the parrots and rats of a bygone time, were an immense advance, and educated, there can be no doubt, popular taste in an inconceivable degree. We need now to proceed onward. The public eye is at this date too well cultivated to tolerate one-sided Venuses and unartistic Wellingtons—though bought for sixpence. We advocate cheapness, for it is a necessary item in the cultivation of household adornment—but better things are at the present date needed for the money. Why cannot woman's taste and labour be directed towards the supply of this need; and her idealism find other scope than in concealing the mawkishness of ill-paid fiction? She could be the sculptor of the original statue, as well as the supplier of copies—this with reference, too, to more cognate subjects than Italian taste or predilections would or could give us. It is said, our race is cold and un-ideal. We best answer the accusation by mentioning Shakespeare, Burns, and Goldsmith; and of a later day, our wondrous palace of glass and iron—itsself, the unmistakable sign of a great approaching age of true art. There are facts, too, in our history that would afford noble and relevant subjects enough for this need—not to mention that our present material advance is full of true idealisms; and that the future—the cosmopolitan future—is also full of the grandest imaginative suggestions for that pure class of art which alone should enliven us in the sanctity of home. Be this as it may, a necessity exists, an advance is needed—and in its behalf, let woman fashion the clay and use the chisel!

Miss Stirling had already contributed some papers to periodical literature, and through this last cheerful season of her life literary friends aided her efforts by judicious advice and assistance. Amongst these friends she reckoned Mrs. and Miss Howitt, Miss Frances Brown, and others, who, all alike, warmly regarded her. Miss Howitt, herself a fine artist, greatly appreciated her talents. Her time, apart from her artistic duties, was but little, indeed too little for her health; yet she usually spent the Saturday—her only holiday—in the Reading Room of the British Museum, in pursuance of those elementary studies that she found would be of service to her. She also contributed two excellent papers, one on "Schools

of Design," the other entitled "Gold," to our pages. The latter, especially, is marked by great originality of thought.

As summer advanced, those self-instituted classes, to which we have before referred, were carried out still more effectively. There were sketching parties that visited, for pleasure and art, Hampstead and other places in the neighbourhood of London; books were sought at the British Museum for views of Alpine scenery; and the humorous style of drawing found time and place. To this latter class belonged a remarkable sketch Miss Stirling made of "Tam O'Shanter's encounter with the Witches on returning from the Fair." Their figure and attitude, as half-clothed in mist they gather round and assail Tam, his attitude and expression of face, and the terror exhibited in every muscle of his reined-in, snorting horse, form a most striking sketch, and evince power and humour of no common kind. For Tam, though wonder-stricken, looks more puzzled than terrified at the hurly-burly that thus so suddenly encompasses him. In thus referring again to Miss Stirling's labours of love amidst her fellow-students, mention must not be omitted of Mrs. M'lan's unvarying kindness to her gifted pupil, or to the solicitude with which she watched her progress. As far as regarded drawing, there were undoubtedly some, even amongst the junior classes, superior to Miss Stirling; but in general gifts, and in the direction of her taste for form, there can be no doubt she was unequalled. To this predilection in her pupil, Mrs. M'lan ministered, as did also her gifted coadjutor and teacher, Miss Louisa Gann, whose name, as the reader may recollect, is connected with so many fine designs in art-manufacture. For Mrs. M'lan Miss Stirling always expressed the greatest and most respectful admiration and gratitude; and her enthusiastic desire to please that lady, and give proof that she was a diligent and earnest pupil, was too affectingly connected with the last moments of her life, to be taken otherwise than at its full amount of entire sincerity and beauty. For Miss Gann there was equal admiration, mingled with the most touching affection; and were we at liberty to mention one lovely act of thoughtful generosity of this lady towards her pupil, it would render only what is due. Yet one thing is evident in this beautiful instance, as in many others, that with her better education, woman's moral nature is gaining strength and expansiveness; and that those whose genius is telling with most effect upon the age, even if silently, are characterised by a nobility and a beauty of self-sacrifice peculiarly and touchingly their own.

At the usual vacation of the Government Schools of Design, Miss Stirling, with her aunts, left London for Devonshire. The last time we saw her, though she was looking weak and ill, her old enthusiasm was in no way abated. "What do you think I am going to do?" were almost the first words she said to us. "Why, try for one of the prizes for sculpture at the next Exhibition of Art at Marlborough House. And oh! I will work so hard; for I should like to please Mrs. M'lan and Mr. Behnes." We shook our head, and said she had better run about the fields, and get rest and air. "That I will do, and work too; for I've got such a capital subject! It is no less than the old town-crier of Colyton. He is very deformed, but full of humour and character; and he will be patient whilst I work, for I have known him from the time I was a child; and he will be rather proud, I think, to see an imitation of his oddities."

A little circumstance occurred that same evening which was quite in keeping with our first interview, and our talk about sculpture and Waverley. We had bought in the street a little sixpenny cast of Power's Greek Slave, and had been trying to smooth some of its singularities with a penknife. The little artist's quick eye saw this, and said: "Let me—I will finish it." As soon as tea was over, she brought out her working-apron from the old reticule, and some chisels, and began to smooth the excrescences which had pained our eye. This was a work of some time; and as she stood there in the waning light of that July evening, with her picturesque apron spotted with clay, and with her spiritual, earnest face bent over the tiny figure, she was herself a model for a sculptor. Not that she was beautiful in the ordinary sense of the term; but there was a vitality of intellect in every action and look that had a beauty and worth of their own. She was small and slight in her figure, but with a certain expression or air in both gait and movements that was rather masculine than feminine. This was in-

creased by the custom of wearing her hair in loose short curls round her head, by her close-fitting unadorned dress, and by a favourite way she had of resting her hand on her hip, or brushing back her hair with it, when, with upturned face, she stood or sat energetically talking. Her friends used to smile at these little mannish ways, and yet they dearly loved them. Her face and hands were both wonderfully full of expression. Brow and eyes, chin and mouth—the two latter especially—were full of the intensest expression of intellect, shadowed by a touch of melancholy that rather added to than detracted from it. Then her hands! never were any more fitted for the sculptor's art. Rather large, and of great strength, they seemed made to model and carve and form; and the fingers always looked as if they were in the very act of moulding and smoothing surfaces into roundness, and lines into curves of beauty. Then, as Kentes' did, these hands looked so old, as if on them were written the first signs of premature decay!

Instead of resting when she reached Colyton, Miss Stirling proceeded with her model of the town-crier, and worked at it incessantly, in order to finish it by the time of her return to London. She succeeded in accomplishing her object; and the work, modelled in pipe-clay, and about a foot high, was a *perfect triumph*. It was her best and her last work! "People who knew the old man," wrote her aunt to us, "came from far and near to see it, and all pronounced the same judgment on it. The excitement, I fear, was as hurtful to her as the work had been; and her weakness brought on that insidious disease diabetes, which increased rapidly, and took a fatal direction towards the brain. Yet, whilst she continued sensible, her cheerfulness remained, and she had a smile and a kind look for all." Her love of writing was not extinguished till the end. The last time she sat up—four or five days before her death—she wrote these verses, so curious in a psychological point of view. They were found, after her death, amongst the leaves of a book she had been reading:

The universe, like a spirit bell,  
Hung o'er my sleeping head;  
Rolling its tones in solemn swell,  
Tho' my dreaming ear was dead.

It seemed one fine and fading tone  
That lived along the sky:—  
As through the bell of time alone  
Comes the peal of memory!

The sea was lit with a spirit blaze,  
As the stars that live in light;  
But before my eyes there stole a haze  
Through which the stars took flight.

I cannot gaze on Nature's soul,  
Nor form to me my own;  
I cannot hear the tones that roll  
From thought's commanding throne.

The string hangs slacken'd on the bow,  
Its power and task unknown:  
The voice of Nature's harp is low,  
Hath miss'd her master-tone.

I catch no sound of stream or rill,  
No words of bird or bee;  
The sunny sermons cease to thrill,  
Yet the gladsome visions flee.

Yet, I could sing in weakly tone,  
• • • • •

The song was for ever over—the voice was mute! Criticism has nothing to do with those visions of a soul ready to take its flight into the great mystery of Eternity—yet of which, we may have rightly abiding faith, is full of beneficence, progress, and glory. We stay our faltering pen!

Elizabeth Stirling died on the 26th of August, 1853, in the 23rd year of her age. Her simple history, revealing, as it does, so much real genius and admirable moral qualities, cannot be read, we think, without great interest; nor without a higher appreciation of those arts which humanise and exalt us all!



## BREUGHEL DE VELOURS.



A CELEBRATED German baron, who is considered an authority in art,—we suppose, because his boots are very dear—M. de Heineke, pretends that John Breughel was surnamed De Velours (velvetty), because of the delicacy of his pencil; but to say nothing of the little connexion there would be between the nickname given to Breughel and the delicacy of his pencil, rather dry than soft, it is well known that the habit this painter had of wearing velvet

which art offers no other example, except in the works of the *indigne* Van Thulden, and the *adestres* Paténier, to use the words of the jolly curé of Meudon, Rabelais.

John Breughel was born at Brussels, in what year we cannot exactly say. Houbraken, in fixing the date in 1589, was undoubtedly mistaken, for we have in the archives of the Brotherhood of St. Luke at Antwerp, especially in the *Liggers*,\* where are inscribed the names of all the members of the corporation, the proof that John Breughel was received a free master in 1597. According to the date given by Houbraken, he would have then been only ten years old. Other biographers fix the birth of Breughel de Velours in 1575, and this date is, at all events, much more likely. According to Karel Van Mander, the son of Peter Breughel was educated in the house of Peter Koeck d'Alost, his maternal grandfather; he there learnt to paint in miniature and in water-colours, and became so clever in his first pictures, representing fruit and flowers, that they passed for prodigies. He then studied oil painting in the studio of Peter Gockindt, whose fine cabinet served him instead of a master. This is all we know of the early days of John Breughel. That he was the pupil of his father, as Houbraken pretends, is very improbable, when we examine into the difference of their styles.

Whatever the truth of this theory, it is certain that John Breughel soon felt the humour of a landscape painter awake within him, and that he wished to travel, and make, as others had done, the tour through Italy. He remained some time at Cologne; it was doubtless here that he was struck for the first time with those picturesque points of view presented by the borders of a river, and with the good effects that can be produced in a landscape by barks seen in foreshortening as they ascend the current under sail, or when they are moored to the bank, along which stand houses with roofs of different shapes and form. Breughel, whose soul was

\* See the excellent "Catalogue du Musée d'Anvers," published by the Académie des Beaux Arts in that town.



dresses was the true cause of the surname given to him. He belonged to a family of peasants which came originally from the village of Breughel, near Breda, whence they took their name. His father was that Peter Breughel who was called *le docteur*, because he painted the manners of the village, and particularly their fêtes, with a certain joviality and a sentiment of the picturesque, of

wrapped up in the observation of nature, and who never ceased drawing provisionally all that appeared to him worthy of being painted, found on the borders of the Rhine subjects which subsequently became more familiar to him. What, however, appeared most relative to him, was the occasion which presented itself of grouping a number of figures into little space; for no one excelled him in executing them, in preserving in the most minute proportions, exactness of motion, and perfect nature, without ever becoming vulgar. He was destined to lead the way in this style to the Abraham Storcks, the Francis de Paul Fergs.

It was, however, by a picture of flowers that he established his reputation at Cologne, or at least by a picture in which shone above all a framework of fruits and flowers. It was "The Judgment of Solomon;" but not that by which the wise king discovered the good mother. The Queen of Sheba presented one day to the King of Israel six flowers of natural lilies and six flowers of artificial lilies, these latter so artistically imitated that it was very difficult to distinguish them from the real ones. The wise king causes a bee to decide the doubts of the spectators. Breughel has rendered this subject with affection, and we can easily see that flowers play as large a part in the painting as in the legend.

In the same way that Paul Brill, Coninxloo, David Vleckenbooms, and Roland Savery, studied, John Breughel saw the colours of nature in their very highest intensity; he employed the tones of his pallet in all their energy, without hesitation, without thinking of softening their dazzling character. His greens and his blues are dazzling, like all those which had been brought into use by the first painters in oil, Hubert and Jean van Eyck. It is an erroneous view, in our opinion, to attribute this crudity of tone to the disappearance of the layer of gum which toned them down, it is said, when the painter first finished them. If ignorant cleaners have sometimes destroyed the keeping of these old pictures, it is not the less certain that some have come down to us well preserved, and that these have a vivacity of colour which offends the eye, or, at all events, fatigues it. In Italy, as in the Low Countries, with the Germans as with the Spaniards, everywhere painting began by virgin tints and dazzling colours. The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries presented to us the aspect of this phenomenon, which is easily to be explained by their near proximity to Gothic art, which had brought out the colours of the prism in sparkling splendour on the glass windows of churches and illuminated manuscripts of the middle ages with the most splendid tints.

From Cologne, Jean Breughel directed his steps towards Rome. His reputation, says D'Argenville, had gone before him. Cardinal Frederic Borromeo, having made his acquaintance, protected him, and even took him for some time into his service to paint a number of little pictures, which were afterwards taken to Milan. There was, for example, "Daniel in the Lions' Den," "A perspective view of the Cathedral of Antwerp," "A St. Jerome in the Desert," of which the figure is by Crespi; and "The Four Elements," painted on copper, which passed for the masterpieces of the Flemish painter.

There is not a traveller, who goes to visit the Bibliotheca Ambrosiana of Milan, who has not been shown these marvellous pictures, of which the subject is so well chosen to show the qualities of Breughel of Velours; the richness of his imagination, capable of transforming earth into Paradise; his ability to render everything—animated and lively figures as well as the least details of still nature; his knowledge of animals; and his pallet, which was a jewel-box. The artists who have painted the "Four Elements" are innumerable. But with Breughel it was not, as often happens, a series of cold allegories, or a representation of the pleasures which man may find in the earth, in the water, in the air, or near fire. No. Breughel went to work in a more original style, and aimed at re-creating creation. On plates of copper, which were about two feet wide, he conceived the idea of putting a whole world—animals of all kinds, birds of the air, the fish of the ocean; and he gave to all these a freshness of tone, a light, a profusion of details which have never ceased delighting, during the course of two whole centuries, all the most tasteful and experienced amateurs and travellers who have seen them. "I know no painter," says Cambray, "whose colours sink deeper into the memory, if I may use such an expression."

In truth, Breughel dared to struggle against the beauties of nature. The earth is not with him a symbolical figure, a woman with her hair like a Sybil; it is the earth itself, that which we tread under foot, dressed in verdure, adorned with flowers, shaded by trees—the earth, with all the animals which inhabit it, from the most ferocious to the gentlest. It seems as if Breughel had transported himself in imagination to the fifth day of Genesis, and that he saw in the green plots of Eden, romping about in fraternal quarrels, all the wild beasts which ordinarily suggest to our minds carnage and blood, and whose mission appears to be that of devouring each other.

Fire is represented by a collection of all the instruments of alchemy, of all the tools manufactured on the anvil and in the forge, or that are made of glass; by a million of vases, of every variety of form, adorned, chiselled, sculptured in relief, finished by the brush of Breughel as they might have been by the chisel of Cellini. The air is peopled by birds, butterflies, beetles, flying insects, which a child with a glass watches as they fly through the clouds. Here are reproduced, in all their dazzling brightness, the beautiful plumage of the China pheasant, the pintado, the humming-bird, the kingfisher, which colours itself with all the tones of the rainbow, and shines with all the lustre of silk; the peacock with its splendid and harmonious tones, its wavy and fugitive shades, and its dazzling robe of rubies, emeralds, sapphire, gold, purple, and azure. Water shows us an innumerable quantity of fish and shells. But this time the history of creation is rendered complicated by mixing with it the fictions of the mythology. The humid element yields to the presence of an amorous naiad; carp are being wounded by Cupids; and, as if the painter was not satisfied with all the rich variety of colour which he was compelled to use when representing the finest products of the sea, he has dared, by a miracle of his palette, to imitate the luminous and celestial shadows of the belt of Iris. "Everything," says Cochin, in his "Yoyage Pittoresque," "is represented so small that one is astonished that the pencil has been able to do it; but when we examine them with a magnifying-glass, our astonishment redoubles; for the animals and other objects are then found to be painted with the greatest truth of colour and form. They seem to move. They are drawn and touched up in the most admirable manner, and appear exquisitely finished, even with the magnifying-glass."

It is a remark useful to be recorded, that the Flemish painters who went to Rome in the sixteenth century, and even in the seventeenth, contracted, instead of a taste for religious subjects, a taste for mythological scenes. The Capital of Christianity, as it was called, had become the abode of paganism, and it was the divinities of Olympus that adorned the palaces of the princes of the church. The love of antiquity was then the mark of an elevated mind, and the gods of fable, of which the nineteenth century has become suddenly so tired, then filled the imaginations of poets and the compositions of painters. Breughel de Velours, who had found so much charm in painting naïvely a garland of flowers, then views of rivers, boats, mills, and peasants, now saw nothing else in nature but nymphs in the train of Diana. When he had to paint again and again his "Four Elements"—those little pictures of his being much esteemed, in which he elaborated, without confusion, a whole abridgment of the universe, and he was always being asked for copies and variations of them—Breughel borrowed his figures from the mythology. The sun crosses the sky in the car of Apollo; the nymphs of Perseus are called upon to figure as the elements; and there is to be seen in the Louvre the muse Urania seated in clouds, figuring as the air, and holding on her fingers an attribute of the invention of Breughel, a parrot.

In what year did John Breughel paint at Rome? We are not able to answer this question with anything like precision. Mariette supposes that Breughel must have been in this town about the year 1593. "I took this date," he says, "from a drawing in the Coliseum executed by him." It seems natural, indeed, to suppose that he did not pass free master in the brotherhood of St. Luke, until his return from Italy. What is certain is, that in the year 1597 he had returned to Antwerp. Rubens was not admitted into the corporation until the next year, and only left for Italy in 1600. We may therefore very reasonably suppose that Rubens and

Breughel commenced their acquaintance about this time, and began to combine their talents. We have often, indeed, seen the pieces painted in the youth of Rubens adorned with flowers by Breughel. In general, it was the Madonnas of Rubens which Breughel adorned so elegantly with his garlands of lilies, tulips, pinks, jessamines, roses, and marsh-mallows; amidst which flickered little insects, beetles, butterflies, and one of the favourite birds of the painter, the parrot. Sometimes, as if to amuse the infant Saviour, a little lion-monkey hangs from the garland, and makes an irreverent grimace, which may well shock the spectator who is ecstasically contemplating the Madonna of Rubens, but which does not shock the ingenious artist, devoutly prolifical of his fancies and his colours. The genius of the pencil and brush of Rubens would have crushed any other companion; Breughel alone was fit to shine alongside Rubens, and we may add, that Rubens alone could have attracted the eye to his human forms divine, amidst the dazzling bouquets of his friend.

Breughel de Velours often painted "A Terrestrial Paradise." He is accordingly sometimes called Breughel de Paradis, out of opposition to Breughel d'Enfer, as his brother, Peter Breughel, was called. All the figures of these pictures of Paradise are by Henri van Balen—this is the case with the picture in the Louvre—or by Henri de Klerck, as in the "Terrestrial Paradise" of the Bibliothèque Ambrosienne; or, on other occasions, they are by Rubens. Many persons have seen, in the museum of the Hague, the magnificent Paradise in which Rubens and Breughel have mingled their pencils. The great master has painted on the ground-plan the figures of Adam and Eve, and a superb brown horse, which occupies the corner of the picture. Adam is seated at the foot of a tree, Eve stands up in all the magnificent beauty of perfect womanhood, with its fresh complexion; and, as if to show the graceful roundness of the mother of the world, she raises her arm to pick an apple which the serpent, who is concealed in the tree, offers her. Rubens has executed these figures with admirable care, in a finished and graceful style, such as the harmony of the picture and the finished execution of Breughel required. Contrary to his usual custom, he has signed the picture in company with Breughel. Myriads of quadrupeds and birds peopled the enchanted spot where dwelt the first man, a place which none can hope to describe after Milton—garden of Eternal beauty, where

"Southward went a river large,  
Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill  
Passed underneath ingulf'd; for God had thrown  
That mountain, as his garden-mould, high raised  
Upon the rapid current, which, through veins  
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,  
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill  
Water'd the garden; thence united, fell  
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,  
Which from his darksome passage now appears;  
And now, divided into four main streams,  
Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm  
And country, wherof here needs no account;  
But rather to tell how, if art could tell,  
How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks  
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,  
With mazy error under pendant shades  
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed  
Flowers worthy of Paradise; which not nice art  
In beds and curious knots, but nature boon  
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain;  
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote  
The open field, and where the unpierced shade  
Imbow'd the noontide bowers. Thus was this place  
A happy rural seat of various view.  
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm;  
Others, whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind,  
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,  
If true, here only, and of delicious taste.  
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks  
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed;  
Or palmy hillock, or the flowery lap  
Of some irriguous valley spread her store;  
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.  
Another side, unbragous grotto and caves

Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine  
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps  
Luxuriant; meanwhile, murmuring waters fall  
Down the slope hills, dispersed or in a lake,  
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned  
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.  
The birds their quire apply; aërs, vernal airs,  
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune  
The trembling leaves, with universal Pan,  
Kitt with the Graces and the Hours' dance,  
Led on the Eternal Spring."

The two artists have combined to render on canvas what Milton has so admirably conceived in verse. "This picture," says the old catalogue of the museum of the Hague, "comes from the cabinet of M. Delacourt Van der Voort at Leyden. It was bought by the Stadtholder for 7,380 florins."

Breughel de Velours was married at Antwerp to a beautiful Flemish girl, whose charms and virtues have been sung in verse by the painter-poet Cornelius Schut. By this marriage he had a daughter, Anne Breughel, celebrated in the history of art for having had three illustrious masters, Cornelius Schut, Van Balen, and Rubens; but above all, for having been the first wife of David Teniers. Connected with all the great painters in his own country, John Breughel held a high position in Antwerp. When Vandyck began that magnificent collection of artistic portraits, which have been engraved for us by Lucas Wottermann, Pontius, Bols-wert, and Peter de Jode, he so far honoured Breughel de Velours, as to engrave his portrait in with his own hand. This is one of the most admirable works of Vandyck. The head alone is modelled, but it thinks and breathes. With a few dashes and some points, Vandyck has given to the face of Breughel life, expression, and character; and the character is, at the same time, full of nobility and good nature. The intimacy in which the painters enrolled in the Brotherhood of St. Luke lived, sufficiently explains why we so often meet with their names together in the same picture, when they could very well have done without one another. Assuredly Rubens, himself so great a landscape painter, had no need of any one to paint in the background of his historical pictures; but it was from taste that he asked from Wilkens, from Van Uden, from Breughel de Velours, a landscape to accompany his figures, a garland of flowers to encircle his "Madonna." On the other hand, if Breughel had recourse to the pencil of Rubens—if he selected Van Balen to paint the figures of his "Paradise," or Rotenhamer to insert the figures in his "Flight into Egypt," which is to be seen in the Museum of the Hague—it was not because he was incapable of painting them himself. Nobody, in fact, knew better how to draw a figure elegantly and well, with more correctness and more finish. Breughel proved this abundantly in his "Views of Flanders," in "The Fair of Broom," which made a part of the collection of Appony at Vienna, of which M. de Bortin speaks; and better still, in his famous little picture in the old gallery of Düsseldorf, afterwards transferred to Munich, which he made to hold the whole camp of Scipio Africanus before Carthage—a picture of marvellous finish—a fine miniature in oil, over which move an innumerable quantity of interesting figures, of which the principal group represents the continence of Scipio.

The general ability of Breughel in this line was so thoroughly recognised that his assistance was asked in all quarters. While on the one hand, Van Balen, or Henri de Klerck, painted their pretty nymphs amid the verdant groves of Breughel, he took a flock to pasture in the pasture fields of the landscape painter. He often employed his time in ornamenting the mountain side of Josse de Momper with figures and animals; he was often engaged to fill in the crowd in the interior of churches by Peter Neefs and Henri Steenwyck. We say the crowd, advisedly, for Breughel was never so pleased as when he had to paint a crowd of many figures on a very small canvas. He was eminently successful when he represented a crowd of worshippers kneeling on the flags of the cathedral of Antwerp, when he painted thirty canons sitting in the choir, grouping the singers round the organ, or when he represented a whole family in holiday garb coming out of church, surrounded by beggars, after a baptismal ceremony. We have on this point some remarks by Mariette, in his oft-quoted manuscript, the

"Abecedario:" "One of the finest Breughels I have seen is now in the cabinet of Prince Eugene, of Savoy. It represents the Procession of the Twelve Virgins, which takes place at Brussels on the Place du Sablon, according to the foundation made by the Princess Isabella. It contains a vast mass of figures, which are painted with all the art we could desire. The heads are so admirably touched off, that they appear to be Vandycks. Nevertheless, the works in which he was most successful were landscapes, animals, and flowers, which he painted in a very finished and delicate manner, though somewhat dry."

Felibien fixes the date of the death of John Breughel in 1642. The correctness of this date appears at first to be very doubtful, from an examination of the picture of "Scipio Africanus before Carthage," of which we have already spoken, in which we read, according to the catalogue:—"BREUGHEL, 1660. PEC. ANVERSA." But we must come to the conclusion, that the author of the catalogue of the gallery of Dusseldorf is incorrect; for in 1660, Breughel would have been eighty-five years of age, and it is hardly possible to conceive that at such an age such a picture would be executed with so much finish, so bold and sure a hand. Besides, it is not possible that this painter should have been alive in 1660, because

Lebus, where the point has corrected the faults in colour committed by Breughel, we shall find all the natural tone of Ostade, with the wit of a Teniers, and in his landscape the sentiment of Paul Bril, and his lovely, firm, and light touch. Some of our readers may be familiar with the level and monotonous plains of the province of Antwerp. From these Breughel draws his favourite subjects. He loves, doubtless, from memory of the canton of his fathers, to carry through the midst of his pictures the road of Breda, bordered by great trees; and he covers it with travellers on foot, on horseback, and in carriages. The *coche*, as the old coach was called, of Antwerp, the chariot of the peasant, the carriage of the gentleman, escorted by his people, the car of the citizen, are all represented in the foreground of his compositions, and animate his roads. Sometimes this flat landscape is diversified by mills; sometimes it is enlivened by a family of barn-door fowls, at the entrance of a smiling village, divided by the sinuosities of a stream. Sometimes we gaze on a town on the borders of the Escant, up which the fishing-smacks ascend, with trading-vessels and shallops. All is in motion, all moves in the pictures of Breughel. Nature is not for him that unknown divinity which lives in the uneasy soul of Ruysdael. It is with him but the dwelling-place of man, the



THE ROADSIDE CHAPEL.—FROM A PAINTING BY BREUGHEL.

his daughter had guardians when she married David Teniers, and this marriage took place, we have every reason to believe, long before this date. Teniers, born in 1610, scarcely waited until he was fifty to marry a first time. Of this we have pretty good evidence in the pictures in which he paints himself with his wife, under the figure of a young man of from thirty to thirty-five. We may therefore with certainty accept the date given by Felibien as the true date of the death of Breughel.

It is scarcely to be understood how amateurs should have attached so great a price at first to the works of this master, and then have gradually become disgusted with them. There can be no doubt that Breughel de Velours is not without his defects. He is very properly reproached with forestalling certain moderns in their utter disregard, of aerial perspective, with painting his distances with too raw a blue, which gives them the appearance of being on the foreground; with sticking red coats on his men without mercy, which fatigues the eye the more, that his greens are as bright as the tones of enamel. But despite all these imperfections, Breughel is a painter full of charms, a delightful landscape-painter, who can give a picturesque and interesting tone to the most common and ordinary site. If we look at his Views in Flanders, which are the best-known of his works, in the pretty and pleasing engravings of

object of his labours, the scene of his agitations and his pains. It appears as if the painter attached an obstinate and fixed idea—perhaps, the thought and image of life—to that great road which flies far away in the distance, and finishes with a vague and dreamy figure towards which all travellers converge.

John Breughel etched four engravings, which are doubtless very rare, for they are not to be found in the rich cabinet of engravings of the National Library. M. de Heinecke, who has given the list of the engravings executed after Breughel, has lost a fine opportunity of describing those engraved by him. They are four landscapes, numbered 1 to 4, with the inscription—*Sadler excud.*

The drawings of Breughel are perhaps held in higher estimation than his pictures; at all events, they have not suffered any depreciation from fashion. The skies are coloured with Indian blue, as are the waters, and the distant parts of the foregrounds are washed with bistre. A slight dash of a pen, says D'Argenville, creates trees and terraces. Sometimes the trees are leaved with pencil, and mixed with red and yellow colours, which produce great effect.

To pass to an enumeration of his great pictures: the Louvre contains seven of them:—

1. "The Earth, or the Terrestrial Paradise," in which the figures are painted by Van Balen.

2. "The Air." Urania is seated on the clouds, holding on her hand a white parrot. Signed, "BREUGHEL, 1621." The figures also are by Van Balen. These two pictures form a part of a continuation called "The Four Elements."

3. "The Battle of Arbela." The field of battle is an immense valley surmounted by a wood. The number of figures is incalculable. The family of Darins are seen prisoners, and his wife is on her knees before Alexander on horseback.

4. "Vertumna and Pomona." This is a rich landscape, or which the front is covered by fruits of all kinds. The figures are attributed to one of the Francks. This picture was given in 1850 to the Museum of the Louvre, by M. Pierret.

There are Breughels in the Museum of the Hague, of Amsterdam, Dresden, Munich, Berlin, and Vienna. There are also some in the gallery of the king of Sardinia, in Turin. There are some very fine ones at Milan, amongst others two oval ones on ivory, let in a font. Florence possesses several, painted on marble or precious stones.

"The Four Elements" are also found in the Museum of Madrid.

We have already remarked that the pictures of Breughel have suffered considerable depreciation. From £240 sterling, says Lebrun, they have come down to £120.

The prices at the sales have been very varied.

Sale of the Prince of Carignan, 1742. Two pictures, nine inches high by thirteen wide: one on copper, representing a landscape, in which there is painted in, a "Flight into Egypt;" another on wood,



THE COUNT'S CARRIAGE.—FROM A PAINTING BY BREUGHEL.

5. "View of Tivoli." In this picture there is a large bridge, over which some cavaliers have passed, and near which rises on a rock a temple of the Sybil.

6. "A Landscape." There is a bark to be seen in this, with several persons richly clothed.

7. "A Landscape." On a road passing before a mill, two cavaliers meet a chariot drawn by three horses.

These two last pictures were attributed to Paul Bril in the old catalogue.

There are no John Breughels in the Museum at Antwerp, and it certainly is somewhat surprising. The Museum of Brussels has only one: "Abundance and Love lavishing their Gifts on the Earth." The figures are by Van Balen.

representing a landscape and marine piece, with several figures by Griffier. Together, about £45. A picture on copper, fifty-four inches wide by twenty-three high, representing "The Battle of the Amazons," £60.

Sale of the Count of Vence, 1760. "A Sale of Fish at Schevelingue." This picture was etched by Chevel; its date is 1617; price £62.

Julienne sale, 1767. "A Village Fair" and its fellow; the pair, £62. "View of the Temple of the Sybil," and a landscape of Stalben, attributed to Breughel d'Enfer: £18.

Gaignat sale, 1768. Two landscapes with figures: £112 1s. 9d.—a curious price for a picture.

Sale of the Duke de Choiseul, 1772. "Entrance to a Wood,"



with pools of water over which animals are moving, £158. "A View of Tyrol," a number of figures round a May-pole, £28.

Sale of the Prince of Conti in 1777. "Entrance to a Wood," with pools of water across which animals are making their way. This picture, from the cabinet of the Duke de Choiseul, sold for £64. Two landscapes painted on copper; one a view of Italy, by Paul Brill, another with chariots and cavaliers, by Broughel; together, £36. A view of the "Temple of the Sibyl," and an accompanying one (landscape with buildings, by Stallen) from the Julienne sale; together, £17 10s. But the authenticity of the Broughel is disputed. The same sale:—"A Concert of Cats," painted on copper, two inches high, £16. Four drawings by this master were sold, one with another, for £6.

Demon sale, 1826. "An Habitation," which appears to be the entrance to a monastery, near a bridge, £21.

Vignon sale, 1828, "End of a Battle," £12 10s.

Cardinal Fesch's celebrated sale, 1845. "A Fair," "Road through a Wood," and "A Road," in which is introduced a horseman, a gamekeeper, and his dogs. Together, about £18.

The sale of Marshal Soult, 1852. The "Virgin and Child," the figures by Rotenhamer, £25 10s. "Venus and Adonis," £14 4s.

In England Broughels are not very commonly found, though one or two have appeared recently at sales; but of their authenticity we are not able to speak.

The little picture (p. 33) shows the varied talent of Broughel to great advantage. The scene is very extensive, considering the size; the trees, houses, men, boat, animals, all exhibit that finish and minuteness for which he was so celebrated. The figures of the men in the boat are in the original executed with great fidelity.

"The Country Carriage" (p. 37) is a picture which has been highly esteemed by amateurs. The trees are some of the best which Broughel has selected to paint, and the sky is painted with a richness of colouring which, though slightly crude, is vivid and effective. The animals and figures were introduced afterwards.

"A Scene in the Neighbourhood of Bruges" (p. 40) was admirably adapted to show the power of this artist in introducing a large number of figures without confusion. The scene on the road is very natural. The group on the right-hand corner beside the pond is excellent; while the pond itself, with its ducks and geese and little bridge, is very effective. The whole forms a charming picture.

BRUGHEL WAS Br. myer's

## JAMES STELLA.

The name of Stella, which belonged to three generations of artists, is constantly met with in connexion with the history of painting in the time of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. The contemporary and comrade of James Callot, an intimate friend of Poussin, protected by Cardinal Richelieu, painter of the king, we find James Stella in all the great capitals of art, at Florence, at Rome, in Paris, everywhere where painting is held in honour and esteem. He was himself the head of a family of painters and engravers, and thanks to the talents of his three nieces, Antoinette, Françoise, and Claudine Roussinet Stella—or Claudine especially—he has come down to posterity.

His ancestors were Flemish, says Felibien, who appears very well informed relative to this painter. His father having halted at Lyons, on his way from Rome, married the daughter of a notary of La Bresse, by whom he had two sons, François and James. The latter, born in 1596, was only nine years old when his father died. He already, however, showed signs of an inclination for painting. At the age of twenty he started for Rome, but passing through Florence, he found that city animated by preparations for the fête which the grand-duke Cosmo de' Medici was about to give in commemoration of the marriage of his son Ferdinand II. Santa Gallina, Julio Parigi, and James Callot were there, occupied in sketching the Florentine festivities, and in engraving emblematical subjects. Stella sought an opportunity of being introduced to the grand-duke, who, apparently delighted at the presence of another artistic talent, offered Stella a lodging and a pension, the same as that enjoyed by Callot. It was what was called in those days, in artistic slang, "*La partie*." The Lyonsese artist accordingly set to work, and amongst other subjects, he painted the fête which the Knights of St. John celebrated on the day of St. John the Baptist. If we are to judge of its merits from the beautiful engraving he made of it at a later period, and which he dedicated in 1621 to Ferdinand II., this drawing was not inferior to those of Parigi and Callot. The perspective is admirably executed. The vast equestrian processions which move through it, the banners, the costumes, the edifices of Florence which make a framework for the *fête*, are engraved, it is true, with less precision and neatness, and without the correctness of the interludes and carousels of Callot, but the execution is more rich, more free, and we everywhere distinguish in it the hand of a painter. This beautiful engraving reminds us of those admirable productions of Jean Miel, the "Siege of Maestrich" and the "Taking of Bonn." We may, in fact, here remark, that in this case we find a warmth and finish in the engraver's point which the artist did not possess when he wielded the brush.

For this painter to have been eminently successful, he wanted

not judgment or elevation of thought; these he possessed to an eminent degree; neither was he wanting in taste. All he required was a fitting temperament. Weak and sickly, he could not express all he felt. He was deficient in physical energy. If he did not succeed in representing beauty in all its perfection, it was not because he did not see it, but because his strength failed him by the way. The proof of his high natural taste and appreciation of character is, that at Rome, where he went in 1623—not after four years' residence at Florence, as Felibien says, but after seven years—the painter whom he selected above all as adviser, as model, and then for friend, was Poussin, who had arrived there during the spring of the preceding year. The Roman school, nevertheless, was then yielding to varied influences; on one side the followers of Caravaggio, of Onerchino, Valentin, Ribera; on the other the posterity of the Carracci, represented by Domenichino and Guido; on the other hand, again, Joseph, Pietro di Cortona, and Landraue. Despite all this, James Stella, instead of being seduced by any mannerisms, went at once to Poussin, as to the master of all others, who possessed the true tradition, the real principles of art. Besides, in thus following the example of Poussin, who thought of consulting art and nature rather than of studying Raffaele, Stella ascended to original sources; but not having the genius necessary to find a new interpretation for himself, he created for himself a sober and delicate manner, which was well suited to his temperament, and which was in accordance with the style of the masters he had both studied and understood.

The love of art in Stella was a devouring fire, which served him in the place of health. Judged from this point of view, the variety and abundance of his works must affect us with surprise. The long winter evenings were employed by him sometimes in drawing "The Life of the Virgin Mary" in twenty-two pieces; sometimes "Children's games," which were afterwards engraved in a series of fifty productions. The finest works of jewellery, architectural ornaments in the very best taste, the most beautiful vases, everything, in fact, which Rome possessed remarkable, either in public monuments or in the cabinets of amateurs—for he was himself a great amateur of objects of art, a *curieux*, as they used to say—Stella drew with care and delicacy, without, however, attaching to any of those objects that character of power which Poussin had invested them with. The celebrated congregation of Jesus were the first to use the pencil of Stella. Everywhere on the face of the globe was seen the canonisation of St. Ignatius, that of St. Philippe de Neri, the miracles of St. Francis-Xavier in Japan, and of a whole series of black-robed saints, who were consecrated and immortalised by painting. It moreover seemed that Stella, from the peculiar character of his talent, was better suited than any other

artist to represent the easy devotion of the Jesuits, in the same way that the severe Philippe de Champaigne was the natural painter of the Jansenists of Port Royal. When the Jesuits addressed themselves to Poussin for similar subjects, that great man gave to his pictures the masculine character of his genius. He was reproached for this, and his reply is historical, but scarcely fit for the English language: "*Dieu ne s'imaginer le Christ avec un visage de torticolis ou de porc Douillet!*" The divine conceptions of Stella were deserving in some degree of the censure of Poussin. In the work in which he represents St. Ignatius plunged in ecstasy, or rocked by seraphic visions, or visited by celestial rays, and opening to them his heart and his casock, we find him yielding to that feeling of religious sensuality which gives a body to the most subtle ideas, and to which some of the ablest writers have alluded when they have been speaking of the Jesuit. There is to be seen in the gallery of the Louvre a small painting by Stella, painted on marble, "Jesus receiving his Mother in Heaven," which has every impress of this effeminate piety. The tones are all tender, the execution soft and languid. Such a picture was well suited to please the ladies of the Sacred Court, but can have no interest whatever for any one who looks at art from a serious and elevated point of view. There are some singular characteristics in this picture which are worthy of being noticed: they consist in the fact that certain veins of marble, combining with the figures of the angels, have been successfully used to imitate clouds of gold and the curtains of the gates of Paradise; so that the hand of nature has come, as it were, to the assistance of the hand of the painter. This is the simple and natural explanation of the passage of Felibien, where he says: "Stella executed several works upon marble, in which he imitated golden curtains by means of a secret he had invented."

The Lyonsese painter was also employed to compose for a collection of engravings—"The Miracles of St. Philippe de Nerl," of which collection Mariette speaks at great length in his manuscript notes, and to draw the little figures which were to ornament the breviary of Pope Urban VIII. It must be allowed that such occupations were a special piece of good fortune for Stella, for he was precisely in possession of those qualities which engraving brings out, and the defects which it conceals. Composition was his forte. Nobility of thought, happy disposition of figures, suitability of attitudes and gesture—all these characteristics were animated with life, and even became dazzlingly bright under the burin of the engraver. But his engravings were too ruddy, his model was learnt by heart, his pale drapery here and there interrupted by rude and discordant tones. All this disappeared on the copper; so that the translation gave a better idea of the original than the original itself. In this way, the drawings which Stella executed during his residence in Rome, and which were engraved on wood, and in broad strokes too, by Paul Manpain d'Abbeville, have certainly gained by being reproduced by this coarse process; for the very coarseness of the execution has made up for whatever softness there was in the work of the inventor.

The renown of Stella having penetrated to Spain with some of his pictures, the most Catholic king wished to attract the painter to Madrid. He proposed to him to come, and Stella was about to start for Spain, when suddenly he was arrested and cast into prison with François Stella, his brother, and his servants, on a charge of having behaved with impropriety in a distinguished family, according to Felibien. This biographer then relates this anecdote: Stella, beloved by all because of his gentleness of character, had been elected chief of the quarter of Campo-Marzo, where he lived for a long time. As chief, Stella was obliged to see to the shutting of the gates at the proper hour, and to keep the keys in his own custody. One day, when the Gate del Popolo had been closed by his orders, some private individuals insisted upon its being opened at an improper hour. Stella having refused this favour to them, they resolved to avenge themselves. They gained over some false witnesses, who denounced the painter, and caused him to be sent to prison. Despite their falsehoods, the truth soon came to be known. Stella came out of the affair with honour, which was fortunate, as in Rome it was not easy to escape the fangs of the police. The character of the evidence against him may be judged from the fact, that his accusers, found guilty of perjury, were

publicly whipped in Rome. "During the short time that he was in prison," says Felibien, "he executed, to amuse himself, with a coal, on the wall of his room, a representation of the Virgin with the Infant Jesus in her arms, which was considered so fine that Cardinal Francisco Barberini came to see it. It is not long ago since it still existed, with a lamp hung in front of it. Prisoners came to pray beside it."

Stella, we have already said, was a great amateur of objects of art. He yielded to this feeling, not only as a buyer, but as a painter. We have it recorded, that he executed a "Judgment of Paris," with five figures, which he contrived should be held in the dimensions of a ring-stone, and which was of marvellous beauty from the delicacy of the pencilling. When he came back to France in 1636, six months after his adventure—in the suite of the Maréchal de Crequi, the French ambassador, he brought back a very fine collection of pictures, amongst which were "the marvellous painting"—those are the words of Mariette—which his friend Poussin had given him, and which his niece Claudine was to engrave in so admirable and finished a manner; a "Bath of Diana," by Annibale Carracci; and a "Venus," by the same master, which afterwards passed into the cabinet of President Tambourneau, and moreover, a great many drawings executed by himself in Italy, and which were to give employment to the talent and genius of so many engravers. It was as a curious amateur, quite as much as a painter, that he travelled through the various towns of Italy, especially Venice, which the Maréchal de Crequi desired to visit. He stopped some time at Milan, where he introduced himself to Cardinal Albornoz, whom he had formerly known, and who was governor of the town. This prelate offered him the direction of the Academy of Painting, founded by St. Charles. The artist, however, declined, for he wished to see France once more, and he had not given up the idea of performing his promised visit to Spain. "He came to Paris, where he had no intention of remaining," says Felibien; "nevertheless, the archbishop, John Francis de Gondy, having given him employment, Cardinal de Richelieu heard him spoken of and learnt that he was going to Spain. He accordingly sent for him, and having given him to understand that it was more glorious to serve his own king than to work for strangers, ordered him to remain in Paris, and then presented him to the king, who received him as one of his painters, and gave him a pension of a thousand livres, with a lodging in the galleries of the Louvre."

Then it was that Stella sent to Lyons for his nephew, Antoine Bousonnet, and his three nieces, Antoinette, Françoise, and Claudine, taught them drawing, and having perfected them in that art, induced them to apply themselves to engraving, in which branch one of them, Claudine, became justly celebrated. Then were published the innumerable drawings which James Stella had brought from Rome. Françoise Bousonnet, who confined herself to burin engraving, published, in a series of fifty plates, a precious collection of vases, went-bottles, salt-cellars, lamps, and chandeliers; and in another collection of sixty-seven plates, ornaments suitable for sculpture on different parts of architecture, guilches, twine, roses, and flowers, imitated from the antique. Antoinette, less laborious, only executed a few etchings. Claudine, who had taught her two sisters the art of engraving, divided her celebrity with her uncle. Rendered by this learned woman, the works of James Stella rose almost at times to the height of Poussin. This is so true, that the collection of pieces on the "Passion," which Claudine Bousonnet engraved, and which death prevented her from finishing, were attributed to the painter of Andelys. In truth, one could almost detect in them his hands, and the strong effect and powerful energy of that artist. These compositions are in reality the finest productions of Stella. Without being characterised by any very great originality, they are drawn from such admirable sources, that it is quite a pleasure to look at them. One breathes the perfume of lofty thoughts, and the antique is appreciated, as it was appreciated by Polydore de Caravaci. This most vulgar action are elevated, as with Poussin, by a kind of rude elegance. We note especially, that the coarseness of the soldiers who insult the Saviour, far from being common, is only an energy which is in strict keeping with the sublimity of the general subject.

But grace, elegance, gentleness, are the distinctive characteristics

of James Stella. His pastorals are of singular beauty. They are said to be *naïve*. They are so, in fact, from the choice of subjects, and the feeling of the artist as far as the familiar picture of an historical painter can be so. *Naïveté* is, to use an English expression, simplicity; at all events, that simplicity which pleases is rarely to be met with in those men who, instead of elevating their minds by their study of nature, have been carefully brought up

pan, and this little bit of pedantry somewhat spoils the pleasure of pictures, which would be more agreeable if they were more simple. Reminiscences of historic scenes are to be detected in the attitude of his personages, in their gestures, and their very drapery. The reaper of Stella holds his scythe with all the pride of a hero of Julio Romano; his gleaner, in "The Return from Labour," (p. 44) walks with the majestic elegance of a moving caryatid;



VIEW NEAR BRUGES.—FROM A PAINTING BY DELACROIX.

amid academic conventionalities, using the words even in their best sense. James Stella, when he descended to the cheerful representation of village scenes, never forgot altogether his Roman style; he always betrayed the elevated character of his education. Beneath the jacket of the Sabine peasant, you see the anatomy of an antique statue. Despite their jollity and fun and humour, his country costumes reveal the deltoids, the pectorals, the femur, and the knee-

his farmer's wife and the workmen of the farm dance their rustic hop with a kind of heavy awkwardness which is not without its charm, but which reminds one of the ballet of the muses half-way up the sacred mount. "The Game at Skittles," and "The Swing," are composed more naively, and yet with more grace, for it is graceful here to be *naïf*, and there is much picturesqueness and sentiment in the bird-shooting and in the

pretty landscape which surrounds it. Moreover, the figures of Stella affect short curt forms, which perfectly suit the pastoral style, and which seem consecrated by the tradition of the

hundred years later, one of our greatest painters, Leopold Robert, has sung these village songs in a graver tone still, and has painted hay-makers of the Sabine finer than the gods of Olympus."



JAMES STELLA.

schools. We find sometimes the masculine ease of the bronzed rustics of the Bassan, now the step or action of the villagers of

When Stella turned back to devotional subjects, it was in the graceful style that he distinguished himself. To the cold learning of his compositions, grace served as a kind of seasoning. The picture which he painted for the church of the novitiate of the Jesuits, in the Faubourg St. Germain, "*Jesus brought back from the Temple*," a picture which figured in the famous sale of Cardinal Fesch; "*The Virgin with the Sheep*," which Stella painted with so much sweetness, and which Rousselet engraved so admirably; "*The Return from Egypt*," of which Goyrand executed at Rome an admirable plate, are so many remarkable works; the two last, above all, remarkable for that poetry of sentiment which, in the action of figures, is called grace. "*The Holy Family brought back from Egypt*," *Ecce Agnus Dei vocari filium meum*, has been a hundred and a hundred times over the subject of mysterious pictures and poetical night effects. In this particular picture, three little angels escort the sacred procession by the light of day, amidst a most delicious rural landscape most admirably disposed. One of the cherubim has taken care of the ass, and draws it gently by the bridle to lead it over a wooden bridge; the others, preceding the march of the youthful Saviour, strew flowers in his path, while the child raises its smiling face towards its mother, who looks sadly at her son. Children, so difficult to seize in the adorable and charming awkwardness of their movements, Stella would always draw marvellously well, without making them as robust as those of Poussin, still less with the Herculean forms of those of Michael Angelo, and without giving them any of those delicate carnations, those dimpled and incisive tones which François Flamand has modelled with a chisel so true and charming. Keeping always a safe medium position between the great masters, Stella has executed an agreeable collection of children's games, which one of his nieces engraved; and we may say that, if he has not succeeded in being quite true, he is at all events



Annibale Carracci. One degree more, and these peasant subjects would rise from Flemish simplicity to the grandeur of the heroic style. A modern French critic says: "It will be seen that two

excellent, and much nearer the truth than most ordinary artists.

Cardinal Richelieu, the superintendent of buildings, De Noyers, M. de Chambray, made illustrations by the friendship of Poussin, the Carmelites of the Faubourg St. Jacques, the officers of the church of St. Germain le Vieux, the cordeliers of Provins, the nuns of St. Elizabeth-de-Bellecour at Lyons, occupied at different times the talent and pencil of Stella. As painter to the king, he was the first who painted the portrait of Louis XIV. then dauphin. The beautiful books printed in the Louvre—for instance, the prayer-book composed by Tristan l'Hermite and dedicated to the queen—Stella adorned with frontispieces, always admirably arranged; and he was unceasing in his supply of designs for the rising engravers of the day—the Ronselets, the Melans, and the Daret. In recompense for his labour, and to mark the general appreciation of his merits, he was named Knight of the order of St. Michel. He kept his pencil or brush in hand until the latest moment of his life, which, to judge from his works, we should suppose had been very long. He lived, however, only sixty-one years, dying not in 1647, as is often said, but on the 29th of April, 1657. He was buried at St. Germain l'Auxerrois, before the chapel of St. Michel.

His was a splendid genius, says M. de Piles, fit to render all kinds of subjects, but leaning towards the pleasant rather than the grave and terrible; noble in his thoughts, moderate in his expressions, easy and natural in his attitudes, a little cold, but always agreeable. His colouring was sometimes as crude as that of François Perier—now as pale as that of Lesueur. His localities of tone were little marked; and his engravings, for which he rarely consulted nature, were inflamed with vermillion. To take him all in all, Stella is a very distinguished painter, who would not shine in the first rank, but who holds a very high position in the second. Engraved by Mellan, by Goussier, by François Poilly—upheld, moreover, by the name of his brother, his nephew, his three nieces—the name of James Stella cannot perish. As many amateurs collect the works of all the Stellas in one portfolio, so it is right to speak of the illustrious family as one artist. All would otherwise be out of place.

James Stella himself engraved some pieces which M. Robert Dumesnil has described in the "Peintre-graveur Français."

1. "The Saviour taken down from the Cross." The Saviour is on the ground, supported by Nicodemus, kneeling on the left, where stands St. John crying. At his feet is the Virgin Mary, with two holy women and Mary Magdalene. On the terrace, to the left, is written *Jacobus fecit*.

2. "The Madonna." Half-length, with the child on her lap. Two angels hold up a veil behind, and two cherubim raise a curtain. At the bottom is an armorial scroll, with *Ritratto della Madonna di grazie di face*, with a long address.

3. "St. George." He is on horseback overthrowing the dragon. The Virgin is seen to the right. On a stone is written, *Joey. Stella fecit Roman*, 1623.

4. "A Fancy Subject." Naked children are playing round an inn, and one is receiving in his cap the offering of a spectator. In the left corner is written: *Jacques Stella fecit*.

5. "Presenting Tribute to the Grand Duke of Tuscany." This is "The Festival of St. John the Baptist" we spoke of above. The artist is himself to the left, sitting on a roof, drawing beside a man who holds a parasol over his head. On a scroll is written: *S. ces. nissimo Ferdinando II. mag. Etrur. duci Jacobus Stella, etc.*

Two proofs of this are known. The second bears on it: *A Paris, chez Nicolas Langlois, rue St. Jacques, à la Victoire*.

Many engravers, and these some of the cleverest, have reproduced the paintings and drawings of Stella. We may as well mention some of the most curious.

A collection of pieces engraved on wood by Paul Manpain. They are about one hundred in number. The first forty-five are on blue paper, and touched up in white; the others are only washed in bistre to show the half-tints.

A collection of several drawings of vases, scent-bottles, salt-cellars, lamps, etc., in fifty plates, engraved by Françoise Stella.

Another collection of several architectural ornaments, *recueillies et dessinées après l'antique par M. Stella*, in sixty-seven plates, engraved *au burin* by Claudine Stella.

Four subjects from the life of St. Philippe de Neri, in forty-five plates, engraved by *Luc-Chamberlain*.

The twelve pieces of "The Passion," engraved by Claudine Stella after her uncle. These twelve pieces and others were to compose a collection, which the death of Mademoiselle Stella interrupted; and of the twelve subjects engraved by her there are several unfinished. The first edition of these plates bears the name of Stella, but the dealer substituted that of Poussin, thinking to sell them better. This collection of "The Passion," consequently, always passed for Poussin's, so much the more that the first proofs are exceedingly rare. "The plates," says Mariette, "perhaps scarcely ever drew two proofs, and I never saw them but this time in this work, which was that which Mademoiselle Stella made for it."

"The Pastorals," a collection of seventeen pieces in quarto, very well engraved by Claudine Stella after her uncle. It is one of the most charming things by the painter and the engraver both, as well as the "St. Louis giving Alms," a full-length piece touched up with much sentiment, dated from 1654, and dedicated to Charles Delorme, physician in ordinary to the king.

"Children's Games," in fifty pieces, by the same.

"The Marriage of St. Catherine," by the same.

Gerard Kellinck has engraved, after Stella, a Virgin with a Child, of which the first proofs are before the letter.

There is also "The Holy Family, with Sheep," engraved by Ronselet; "The Return from Egypt," engraved at Rome by Goussier, with this inscription: *Ex Egypto vocavi filium meum*.

The Museum of the Louvre contains few pictures by Stella, a little one on marble, of which we have spoken; another representing Minerva and the Muses; and two pictures in the form of friezes, representing the education of Achilles.

The Museum of Lyons, the native town of Stella, only possesses one picture by this painter, "The Adoration of the Angels," which had belonged to the cordeliers of Lyons, who had given to the family of Stella the free right of sepulchre at the foot of the great altar. The picture is signed *Stella fecit bene*.

As for the drawings of Stella, they are generally very finished. There are five of them in the Louvre.

Pictures by this master have not reached high prices in sales. At the sale of Randon de Roisset, in 1777, a "Holy Family"—the Virgin is upright near a tree, and Joseph, leaning against a column, holds a book open—fetched £37. At the sale of the Prince de Conti, in 1777, a "Holy Family, with Angels," was sold for £65. The usual price is £24.

"The Dance" (p. 45), is a very good specimen of his style. The figures are good, and the landscape finished and pleasing.

"Peter Denying Christ" (p. 48) is very fine. The woman who recognises him, the hesitating face of the apostle, the curious looks of the soldiers, the lights and shadows, the rich glare of the fire, are rendered with admirable fidelity. It is a fine picture well painted.

"The Return from Work" (p. 44), already alluded to, is a very pleasing picture. The style of the figures, though somewhat different from the peasant as given by more faithful students of life, is still not sufficiently exaggerated to be faulty. The two who are dancing, and the dog looking back, form a pleasing group.

Stella  
faciebant  
1635.  
\$ ★ ★ F. ROMÆ  
.I. ★ FECIT.  
1625.



## ANTONIO SOLARIO, IL ZINGARO.

II.

In Naples lived Colantonio del Fiore, an artist of renown; a man proud, too, of his wealth and his noble ancestry, the usual advantages of which, however, he had resigned to follow the arts, which he did with a success of which those who have seen his "St. Jerome taking a thorn out of a Lion's Paw" may judge. To this man, a few days later, came De Rieux, novice injured in purse or person; Il Zingaro having allowed him to depart as he came, on the single condition of his befriending him on any visit he might make to Naples. Colantonio received the Frenchman kindly, and admitted him at once as a pupil, though he forbore asking him to his house as a visitor.

This puzzled the traveller, who, with the ready perception of his nation, immediately laid it to Italian jealousy, and made inquiries accordingly. His surmise was right. There was a tinge of jealousy in the disposition of the noble artist. He was a widower with one child, and all the love which men sometimes lavish on many did Colantonio give with perfect devotion to his one daughter—the gentle and beautiful Claudia. No man had ever seen her save the attendants of the house, so jealous was the old man of his treasure, beside which his richest paintings were as dross. There is rich beauty in the love of the parent for her who reminds him of one not better cherished, but who, viewed through the mirror of time, appears dearer for the lovely reflection of the past. Colantonio scarce stirred from home, so watchful was he. It would not be wise to guard and enslave young beauty so now, or in our clime; but those were lawless days, when the fancy of a mightier man than himself might have left him childless, and in one day turned laughing joy to sobbing desolation.

De Rieux heard all this and smiled. He was young, thought himself handsome, and was a Parisian—what woman could resist him? The old artist was rich and noble, and then the mystery of the affair piqued his curiosity and excited emotion which the gaiety of Paris had temporarily killed. A marriage with the child of a man who was illustrious by rank and genius, would reconcile his uncle to him, that uncle who thought him now a hopeless scampgrace.

"André Mothe," said he, curling his moustache at breakfast-time a few days later; "I'm thinking of marrying."

"Of what, sir?" exclaimed the worthy attendant holding up his hands.

"Of marrying, *montré canaille*," continued De Rieux sternly.

"Sir, I'll go and learn to write, or have one of the scribes to write me to your uncle again," exclaimed André.

"Thou shalt do so when I have settled the affair."

"Ah! I will be settled then," groaned André; "you never tried it, I have."

"No jokes against matrimony—it is a reflection on the beautiful Claudia."

"Eh! the veiled beauty men talk so much of—eh?" cried André, "it ain't then quite settled."

"As good as," said De Rieux. "See who it is would be admitted."

"'Tis the brigand—what impudence!" cried André, returning after an instant.

Il Zingaro stood behind him, gazing curiously, but rather haughtily, at the artist's room. He was elegantly but simply dressed, and indeed looked a model for an artist.

"Welcome, terrible marauder," said De Rieux in a protective tone, which grated harshly on the ex-bandit's ears; "welcome to Naples."

"Have you seen Colantonio?" asked Antonio Solario, somewhat abruptly.

"I have, worthy mountaineer—he seated—and I have the honour to be admitted among his pupils."

"Is that by him?" continued Solario, turning to a canvas which stood in a good light.

"It is," said De Rieux carelessly; "it is one he lent me to copy at home."

"I never saw a painting before," cried the youth with sudden admiration, "save those in the chapel of the convent. But this is beautiful; that man's eye looks out from the canvas, that

woman smiles sweeter than life itself. I would lie six months upon the rack to be able to paint such a picture."

"So!" said a rich voice behind, a voice which, though grave, was yet touched by a tinge of pleasure, "young man, you are enthusiastic. But to paint such a picture as that, you need torture your limbs no six months—it is the production of my youth."

Il Zingaro turned, confused and yet pleased, and gazed with admiration and respect at Colantonio, who had come in unannounced, and heard the untaught mountaineer's exclamation.

"Per Bacco! a goodly head—wilt thou come to-morrow to my studio, and I will paint it—what art thou?"

"I was a poor bandit—what I am I know not. I will come, signor."

And Antonio Solario left the room with a profound bow for the artist, without a look for De Rieux.

"The impertinent scoundrel!" cried the Frenchman. "I'll denounce that fellow to the police."

"You will do nothing of the kind," said Colantonio drily. "In the first place he acted very nobly, according to your own account; in the second, your neck is not worth a sou, as you say, if you do."

"Why?" asked De Rieux.

"Because Il Zingaro's hand is protected—it exempts certain persons in high places from all attack, and is exempted in turn for all it does to others."

"What laws, what a country!" said De Rieux.

The artist made no reply; but informing the young Frenchman of a court reception and telling him he was invited, he went away, musing as to what character in a great historical picture he should ask Solario to sit for.

Next day Solario was in the painter's studio, and there sat patiently as long as the artist chose to employ him; then he went away without waiting for any reward. This lasted every day for about a week, the handsome, stalwart frame of the young bandit serving Colantonio many purposes: he painted his face, his arms, his chest, his hair, his chin, and used him, in fact, as a general model.

"Solario," said he one day, "what recompense do you expect?"

"Signor Colantonio," replied the other, pointing to a spoilt canvas and some old brushes; "these are to be thrown away."

"Take them; but, Solario, you must live."

"There is sun in Naples, and your servants leave as much as would feed ten men," said Solario bluntly.

Colantonio looked curiously at him and turned away. From that hour the Zingaro was admitted into the kitchen of the artist, where he not only was well fed, but became almost a resident, being well beloved by all the menials for his wit, humour, and jollity of temper. He was quick at repartee and small talk—enjoyed, without quite descending to it, the society of the domestics—and, above all, sang with a richness and volume of voice which was irresistibly touching and sweet.

One evening he stood with his back half-turned to the door of the spacious hall below, his back against a pillar, surrounded by all the menials, who listened to him with open mouth and flashing eyes, as he sang, with even more spirit than usual, one of his mountain lays.

Suddenly his form seemed to dilate, his voice to become more rich and excellent—a circumstance which only made the servants more attentive and roused Il Zingaro to greater exertions. Near the door of the hall was Claudia. She had wanted a maid to wait on her, and had called in vain. Hearing the sound of song, and being, like most Italians, passionately fond of music, she descended stealthily to listen outside, but, completely conquered by the singer's power, she could not help peeping in to look at him. He saw her, and yet seemed not to see her; and, curious to gaze upon her lovely face at will, continued his lay much longer than usual. When he had finished, she glided away, believing that her act had been unnoticed.

There is strange power in beauty. Solario, an Italian mountaineer, with all the ardour and impetuosity of his race, saw Claudia and loved her with a passion even more hopeless and inexcusable than that of the young Frenchman who had not seen her. De Rieux might hope, but for the poor brigand there was no hope.

And now Solario changed. He began to try and paint with the refuse canvas, old brushes, and paints of the studio, where he often returned to gaze his fill upon the great works of Colantonio. The great artist had given him a privilege and permission he would have accorded to few of higher rank and nobler blood. But at eventide he was heard no more in the kitchen; if he sang, it was beneath the window of his fair enslaver; and Claudia knew his voice well among all the serenaders attracted by the rumours of her beauty. At first she thought it mere chance; but when she met him continually at the church door, she knew that the charm of her extraordinary beauty had taken his heart by storm.

Claudia was little more than fifteen; an age when a girl may be forgiven for yielding to the influence of romance rather than of calm judgment. She saw that Solario was handsome, and she suspected that he was not so lowly in birth as he looked. She had dreams

excuse, and yet he strove not against it. And when Claudia listened without being angry, and even hinted that she did not dislike him, the passionate young mountaineer fell on his knees, and vowed to do something that should make him worthy of her.

Like many others in the history of the world, love kindled within him the sacred fire of genius, and impelled him to dare heights of ambition of which otherwise he had certainly never dreamed.

"Claudia," he said earnestly, "I would I were a rich noble!"

"I could not love you more," replied the warm-hearted Neapolitan girl.

"But I could claim you then with some hope. As it is, I must win a name and that power which wealth alone can give. I scarcely know how I shall succeed; but I do know, Claudia, that by some means or other I will make myself worthy of you."



THE RETURN FROM LABOUR.—FROM A PAINTING BY JAMES STIELA.

of his being a prince in disguise—of his having heard of her seclusion, and being determined to break through it; and, despite aged attendant and calm reason, she could not help accepting water from his fingers at the church door, and gently inclining her head to him, when he gave one of his profound and deeply respectful bows. It was not strange, then, that at the end of six months Solario should have actually spoken to Claudia del Fiore, and spoken, too, of his wild, his hopeless, and his unbounded passion. But it was only in a few hurried words; after uttering which he flew away amazed at his own insolence. At the end of that time, however, he asked for and obtained a formal interview.

The interview was stealthy and long. Solario, much improved by six months of study and thought, discoursed with Claudia on many subjects, but chiefly with regard to himself. He upbraided himself for his passion, for which he said himself there was no

"I believe you," said the girl with all that mysterious confidence which a young girl feels in her first love.

They stood near a balcony, gazing

"O'er the glad waters of the dark-blue sea," speaking in low-whispered accents; and, while an aged attendant slept near them, were happy, because alone. Suddenly they started. A heavy footstep was heard; they turned: Colantonio was before them.

"What does Antonio Solario here?" said the artist, bending his shaggy brows in anger.

They could not speak for a moment; but their attitude—they stood hand-in-hand, unconsciously, both blushing and trembling—sufficiently expressed their surprise and their love. Colantonio thought he had never seen a handsomer couple or a better subject for a picture.

"So," he continued, "Master Solario—you retain your landit tastes, and would rob me of my daughter. But, though you may both love with the passion of a poet, it is in vain. My daughter must be the wife of an artist."

"My father," said Claudia gently.

"Nay; hope not to move or change my resolution," resumed Colantonio.

"My master," said Solario passionately; "I do not desire you to change. Give me time, and I will be an artist. I was born for it. Already I feel the fire within me. But, oh, Colantonio, let me hope, that if I succeed, I may be rewarded."

"Do you know how long it will take to make you an artist?" replied Colantonio.

palace in company with the artist, who, though in reality angry, and chafing like a caged lion, was determined to give the young man every chance. He was about to introduce him at court, and thus aid his views during his subsequent travels.

The artist and his pupil were admitted to an audience of the king, queen, and daughter. Colantonio told the story. The king frowned, not liking that nobility should forget its blood; but the queen and young princess heard it with pleasure, and smiled upon the audacious young brigand and promised to be his friends. With this assurance, high hopes, and daring visions, Il Zingaro departed, and was heard of no more for many a long day.

De Rienx had returned to France, defeated in his hopes, the king and queen were dead, and the princess reigned in their stead.



THE DANCE.—FROM A PAINTING BY JAMES STELLA.

"Ten years," said Solario.

"And you expect me," replied Colantonio with a sneer, "to wait ten years on the chance of your becoming an artist—it cannot be."

"I will wait the ten years," said Claudia quickly. "I am sure Antonio will succeed."

"The stubborn faith of love!" replied the father, shaking his head; "but since you are willing, Claudia, be it so. Claudia shall wait the ten years, Il Zingaro. But you must leave Naples. I will give you letters to artists over the whole world. You can travel, and pick up information as you go. If you return not in ten years, my daughter is free. Bid my child adieu—you will see her no more for the present."

Half an hour later, Solario was walking on towards the royal

Colantonio was an old man, and Claudia a lovely woman, who never had regretted her contract with the brigand. But no tidings had come of the wanderer. Communication was difficult and rare in those days, and distant rumours only told that Solario lived.

One day the queen sent for Colantonio and his daughter; she was fond of them, and received them often. They found her sitting in a private chamber, gazing at a portrait of herself, fresh from the hands of an artist.

After the usual obeisance, Colantonio hurried up to the picture.

"Your majesty has found some new talent," said the artist, without any jealousy in his tone.

"Is it not excellent?" exclaimed the young queen.

"It is fresh and full of genius," said the artist; "the colouring is rich and warm, the likeness perfect."

"And what say you to this?" exclaimed the queen, drawing a curtain and displaying a picture, the one alluded to in the opening of our narrative.

"Madam," cried Colantonio, "this is wonderful! In my wildest dreams I never hoped to realise such a picture. Ah! that portrait of myself—of my daughter! What is the meaning of all this!"

"Come forth, *il Zingaro*," said the queen. "I think you have kept your promise."

The brigand-painter stepped from behind a screen, so handsome, so proud, so happy, that Claudia had good reason to be pleased at her own fidelity. Colantonio grasped his hand with rapture, and led him to his daughter, who fell into his arms. The old man was such a lover of art, that he considered he received dowry fit for a princess, when his daughter could lay claim to a husband who possessed such surpassing genius.

And *il Zingaro* and Claudia were married, and both continued to enjoy the protection and support of the queen. Colantonio died at a good old age, rejoicing in the fact that he had left his child under the protection and care of one who loved her so well, and who so thoroughly deserved her by the gentle care and affection with which he treated her. *il Zingaro* became a great artist, and his renown is not yet forgotten in the city of Naples.

## FINE ARTS IN AMERICA.

It is no longer fashionable to run down America as a matter of course, no longer in good taste to ridicule a country which contains so many of our off-shoots, and which has given such brilliant evidence of its capability for entering into honourable rivalry with us. The reading classes of the community are beginning to appreciate and admire the virgin Anglo-Saxon genius which has done so much to elevate and ennoble the paths of literature in the New World. This fact is owing a good deal to the circumstance that the prejudiced classes, the men of the war time, the rigid martinets of the beginning of the century are dying out. The very memory of a state of hostilities between England and her gigantic step-child is passing away; and though there is yet much ignorance on both sides of the Atlantic, a more generous and noble spirit is rising up on the eastern and on the western shores of that vast ocean, which in its eternal revolutions washes now the feet of England's chalky cliffs, and now the strand before the great ports of America. This is a mighty advance of the human mind.

For many years we have accepted and adopted American authors, and have found them capable of writing the mother tongue in a way which has quite astonished the critics of an antiquated day. We scarcely recollect that Washington Irving, Prescott, Bancroft, Cooper, Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, and Mrs. Stowe are children of the transatlantic republic, so identified have these names been with our literature.

We are also rapidly appreciating the progress of our brothers over the sea in the arts. No finer spectacle can be imagined than two great nations, of the same origin, after terrible rivalry in arms, after the battle and the storm, calming down in their feelings, and entering upon the beautiful contest of truth and beauty.

This contest began even before the quarrel. A very acute and excellent writer, George Palmer Putnam, has given us some interesting facts on this subject, and he informs us that the names known in America, in painting, during the Colonial Period, were Watson, Snybert, West, Copley, Peale, and Stuart.

The first in this list is Watson, an artist who, though born in Scotland in 1685, gained his celebrity as a portrait-painter in America. He was a man of talent, whose works are still preserved and appreciated. He dwelt in New Jersey, and began his career in 1718. The next name of note, that of Nathaniel Snybert, is also Scotch, but his fame was made in Boston, where he began to paint soon after Watson. It will be remarked that very many of America's celebrities are of Scotch origin. This does not at all militate against the United States, as the encouragement must exist for men to distinguish themselves in any branch of human acquirements.

But the first American name, of which the children of the old colonists are truly proud, is that of Benjamin West. We are proud of him, but the Americans are not less so. It was in that country he first drew breath and felt the inspiration of genius. He was

born in Pennsylvania in 1708, and painted his first portrait there in 1753. But as in those days the materials for study were not sufficient, and West aimed at greatness, he came over to England, where he was received with a feeling which, had it been more general in high places, might have saved us a colony and, perhaps, spoiled a great nation. It is something for an American to have found in England the patronage of royalty and the presidency of the Royal Academy, to which rank he was elevated in 1792. We may probably have occasion to speak of him more fully, but the price of some of his pictures will show the estimation in which he was held. His "Christ Rejected" was purchased for £3,000; his "Death on the Pale Horse" for £2,000.

The father of the present Lord Lyndhurst is another instance well worthy of being quoted and remembered. His name was John Singleton Copley, and he was born in Boston in 1738. He painted the portraits of many distinguished Americans, but studied and carried on his profession with success in this country, where all members of his family and connexions now hold a deservedly high place.

A student of West attained to a very high position as a painter of portraits in America—Charles W. Peale of Maryland. Gilbert Charles Stuart also reached to eminence both in London and his native country, he having been born in Rhode Island in 1754. To him we owe the best portrait of that great and good man, Washington, of whom Lafayette so justly said, that scarcely any preceding man ever combined in himself so much of what was great and good in human nature. This portrait is one of the heirlooms of the great republic, and is highly valued and appreciated.

Since the Declaration of Independence, many painters, sculptors, and engravers, have arisen, of great talent—men who, in all probability, will hold a deservedly high position in the history of art. It is curious to notice, that many of them are of the good old Flemish stock—the Vanderlyn's, the Verbruggen's, and others—though the majority are of the Anglo-Saxon race.

William Dunlop, born in New Jersey, 1766, who began to paint at a very early age, was the first secretary of the American Academy of the Fine Arts. He was a pupil of West's, and was an amusing and pleasing writer as well as an artist.

Trumbull combined the arts of war and peace; he was well used to the

"Shrill trumpet,

The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife, having been one of the aides-de-camp to Washington, at the beginning of the war of independence. After serving for some time, he quitted the arena of strife,

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fall

To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,

and succeeded very well as an artist. Several of his paintings on American historical subjects are now contained in the Trumbull gallery at New Haven. He painted four large pictures for Congress, receiving £1,600 for each of them. They are of a very high order of merit. Colonel Trumbull was a travelled man, and died in 1842 at the age of eighty-six.

Amongst the ablest of American artists, we must not fail to quote Vanderlyn, two of whose pictures are well known even in Europe. These are, "Ariadne," and "Marius amidst the ruins of Carthage." This artist has shown himself possessed of great grace and delicacy.

Malbone is celebrated as a miniature-painter. He would bear favourable comparison with any modern artist in the same line. His merit is recognised by many on this side of the Atlantic.

Benjamin Peale, who must have been intended for a painter from his boyhood, produced several very fine pictures; amongst which the best known are "The Roman Daughter," "The Court of Death," and "A Portrait of Washington."

Sargent, a Boston artist, born in 1797, produced many works of interest and talent. His best—at all events his most celebrated—is "Christ entering Jerusalem," which sold for 3,000 dollars.

Jarvis, born in England in 1780, was taken to America when five years old, and remained there the rest of his life. An able artist in many walks, he is chiefly known as a portrait-painter. Many of his pictures of public characters are to be seen in the City Hall of New York.

## THE GERMAN EXHIBITION.

It may be that we owe the exhibition we are about to notice, more to the presence of Prince Albert, than to the general English patronage of foreign art. Not that the public who care about art in England, and who buy pictures, are at all blind to the merit of foreign artists; on the contrary, in this respect they offer a most gratifying contrast to their continental brethren, for some few years ago, when at the Exhibition of the Louvre, we well remember that there were then only two English pictures by a modern artist in that collection, and those pictures certainly were magnificent—they were interiors by Roberts. Now, not only are our galleries filled with the productions of the Italian and the Dutch schools, but 'tis not long since, when the Vernon collection was bequeathed to the nation, that the foreign productions predominated over those of native talent. The vigorous bearing of the modern English school; so rich in every variety of art; so transcendently excellent as to force itself, so to speak, into notice, has entirely remedied this; and art has been so well rewarded here, that even distinguished French and German painters have been attracted to our shores. The French exhibition may have been encouraged by the excellent feeling at present established between the two nations; the German, we take it, by the ties of consanguinity which subsist between the thrones as well as the people.

From whatever source it may arise, the result is most pleasurable. The exhibition is very creditable, and also curious as establishing an identity of feeling as regards art between the people of each country. This is especially remarkable in their landscapes, many of which are perfectly English in their treatment.

The size of the exhibition is too small, the number of pictures, with additions, only amounting to eighty-five! The price charged for admission being one shilling, the same as the Royal Academy and other exhibitions with three times the number of paintings, this present gallery stands at some disadvantage with regard to the pockets of those who are economical. In fact, it would be not only beneficial, but graceful on the part of the conductors, to open their gallery at half-price to their countrymen and the middle classes of the community.

The first painting in the gallery, "Where there is no Money, there is no Law," is a scene in a tavern, wherein an old cavalier, with a cynical look of roguery upon his face, refuses to pay for his entertainment, and we presume quotes the German proverb which forms the title of the picture. The enraged countenance of the host and hostess is excellently contrasted by the calm look of the Dutch Maacire. The colour is very good, the chiaroscuro well kept, and the accessories remarkably well painted by A. Sieger.

(No. 4), *Landscape*, "Holland," by Steinecke, is a clever picture of flat scenery; the colour is, however, far from good.

(No. 6), "The Anxious Mother," by B. Vantier, is interesting in subject and clever in composition.

(No. 9), "The Andeck Mountain in Switzerland," is a grand scene, finely rendered by the artist, H. Baumgartner. The distance is especially fine.

(No. 12), "A Sketch—subject from the Peasants' War," by O. Kullé, is very finely drawn and remarkably spirited. The positions are free, natural and unaffected. (13), "A Fruit-piece," by A. W. Freyer, is worthy of the old Dutch artists of the same style. The composition is very simple; a bunch of grapes still attached to the stem, upon which is a leaf wonderfully painted, lies upon a slab of marble, and slightly in the background is a glass of Champagne, not long poured out, with the effervescence still rising in the glass. The effect of this is wonderful, the glass and wine are so painted as to make the visitor believe that they have never been so excellent. The whole picture is sound in its finish, and so modestly painted as to put to shame the more glaring compositions of Laueo and Duffield, who would do well to take a lesson from it.

(No. 19), "Sketch—The Battle of Grossberon," is very spirited and remarkably accurate in costume; it is painted by G. Blietren.

(No. 22), "A Norwegian Landscape," by Andreas Achenbach, is well painted, but it is hard, gray and sombre; the peopled colour may be, and probably is, entirely true to Norwegian nature, but is not very pleasant.

(No. 24), "A Scene in Norway," by A. Lou, is very grand and imposing. On the top of a vast mountain, a solitary little lake, probably formed by the crater of an extinct volcano, reflects the sunset. Deer and elk stretch out their antlered heads upon the mountain top, whilst wild flowers bloom from every crevice in the stone. Both colour and execution are good.

(No. 27), "Sketch—subject from the Thirty Years' War," by G. Sell, is a spirited scene of war and devastation. Some of Wallenstein's party are besieging a castle, and the painter has chosen the interior of a room wherein a party of defenders are about to fire from a window upon the besiegers. An old man, in instant danger of being struck by a ball, peers down into the court below, whilst another, presenting his piece, pulls him from the scene of danger. The chief centre figure uplifts his hand and threatens two prisoners, one of whom is wounded and reclines on the floor of the apartment. The eagerness of the combatants, the determination and stern feeling of their countenances, and the perfect knowledge of anatomy shown by the artist, render this picture as fine and interesting as any in the gallery. The style is somewhat after that of Charles Landseer with us; but the German painter has signally triumphed.

(No. 37), "Little Miss Vandy," by Gesehapp, is a picture which explains itself in its title. It is nicely painted.

(No. 38), "The Death of Louis IX. of France, A.D. 1270," A large historical picture by C. Bewer, is the most ambitious picture in the room. On the coast of Africa, in an expedition against the kingdom of Tunis, Louis was attacked by a fatal malady. The artist has chosen the scene when upon a bed of ashes, raised in his tent, with the crucifix before him, and surrounded by his army, Louis yielded up his life to him who gave it. A quotation from the "Biographie Universelle" explains the picture:—"The dying king, the kneeling priests, and devout soldiery, the glow of the sky, reddening with the declining day, all render this representation of a solemn scene, solemn and grand in itself." The armour and accessories are drawn with the same knowledge and minute attention as would be shown by Maclise, but the colour is exactly the reverse, being as much too red as his is too chalky.

(No. 43), "A Landscape," by Fieron, reminds one of J. M. W. Turner.

(No. 44), "A Sketch," by G. Sell, introducing banditti, is free and bold, and well drawn.

(No. 47), "The Midday's Lecture on Sobriety," by Henry Ritter, has been exhibited in the Royal Academy; it is now exhibited again, as the last work of the deceased artist. A midshipman, who has had charge of the boat whilst some of his men are on shore, is very properly indignant at finding two of them (in company with the black cook), walking down to the boat as drunk as they can veniently can be without lying down. The consciousness of guilt, and the comic expression of the men at being checked by their young officer, the earnestness and grandeur of the latter combined with his youth, go far to render the picture one of the most pleasing of humorous productions, and make us lament the loss of the artist.

(No. 50), "Entrance to the Harbour of Christiania," by Muller, is a good sea-piece, freely dashed in; the water is motive and transparent.

(No. 51), "A Norwegian Fiord—Evening," is a beautiful landscape. We are ashamed to say that until we read some of Miss Bremer's novels, and Miss Martineau's descriptions, we had little idea that scenery during the short Norwegian summer was so beautiful. The artist of this charming production is A. Lew.

(No. 56), "A Forest Scene," by A. Burner, is a very large picture of great merit; the study of the trees and the attention paid to each production in the vegetable kingdom is certainly immense.

(No. 60), "The change of Fortune—the Discovered Will," is a prettily painted, but not very meritorious illustration of one of Berger's romances, which are little known in this country.

(No. 62), with the somewhat anomalous title of "Stop Thief!" is a large landscape by night, of great merit, painted by P. Schlesinger. A small figure, probably stealing something from a cart, explains the title.

(No. 63), "Moonlight on the Sogne Fiords," is a landscape with a curious effect, by Larson.



(No. 71), "The Little Admiral," by W. Cordes, is a water scene, of a cabin-boy who, in charge of a boat-load of various provisions for the ship's crew, is quietly floating down the stream. The execution is meritorious.

we find marked in our catalogue with approbation; the rush and foam of the water is especially good.

(No. 84), "A Rustic Ball," by T. Fay, is a very pleasing picture, not unlike in treatment to the productions of our own Wilkie.



PETER PENTIN: CHRIST. — FROM A PAINTING BY JAMES STELLA.

(No. 73), "A Cabin Toast," by Nordenberg, in which aboard some little vessel a seaman is handing a glass of hot punch through the hatches to his comrade above, is very well painted, and is a homely scene properly of the Dutch School.

(No. 79), "Torrent in the Valley of Hardanger," by H. Gude,

In conclusion, we must congratulate the promoters of this exhibition on the great promise and excellence of almost every picture in the room, one great merit being that there is not a thoroughly faulty production exhibited. To those fond of art we at once recommend a visit to 168, Bond-street.

## JOSEPH VERNET.



CLAUDE JOSEPH VERNET, father of Carl Vernet, and grandfather of Horace, was himself the son of a painter, and was endowed with a greater share than any one else of that genius for painting

drawings executed by him at the age of five, when he was rewarded by being allowed to use the pencils he had tried to purloin. Before he was fifteen years old, he already painted frieze-panels, fire-screens, sedan-chair panels, &c., and gave proof of that facility in conceiving and executing which was one of the characteristic marks of his genius.

It was not possible for Joseph Vernet, whose father dreamt of nothing but seeing him pursue the glorious career of the historical painter, to remain for ever at Avignon, his native place. It was, therefore, thought necessary to send him to Rome; consequently, his father one morning put a few louis d'or into his hand, and sent him off with a waggoner, who undertook to take him to Marseilles. The journey took a long while to perform; for it was necessary to stop the horses every instant, so that the young painter might have time enough to sketch the landscapes of Provence, which are so different from those of Le Comtat, or to admire a range of mountains, the sterility of which formed a strong contrast with the verdure of the plains which stretched beneath, with the innumerable roads that covered them. But while Joseph Vernet was thus going to consult the great masters, he suddenly met with his real master—the sea.

When he saw it for the first time, from the top of a mountain called La Viste, near Marseilles, it made so deep an impression upon him, that henceforth his vocation was decided on; he immediately felt that he was destined to be a painter of marine subjects. Before him stretched the Mediterranean as far as the eye could reach, while three islands, which lay at a few leagues from the shore, seemed to be placed there in order to break the uniformity of the immense lake, and to gratify the eye; on his right rose a sloping tower of country houses, intersected with trees; on his left was the little harbour of Mastigues; in front, innumerable vessels rocked to and fro in the port of Marseilles, while the horizon was terminated by the tower of Bone, nearly lost in the distance. This spectacle was a suggestion to the genius of Vernet; nature, while



which has rendered his family illustrious as artists through four generations.

The wonderful stories told about most celebrated painters are really true with respect to Joseph Vernet. He has himself often related that, on his return from Italy, his mother gave him some

inviting him to paint marine subjects, furnished him with more than the elements of the picture—she furnished him with the picture itself. We meet, from time to time, with artists who find in themselves, in the treasury of their meditations, in the regions of their imagination, forms and figures that they would in vain seek to produce from memory alone; they know how to represent, with boldness such as Poussin would have used, not only wonderful phenomena, light, and the visible and palpable objects of creation, but also certain delicate things, the existence of which they have discovered by thought. There are, on the contrary, other artists whose minds are ever ready to receive all outward impressions, which they feel deeply enough to express them with truth and force: their eyes are like windows, through which ideas enter under the form of images, and their genius is like an Æolian harp, which, in order to produce a sound, waits for a breath of air. The former, among whom Joseph Vernet must be placed, belong to the true race of painters. Until he saw a tempest, Joseph Vernet was nothing more than a painter of ships and harbours; but the day when he first listened to the roaring of the furious sea, while on board a ship that was beaten about by the wind, threatened by the lightning, and in danger of going down every instant, his mind was at once on a level with the grandeur of the scene; he recollected for ever the fright and gestures of the sailors, the discomposed features of all on board, and the grand appearance of the swollen billows.

"It was on going from Marseilles to Rome," says one of his friends, Monsieur Pitra, "that Joseph Vernet, on seeing a tempest-gathering, when they were off the island of Sardinia, was seized, not with terror, but with admiration; in the midst of the general alarm, the painter seemed really to relish the peril; his only desire was to face the tempest, and to be, so to say, mixed up in it, in order that, some day or other, he might astonish and frighten others by the terrible effects he would then learn to produce; his only fear was, that he might lose the sight of a spectacle so new to him. He had himself lashed to the mainmast, and, while he was there tossed about in every direction, saturated with sea-water, and excited by this hand-to-hand struggle with his model, he painted the tempest, not on his canvas, but in his memory, which never forgot anything. He saw and remembered all,—clouds, waves, and rocks, lines and colours, with the motion of the boats and the rocking of the ship, and the accidental light which intersected a slate-coloured sky, that served as a ground to the whiteness of the sea-fam."

When he arrived at Rome, in 1732, Joseph Vernet became a pupil of Bernardino Fergioni, a painter of marine pieces, whom, however, he soon surpassed. He was now eighteen years old, having been born in 1714. Entirely unknown in Rome, the young painter lived on what he obtained by the sale of a few marine pieces; he found, however, but few buyers, and obtained but very low prices for a kind of painting which, more than any other, causes the absence of colour to be regretted; he, therefore, painted marine pieces of smaller dimensions, which he sold for one or two sequins each, until a cardinal, one day, gave him four louis d'or for one. The barler, at whose house he lodged at Rome, let several quarters' rent run on expressly with the intention of being eventually paid with a picture instead of money; and on the day when the painter owed four quarters' rent, the barler, who had often silently contemplated him while painting, asked him for a certain picture which represented day-break, and which had been executed for the cardinal already mentioned. At this juncture the cardinal arrived, and the barler threw himself at the feet of his emphyney, and with tears in his eyes, implored him to let him have the picture which the young artist had just finished.

The reputation of an artist is quickly made at Rome, provided that a cardinal takes the slightest notice of him. It was thus that Vernet's was made; but he thought less of making money by his talent, than of improving himself. Every day he left Rome, to wander about the surrounding country, so that he might study at his leisure the different tones of the sky, as he always wished to paint after nature herself. He watched for the various hues presented by the horizon at different hours of the day, and tried to imitate its fugitive tints; but he soon perceived that his power of observation, great and impassioned though it was, could not keep pace with the

continual variation of the colours of the atmosphere; and he despaired of ever being able to represent on canvas the moving harmony of those pictures, which nature required so little time to execute in such perfection, and which so quickly passed away. He now invented an alphabet of tones, which is the more curious, because another painter has left us a description of it.\*

The various characters of this alphabet were joined together and corresponded to an equal number of different tints. If Vernet saw the sun rise silvery and fresh, or set the colour of crimson, or if he saw a storm approaching or disappearing, he opened his tablets, and there set down the gradation of the tones he admired, as quickly as he would write ten or twelve letters on a piece of paper. After having thus noted down the beauties of the sky in short-hand, so to speak, he returned to his studio, to transfer them to canvas, and to render stationary the moving picture he had just been contemplating. Effects, which had long since disappeared, were thus recomposed in all their charming harmony, to delight the eye of every lover of painting.

Far from confining himself within the narrow limits of one branch of his profession, Joseph Vernet determined to take as wide a range as possible. At Rome, he had made the acquaintance of Leatelli, Paulin, and Solimene. Like them, he studied the splendid ruins of the architecture of ancient Rome, and the noble landscapes of its environs, together with the water-courses, the rocks, and the celebrated cascades of Tivoli. He also paid particular attention to the proportions and attitudes of his figures, as well as to the picturesque appearance of their costume, which were mostly those of fishermen or lazzaroni. Such love for nature and for art, such assiduous contemplation, at different hours of the day, of the phenomena of light, and such profound study of the numerous accessories whose importance he wished to raise, being joined to genius of the first order, made an excellent landscape-painter of Vernet; and though he was, undoubtedly, inferior to Claude Lorraine, in producing bold and luminous effects, he was quite equal to him in rendering the effects of vapour, and much superior, as Didot remarked, in the invention of scenes, in designing figures, and in the variety of his incidents.

The French painter soon occupied a high position in Rome; he was universally sought after, and he now obtained high prices for the same kind of landscapes and marine pieces which he had, at first, parted with to discharge his arrears of rent. He received orders from all quarters for *tempests, calms, gales, and cascades*. He was also employed to decorate the Rondanini palace and the Borghese gallery with landscapes, which he executed in the elevated style of Salvator. He chose for his subjects the most terrible phenomena of nature—such as frightful ravines, down which rushed flaming torrents that bounded from rock to rock, and dragged along with them entire trunks of up-rooted trees. But the figures which he painted at the bottom of these abysses are far from being as sombre as the brigands of Salvator. On being relieved of their helmets and hauberts, they would still be the same *nonchalant* fishermen, whom Vernet knew so well how to place, in a sitting or recumbent position, on the foreground of his calms. The study he made of Salvator was, however, so far beneficial to him, that it strengthened his colouring, gave firmness to his touch, and inspired him with those dark and bold tints by which those of his paintings that date from his stay in Italy are easily recognised.

Endowed with wonderful facility for properly understanding everything, and for painting all he undertook well and quickly, Joseph Vernet had identified himself, for a time, with the wild and rough manner of Salvator, and imitated his rigid foliage, his rugged rocks, and the mournful aspect of his ground-plots, cracked and calcined by the sun; but this was not the proper field for the genius of Vernet to work in. He was, above all, a Frenchman, and penetrated, though with difficulty, into those dark regions of the imagination which were not known to French artists before the revolution that has taken place in painting during the present century. In spite of himself, Joseph Vernet always painted places that were inhabitable, or at least habitable. Some indication of neighbouring civilisation, a dilapidated villa, or the fragment of an aqueduct, always appeared in the distance, between two mountains that ended

\* Renou, in the "Art de Peindre," translated into French verse, from the Latin Poem by Dufresnoy. Paris, Didot, 1780.

in a peak, or on the summit of a rock. For Salvator Rosa alone was reserved the right of painting landscapes, which he had, doubtless, seen nowhere else but in the region of his dreams. Far from having led as adventurous a life as that of Salvator, Joseph Vernet was born for society. Gay, amiable, and witty, he carried with him, wherever he went, the polished and easy manners of a well-bred Frenchman. At Rome, he married Miss Virginia Parker, the daughter of an English Catholic, who was an officer in the navy of the pope; and Carle Vernet was the fruit of this marriage.

What, in general, causes artists to be so sympathetic, to conform so closely to the manners by which they are surrounded, and to prove so faithful to the thoughts with which they are inspired by the routine of life, is the fact of their painting as much for praise as for the mere pleasure of the art. While wandering about the *Cinquepunta di Rouda*, or going on board some ship to visit the Gulf of Venice or the shores of Greece, Joseph Vernet still turned his eyes towards France, and longed to obtain the approbation of his countrymen. Every time that an exhibition took place at the *Leuvre*, some marine pieces by Joseph Vernet made their appearance there. He sent two in 1747, and four in 1718. At one time it was a "Moonlight," in which the moonbeams quivered on a sea covered with boats; and he there showed most felicitously how different ships, while driven by the same wind, follow different courses, according to the manner in which the sails are trimmed. At another time, it was the "Conflagration of a Town" on the sea-coast, in which were admired the effect produced by the flames, their reflection in the water, and the fight and agitation of the people. Joseph Vernet was henceforth pronounced worthy of being ranked as a painter of history, and if any endeavoured to cry down the works of the absent artist, the *connoisseurs* who then led the public, the Abbé Leblanc, Cochin, and Diderot, vigorously defended him; and, at a later period, glowing epistles of well-turned verse were presented to him. He sometimes took pleasure in coquettishly contrasting "A Tempest" with "A Calm," as if to show that nature never allowed him to be indifferent to anything; and this contrast never failed to produce a good impression. It seemed that marine subjects formed for him a wide field for the depicting of the human passions, a mysterious ground on which he could represent, not only the various movements of the body, but also the different states of the soul: repose, nerveless indolence, sleep, or the smiles of vulgar love being here seen; while there, were depicted anguish, fright, despair, and death.

How truly dramatic is the effect of "A Tempest" by Vernet! But why are we more touched by this painting than we are by the others? Doubtless, because the most prominent feature in it is man, and because his misfortunes form the real subject of the picture. The artist, therefore, always presents us with a view of the coast, and a tower in which a useless beacon-light is burning, when he wishes to show us the sea covered with drowning persons and with sinking ships, or boats hanging suspended on the top of a wave. The spectator is thus placed on the rock itself, against which both ships and waves are dashed.

Those of the Dutch painters who have represented tempests on their canvases, seem to have been inspired by a vague feeling of patriotism. In the storms of Everdingen, of William Vanderelde the younger, of Backhuysen, and of Bonaventura, the sea plays the principal part; it swells as if in obedience to the genius of tempests, and seems irritated with the very sky. Man only appears there as if by accident, to play a very secondary part, and it is at once felt that, strictly speaking, his presence could be dispensed with in the composition of the picture. The tempests of Vernet, on the contrary, were composed for the purpose of making the cords of the human passions vibrate within us: the grief of a husband, the cries of a father in despair, the anguish of a young wife cast by the waves upon the shore, are the subjects represented in the marine pieces of Joseph Vernet. He only excites the sea in order to excite in us terror, or compassion for the sailor in peril. All that ruins the hopes of man, overthrows his castles, swallows up his riches, or tears asunder the affections of his heart, here forms the culminating point of the tragedy in which nature is thrown, like the chorus of the ancients, into the background.

While examining the works of Vernet, at the Cabinet des Estampes, we were, above all, struck with the part played in them

by man, which is always made so important a one by French painters. In "The Dangers of the Sea," and in "The Shipwreck," your attention is immediately engrossed by the pathetic scenes there represented. While a mother, bathed in tears, is gazing on her child, stretched dead upon a rock, the crew of the ship are engaged in saving their merchandise; they are strenuously endeavouring to bring numerous casks to shore, and, having harnessed themselves to cables, are dragging towards them the remains of their shattered craft. Some birds of prey are hovering, with outspread wings, over the wreck, waiting to dart down and devour the dead bodies which the receding sea will leave upon the beach.

The figures of Joseph Vernet have certainly nothing of the heroic bearing which Poussin or Gaspar Dughet would have imparted to them; but then, how real are their attitudes, how full of force, how natural! And why do they so rivet our attention? Because there is nothing false about them, because they were studied and sketched at the moment when man, forgetful of himself, assumed such attitudes, or made such gestures as nature then directed. Besides this, the reason that their commonest actions interest us so greatly is, because they refer to a terrible tragedy, and because, at the end of a rope at which the distressed sailors are pulling with all their might, is seen a mother who, with her hair dishevelled, is in the act of sinking, or a man about to perish. In "A Violent Storm," for instance (p. 52), there are some figures which, as they kneel on the front rock and bend towards the broken masts, seem to implore, not heaven, but the sea. All the superstition, courage, weakness, and energy, that fill the seaman's breast, are there vividly depicted by him who, of all the great painters of France, was best acquainted with the seaman's habits.

With respect to the sea itself, Joseph Vernet painted it as it appeared to him on being viewed from a ship or a tower—that is, he only painted its predominating tone and general aspect. We think that the transparency of the waves is exaggerated by the artists of the present day, who represent upon their surface thousands of sparkling pearls which nature has hidden at the bottom of the water. Some make the sea roll golden spangles, like the ancient Pædonus, while others fill it, especially along the shore, with blue and yellow streaks, or pretty sparkling tints, which make it a sort of liquid jewel-case. Joseph Vernet was more staid, more simple, and more natural. His seas are sombre-coloured, of a dark green, and are characterised by that majestic heaviness of which Gericault has so well reminded us in "The Shipwreck of the *Melina*." There are some seas of which the ordinary and predominant colour is a perfect green. Such is the colour of the Mediterranean, above all in the Gulf of Venice. When Vernet was studying in Italy, he imitated this colour in the marine pieces he then painted; they are the best he ever executed, and are easily recognised by their colour alone. By limiting himself to strict unity of tone, the effect of the *ensemble* of Vernet's paintings is more certain and more powerful than it would otherwise have been, because the eye of the spectator is neither attracted by the vagaries of a fringing line of foam, nor occupied in seeking for the treasures which are seen through the limpid waves, and it can, therefore, extend its gaze across the whole of the formidable element, and thus be the better enabled to comprehend its dangers and its fury.

The principles of the art of painting, those, at least, which are applicable to marine subjects, are all explained in the works of Joseph Vernet in the clearest and most masterly manner possible. If it is required to paint a heavy gale, accidental or double lights, moonlights, waves, or rocks, all necessary directions will be found tersely written in the paintings of Joseph Vernet. We do not, however, mean to say that what he there painted was only executed after long weighing everything in his mind, for nothing is more opposed to inspiration than pedantry; and we can easily believe that all this painter did was done on the moment, taken at once from nature, and dashed upon the canvases with the rapidity of thought, and under the influence of recent observation. Without knowing it, Vernet resolved the various problems presented by marine subjects so well, that an entire book has been composed from the observations suggested by his versatile talent, at times unequal, but often sublime. His paintings have furnished matter for an excellent little work on landscape painting, published by Hermann, in 1800, at St. Petersburg.

Whenever Vernet wished to represent a gale, he took care not to present the eye with the monotonous spectacle of a number of objects all inclining to the same side. By placing objects that resist the wind by the side of others that yield to it, he gave his scenes a variety of movement which imparted to them an appearance of life. With respect to accidental lights, "it must be observed," says Hermann, "that the greatest painters have seldom introduced them into their pictures. Claude Lorraine never employed them, though he painted both sunrise and sunset. The skies of the Flemish artists were generally overcast, with, here and there, a bluish space. But Vernet, I think, is the only one who, emboldened by the special study he had made of cloudy and stormy weather, ever succeeded in imitating the accidental lights of the sky."

It is also from the same artist that Hermann borrows his examples, when speaking of double lights. There are some landscapes, few in number, it is true, in which the daylight and the light of a fire are thrown upon the same objects. The first of these lights ought to be very faint, and then the effect of the second will be extraordinary. Shepherds or travellers seated, near nightfall, on the border of a forest, would form a very good subject for a

rocks within sight, and could not invent these imposing, fantastic, severe, and picturesque forms of which nature alone furnishes the models, and which the most fertile imagination would never even dream of.

The spirited painter of tempestuous marine pieces was, as we have already said, a man of the most amiable manners. What he most loved, next to painting, was music. He had formed an intimate acquaintance with Pergolesi, the musician, who afterwards became so celebrated, and they lived almost continually together. Joseph Vernet had had a harpsichord placed in his studio for the express use of his friend, and while the painter, carried away by his imagination, put the waters of the mighty main into commotion, or suspended persons on the towering waves, the grave composer sought, with the tips of his fingers, for the rudiments of his immortal melodies. It was thus that the melancholy stanzas of that *chef-d'œuvre* of sadness and of sorrow, the *Stabat Mater*, were composed for a little convent in which one of Pergolesi's sisters resided. It seems to us, that while listening to this plaintive music, Vernet must have given a more mellow tint to his painting; and it was, perhaps, while under its influence, that he worked at



A VIOLENT STORM.—FROM A PAINTING BY JOSEPH VERNET.

landscape of this kind. Vernet has introduced sailors seated round a fire into several of his moonlights; the fire, however, is too small to clash with the light of the moon. It is, in all cases, necessary for one or other of the lights to have a marked preponderance, for if they were nearly equal, the spectator would be kept in suspense, and the effect would be lost. But it will always be a difficult thing to prevent discordance from arising between the pale, feeble light of the moon, and the strong, red, and sombre light of a fire. It is not given to every painter to produce a harmonious effect, under such circumstances, in spite even of so glaring an opposition. "There is," says Diderot, "a point at which the two lights meet, run into one another, and form a peculiar tint, in representing which it is difficult not to be wrong."

With respect to waves and rocks, the French painter has proved that he did not uselessly visit those rugged coasts against which the white waves dash, as they roll upwards towards the sky, and seem to foam with fury. His success in this respect forms one of the chief beauties of his marine pieces, a beauty that neither Backhuysen nor the Vanderveles have introduced into their paintings, since, as they lived or were brought up in Holland, they had no

his calms and moonlights, or, making a truce with the roaring billows of the sea, painted it tranquil and smooth, and represented on the shore nothing but motionless fishermen, sailors seated between the carriages of two cannons, and while away the time by relating their travels to one another, or else stretched on the grass in so quiescent a state, that the spectator himself becomes motionless while gazing on them.

Pergolesi died in the arms of Joseph Vernet, who could never after hear the name of his friend pronounced without being moved to tears. He religiously preserved the scraps of paper on which he had seen the music of the *Stabat Mater* dotted down beneath his eyes, and brought them with him to France in 1753, at which period he was sent for by Monsieur de Marigny, after an absence of twenty years. Vernet's love for music procured Grétry a hearty welcome, when the young composer came to Paris. Vernet discovered his talent, and predicted his success. Some of Grétry's features, his delicate constitution, and, above all, several of his simple and expressive airs, reminded the painter of the immortal man to whom music owes so large a portion of its present importance; for it was Pergolesi who first introduced in Italy the custom



of paying such strict attention to the sense of the words and to the choice of the accompaniments.

At a later epoch, Diderot compared his favourite painter to the Jupiter of Lucian, who, "tired of listening to the lamentable cries of mankind, rose from table and exclaimed: 'Let it hail in Thrace!' and the trees were immediately stripped of their leaves, the harvest cut to pieces, and the thatch of the houses scattered before the wind: then he said: 'Let the Plague fall on Asia!' and the doors of the houses were immediately closed, the streets were deserted, and men shunned one another; and again he exclaimed: 'Let a volcano appear here!' and the earth immediately shook, the buildings were thrown down, the animals were terrified, and the inhabitants fled into the surrounding country; and on his crying out: 'Let this place be visited with a dearth!' the old husbandman died of want at his own door. Jupiter calls that governing the world, but he is wrong. Vernet calls it painting pictures, and he is right."

It was with reference to the twenty-five paintings exhibited by Vernet, in 1765, that Diderot penned the foregoing lines, which formed the peroration to an eloquent and lengthy eulogium, such

endeavouring to reach the shore, against which they will be inevitably dashed to pieces. The same variety of character, action, and expression is also observable among the spectators, some of whom are turning aside with a shudder, some are doing their utmost to assist the drowning persons, while others remain motionless and are merely looking on. A few persons have made a fire beneath a rock, and are endeavouring to revive a woman, who is apparently expiring. But now turn your eyes, reader, towards another picture, and you will there see a calm, with all its charms. The waters, which are tranquil, smooth, and cheerful-looking, insensibly lose their transparency as they extend further from the sight, while their surface gradually assumes a lighter tint, as they roll from the shore to the horizon. The ships are motionless, and the sailors and passengers are while away the time in various amusements. If it is morning, what light vapours are seen rising all around! and how they have refreshed and vivified every object they have fallen on! If it is evening, what a golden tint do the tops of the mountains assume! How various, too, are the hues of the sky! And how gently do the clouds move along, as they cast the reflection of their different



VIEW OF THE ENVIRONS OF CITTA NUOVA.—FROM A PAINTING BY JOSEPH VERNET.

as it but rarely falls to a painter to be the subject of. Among other things, the great critic there says: "There is hardly a single one of his compositions which any painter would have taken not less than two years to execute, however well he might have employed his time. What incredible effects of light do we not behold in them! What magnificent skies! what water! what arrangement! what prodigious variety in the scenes! Here, we see a child borne off on the shoulder of his father, after having been saved from a watery grave; while there, lies a woman dead upon the beach, with her forlorn and widowed husband weeping at her side. The sea roars, the wind howls, the thunder fills the air with its peals, and the pale and sombre glimmers of the lightning that shoots incessantly through the sky, illuminate and hide the scene in turn. It appears as if you heard the sides of the ship crack, so natural does it look with its broken masts and lacerated sails; the persons on deck are stretching their hands towards heaven, while others have thrown themselves into the sea. The latter are dashed by the waves against the neighbouring rocks, where their blood mingles with the white foam of the raging billows. Some, too, are floating on the surface of the sea, some are about to sink, and some are

colours into the sea! Go, reader, into the country, lift up your eyes towards the azure vault of heaven, observe well the phenomena you then see there, and you will think that a large piece of the canvas lighted by the sun himself has been cut out and placed upon the easel of the artist: or form your hand into a tube, so that, by looking through it, you will only be able to see a limited space of the canvas painted by nature, and you will at once fancy that you are gazing on one of Vernet's pictures which has been taken from off his easel and placed in the sky. His nights, too, are as touching as his days are fine; while his ports are as fine as his imaginative pieces are piquant. He is equally wonderful, whether he employs his pencil to depict a subject of every-day life, or abandons himself completely to his imagination; and he is equally incomprehensible, whether he employs the orb of day or the orb of night, natural or artificial lights, to light his pictures with. He is always bold, harmonious, and staid, like those great poets whose judgment balances all things so well, that they are never either exaggerated or cold. His fabrics, edifices, costumes, actions, men, and animals are all true. When near, he astonishes you, and, at a distance, he astonishes you still more."

Like his sister, Madame de Pompadour, the Marquis de Marigny loved and protected the arts. He was desirous of having all the *seaports* of France painted, and the artist he chose to paint them was Joseph Vernet, who, though he did not inhabit Paris, had never failed to exhibit his admirable marine-pieces there. No one, perhaps, could have been found more fitted than Vernet for this ungrateful task, which, though offering so few resources, required so much knowledge; but it evinced a very slight acquaintance with the genius of Vernet, for any one to give him a sort of didactic order for a series of paintings. Thus imprisoned in an official programme, Joseph Vernet must have felt ill at ease, at least if we may be allowed to judge from a letter which he wrote to Monsieur de Marigny, with respect to another order. This curious letter, which is dated May 6th, 1765, runs as follows:—

" . . . I am not accustomed to make sketches for my pictures. My general practice is to compose on the canvas of the picture I am about to execute, and to paint it immediately, while my imagination is still warm with conception; the size, too, of my canvases tells me at once what I have to do, and makes me compose accordingly. I am sure, if I made a sketch beforehand, that I should not only not put in it what might be in the picture, but that I should also throw into it all the fire I possess, and the larger picture would, in consequence, become cold. This would also be making a sort of *copy*, which it would annoy me to do. Thus, sir, after thoroughly weighing and examining everything, I think it best that I should be left free to act as I like. This is what I require from all those for whom I wish to do my best; and this is also what I beg your friend, towards whom I am desirous of acting conscientiously, to let me do. He can tell me what size he wishes the picture to be, with the general subject of it, such as calm, tempest, sun-rise, sun-set, moonlight, landscape, marine-piece, etc., but nothing more. Experience has taught me that when I am constrained by the least thing, I always succeed worse than usual.

"If you wish to know the usual prices of my pictures, they are as follow:—For every one four feet wide, and two and a half, or three high, £60; for every one three feet wide, and of a proportionate height, £48; for every one two feet and a half wide, £40; for every one two feet wide, £32; and for every one eighteen inches wide, £24, with larger or smaller ones as required; but it is as well to mention that I succeed much better with the larger ones."

When he wrote this letter, Vernet had already begun the "Ports of France." A member of the French Academy of Painting, as he had long been of the Roman Academy of St. Luke, he enjoyed the rare privilege of listening, while he yet lived, to the praises of posterity; for when the public were viewing, at the exhibition, some of those "Ports," to which he often joined shipwrecks, moonlights, or marine-pieces by sun-set, he could proudly read in Grimm's correspondence, the vivacious and witty pages which fell from Diderot's too facile pen, to pay just flattery to Vernet, and to gail all others. "Vernet," exclaimed Diderot, "is a great magician; it might be said that he announces by creating a country, that he has men, women, and children in reserve, with whom to people his canvases as they people a colony, and that he then presents them with what sky, what temperature, what seasons, what happiness, and what misfortunes he likes."

It would be necessary to remain whole hours before the "Ports" of Vernet, in order fully to understand all the labour, all the picturesque and imaginative power, and all the talent he has lavished on them. What is more difficult to paint than a seaport? If you raise the point of view, you obtain an hydrographical map; and if you lower it, you have nothing but a flat horizon, inelegant lines, and an immense sky to fill. The effect of these pictures, which are naturally cold, was greatly increased by Vernet's talent for drawing figures; he grouped them in great numbers under light skies, sometimes gray and silvery, sometimes scorching hot, but always cloudy; and he varied the posture, the action, and the attitude of the figures in a thousand ways. Some are selling fish, mending nets, carrying coffee, and rolling barrels, while others are walking and talking in the sun. Here, some girls from Marseilles are stopping to listen to the gallant conversation of a dandy abbé; while at Bordeaux, some men are loading a cannon to return the salute of a frigate; here, a magazine is in course of construction, or a tartan is being caulked; there, men are piling up cannon-

balls, or the soldiers of the watch are bringing along a quarrelsome sailor; while in another place, men engaged in fishing for tunny impart an unexpected and lively appearance to the "View of the Gulf of Banel." Thus filled with animation, the "Ports" of France met with great success when they appeared; and this success was increased when Louis XV., after speaking of them in terms of the highest praise, remarked with shameless *nonchalance*, that "the only ships in France now, are those in Vernet's pictures."

On returning to his landscapes and marine-pieces, Vernet again found all the fire of his genius. His famous "Tempest" (p. 57), engraved in so admirable and finished a manner by Bulechou, spread his reputation through Europe. The Czarina wished for some of his pictures to decorate her private gallery of the Hermitage, into which the sensual Empress allowed nothing but paintings and love to enter. And when the prince of the Asturias was preparing for himself a mysterious retreat, beneath the shades of a valley in the environs of the Escorial, he wished to have the panels of his rooms painted by Vernet, and sent him the dimensions of them to enable him to execute them. The Marquis of Lansdowne purchased a "Shipwreck" by Vernet, which sold at the sale of his lordship's pictures for 145 guineas. But the most charming productions of Vernet were to be found in France, in the possession of Diderot and of Madame Geoffrin, and in the celebrated cabinet of the Duc de Choiseul. "The Bathers" (p. 53), which was sold at the sale of the Duc de Choiseul's pictures for £238, is a delicious painting, far *anterior* to the sweetest productions of Poussin. Some rocks which are kept upright by leaning against each other, have formed a natural grotto, which affords the women a retreat full of mystery and coolness. On seeing these voluptuous creatures, who, as they think they are unperceived, fearlessly abandon themselves to the caresses of the rippling waves, one would at first imagine it was Calypso surrounded in her grotto by her nymphs; but the female attendant, with a basket of wine and fruit, reminds you that it is a Calypso of every-day life, that her nymphs have come from the neighbouring town, and that they will soon be troubled, not by the arrival of Telemachus and Mentor, but by the deriding remarks of some young urchins from Marseilles, who are perceived at a distance in boats on the shore.

Vernet's figures may be blamed for one defect, and that is, their being generally lighted by a special light, narrow enough to allow of the model of the breast, the shoulders, and the naked legs being brought prominently out. It appears as if the general light of the picture was not sufficient for him, and that he kept in reserve a particular ray for the purpose of bringing out the figures of the ground; but the eye of the spectator, entirely taken up by the shipwreck, does not remark these *ruces* and imperfections, which, however, lend a great degree of piquancy to the work, and cause the figures to stand prominently forth, in a manner admirably in keeping with the place they occupy in the talent of the painter and the sympathies of the beholder. Sometimes, too, the never-varying costume of his fishermen is out of place; this is the case, for instance, when he represents the shores of Greece, and different views in the East, on which occasions Chardin's "Mancos" and Greuze's "Loinette" are met, side by side, in the same scenes as the Sultana of the "Arabian Nights" and Louthorbec's "Armenian."

No one, we think, ever surpassed Vernet in the art of composition. At first sight, the spectator would be inclined to assert that, viewing by mere chance vessels, towers, old trees, and rocks, Vernet painted them in the same confusion in which they were presented to his gaze; but, if we analyse the composition, it is easy to see that the lines are perfectly balanced, that the groups answer to one another, that the masses are skillfully calculated, and that, in the midst of apparent disorder, the painter has assigned to each different object the most favourable position as regards the satisfaction of the spectator's eye and the general plan of the picture. How happy is he in the composition of his marine pieces! See, for instance, in "The Tempest" (p. 57), immortalised by Bulechou's graver, how well the strange-looking rocks on the left harmonise with the simple lines and the bold forms of the Roman buildings that extend into the sea itself! Is it not pleasing to behold the graceful acanthus, in all its mild, soft elegance, springing up between the fantastic rocks and the angry waves? How great, too, is the effect

invariably produced by the old trees, with their knotty, twisted, and shaken trunks, and which are placed in the positions they occupy, simply to show the violence of the wind! These trees have no leaves, save at the extremity of some of the branches, whither the sap still mounts, while their other limbs have been carried away by the force of the storm, or hang down from the trunk, almost snapped off and dead.

A curious anecdote is told of Balechou in connexion with one of Vernet's pictures, called "The Storm," and which the former had engraved. This engraving was much admired for the fluidity of the water, and the spirit of the figures. One hundred of the prints were assigned to an engraver in London, and part of them sold; but some persons having objected to the very clumsy manner in which a long dedication inscribed under the print, was written, Balechou said he would soon remedy that, and with his graver drew a number of black lines over the dedication, on the copper, so as, in some degree, to obliterate the words, and then sent a hundred impressions to England. All connoisseurs, however, soon discovered these to be "second impressions," and eagerly bought up the first; but no man of taste would look at a print with the lines. This mortified the English printseller, who wrote to the French engraver, and complained that he could not sell the second set for half price. "Morbien!" cried the Frenchman, "how whimsical these English *critiques* are! yet, they must be satisfied." He, therefore, set to work with his punch and hammer, and, having repaired the letters, sent out the print with the inscription apparently in its first state. A few of these were sold; but the imposition was soon discovered by the faintness of the impressions; and then those who did not possess the first impressions were glad to have the plate in the second, rather than the third state; so that nearly all the third set lay upon the hands of the printseller. This produced a complaint; and the complainant Frenchman, ever eager to satisfy his English customers, again punched out the lines, and brought the inscription to its second state.

Vernet has sometimes been reproached with certain inaccuracies in the disposition of his rigging. Even during his lifetime, the Abbé Leblanc, one of his great admirers, affecting, perhaps, a more profound knowledge of nautical matters than he really possessed, exposed some errors of this kind in the pictures which Joseph Vernet had just sent to the exhibition of 1748. "Words would not suffice us," says this keen critic, "if we endeavoured to bestow on the marine pieces of Monsieur Vernet all the praise which they deserve; of the four he exhibited, and which all are nearly equally fine, two in particular, the second of which represents a *moonlight*, in which the sea is covered with fishermen's boats, and which is rendered with great truth, have more especially attracted attention by their singular effects. Monsieur Vernet here shows in a very clear manner how different vessels may pursue different courses under the same wind; a circumstance which the spectator is enabled to comprehend very easily by noting how the sails are trimmed. However, there is one of the berks which he has not represented sufficiently inclined; I allude to that one which, in nautical phrase, is *hugging the wind*, and which does not *heel over* enough. However well a vessel may behave under sail, she is always more deeply immersed on the side to leeward than on the other." When persons speak of matters so important as the movements of a ship, it is doubtless allowable for them to avail themselves of all the knowledge they possess, and even to be severe in their judgment. But, although it may be true that our great marine painter laid himself sometimes open to criticisms of this description, it is certain that, by pushing this spirit of observation too far, the critic will become ridiculously minute. The end of the real painter is not this scrupulous exactness in the *rig* of a vessel. His object is to paint the terrible deep; and who, when contemplating a fine representation of a tempest, would ever think of the pulleys and gaskets? If Vernet now and then forgot some trifling details of the rigging, it was because his great wish, above every other, was not to sacrifice any of the boldness of his composition. In painting, truth in small things sometimes injures the effect of the great ones. The naval draughtsman, who draws the plans for a vessel about to be constructed on the stocks, is, doubtless, obliged to observe the necessary accuracy even in the smallest details, but the same obligation is not binding on the artist, whose object is to

move the human passions. Vernet's eye seized the general features with sufficient accuracy for a sailor, who can perceive things at a glance, to see what manœuvre the painter wished to depict; but he did not stop to count the nails, pegs, and other objects which artists of small talent have such satisfaction in painting, to the great detriment of the general effect of the whole mass.

Joseph Vernet died on the 3rd of December, 1789, at the Louvre, where the king had assigned him apartments.

Towards the end of his long and active life, which he had ever spent in a manner that did honour to himself and country, he began to fear that his well-earned pension would be stopped by the troubles arising in France; and as seventy-five years of age is rather too late a period for a man to take a very active part in national disputes, he meditated a retreat to England, which was, however, prevented by his death. Vernet left behind him two disciples, Lacroix and Volère, but the true inheritors of his talent were in his own family. That Diderot, who was a contemporary of Vernet, should have allowed himself to share in the inordinate enthusiasm then universal for the marine pieces of this great painter is easily comprehensible, especially when the writer is one so apt to become intoxicated with his own writings, and who criticises under the influence of passion, and makes reason subservient to poetry. But the feeling of admiration for Joseph Vernet which took such a hold on the eighteenth century, and which was expressed on every occasion by the great men of those times, from Voltaire to Laharpe, has come down to, and been sustained in, our own age. In spite of the excessive variation that public opinion has undergone with regard to painting, the school of David, which had a horror of every one who had ever held a pencil under Louis XV., and which included in its contempt even the inimitable Chardin—the school of David, we repeat, made an exception in favour of Vernet. Taillasson has written some eloquent pages, when speaking of this great artist. "He represented," says Taillasson, "better than any other painter the beautiful form of the clouds, those immense, light, dazzling, or dark bodies, those floating mountains, raised, overthrown, and dispersed by the wind. No one expresses, as he does, the raging of the fearful storm, by a sublime distribution of light and shade. Who, we ask, has lent, like him, beauty, grace, energy, and, so to speak, expression to the waves of the deep? If others have drawn all the ropes of a vessel, he alone has endowed them with soul. Their dismantled rigging, their shattered masts, their torn sails, and their melancholy fragments, are full of the most powerful interest. What palater of this style of picture has displayed in his works scenes of such truth and pathos? At one time painting the freshness and mild light of morning, he represents the sun starting from the bosom of the motionless sea; while at another he paints it descending into the waves, surrounded by gold and fire, and seeming at one and the same time to kindle into flames the earth, the heavens, and the sea! Sometimes, again, he shows it almost invisible beneath a thick fog, which lends nature a new sort of interest by scarcely allowing her to be perceived. Fires in the middle of the night—those ravishing, painful, and horrible sights, especially in a storm—have been rendered by him with frightful truth. Oftentimes he depicts the moon shining upon the placid scene below; and the watch-fire, lighted by the sailors, form a striking contrast to her silvery rays. It is delightful to see them playing on the sombre immensity of the waves; the spectator feels a pleasure in discovering, in the distance, ambitious mortals in frail vessels, traversing the universe in the midst of the silence of the night. Although these pictures of tempests must be ranked as his most sublime efforts, he has also painted some admirable views of the sea becalmed, at different hours of the day. Sometimes these views represent an arm of the sea, whose azure waves are cradled, all sparkling, in the midst of a delicious landscape; sometimes they portray the tranquil sea, ploughed by vessels urged forward by a light breeze; or else some peaceful shore, on which happy fishermen, in the midst of their easy labour, seem to be singing the praises of love and liberty." It was thus that Vernet was appreciated long after his decease, for at the period when Taillasson wrote these lines, a great revolution had taken place in painting as well as in politics. At the present day, all great foreign nations still place Vernet in the first rank. He him-

self, however, pronounced judgment on himself. The sentence deserves to be preserved, for it is a noble one. Comparing himself to the great painters, his rivals, he says :—"If you ask me whether I painted skies better than such and such an artist, I should answer 'No!' or figures better than any one else, I should also say 'no!' or trees and landscapes better than others, still I should answer 'no!' or fogs, water, and vapours better than others, my answer would ever be the same; but though inferior to each of them in *one branch of the art, I surpass them in all the others.*"

In speaking of Joseph Vernet, Chalmers says: "His works will live as long as those of any artist of his day. In a light and airy management of his landscape, in a deep and tender diminution of his perspective, in the clear transparent hue of the sky, liquid appearance of the water, and the buoyant air of the vessels which

Joseph Vernet is one of the most fertile painters of the French school. He enjoys, with his illustrious countrymen, Claude Lorraine and Nicholas Poussin, the privilege of figuring in nearly all the public picture-galleries of Europe, and of there maintaining the brilliancy of French genius by the side of the greatest masters of Italy and of Holland.

Mention is made of more than 200 landscapes or marine pieces in the "Catalogue Raisonné du Cabinet d'Estampes de Brandes," compiled by Huber.

More than fifty engravers have been employed to reproduce with their burin the works of this painter. Among those who have understood and rendered his genius the best, are two female artists, Anne Conlet and Madame Lemperren; J. J. Avril, endowed with superior talent for rendering the motion and waves of the sea;



THE BATHEES.—FROM A PAINTING BY JOSEPH VERNET.

he depicted, he had few superiors. In small figures employed in dragging off a boat, rigging a ship, or carrying goods from the quay to a warehouse, or any other employment which required action, he displayed most uncommon knowledge, and gave them with such spirit (though sometimes a little in the French fluttered style), as has never been equalled by any man except our most excellent Mortimer; and to be the inferior to Mortimer in that line is no dishonour. It has been the lot of every painter who ever lived, and will probably be the lot of all who ever will live. He carried that branch of the art to its highest degree of perfection. As a proof what estimation he was held in, it may be mentioned that two of his pictures were purchased by Madame du Barry for two thousand pounds sterling. It was said of him, that his genius knew neither infancy nor old age.

Bertrand, Veirrotter, Daudet, W. Byrné and the elegant Jacques Allamet, Longueil, Berardi, Le Gouas, Cathelin, the skilful De Marcenay, J. Ouvrier, Andler, Bazan, Charray, Parbony, Maillet, Guyot, Lameau, Devilliers, Hermann, Portier, Marchand, Cochis, and Lelas, to whom we owe the fifteen "Scaports of France," painted by Vernet, by order of Louis XV.; Belle, Flipart, whose facile talent as readily reproduced a raging sea by Vernet, as it did a tranquil scene by Greuze; Palamucci, Masquelier, the celebrated Woollett, Helman, Charpentier, Chéreau, Nicolet, De Flumet, N. Dufour; and, perhaps before all, Halcion, the celebrated engraver of "The Storm," "The Calm," and "The Bathers."

Like all great painters, Joseph Vernet did not entirely confine himself to painting: he has left a few etchings, executed with the same spirit and facility which he employed in his paintings—they

consist of:—"A Landscape, with a Bridge, and part of a Village;" "A Shepherd seated by the side of a Shepherdess, and playing the Bagpipes;" "A View of a Market-place;" "A Canal bordered by steep Rocks, with Fishermen;" "A Sea-shore, with Figures." All these plates are very rare, and are marked at the bottom with *Joseph Vernet, fecit*.

By taking a survey of the different public picture-galleries, we shall be enabled to form a pretty correct catalogue of his paintings, for there are but very few in private collections.

The Museum of the Louvre has the twenty-seven pictures it contains of this master hung round one of its chambers, in the middle of which is a white marble bust of Joseph Vernet on a pedestal. We must, first of all, mention the fifteen "Sea-ports of France," which were valued, under the Restoration, at £15,000. The most remarkable are:—"The View of the Entrance to the

Vernet: "A View of Rome, taken from the Banks of the Tiber, near the Castle of St. Angelo, and the Church of St. Peter."

The Pinakothek of Munich contains ten pictures by Joseph Vernet, among which are: "A Morning;" "Ruins of the Imperial Palace at Rome, by Sunset;" "A Maritime Town in Flames, by Night;" "The Sunrise, Calm Weather;" "A Tempest;" and "A Thick Fog."

The National Gallery of London possesses "A Seaport," containing a large number of figures, bequeathed by Mr. Simmons in 1846.

In the Dulwich Gallery is "A Marine Piece, with Vessels."

The Hermitage of St. Petersburg possesses six pictures by Vernet: namely, "A Landscape;" "A Shipwreck;" "A Marine Piece, Morning;" "A Fine Night at Sea;" "A Seaport," seen through an arch of rocks; and "A Mountain on the Sea-shore."



THE TEMPEST.—FROM A PAINTING BY JOSEPH VERNET.

Port of Marseilles," valued, under the empire, in 1810, at £960; "View of the Interior of the same City," of a like value to the former; "The View of Toulon," valued at £720; "The View of the Old Port of Toulon," valued at £800; "The Port of Bordeaux," of equal value; "The Port of Cette," valued at £600; "The Port of La Rochelle," valued at £960; and "The View of the City and Port of Dieppe," valued at £800.

After the above pictures, come "A Marine Piece by Sunset in Misty Weather," valued at £320; "A Marine Piece," valued at £600; "A Marine Piece by Moonlight," valued at £320; "A Tempest," valued at £480; "A Calm by Sunset, valued at £320; "A Marine Piece, Morning," valued at £326; and six others, valued at £60, £80, £160, and £240.

The Gallery of Vienna possesses but one picture by Joseph

The Royal Museum of Berlin contains "A Marine Piece."

The Royal Museum of Madrid contains "A View of a Large Rock," cut into arcades, through which is seen the sea, where there is a boat with men in it; "A Landscape;" "A Mountainous Country, traversed by a River;" "A Landscape, by Sunset;" and a picture, representing children running after a kite in the fields.

In the rich Gallery of Florence, the French master is represented by two pictures; namely, "A Cascade," with fishermen at the foot of it; and "A Tempest."

Rath's Museum at Geneva contains "A Storm, by Sunset;" and "A Storm, by Moonlight, on the Shores of the Mediterranean."

We will now take a survey of the museums of the departments of France:—

The Museum of Nantes possesses five pictures by Vernet: namely,



"A Marine Piece," a view between two rocks, in the style of Salvator Rosa; "A Gale;" "A View of a Port in the Mediterranean, by Sunset;" the same view, by sunrise; and a small marine piece.

In the Museum of Rouen there are three pictures: namely, "Stormy Weather;" "A Tranquil Landscape;" and "A Marine Piece."

The Museum of Lille contains "A Marine Piece, by Sunset."

The Museum of Montpellier contains "A Landscape," signed and dated 1774; "A Tempest;" and two marine pieces.

The Museum of Grenoble contains "A Marine Piece, representing the Effect of Fog," dated 1764.

The Museum of Lyons possesses "A View taken on the Shores of the Mediterranean."

Joseph Vernet's pictures are rare in private collections; we are, however, acquainted with five very remarkable ones in the possession of M. Delessert, the banker, at Paris. They are: "A Rainbow," from the Toulon collection; "The Entrance to a Port," from the gallery of Comte Perregaux; "A Cascade, with an Aqueduct," signed 1759; and "A Cascade" and "A Landscape," both of which formerly belonged to the collection of M. Silvestre.

In the Borgheze Palace at Rome there are eight landscapes, or marine pieces, by Vernet.

In the house of the Prince de Lichtenstein, at Vienna, there are also some fine compositions by the same artist.

Count Cernin, of the same city, likewise possesses a large marine piece.

We will now acquaint the reader with some of the prices fetched, at public sales, by Joseph Vernet's pictures:—

At the sale of M. de Julienne's pictures, in 1767, "A Seaport," engraved by J. Daulé, fetched £156 12s., and "A View of Tivoli," containing eight figures, was sold for £106.

At the sale of M. de Laive de Jully's collection, in 1770, "The End of a Storm at Sea," and "The View of the Port of Civita Vecchia," fetched £200 0s. 10d.; and "A Moonlight," engraved by De Marcenay de Gihuy, was knocked down for £20.

At the Duke de Choiseul's sale, in 1772, "The Bathers," which has been reproduced in this work, and which is one of the finest of Vernet's pictures, was sold for £238.

At the Lemercœur sale, in 1773, "A Boisterous Sea," engraved by Le Veau, fetched £80; and a picture, representing "Mountains lighted up by the setting Sun," engraved by Daudet, was sold for a similar sum.

At M. de Blondel de Gagny's sale, in 1776, "A Marine Piece" was knocked down for £48 16s.

At the sale of the Prince de Conty, in 1777, "The Bathers," which came from the cabinet of the Duke de Choiseul, was sold for £204; "The Castle of St. Angelo," with two men in a boat in the foreground, and three others on a rock spreading nets; and "The View of the Ponte Riatto," which contains several houses, and three men fishing with a line, and which is the companion to the preceding picture, fetched £208; two marine pieces, full of vessels, were sold for £256; "A Moonlight," engraved by De Marcenay de Gihuy, fetched £29 6s.; two small marine pieces and landscapes, painted on copper, were sold for £81 0s. 10d.; and "A City on Fire, by Moonlight," fetched £61.

At M. Randon de Boisset's sale, in 1777, "A View of the City of Avignon, from the Rhone," was sold for £200 all but a son; "A Tempest" and "A Calm," both containing a great many figures, fetched £341 12s.; and "Morning" and "Noon," painted in very small dimensions on copper, and engraved by Aliamet, were sold for £160.

Joseph Vernet has signed his etchings *Joseph Vernet, fecit*; and almost all his paintings in the manner indicated by the *fac simile* to the right. To the left, we reproduce his signature, as it appears on the books of the Academy of which he was a member.

*Cherney*

*J. Vernet S*

## CAIN.

A TALE OF THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERY.

I HAD already made some progress in the study of painting, when I went over, about sixteen years ago, to France, for the purpose of self-improvement amid the priceless treasures of art amassed in queenly Paris.

For some weeks after my arrival I roamed from gallery to gallery, from church to church—dreaming, hoping, worshipping. I spent long days in the Louvre. To me it was a sacred, almost an awful place; and I well remember how I often stood gazing into the golden glooms of a Rembrandt, or lost myself amid the classic groves and airy distances of a Claude, till the quick tears of boyish enthusiasm blinded the picture from my sight.

It was strange, but I allowed almost a month to pass away before I visited the collection at the Luxembourg. Many events combined to occasion this delay. My lodgings were situated in a street branching off the Boulevard Montmartre, quite at the north of Paris, and consequently distant enough from the palace of Marie de' Medici; I had seen the Louvre first, and there was a daily fascination in its portals that I could not resist; I was devoted to the old school of painting, and I knew that the Luxembourg was principally filled with the works of modern artists; in short, it was only by resolutely appointing a day in my own mind that I at last accomplished what I felt to be a visit of duty. I went to Paris with the intention of copying some of the masterpieces of ancient art there assembled; but as yet I had not touched a pencil. Oppressed with the splendour of the Grand Musée, I had wandered from painting to painting, unable to choose where everything was perfection. Now I resolved upon "La Belle Jardinière" of Raffaele; now I was tempted by the youthful beauty of the conquering David, and again by the marvellous grouping and the vivid life of the "Nessus and Dejanira" of Guido. Sometimes a painting of the Italian, and sometimes one of the Flemish school reigned paramount—but only for a day.

I was in this state of luxurious, indolent uncertainty, when one superb morning in June I visited the gallery of the Luxembourg. There had been rain, and the bright drops were yet glittering on the flowers and quivering on the broad leaves of the anemias. The sky was blue and sunny overhead; the dancing fountains, the graceful statues—white among the trees—the glass dome of the Observatoire, and the stately summit of the Invalides, all looked glad and golden in the radiant summer light, as I entered from the Rue de Vaugirard and turned reluctantly from the sight of so much joyousness and beauty into the low portal leading to the upper apartments of the palace. Listlessly I passed through the first of these, pausing but briefly now and then before some of the more striking works of Delaroche or Vernet. At last, in an obscure corner of a small and ill-lighted room, my eyes fell upon a picture that completely riveted my attention. The subject was, "Cain after the Murder of Abel;" the artist's name, Camille Prévost. Never shall I forget the sensations with which I first beheld that dark and fearful painting, or the haunting expression stamped upon the haggard countenance of the world's first fratricide. He stood upon a bold massy rock forming the brink of a precipice. His head was partly turned, and his wild guilty stare fixed full upon me. The red sun was setting behind a gloomy forest on the horizon; the sky was blood-like, and its sanguine hues were reflected in a copper-coloured glare upon the stagnant ocean far away; a glittering snake was gliding beneath a group of loathsome weeds in the foreground; and a distant vulture hovering in the air seemed to scent the first outpouring of human blood.

But the design, powerful as it was, formed the least part of the picture. There was a wondrous unity, an atmosphere of death and crime, about it that fascinated me with horror. There was a look, almost of madness, in the ghastly face of Cain, the drops of agony seemed starting on his brow, his tangled locks were knotted like the serpents of the Medusa, and an unearthly meaning in the dilated pupils of his eyes appeared to tell of some strange vision passing before them.

The very sun looked thick and lifeless—the distant trees were like funeral plumes.

How long I remained there I know not; but four o'clock came,

the notice for withdrawal was uttered by the guardians, and I was still standing before the picture.

When I went out, the bright glory of the summer afternoon offended my eyes—I chose a shady avenue amid the trees, and there paced to and fro, still thinking of it. Evening came; I went into a neighbouring restaurateur's, but I had no appetite for the dinner placed before me—I stepped into one of the theatres, but the laughter, the music, the lights, were all insupportable to me—I went home to my books, but I could not read—to bed, but sleep forsook me.

All night the picture was before me, and early the next morning I found myself again at the entrance to the palace. I came too early, and I paced about with feverish impatience till the hour of admittance. Once more I spent the entire day before the painting—I resolved to copy it. The next day was occupied in the purchases necessary for my task, and a week elapsed before I was able to commence; but in the meantime I had paid many visits to the gallery.

Once established there with my easel, I became utterly absorbed in the subject. I got the general effect in the first few days, but I longed to reach that point of finish when the nameless expression of the whole should be my employment.

Gradually, this picture acquired over me a strange mysterious power; I began to dread it, and yet I felt how impossible it would be for me to leave it. Weeks passed on, and I was sensible of a great alteration in myself. My youthful gaiety of heart, my ambition, my peace of mind was gone. My health suffered—I lost appetite and rest. My nerves were painfully overwrought; I started at the slightest sound, and trembled at the merest excitement. Excepting while in the very act of painting, my hand had lost its steadiness and my eye its certainty. I could not endure even the light of a candle unshaded, and was not able to pour out a glass of water without spilling it.

This was but the first stage of my disease. The second was still more distressing. A morbid fascination now seemed to bind me to the picture. My identity of being became merged in the canvas, and I felt as if I could no longer live away from it. Cain came to me as a living man, or something more than man, having possession of my will, and transfixing me with the bright horror of his eyes. At night, when the gallery was closed, I used to linger round the precincts of the palace; and when at last, worn with mental and physical fatigue, I went home and tried to sleep, I lay awake and restless all the long night; or, starting from visions of the picture, woke but to dream again.

Let it not be supposed that I yielded myself a willing victim to this mental suffering. Far from it. I strove to subdue, to fight against it. I wrestled with my delusion, I reasoned, I combated, but in vain. It was too strong for me alone, and I had no friend, not even an acquaintance in whom I could confide, in all that city. I was young—I was imaginative—I was impressionable—the place was new, and the language all around was foreign to my ears. I might die, and there would be none to weep for me. I might go mad—ah! that was the thing I dreaded—thither I was tending—what should I do? Write to my friends in England? Impossible, for of what disease could I complain? I might leave Paris! Alas! my power of volition was gone. I was the slave of the picture, and though it were death, I felt I must remain.

Matters were at this crisis—and I devoutly believe that my reason was tottering fast—when a young man, somewhat older than myself, took his station in the same room, and began copying an altar-piece at a short distance from me. His presence gave me great uneasiness; I was no longer alone with my task, and I dreaded interruption. At first he seemed disposed to open an acquaintance with me, but my evident disinclination repulsed his advances, and our civilities were soon limited to a bow of recognition on entering or leaving the room.

He was very quiet, and respected my taciturnity, so I shortly ceased even to remember that he was in the same apartment. I may observe that his name was M. Achille Désiré Leroy.

It were useless, as well as painful, for me to analyse more minutely the monomania that possessed me. Each day it became less endurable, and each day found me more than ever incapable of resistance. The whole thing wears now, in my memory, the aspect

of a dream—long, terrible, vivid, but still a dream. Even while subjected to it, I felt as one walking in sleep.

At last the time came when I could no longer bear it. It was a dark, oppressive day; and a tempest seemed brooding in the air. The atmosphere of the gallery was warm and close—the bright, bright eyes of Cain seemed to eat into my soul; I felt suffocating; my head ached; my brain was wildly throbbing; my fingers refused to obey; and my pencil fell upon the floor.

I staggered back, dropped into a chair, and, uttering a suppressed groan, covered my face with my hands.

A light touch on my shoulder roused me. It was M. Leroy. "Come, mon ami," he said in a compassionate tone, "you are not well, and a turn in the gardens below will restore you. Here is your hat; now take my arm, and let us go."

I was passive as a child, and did as he desired. He led me out among the trees, and sought a bench in a retired spot, where we sat down. I had not yet spoken; and after a few moments' pause, he began.

"I have been observing you," he said, "for some days; and I see that you need a change of occupation. That picture of Prévost's is not a very lively subject for a nervous man to work upon, and it has a bad effect upon you. Take my advice, Monsieur B—, and give it up."

"Alas," I said, hopelessly, "I cannot!"

"Cannot? Ah, my dear sir, that is a delusion. A man *can* do anything he wills. There is nothing impossible in art or science. There is no difficulty, real or imaginary, physical or moral, which can long maintain its ground against *resolution*. A resolution, Monsieur, is the most powerful agent in the world."

"No," I said, "there is something more powerful still."

"And that is—"

"Fate."

My companion laughed aloud. A bright, cheery, ringing laugh, such as I used to utter myself two months previously.

"Very well," he said, holding out his hand to me with an air of cordial kindness that was quite irresistible; "I will be your fate, and I will not loose my hold upon you till I accomplish your cure. It is of no avail to refuse the services of your doctor—remember, he is your fate; and against that, you confess, it is useless to strive."

He rose, and making me take his arm, walked briskly into a neighbouring thoroughfare. Then he called a fiacre, drove to the Boulevard des Italiens, and, taking me into one of the most brilliant *cafés* of that quarter, ordered a somewhat extravagant repast to be served.

"A generous diet is your best medicine," he said gaily, as he filled the sparkling champagne, and nodded my health.

Well, he would not permit me to bear the least share of the expense; but when seven o'clock arrived, he insisted on my accompanying him to the Théâtre Gymnase; thence we returned to my apartments, where he left me, announcing his intention of visiting me early the next morning.

I slept better than I had done for many months, and had but just risen the following day when M. Leroy arrived. He had an overcoat on his arm and a small carpet-bag in his hand.

"Good morning, M. B—," he said, as pleasantly as ever; "are you ready to start?"

"Perfectly," I replied; "but may I ask where to?"

"Certainly. To Melun, first of all, and then to Fontainebleau. We shall be absent about eight or ten days; and at the end of that time, Monsieur B—, —by the way, what is your Christian name?"

"Frank," I replied; "but really I—"

"By the end of that time, as I was observing, Frank, we shall both be the better for our journey, as regards health and spirits."

"Upon my word, M. Leroy, I am afraid—"

"Come, come, Frank," interrupted my new friend, not suffering me to remonstrate, "we must really lose no time in talking. The train starts at ten o'clock, and you have not anything packed. Where is your carpet-bag?"

And thus, hurried out of my resolution and self-possession, I found myself in the course of half an hour on the road to Fontainebleau, and inextricably captured by my "Fate."

We went, as he had proposed, to Melun; and from thence proceeded on foot to Fontainebleau, where we remained for more than

a week, visiting the splendours of the palace; wandering for long days in the vast forest, and sketching the ravines, valleys, and tree-clad slopes, in which that most picturesque region is so abundant. Here we saw the Weeping Rock, and had a picnic at the Hermitage of Franchard. In short, at the end of ten days we turned towards home; and when we entered Paris, laden with plants, crystals, and sketches, I was perfectly recovered.

The next day we went to the Luxembourg together. The picture had lost its terrible fascination for me; but I shuddered once more as I stood before it.

"Decidedly, Frank, this 'Cain' is not good for you," said my companion, who was attentively regarding me. "Let us both go to the Louvre and copy Titian's 'Mistress.' Nothing could be a finer study. You shall entrust me with the sale of your copy from Prévost; and if you follow my advice, you will never look at either of them again. I will send a porter to-morrow for our property, and there will be an end of the whole. Now, come out with me into the gardens, and I will tell you something about this picture, and why I was so resolute to tear you away from it."

beautiful, and possessed a considerable dowry. She was an orphan, and shared her home with an aunt, who was sufficiently advanced in life to act as her chaperone. Camille Prévost was a proud man, and one who could not endure to owe all to the bounty of a wife. He avowed his love, was favourably received, and resolving to make at least some name, and to render himself worthy of the lady's hand and fortune, he left Paris for Rome, and there applied himself so sedulously to his art, that he carried off not only several prizes from the Italian academies, but, on forwarding to Paris a painting of especial merit, he obtained the title of Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

"When he received intelligence of this distinction, he returned.

"Those who knew him in Rome said, that reserved and taciturn as he was, the arrival of this news seemed to overwhelm him with joy. He gave a farewell entertainment to his fellow-students, and was, for the first time in his life, hospitable, and almost cordial. Before a fortnight had elapsed he was in Paris; but if his absence had been fortunate in one way, it had been fatal in another; if he had gained fame, he had lost happiness.



ITALIAN WORKWOMEN.—FROM A PAINTING BY JOSEPH VERNET.

We went out. He chose a pleasant seat beneath the trees, in front of the principal fountain, and thus began:

"Camille Prévost was the younger of two brothers—I knew both intimately—and their father was a *négociant* of moderate fortune. He died; and following the dictates of an unjust partiality, left everything in the hands of Hippolyte, the elder brother; so that Camille had to depend entirely upon his profession as an artist. Neither of them were amiable men. Hippolyte was an excellent man of business, prudent, cold, crafty—Camille was sullen, violent in temper, and somewhat of a misanthrope. After the death of old Prévost I seldom visited Hippolyte; and had I not met Camille almost daily in the Louvre and at the École des Beaux Arts, I have little doubt that our acquaintance would altogether have ceased. Unlovable as he was, Camille could love, and that passionately. Men of his disposition love but once—they are frequently jealous, exacting, even harsh to the objects of their attachment; but the feeling has its roots in the inmost depths of their being. The lady on whom Camille centred his affections was by birth a cousin, and by chance a neighbour. Mademoiselle Dumescnil was remarkably

"Mademoiselle Dumescnil was married to his brother.

"Totally unprepared for the blow, he had hastened to her *hôtel* immediately upon his arrival. He asked for Mademoiselle Dumescnil, and was told that Madame Prévost was within. He entered, and found her in her boudoir reading the last new novel by Dumas, with his brother, in his dressing-gown and slippers, sipping his morning chocolate at the opposite side of the table. Hippolyte had played his cards well, and while Camille was toiling day and night in his Roman *atelier*, the more fortunate and less scrupulous elder had stepped in, and borne away the bride and her twenty thousand livres of dowry.

"The lady received him as if there had never been any affection or understanding between them. Hippolyte affected to welcome his brother with delight, and pressed him to make the *Hôtel Prévost* his home whenever he was in Paris. Camille disguised his rage and disappointment under an impenetrable mask of silent politeness. He neither wept nor stormed. He was outwardly cold and cynical as ever, and did not betray by word or glance the passions that were boiling at his heart. When he withdrew, after

a brief stay of scarcely half an hour, Monsieur and Madame Prévost flattered themselves that he had forgotten all the circumstances of his early passion.

"Three years' travel and application, *ma chère*," said the husband, as he put on his gloves for his daily ride in the Bois de Boulogne, 'make wonderful havoc in a lover's memory.'

About a week afterwards the body of M. Prévost was found murdered in one of the retired *contre-allées* of the wood, with his horse standing beside him. He had been shot through the head.

No suspicion attached to any one—there were no traces of the assassin—the police were completely baffled in their investigations, and after a while the event was forgotten. Camille, who had inherited the bulk of his brother's property, continued to follow his profession with great industry, and many said that he would now, in all probability be united to the fair and wealthy widow; but no, he never re-entered the Hôtel Prévost, and it was at

of nervous terror, at which times he would scream aloud, as if unable to bear the sight of the painting, and once or twice was discovered insensible at the foot of the easel. His servant, on one of these occasions, called in the assistance of a medical man, who, on the artist's recovery, endeavoured, but without avail, to induce him to desist from art for awhile, and try the effect of change of air and scene. Camille, with the fatal obstinacy of his disposition, refused to listen, and treated the doctor with so much rudeness that the visit was repeated no more.

"At last the painting was finished, and has since obtained a place on the walls of the Luxembourg. Doubtless, it will one day—to use the words of the catalogue—receive a last and honourable asylum in the galleries of the Louvre, where it will take a place beside its illustrious predecessors, and continue the History of French Art."

"But the artist!" I exclaimed, when Leroy had finished speaking; "what became of the artist?"



VIEW OF PAUSILIPPO.—FROM A PAINTING BY JOSEPH VEREL.

last rainoured that he had made a vow to see and speak with her no more.

About this time he began his last and finest painting—'Cain, after the murder of Abel.' It is not necessary for me to describe to you the merits of this wonderful composition, for you, Frank, of all men, except the artist, can best appreciate them.

Ever since his return from Italy, Camille Prévost had sunk deeper and deeper into a dark and sullen melancholy. He had always been misanthropic, but now he seemed to shun all contact with his fellow-creatures. He was never seen to cross the threshold of his door, and it was said that he worked all day and nearly all night upon his picture; and during this time his despondency increased continually. People said that the murder of his brother had given a painful shock to his feelings; but whether it was so, or whether the fearful subject, and still more fearful working up of the 'Cain,' dwelt too forcibly upon his imagination, as in your case, I cannot tell. At all events, he became subject to paroxysms

We had some little time since risen from our seat in the gardens, and were now walking arm-in-arm through some of the quiet old-fashioned streets of the Faubourg St. Germain. As I spoke we arrived just in front of the heavy wooden gates of a large private mansion in the Rue de Mont Parnasse. To my surprise Leroy, without replying to my question, raised the heavy knocker, and on the *coquercy* presenting himself in answer to his summons, we were instantly admitted.

Leroy seemed known to all there, for when we met a plainly-dressed livery-servant in the courtyard, the man touched his hat and conveyed for some moments in an under tone with my companion. He then proceeded as up the steps and into the house, where we were received by an elderly gentleman dressed in a complete suit of black, who shook hands politely with Leroy, and desired the servant to conduct the gentlemen to the east wing.

Everything in this house seemed so silent and oppressive that

even Leroy's usual spirits had forsaken him. Since we had reached the door he had not addressed a single word to me, and something appeared to restrain me from even repeating my unanswered question.

The servant led us, silently and swiftly, through several long corridors, and stopped at last before a door thickly clamped with iron. I had observed in this gallery that the doors were all secured in a similar manner.

He drew a key from his pocket, unlocked it, and motioned us to enter. We were in a small sitting-room, neatly but plainly furnished. There was a bookcase at one end and an easel with a half-finished painting (a wretched fantastic droll, by the way) at the other. The window, like the door, was secured with iron bars.

There were strange sounds in the inner room, I thought, as our guide, still pressing us, went over and entered.

A strange sight, though, met my eyes when I followed him. A raving madman strapped upon a bed, cursing the attendant by his side, laughing, yelling, and crying aloud that *he, he* was Cain, and the murderer of his brother!

"There is the artist, Frank," said Leroy, pointing to the bed, "there is Camille Prévost. This is one of his violent moods. That fatal picture drove one painter mad, my poor boy, and I was determined that it should not do so by another."

"But did he really murder his brother!" I asked, as I turned away pale and shuddering.

"God only knows," said my friend, solemnly, "and He alone can judge the culprit now. Jealousy is a dreadful passion. Pray to Him that you may never know its misery."

## THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

AMONGST the few honourable exceptions which Mr. Ruskin allows to his severe but just animadversions on "Modern Painters," the painters in water-colours occupy a front place. As a body, he declares they are truthful to nature, careful and loving in their treatment, and *learned* in their work; and few who have seen the exhibition this year will dissent from that great critic on art.

That which people understand, even partially, will always be a favourite with them. "A little learning" is, to the public, by no means "a dangerous thing." The science of phrenology, the bare rudiments of which are easy of acquisition, will always have its disciples and admirers, whilst more abstruse and useful sciences are neglected; and the recent "revelation" of table-turning or spirit-rapping required so little learning to turn or rap, that in every family a professor was found. Hence, without any disparagement to the peculiar vehicle, water-colour painting is more admired, because more understood, amongst the middle and upper classes, than the more imperishable and difficult art in oils. Most young ladies, whether with taste or not, have attempted at school crude landscapes, after the lithographs of Fielding, or brilliant flowers, a long way after nature. The practice, contemptible as it is (and few can sufficiently reprobate the manner in which "art" is taught in academies for either sex) gives the learner a sufficient insight to make them admire those professors who are not. Hence the number of real students, if one may call them so, in a water-colour gallery is considerably larger than in one devoted to oil paintings; but the casual visitors and sight-seers are proportionally less.

The Old Society of Artists in Water-colours consists of twenty-seven gentlemen and of five ladies, who are members, and of seventeen associate exhibitors. The society was instituted in the year 1804; the present exhibition is therefore the fiftieth. As the number of pictures exhibited amounts to three hundred and fifty-six, we must in our cursory notice omit many which are excellent and most worthy; but our readers will probably excuse us on account of the exigencies of space.

(No. 6), "The Rosary," by John Gilbert, is amongst the first which arrest the visitor; an upturned head of a girl, praying, with a rosary in her hand, is the subject of the picture; the treatment reminding us very much of Sir Joshua, and the touch is so firm and solid, that one might mistake the picture for a study in oil rather than in water-colours.

(No. 11), "The Foxglove," by J. P. Naftel, is a careful study of the flower named, exceedingly true to nature.

(No. 14), "The Val St. Nicolas," by T. M. Richardson, is a very beautiful landscape. The middle distance is well managed, and the heads of the mountains lost in the sky are very finely painted.

(No. 16), "A Scene on the River Conway," by C. Branwhite, is a beautiful bit of scenery; pure, English, and refreshing.

(No. 18), "Hudibras and Ralph in the Stocks," by John Gilbert, will have been made already familiar to the reader by the copy upon wood, drawn by the same artist, and engraved for a pictorial contemporary. But the printing-ink and the burin of the engraver cannot render the exceeding beauty of colour, and the truth and feeling shown in the rendering of the ivy-covered wall and the foliage of the trees. The faces of Hudibras and Ralph are admirable; the dejection of knight and squire being, however, scarcely humorous enough. Gilbert does not succeed well in comedy.

(No. 19), "The Cliffs of Folkestone," by Copley Fielding, is a fine picture, breezy, and full of air and atmosphere; the distance is especially natural. It is common with all this artist's productions, is sad. The possessor of such a picture is to be congratulated.

(No. 23), "Scarborough," by C. Bentley, is an admirable sea-view. The water is motive, deep, and excellently rendered. The scene in the middle distance is, however, too crowded, without being sufficiently busy.

(No. 25), by the same artist as No. 18, previously noticed, is worthy of much praise.

(No. 31), "Evangeline at Prayer," by Joseph Jenkins, is a very pure and natural illustration of Longfellow's admirable pastoral. The figure of Evangeline, in a devotional attitude, is carefully studied and very finely painted.

(No. 34), "The Drug Bazaar, Constantinople," by John Gilbert, is the fruit of that artist's recent visit to the East. The picture bears the impress of being painted on the spot. Turkish women, merchants, and priests, wander through the sombre court. The dresses are accurate and well drawn, the feeling for the subject is very apparent, and the treatment in Gilbert's peculiar style.

Another sketch from Constantinople, by the same artist (No. 137), "A Turkish Water-carrier," is a fine study of a head in a green turban, very much resembling one of Rembrandt in its colour and treatment. The solid manner in which this artist paints, will be especially observable in the first picture, where the colour is laid on very thickly, so as to be perfectly opaque.

(No. 35), "Near Southend, Essex," and (No. 36), "Interior of a Barn, Kilton, near Bath," respectively by George Fripp and Mr. Rosenberg, are not only pleasing, but excellent specimens of the art.

(No. 43), "Eastgate Street, Chester; Autumnal Evening," by William Callow, is a very fine view of part of the ancient town. The foreground is especially worthy of remark.

(No. 52), "Carting Seaweed on the Coast of Guernsey," by E. Duncan, is a favourable specimen of an artist who has rendered himself famous for his marine pieces. The depth and motion in the water, and the colour in the sky, are very noticeable.

(No. 52), "An Interior of Broadwater Church, Sussex," by the celebrated artist of "The Mansions of England," is painted with all his excellence, but also with all his conventionalities. The great fault with this artist is, it seems to us, that his smoothness and finish are carried to such an extent, that his productions always remind one of lithographic drawings. Unfortunately, also, the peculiar brown tone of his interiors serves to keep up the idea.

(No. 54), "A Spanish Lady," by Nancy Kayner, is so pure in tone and vivid in colour, that it leaves little to be wished for, and that little might be expended on the drawing, the leg being too long from the hip to the patella. The face and bearing of the lady are both materially different from those given us by Mr. Hurlstone in his "Spanish Scenes," but yet bear evidence of equal truth.

(Nos. 60 and 63), "View of the South Downs, Sussex," and a View of the same district looking over the Weald, are both very fine specimens of the master, Copley Fielding. The air and breezy freshness of the scene are those so peculiar to English scenery, and which only a very great master in art could render as in these pictures.

(No. 64), "The Witch Acrasia Charming her Lover in the Bower of Bliss," is altogether weak in conception, and poor and puerile in



drawing, and does little credit to the name of the artist, J. Stephanoff. Very different is (No. 76), "Scotch Fern-gatherers," by Frederick Tayler, which is manly and bold in execution, and without any laboured finish, but which still has, when seen at a proper distance, all the smoothness of the finest and most delicate touches, and, at the same time, a firmness and roundness of contour which could not be obtained by great finish.

Mr. F. W. Topham (in No. 81) has departed from his usual Irish courtships, or peasant worshippers, and given us one of the results of his late visit to Spain, in "A Gipsy Festival at Grenada," so rendered that it makes us regret that Mr. Topham did not earlier seek distinction in this peculiar branch of the art.

(Nos. 82 and 83), by Karl Haas, "The Ruins of the Temple of Vesta, at Tivoli," and "The Royal Family ascending Losh-nagar," painted by the command of Prince Albert, are both remarkable paintings—the first for its artistic and poetic feeling, from which the extreme soberness of the sky somewhat detracts; and the second from the graceful way in which a conventional subject, abounding in studied attitudes and in modern costume, is treated by the painter. The royal party is on horseback, Prince Albert leading the van, the Prince of Wales and Princess Royal following, with their horses led by grooms; the Queen, with her attendants, followed by Highlanders carrying guns, etc., completes the group. The costume of the present day, mixed with the tartan, is not ungraceful; and the long folds of her Majesty's dress, her riding-hat, and veil, are so managed as to be almost as graceful as the Vandeyck habit. The heather and mountainous scenery are especially well painted; and the harmony of the group—youth, health, and beauty—would be complete, but for the peculiar cap worn by the Prince.

(No. 201), "Evening at Balmoral Castle—the Stags brought Home," painted by command of her Majesty, is the companion-picture to the foregoing, and is one of those records of a peaceful and happy life which her Majesty delights to treasure up. In this one Mr. Haas has been very successful. The Prince Consort, in a Highland dress, and embowered by exercise, is lying at the feet of her Majesty the spoils of his day's sport—two or three fine stags; whilst Highlanders, with lighted pine crests, throw a rich and rubby glare over the group—over her Majesty in white satin, graceful and beautiful on her matronly form—on the young princes and the attendant ladies—and on the somewhat stiff and foreign-looking courtiers who, decorated with the green ribbon of St. Andrew, and in formal black dresses, make anything but picturesque portions of the group. The white satin of her Majesty's dress is, in itself, a triumph of art in its skilful rendering. The only faulty piece of painting appears to us in the coats of the deer, which look very much as if they had been dragged through water.

(No. 86), "The Entrance to Speke Hall," by Jos. Naef, is noticeable from the same beauties and faults as the general productions of this artist.

(No. 92), "The Widowed Lady Richilli consulting the Magic Mirror," painted from a German story by Miss E. Sharpe, is false in sentiment, and as fantastical as it is meagre and poor in execution. The only merit (if) which the productions of this lady can claim is, that the faces have a certain unnatural prettiness very much resembling those artificial ladies and gentlemen which ornament hairdressers' windows.

(No. 216), by the same artist, "All the earth doth worship Thee," is an attempt at pathos which is perfectly ridiculous. Tempted by the popularity of Barrow's "Chorister Boys," Miss Sharpe has plagiarised the idea, by giving us several very white charity girls singing the *Te Deum* with that fervent devotion which we never see in charity girls. So much for the truth of the sentiment; but to give the idea of universality expressed in the word "all," Miss Sharpe resorts to a method as prosaic as it is ridiculous. Amongst the very white charity girls, dressed in the same plain white quaker-like cap and snowy band as the rest, is a very black negro girl. The contrast is perfectly overwhelming, and the solemnity of the Jin Crow face wearing so devotional a look is so purely comic, that few can resist laughter. The bad taste of Miss Sharpe was never more apparent.

(No. 114), "A Roman Monk," study of a head, by Karl Haas, is a very fine study of colour; the character rather intellectual than devotional.

(No. 118), "The Stones of the Lyn," by P. J. Naef, is one of the finest of the many fine landscapes in the gallery. The subject is one which Creswick might have handled, but he would not have excelled the present. The artist has an evident feeling with his subject. Seven more subjects by Copley Fielding occupy the next page of our catalogue, all possessing many of the excellencies, and one of them (No. 130) all the faults, as it seems to us, of the artist.

The last that we shall at this time notice is a large and ambitious picture, by Frederick Tayler, called "The Festival of the Popinjay" (No. 144). The subject is from the third chapter of Scott's "Old Mortality," where the "green marksman" exhibits his prowess by knocking down the popinjay. Lady Margaret Bellindon and Edith, the state equipage of the duke, the troopers of Montrose, and all the *dramatis personæ* of Sir Walter, figure in the picture, which is of an exceedingly pleasing colour, and exquisite in its finish and correct in costume and detail, with perhaps the exception of the long drum of the mounted trooper. We have seen sketches by Frederick Tayler which, notwithstanding the historical pretension of the present production, please us far more, as being much more true to nature.

## A PORTRAIT BY REMBRANDT.

WHEN Rembrandt had before him the venerable old man—with his grave and noble air, his fine white beard, his rich dress of silk and velvet, and his calm majestic countenance—whose portrait by that distinguished artist we have engraved on the following page, he must have been deeply interested in his subject. Thus much may be safely conjectured from the style in which the work is executed. The painter has lavished upon the figure of this fine model all the brilliant hues of his pallet, giving a silvery whiteness to the beard, a flashing brilliancy to the eyes, and a variety of delicate shades to the folds of the cap and cloak. The subject of the picture, and his family, must have been no less gratified than the artist, and we may be sure so fine a portrait must have produced a grand effect in one of those rich Dutch saloons of the seventeenth century, which were decorated with fine tapestry in lively colours and bright lustres, and lighted by long windows of polished glass, twined around outside with festoons of vines and flowers. Nevertheless, if the truth must be told, we do not admire this wealthy personage—estimable though he may have been, and irreproachable in all the relations of life—so much as those poor old men whom Rembrandt painted, sitting in the corner of an ill-furnished dark room, with a heavy worn-out cloak on, and crouching

down over an old Bible. It is in these humble scenes that Rembrandt's genius appears to the greatest advantage.

Those who have had the good fortune to visit the Louvre cannot have forgotten his "Philosopher in Meditation." At the close of a day, the last gleams of which give a glowing hue to the windows of a large saloon with arched roof, an old man has just drawn back his chair from a desk, upon which are a crucifix, a map of the world, and a Bible open. A seat, which was just before close to where the old man is sitting, stands empty in the *châsse-neuro*. A friend has been there, a learned doctor, and a theologian. They have touched upon and discussed a point of doctrine. The old man, having been left alone, has returned to the text; he has read and compared it with others. Then, as the day has begun to decline, he has drawn back his chair and gradually sunk into a profound reverie, forgetful of everything—the time, the place, and even himself. Unconscious of all around, he sits with his head bending over his chest, and his hands grasping his chair, as if to support himself in the midst of those abysses into which his thoughts have led him. He wonders about among insoluble problems, while the light of day gradually disappears in the long corridors which lead to this retreat, and from the stairs, till at last it is lost in darkness.

Who does not also remember Rembrandt's sketches of poor families? It is well known that he was born at a mill, in the midst of rural scenery. His habit of studying and depicting men among the peasantry by whom he was surrounded, taught him not to despise the poorer classes, when, at a later period of his life, he settled in

blest scenes. He paints the Holy Family in any poor house or cabin. He surrounds it with sunny splendour, and exalts the labour of the workman in such a manner as to awaken almost the envy of the favoured man of leisure, who pursues his studies in quiet retirement. Most of Rembrandt's models from the people



PORTRAIT OF AN OLD MAN.—FROM A PAINTING BY REMBRANDT.

Amsterdam. As he became more and more penetrating in his views, he showed a preference for the unfortunate and the miserable, whom others are disposed to shun. He took his models from classes which have not the refinement of superior cultivation; but with what genius, with what a touch, with what charms of light and shade did he adorn and exalt his representations of the hum-

ble are not remarkable for physical beauty, but they are clothed with many moral attractions. They have a soul, and their soul is almost rendered visible by the hand of the great master.\*

\* Further particulars with regard to Rembrandt, and other specimens of his works, may be found in vol. i. pp. 349 and 385—400.

## ARENT, OR ARNOULD VAN DER NEER.



THERE is a constantly-recurring interest in an examination of the lives of Dutch painters. Apparently so similar, their diversity is

They please us in the same way that White, the historian of Selborne, delights us among writers. They are in general natural and true, even when their subjects are not always in good taste. In forming the artistic mind of modern times, it is to be wished that some of our painters would in this respect study the old men of Flanders, who sought to be true rather than brilliant. They idealised nature, they comprehended and rendered the poetry of landscape and still life, and yet they neither distorted it to serve a purpose, nor painted impossible oaks, nor trees which a naturalist would be puzzled to discover the name of.

The pictures of this school of artists have increased in value, and have been appreciated just in proportion as men have become observers of nature, and lovers of the simple and the beautiful. Mankind at first are dazzled by bright colours, an array of glitter and show quite foreign to reality; but as reason and sound conceptions make way, we are led to better notions of what is true and pure in art, as in other things.

This is pre-eminently true at the present time. Never, in the history of the world, was art more generally a favourite study. A taste for pictures, and pictures of a very high order of merit too, has penetrated to the ranks of the millions; but the painters of ordinary life are always more readily understood than those who take their subjects from past history. Martin is a painter whose name is familiar. His "Belshazzar's Feast" is looked upon with surprise, and almost with awe. But Landseer is understood, and more freely talked of.

The artist of whom we are about to treat is eminently calculated



real and marked. No two of them are exactly alike. They are all, however, pervaded by a quiet domesticity which has peculiar charms.

to be popular; and yet, though his pictures are in so many great galleries, the greatest uncertainty exists with regard to him. We have not his portrait, and we do not exactly know his name. Some call him Art; others Arthur; some say Arnould; and the learned M. de Burtin baptises him by the name of Arent Van der Neer. We do not know with any precision either the date of his birth, or that of his death, or by what magic in study he succeeded in the rare and difficult art of rendering night effects with so much poetry and truth.

The historians of the day do not condescend to speak of him; and Descamps himself, who wrote at a period when the paintings of Van der Neer were already celebrated, has only given him two or three lines in a short biography of Eglon Van der Neer, speaking of the father *à propos* of the son, as if so eminent a landscape-painter were not worthy of a frame to himself.

Van der Neer was the painter of winters and fires; but he was also the painter of the melancholy beauty of night. He loved and studied night, of which the p-ety, Young, thus says:—

“Night, sable goddess! from her ebony throne,  
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth  
Her leaden sceptre o’er a slumbering world:  
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!  
Nor eye, nor list’ning ear an object finds;  
Creation sleeps. ’Tis as the general pulse  
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause—  
An awful pause, prophetic of her end.”

The life of this solitary and unknown artist was passed wholly in contemplating landscapes sleeping ’neath the moon, when it shows itself from behind a wooded hill, or when it rises behind a pool bordered by huts, or lined by a hauleet. From the first sign of twilight to that undecided and mysterious hour, which the delicate La Fontaine has painted so pleasingly in our line:—

“Lorsque n’étant pas nuit, il n’est pas encore jour,”

when we observe passing before us, like a panorama in the sky, a slow and solemn succession of peaceful *tableaux*, which appear monotonous to the ordinary man who has only noticed them once, but which, to the judicious and romantic artist, present an infinite variety of effects and shades. We are familiar with artists who have improvised moonlight effects with ability, either by means of a few dashes of black and white pencil upon azure paper, or by some pencil-strokes learnt by heart, and cleverly dashed off upon a blue ground, with accessories of architecture, and some gently-rippling water. Those who have seen these rapid pencil sketches dashed off, will with difficulty be persuaded, at all events will scarcely understand, how Van der Neer has been able to see in the course of the night and in its aspects almost as much variety as Joseph Vernet in day effects—that he even noted the different hours of the night so distinctly, that on examination we can really recognise them. This is indeed what has made Van der Neer a painter of the very first order of merit in his peculiar way.

The study of the effects which are produced at night by lights and shadows has introduced into painting one of the great and successful charms of poetry, and that is mystery. Certain landscapes which, in the broad daylight, would have been completely wanting in interest, are wrapped at night in fantastic tints, are elevated to lofty proportions by the way in which the shadows stand and fall, and are idealised beneath the influence of those pale lights, which, no longer illuminating and showing the ordinary life of man, make the earth appear more tranquil and great, and water more solemn and vast in its effect. What a picture does Shakespeare give us of moonlight:—

“How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!  
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music  
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,  
Becomes the touches of sweet harmony.  
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;  
There’s not the smallest orb which thou behold’st,  
But, in his motion, like an angel sings,  
Still choiring to the young-eyed cherubim;  
Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Duth grossly close it in, we can not hear it.”

We all know the effect of moonlight scenes upon our own individual emotions. If in the silence of the country we suddenly discover a little glimmer of light from the window of a hut; if presently, behind the distant trees of that sleeping landscape, we fancy we behold a cavalier gliding away like a ghost, how many emotions rise within us, and how ready are we to cry—

“What may this mean,  
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,  
Revisit’st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature  
So horribly to shake our disposition  
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?”

Such a picture, and such a subject, finds us prepared to be interested and attentive. Why does that lamp burn at such an hour? Is it that some terrible drama is being prepared; or is there sickness—a watching mother, a babe near to death! No matter what; we are interested. And then why is that man creeping along as if afraid to be seen? Imagination—which would have been quite tranquil had such a thing been noted in the day—when “the moon is up, and yet it is not night,” for “sunset divides the sky with her,” is moved and warmed directly there appears that veil of mystery which always attends the movements of night. All seems to become greater, to be poetised under the influence of the moon; and though the earth is still, there is yet sufficient of motion and life in the quickly flying clouds, reflected on the surface of the river or in the deep bosom of the sea. What strange, majestic, and sublime spectacles do we sometimes see! Sometimes the moon advances, surrounded by a procession of light fleecy clouds, which shine as she borders them with a luminous fringe; at others, leaving her court far behind, the a saddened and deserted queen, she crosses the vast plain of the air alone; sometimes, clearing her red and sulphurous disk from the vapour of the horizon, she hangs for a time suspended over a dark brown mass, until by degrees her azure forehead is quite cleared up, and she stands out upon the firmament whose dark azure is slightly dashed with green.

The moon has ever been the favourite subject of poetry; and never has it been better described than by Milton and others, whose words have suggested many a brilliant and successful picture. The crescent moon has been a favourite phrase, because it presents a singular appearance in the sky. Under favourable circumstances, the whole lunar circle may be seen, the dark part appearing of somewhat smaller dimensions, in proportion to the illuminated. The appearance is popularly described as that of the new moon with the old one in her arms. It arises from the light reflected from the earth to the lunar surface; hence called earthshine; and *lunière endrée* by the French, or ashly light, on account of its inferiority, in quantity and brightness, to that which is directly received from the sun. It only serves to render the unenlightened portion of the moon very faintly visible; and the dark part of her body appears disproportionate to the size of the crescent, owing to the optical illusion which the presence of a strong light creates—that of apparently augmenting the magnitude of objects. Two causes contribute to render the dark portion of the lunar disk invisible in other stages of her progress: the increase of her directly-illuminated part diffusing a stronger light, which proportionally nullifies that which is reflected from the earth; and the actual diminution of the earth itself. When the moon is a crescent to us, the earth is about full to her; and, consequently, more light is then transmitted from the earth than in other circumstances, which has the effect of then bringing that portion of her disk not exposed to the solar rays into feeble visibility. The effect is not produced when the moon is half full, owing to the cause, for the reason stated, being less influential.

Arent Van der Neer did not live in a land which was of itself much suited to the poetry of grand effects. Had he exercised his art on the borders of the Rhine, amid the accidents of flood and field presented by a varied style of landscape, with ruined castles on mountain-tops, he might readily have found landscapes naturally accessible to the majesty of night. But in Holland, near Amsterdam, Van der Neer had only before his eyes long level plains, great lakes surrounded by huts on a level with the water, common trees, and a lowering sky. Nevertheless, to this flat country Van der Neer succeeded in giving an interest quite poetical, when he painted

his moonlights; and with no other resource than clumps of trees, thatched roofs, and marshes, he had the art to produce pictures full of charm and sentiment. The Dutch easily recognise the villages he has painted. They are nearly all situated between the city of Amsterdam and that of Utrecht. As you leave the borders of the sea and approach Utrecht, you see, it is true, the fertility of the country increase, the canals are bordered by gardens, which are a kind of framework of verdure for them, vegetation is more abundant and more lively, the trees send forth more vigorous shoots, the meadows are of a brighter green, and the trelliswork of the avenues disappears under the weight of foliage. But though nature becomes brighter here to the eyes of the traveller, it still offers to the painter nothing but perspectives without life and without grandeur; and it required all the genius of Arent Van der Neer to render for ever celebrated pictures where the beauty of the model is so little compared with the power of art. One of the most famous is that which is called "The Van der Neer of Zampnitz." That is the German name of a Dutch family called Van de Putte, for a long time naturalised at Cologne, to whom the picture belonged. It passed to the gallery of M. de Burtin, who has given us the following description of it, which is worthy of being read carefully, and which gives a very good idea of the general style of Van der Neer.

"It represents," says the amateur, "the village of Brainlurges, traversed by the Vecht, whose limpid and transparent waters are bordered on both sides by houses mixed up with trees as far as Nieuwersluis, from which we can see land in the distance far away in the horizon. Amid the numerous barks which ornament the river, we notice two sail-boats, one of which is drawn by a white horse, the driver of which is on its back; the other, full of passengers, is stopped near a wooden bridge over a piece of water communicating between the village and the Vecht, and from which the new gate at the boats. Two boats are placed conspicuously in front, one with fishermen in it, the other with a peasant, who is ferrying over some oxen. Several trunks of trees lying on the ground, reeds on the edge of the water, willows, fish reservoirs under the bridge, a stockade, and some trees which hide a part of the church and houses in the foreground, add lenity to this admirable composition, in which, despite the shades of night, nothing is black, nor cold, nor dry, as in many other works of this master; but, on the contrary, everything, even to the sky itself, is warm, clear, transparent, soft, harmonious, and of a charming velvety hue. The water reflects everything as in a mirror, and the light of the moon, shed upon the right of the river, produces a very pleasing and piquant contrast to the dim-tint of the left side."

This description, leaving out some details, is applicable to many pictures by Van der Neer. These landscapes have, in truth, a family likeness, from the elements of which they are composed. They are, in general, sheets of sleeping water gently rippled by the night wind, barks which serve as a set-off in the foreground, and villages, the streets of which are planted with trees, their tranquil and stumped masses being in contrast to the clearness of the star, which of itself makes up the drama of the picture. But if there is some monotony in the way in which Van der Neer composes his moonlights—we mean in the style of managing the lines, of distributing the masses of light and shade, and of arranging the different grounds—on the other hand, what variety is there in the tints, and how many shades delicately observed, distinguish landscapes so like one another at the first glance! Other painters have reproduced the same effects, while varying their models. Van der Neer, without scarcely changing his models, has infinitely varied the effects of his pencil, or rather his own impressions. Some particular village floating on the water, with its moored barks, fishermen's nets spread out in the foreground, and the wretched clothes which are drying on the bush, has often served as a subject for the landscape painter. But, then, the village has been studied by the artist at different seasons of the year, and at different hours of the night. Sometimes the whole magic of his effects is concentrated in the west. While the earth, wrapped in deep shadows, is yet unable to participate in the light which is rising on the horizon, some few feeble rays, scarcely visible, escape from the upper part of the luminous disc, work their way between the boughs of the trees and the rustic boats, glide over the surface of the canal, and

break in sparkling pearls over every tiny wave raised by the motion of the wind. On other occasions, having attained its utmost height in the heavens, the moon looks down upon the prairies, the woods, and hamlets, of Van der Neer, and everywhere spreading its blue glimmer, forms a great layer of light over a similar layer of gloom. Often the same landscape passes through all the degrees of twilight, and appears indistinct and fantastic at that hour when, in the absence of the stars, a mysterious veil hangs over the country, and would make the dawn of day look like its setting, if a painter like Van der Neer did not know how to seize the exact shade which separates the fresh and silvery tones of morning from the golden and vigorous tones of evening—shades and tints which can be more readily recognised in his pictures than in the engravings, admirable as they are, of Jacques Philippe Lebas, of whom we shall speak more fully by-and-by.

Nature is, in some respects, like living beings. True painters readily represent her to themselves as a woman with passions; radiant joys, sadnesses, and moments of calm and uneasiness. Sometimes smiling and agitated, tempestuous and serene, she pleases, by her rapidly-changing caprices, those who really love her. Some love her melancholy, like Ruysdael; others delight in her merry moods, like Berghem. Van der Neer, while yielding to varied impressions, has followed the bent of his character, which impelled him to seek in nature only the variations of his sadder moods. Not only did he in preference choose her night-scenes, but in his day-scenes he preferred selecting the winter. Often to the melancholy of his moonlights he added the additional painful excitement of night fires. His finest picture of this kind—a picture which has made him illustrious—is that which is to be seen at Copenhagen, in the gallery of the king, representing a fire seen from the grand canal of Amsterdam. Nothing more solemn can well be conceived. Between the spectator and the fire are several bridges covered by people, and the agitated outline of the crowd is relieved admirably against the sinister light of the centre of the picture. The vague colours, the uncertainty of the distant masses, the indision of forms—of those, at all events, which are not relieved with vigour upon the fire—and the depth of space—all contribute to make the picture seem larger than it is in reality. The houses of Amsterdam, arranged in perspective along the quays, and rendered with an exactness and a charm which are quite worthy of a Van der Heyden, give the idea of a considerable town, so that upon a small canvas the picture of the fire appears immense. On this occasion, the painter has cautiously refrained from attempting a struggle between two lights, by opposing a contrast between the vast blaze and the moon. To make a sublime picture, all he needs is the night and a fire. This is, then, truly the finest Van der Neer which can be seen. The fire effect is observed twice, in the town, and in the water of the canal, which ripples and shakes, resembling a running stream of hot lava. The flames sparkle, crackle, and produce a thousand piquant effects on the windows of the houses, and wherever the waters of the Amstel reflect the sparks; but all these brilliant details are admirably toned down, and the ensemble presents a spectacle so imposing, so dramatic, of such lugubrious beauty, so full of life, so full of grandeur and unity, that we are rarely more affected by any production in the history of art.

"Fire," says Valenciennes,\* "does very well by night, when its light contrasts with that of the moon; but what is essential to produce a good effect is to paint water at the same time. Without water a landscape is dead, especially at night. Great tranquil masses admirably bring out the reflection of the moon and that of the natural or accidental fires which are introduced into a picture, like volcanic eruptions, torches, and burning houses. Nevertheless, if the eruption or the fire is too great, the effect of the moon will disappear, and in this case its light will only be necessary to the light of the fire which is to be represented. There is more charm in allowing the moonlight to predominate, and leaving the fire to be but a secondary effect."

There is much sense in these reflections; and we could almost fancy that they were a kind of criticism on some works by Van

\* "Éléments de Perspective Pratique à l'usage des Artistes," with advice and reflections on painting and landscape. Paris, 1801



der Neer, if the writer had not said a little before of this excellent and admirable landscape painter—"Van der Neer has scarcely painted anything but moonlights; and he has succeeded in rendering them with a charm, a transparency of tone and colour, and a warmth of tint, which give us great delight. His waters are limpid and deep, and of astonishing planimetry. In truth, we believe we can say that this painter has most fully succeeded in rendering such effects as those to which we allude."

A man, who loved nothing but silence and night, and who delighted in painting elegies of the moon, and who preferred the country when it was covered by ice, or feebly lit by poetic glimmerings of light,—such a man, we say, must have lived and died obscure. It is, therefore, not surprising that we know nothing of his private life, of his habits, nor of how he began to be a painter. Some have thought that Albert Cuyp was his master; but this is scarcely likely, if we recollect that Albert Cuyp often painted in the figures of Van der Neer's landscapes. It is very unlikely that

and which bears as its title, "The Life and Works of Dutch and Flemish Painters," has little to say of Van der Neer. "Some foreign writers fix the date of his birth," he says, "in 1619; others in 1613; and that of his death in 1683. With Huber," we may allow that the time at which he flourished was 1660. These same writers, Pilkington and others, fancy that he was born at Amsterdam. It is beyond a doubt that he lived for a long time in this city—a great number of his landscapes, chiefly taken by moonlight, representing views of villages known to be in the neighbourhood of Amsterdam, and between that city and Utrecht. We find also, some similar views by him taken at sunrise, and during the day. But, in general, his paintings are moonlight effects, this being the style in which he excels, and, indeed, in which he has no equal. His pictures are composed of villages built on the borders of the water and near river-banks, where the moon is reflected on the water, and the scene is animated by ships, boats, and numerous figures. His skies are the parts in which he shows most art and



EVENING.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN DER NEER.

the master, instead of taking his pupil for assistant and comrade, should become the assistant of the pupil; that is, that he should consent to embellish—by painting in the accessories—the pictures of one of his disciples. However this may be, and without denying that Albert Cuyp was strictly the master of Van der Neer, we believe that this landscape painter was seduced by the works of Elzeimer, which had been brought into Holland by a gentleman of Utrecht, the Count Palatine, Henri de Goudt; that he adopted and continued the traditions of this unfortunate painter; that, in fine, the love of study, and a passionate love of nature, did the rest. It is remarkable, moreover, that the Dutch historians, living in the country where Van der Neer flourished, and writing in our day, have found nothing new during two centuries to tell us about their countryman. Since Houbraken, who assures us that Arnould Van der Neer, in his youth, was major in the house of the lords Van Arkel, we must accept the theory that no new fact has come to light relative to the life of a painter so well known by his works. In fact, M. Immsell, in the book he published in 1843, in Dutch,

beauty. His winters are also admirable and excellent representations of nature. They are very rich in composition. His colours are varied, his touch easy and prompt; and in all his pictures there is a harmony of tone which enchants. In former times, his pictures were found in abundance in Holland; and that is what explains why his talents—less common than his pictures—were not appreciated at their full value. Foreigners, taking advantage of the low prices at which the pictures of Van der Neer were sold, have not failed to fill their cabinets with them, and his works have now become exceedingly rare in Holland. They are now, therefore, sold for very high prices when they appear in public sales. In 1825, 'A Winter,' from the cabinet of M. Vranken van Lokeren, was sold for £120; it is now in England, in the possession of Mr. Henry Bevan. But another picture by the same master, engraved in the gallery of Lucien Bonaparte, under the title of

\* Author of "Notices on Engravers and Painters." Dresden, 1787.

'Paese con Figure ed Animali' (Landscape with Figures and Animals), was sold by public auction at London, in 1837, for £808."

It is rather surprising that an Amsterdam writer, in order to trace the life of a Dutch painter, should be reduced to repeat what has been said about him by foreign writers. And what would have been the value of the memory of so many great painters, if they had not taken the trouble to raise monuments to themselves, and written their own history, in their masterpieces?

Winter and its icy plains, and its sad and dreary amusements, necessarily excited the attention of a painter who loved nature in her melancholy moods. But if Van der Neer is inimitable in his fires and his moonlights, he is not without a rival when he represents frozen canals, covered by sledges and skaters (p. 76). He may then be readily confounded with Isaac Ostade, his contemporary. Some naked trees, with a foliage of snow, mills, boats fast in the ice,

and making it fall on the subjects of the picture before and behind, and on the side, a little more faintly than in the representation of day; "in order that it may be taken for a true moonlight, and not for the light of the sun, which it greatly resembles in its sudden touches of light and its sharp shadows," with some stars shining in an azure sky, appearing here and there between the clouds. If we were to follow up the lessons of Lairesse, the moon would have to be supposed out of the picture, and it would only be from the flat masses, the decided and sharp outlines of shadow, and the full colour of the local colours, that we should make its presence felt in the sky, without exposing it to the eye. We should then have to weaken the reflections, which are never so intense by the cold light of the moon's rays as by the warm beams of the sun.

If beside these lessons of the learned professor, we place a fine night-scene of Van der Neer, we shall see how difficult it is to



THE RISING OF THE MOON.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN DER NEER.

a crowd of skaters—some timid learners, motionless in their awkwardness, while others, launched out like arrows, cut the frozen mirror in straight lines, or turn in elegant and spiral curves on one foot. Such are nearly all his winters; and, if those of Arnould resemble those of Isaac, it is because the two masters, in their perfect *naïveté*, both resemble nature.

It is curious here to make a comparison—and perhaps we shall never find a better occasion for so doing—between the academic precepts of a professor and the examples furnished by an artist who allows himself simply to be guided by a sentiment of art. Gerard de Lairesse, in his "*Grand Livre des Peintres*," declares, that if he had to paint a moonlight, he would not conceive that he departed from truth by following the principles which he has indicated in his representations of the sun; that is to say, never introducing into a picture the luminary itself, but only its light;

establish absolute rules in painting. Sometimes, it is true, it has occurred to Van der Neer to hide the moon behind a clump of trees; but then we must say its effects deceive us; there, where he has endeavoured to render a bright night, we fancy we see twilight spreading over the earth after the setting of the sun. And nothing can possibly be more unfavourable to the force of the impression than this uncertainty in which we are left, as to the nature of the phenomenon we observe. Whatever Lairesse may say about its being more important to light up a picture than to bring in a luminous body, the first duty of the painter is to produce a lively and effective impression, and that it may be lively, it must be one, that is to say, there must exist in our minds no uncertainty, no indecision about the nature of the object represented, unless the vagueness of the scene is the intention, the poetry, as it were, of the picture, as is often the case with those of Rembrandt. When

viewing a landscape like those of Van der Neer, the spectator who is not able to say whether he is gazing at the dawn or at twilight, whether it is the sun which has just finished shining, or the moon which is just beginning to shine, must be also unable to feel the proper emotions which the painter intended he should experience. Besides, what becomes of the scene if the principal actor is left out? If the star is not introduced into the picture, the artist loses all those resources which he can derive from the arrangement of the sky, when the moon plays the first part in it. For it is to the firmament that the attention is first drawn in pictures of the night. There the drama of light is going on, and there is seen the movement of the clouds which appear to carry on the life of the earth that sleeps.

"I should like," adds Lairsse, "to render the lights more strong and the colours redder and yellower, to use torches, burning fires of wood, sacrifices, and other artificial lights, the shadows of which would be less defined than those of the moon. This, according to my view of things, would produce a very great effect, principally if these accidental lights were placed in obscure corners. But we must, above all, take care to throw over the whole more obscurity than light, and to introduce colours brighter than the sky."

To these observations of the learned professor, we prefer the simple piece of advice—to follow in all things the principles of unity. We may, doubtless, remain faithful to this principle, even if we introduce into a moonlight the fires of fishermen, the glare of torches, or any other artificial light, so that it be secondary and really subordinate, as is the case in many of the night effects of Joseph Vernet. But Van der Neer appears to us more expressive and more imposing, when, suppressing the contrasts which would attract the eye or occupy the mind, he brings down to us, in all their unity, the grand impressions produced by the spectacle of nature in the solemn hours of silence and of night.

There is in the feeling of melancholy a sweetness which appears, from their own confession, to have remained a long time unknown to the French. It is only of late years that the breath of the North has wafted to them its vague and romantic emotions. The consequence is, that the pictures of Ruysdael and of Van der Neer were never more highly appreciated, or better understood there, than they are now. Alfred Michiels thus speaks of them:—"What dreams, what wandering thoughts, rise in the mind when gazing on the *œuvres* of Van der Neer. Above all, this painter loves the moonlight, and pictures it to us with magic ability. A slow, winding river flows through the picture. Tufts of reeds stick up along the banks; some buildings rise a little further off, and behind the hints we see the detached line of the forest tops. The melancholy star silvers the surface of the wave; a brilliant train divides it; a pale light is reflected into the smallest creeks, now coating them with a light glazing of illumination, now giving them a frame of white. The clouds which surround the radiant orb are touched by different shades, and a dim, religious light falls over the darkness. The queen of night is the centre and the divinity of this obscure world, the forms of which would disappear without her. The genius of Goethe could not have invented anything better."

At the time when Van der Neer painted his silent and nocturnal landscapes, nobly in France would have thought of discovering any sentiment which might have moved the heart of the painter in his productions—nobody would have written such a page. Those poetic ideas were beyond the intelligence of the rule, prodigate, and warlike men of those days. They were gross and material in everything. They knew nothing of what old Montaigne so quaintly says, that to translate is to spoil: "J'imagine qu'il y a quelque ombre de franchise et de délicatesse au gron même de la mélancholie!"

Bryan says: "Some place his birth in 1613, and it was said that he was living in 1691. The picture by Van der Neer and Cuyp, in the National Gallery, was offered for sale in Lucien Bonaparte's collection, and bought in at 360 guineas; at Krarr's sale, at Paris, it was purchased by Lord Farnborough for more than

double that sum, and bequeathed by him to the nation." The same writer gives an account of a son, Egion Hendrick Van der Neer, born in Amsterdam in 1643, who received his first instruction from his father; but his taste leading him to a different branch of the art, he was placed under the care of Jacob Van Looy, a painter of history and portraits at Amsterdam. When he was twenty years of age he went to Paris, where he passed four years and painted some small portraits and domestic subjects, which are generally admired. On his return to Holland, he attempted some historical and fabulous subjects, which have little to recommend them but delicacy of colour and careful finishing. He was more successful in his pictures of conversation and gallant subjects, which are tastefully composed and carefully drawn, in which he appears to have imitated the style of Terburg and Netscher. His pictures of this description are justly held in high estimation; they are very highly finished, and though less mellow and harmonious than those of Metsu and Mieris, they are well coloured and touched with great delicacy.

Pictures by Van der Neer are very rare, and this necessarily adds to their value. Still there are some found in almost every museum in Europe, and in most of the celebrated private collections of France, England, and Germany.

The Louvre only possesses two pictures by this master:—

1. "A Border of a Canal in Holland." This is an evening effect. On the right are three cows, of which two are lying down near a boat; to the left is a row of trees and houses along the canal. In the foreground is a man leaning on some wooden pailings. Further off, we see a man impelling a boat along with a pole, and, among the houses, the spire of a church. We read on a plank to the right the monogram of the artist, *av. xv.* The animals, says the catalogue, are ascribed to Albert Cuyp.

2. "A Village on the Road-side." To the right are houses on the borders of a canal, and in the foreground we see the reflection of the moon and some ducks; on the road are some fallen trees, a dog, and some figures; further on, a peasant, and a cavalier followed by a footman. To the left are trees and houses, surrounded by an open fence. At the foot of a tree is the monogram of the painter, *av. xsen.* This picture was bought for the Louvre at the sale of M. de Monny, the 24th May, 1822, for £270.

Dresden Museum. Three Van der Neers.—1. A little landscape, representing some buildings on a lake. It is painted on wood. 2. A Dutch landscape. The day is falling; it is already moonlight. A river, the banks of which are bordered by trees and buildings, cuts the country in two. In the distance, a large town. 3. The fellow to this. A plain, water, larks, clouds, very admirably executed. The wood makes a magical moonlight effect. Both these are also on wood.

Musée des Beaux-Arts, Munich. A fine large picture, representing a lake in the midst of a forest, the trees of which are reflected in the water. This picture proves that the most celebrated of moonlight painters was equally able to paint nature by daylight.

Belvedere Gallery at Vienna. "A Moonlight." We see a beautiful garden and a building on the banks of a river cut by dykes. In the distance is a town, near which some ships have cast anchor.

In the Copenhagen Gallery is "The Fire," to which we have already alluded.

Ducal Gallery of Gotha. There are here six pictures by Van der Neer. In this number is one with the monogram of the artist, and the date 1643. This is also a moonlight. On the foreground is a river, with a bridge. The second is a country site, lit up by the light of the setting sun. Of the four other pictures, the majority are night effects, with the monogram M, composed of the letters *av. xv.* interwoven.

Her Majesty the Queen possesses a fine Van der Neer. It represents, as usual, the borders of a canal in Holland, with a night effect. We see a carriage and horses; to the right, a *château* surrounded by trees; in the background, a city.

Bridgewater Gallery, belonging to the Earl of Ellenore. 1. "A Dutch View by Moonlight." 2. "A Dutch Village and Neighborhood by Moonlight."

There are no Van der Neers, or were not recently, in either the collection of Sir Robert Peel, which is so rich in Dutch masters of the first class, or in the Grosvenor Gallery, or in the possession

\* "I fancy there is some shade of daintiness and delicacy beside the firstide of melancholy itself."

of the Earl of Westminster, or the Marquis of Lansdowne, or the Duke of Sutherland.

A picture by Van der Neer, representing a winter scene, was in Mr. H. Beckford's gallery in London. M. Waagen speaks of it in his book on the arts of England as a prodigy of truth and transparency.

Göttingen Gallery, belonging to the famous university of that name, has one of the masterpieces of this painter: it is "A Fire."

In the famous collection of pictures of Winckler, of Leipzig, sold towards the commencement of the century, there was a "Winter" and two "Moonlights."

The pictures of Van der Neer, being all principal pictures aiming at effect, have been engraved, and by the best masters, in the landscape style. We find the list of engravings of this master in the catalogue of the celebrated Winckler Cabinet, the sale of which took place at Leipzig in 1801.

The prices of Van der Neer's pictures have been variously estimated:—

Sale de la Roque, 1745. "Landscape" painted on wood, representing a setting sun, the edge sculptured and gilded, £5.

Lebrun Sale, 1800. "A Moonlight, with a River," on which are two boats. To the right a fisherman's bark; the men drawing their nets. This picture was sold—it is scarcely credible—for £2. At the same sale, "A Landscape" by Moncesson, the figures by Adrian Van der Vdele, was sold for £8 2s.

Cambray Sale, 1810. "A Dutch Site," with the perspective of a village to the left, and a river on the opposite side, £9.

Erard Sale, 1832. "Landscape by Moonlight." A marshy plain, with dwelling-houses to the left; on the right trees. A little enclosure, several roads, many trees, posts, a river, etc., £230.

Sale of Count C—, at Antwerp, 1842. "Skaters on the Amstel," £200.

Cardinal Fesch's Sale, 1845. A large "River," with a bark on it; several fishing-boats, a fine open country; some beautiful houses peeping through trees. On the foreground, three persons in a lane; the moon, a lovely sky, clouds exquisitely pointed. 400 scudi (about £100).

Same sale. A "Winter." There are about a hundred figures skating on the icy river, beyond which is a large town with its steeples, occupying a considerable space of ground. All the different features of such a landscape admirably rendered. A poor man with a log. £41.

Sale of William II., King of Holland, 1850. "A Landscape," (Dutch) as usual, with a canal, moonlight, boats, and figures. A fine night effect. 1000 florins.

Montenim Sale. "Moonlight," £360.

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### JACQUES PHILIPPE LEBAS.

We have already alluded, in our biography of Van der Neer, to this eminent man. A sketch of his life will be interesting—the more, that it was considerably chequered by events of an amusing character. Son of a *modiste-perruquier*, or hairdresser, Lebas was born in Paris, on the 8th of July, 1707. His mother, having become a widow, had no resource but the interest of the sum derived from the sale of her husband's business, which brought her in about six pounds sterling a year. On this, it will be readily understood, she could scarcely exist with her child. Certainly, she could not send him to school. All the education he had, was simply learning the letters of the alphabet; and Lebas often, in after-life, would express his gratitude to the merchants and artisans of the city of Paris, whose signs and names over their doors had been his first spelling-books. The mother of Lebas, seeing that he had a natural aptitude for drawing, placed him with an architectural-engraver, named Herisot, of very ordinary talents. For a young apprentice, full of fire and hot blood, this cold, geometrical work

was very unsuitable. Fortunately, Lebas having one day met with some engravings by Gerard Audran, was at once struck with the true character of his own genius. He seemed to foresee his destiny; and, despite the ardour of his temperament, he resolved to acquire all the qualities necessary to an engraver—the first of which, undoubtedly, is patience. At the age of fourteen, his mother took him to an old-clothes man, and dressed him from head to foot, before launching him upon the world. But how was he to make himself known? and how to get work without being a little known? This is the eternal circle in which the early genius frets and fumes. People will not employ him because he is not known; and yet all must be tried before they gain renown. Poor Jacques Philippe had no credit, no protector—unless we regard his indefatigable activity, and his ambition to be one day a celebrated artist, and the feeling within him that he is destined to be so, as his safeguard and impulse to that arduous exertion, which was his characteristic through life.

In these days flourished the Drevets, the Cars, the Dupins, the Ducaings, and the Cocksins. The eighteenth century was a fine time for engraving. Everybody was trying to beat others in bringing out splendid publications adorned by plates—series of portraits, books of art, of sciences, and books of travels—illustrated in a very magnificent style. The richer nobility who possessed pictures, began to engrave them—some to give more value to their collections—most of them to encourage artists, who were then, with literary, learned men, and philosophers, at the head of French society. Lebas had a few plates to execute for the Crozat gallery. The first was "The Preaching of St. John the Baptist," which was executed in the broad, vigorous, and admirable manner of Gerard Audran, by whom the youth had been so marvelously struck. "Roman Clarity," after Noel Nicolas Cypel, and an engraving after Paul Veronese, completed his *débuts*. He was not as yet a master in style, and yet his "Roman Clarity" is engraved in a good and striking way, which leaves little to be desired. The work was executed according to the laws of perspective; that is to say, with that lightness of touch which leaves the distant figures on their proper ground and which it is difficult to attain to with an instrument so precise as the burin. Cypel was so delighted with his engraver, that he insisted on Crozat's giving him double the price agreed on.

Jacques Philippe Lebas was of a warm, passionate, impetuous, and singularly impulsive nature. At the age of twenty-six, he thought of getting married; and one day, walking in the street, suddenly saw a woman of majestic mien and with a very charming face. He was struck by her, admired her, followed her, reached her home, proposed, was accepted, and married at once. It was only on inquiry that he found she was poor—far poorer than himself. This young woman's name was Elizabeth Duret. Her marriage with Lebas was a very happy one, though the serenity of their sky was troubled by a few clouds; one of which was that they had no children. "When I married," Lebas would often say, "I acted exactly like a young man without thought. I gave my wife lace, diamonds, and fine dresses. The day after my marriage I had no more money. This made me serious. Without saying anything, I took the diamonds and lace in my hat-box out into the street and sold all. When I came back, I showed the money to my wife, and said, 'My dear (*ma bonne amie*), I have sold all your finery, but I have got money. I am going to spend it in copper plates. Be patient, keep up my courage. I ask nothing but the time to finish a few plates and bring them out, and I promise to give you back with interest what I have taken from you to-day, without your having had the time to enjoy it.' I kept my word. I shut myself up. I fagged away at the copper (*j'ai pioché le cuivre*). Madame Lebas attended to her household affairs, and swept her own staircase. In a short time I found myself in a position not only to give her back what I had taken from her, but to be useful to her in every way, and procure for her all the luxuries of life."

To acquire the fortune which he desired to make for the sake of his wife and his mother, Lebas hit upon the idea of establishing a business as an engraver—becoming a dealer, in fact. This required considerable capital, and compelled him to open a school. He collected all the young artists in whom he saw any signs of talent,



With an infinity of tact and judgment he soon saw what each one of his pupils was fit for. He employed them all, each in his peculiar way, and the best results ensued. He was an excellent master of a school. He encouraged some by steady and well-directed praise, others by ironical laudation, being a great master in the art of flattery and joking. If a young man showed any signs of being pleased with himself, Lebas complimented him, embraced him warmly, and sent him away overwhelmed with delight, until the moment when his comrades explained the true character of the perfidious flattery of Lebas. No pupil ever allowed Lebas to embrace him twice. The school was large and well attended. There were out-door scholars and boarders, that is, pupils whom Lebas fed, lodged, and taught gratuitously; they, however, giving him their time. While amusing the class by his fun and humour, he also set them an example of unwearying activity, worked every day until five or six o'clock in the evening,

the name of the master, and the usual address of the dealer: "*A Paris, chez M. Lebas, Rue de la Harpe, Maison du Fayencier, à la Rote Rouge.*" "Lebas," says Watelet, "quite convinced that the number of connoisseurs is very small, thought that the artist whose name is oftenest seen in print is the best, and the reputation he acquired proved that he was correct. But it would have been more solid had he acknowledged only those pieces which he engraved himself, or, at all events, which he had touched up after his best pupils." It must be allowed, however, that his *piquante* and delightful touch gave life, movement, and grace to even the worst productions of his pupils. At all events, such is the opinion of good judges, and especially of Watelet.

In art, as in everything else, reputation brings money. Madame Lebas saw the prediction of her husband verified. Opulence fell upon the house commenced under such humble auspices. But Lebas, a true artist, naturally disinterested and generous, used his



MORNING.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN DER MEER.

without ever leaving off those merry characteristics of mind and language, which were the most marked features of his character.

Assisted by so many arms, the impatient engraver was able to undertake and carry out many very vast operations, such as "*The Ruins and Monuments of Greece,*" with the text of Leroi; the large views of Flanders after Teniers; the battles and camps of the Emperor of China; the festivals, rejoicings, and illuminations of the city of Havre, at the time of the visit which Louis XV. paid to it; the vignettes for the Paris breviary; and other series of engravings, some of which, it must be said, seemed rather publishers' speculations than works of art. These speculations succeeded. Lebas soon saw himself at the head of an extensive house, which had connexions and correspondents all over Europe. The engraving trade was inundated by pictures bearing the name of Lebas. Landscapes and historical subjects, geographical charts, subjects from natural history, fire-works and public festivals, theatrical decorations, vignettes, frontispieces and tail-pieces for books, all coming out of the numerous school of Lebas, and bearing

fortune without precaution, without care, and without order, as many men do who have no children, and who believe themselves beyond the reach of want. Too witty, too impulsive to become a business man, Lebas, if he sold a picture on credit, took a note of it on a stray piece of paper, which he was sure to lose before the day was over. If he accepted a bill, he never thought of entering it in a book, and was in the habit of being startled by the sudden presentation of the forgotten document. One day, when, as usual, he had been surprised by one of these bills, he asked the bearer to give him till the next day. The creditor replied by a threat of protesting the bill. Lebas rose in a towering passion, seized the creditor, put him down by main force in an arm-chair, locked him in the room, and rushed out in slippers and dressing-gown. In half-an-hour he returned, having borrowed the money of a friend.

The liberality of Lebas was inexhaustible, and assumed various delicate forms. His generosity was shown particularly to artists. Having one day called to see a landscape-painter of some reputation, named Lacroix, he found him ill and short of money. Presently



Lebas rose and went away, returning, however, after a short period, under pretence of having lost something. He looked about a long time for the article, and took the opportunity of putting down a packet of louis. Lacroix having recovered, went round to Lebas, and spoke to him of his money debt, and especially of his debt of gratitude.

"I don't really know what you mean," said Lebas quietly, and changed the conversation.

After having published his "Works of Mercy," "The Prodigal Son," "The Chemist," "The Black Pudding Maker," and other subjects from Teniers, which are really masterpieces of the engraver's art, Lebas was compelled, as he himself relates, to give up the manner of Audran—that beautiful and warm manner which showed even the elammines of painting—to create one more expeditious and more in consonance with the taste of the public. This concession

like the pencil in the hands of one drawing. Free from all the caprices, which, in the biting of aquafortis, may defeat more or less the intention of the artist, the dry point, by its movement, its suppleness, its shades of lightness or energy, perfectly expresses the will of the engraver—his way of comprehending and feeling—his individuality, in fact. Wielded by Lebas, the sharp graving tool has done wonders. It has produced unexpected results—infusions full of elegance and grace, and, to use a strong word, full of wit. This style, of which he was almost the inventor, Lebas made use of with success in his agreeable pictures after the Flemish, Dutch, and French painters, which, by their great variety and number, astonished and enchanted all amateurs. They were landscapes from Teniers or Ruysdael, portraits of Berghem, his "Four Hours of the Day," cavalry halts of Wouvermans, his "Italian Hunt," his "Milk Pot," little landscapes from Van Ostade, his



MOONLIGHT.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN DER BEEK.

was a weakness; the more so that Lebas could not plead necessity as an excuse, and because, moreover, so superior an artist ought rather to have sought to form public taste than to have bowed to it. But, by great good fortune, Philippe Lebas, when changing his manner, took up another quite as good, though rather more superficial. Before him, the dry point (that is to say, the point acting on the nude copper) had only been used for some light demi-tints, and even for this very rarely. Rembrandt alone had made use of this process with his ordinary genius. Lebas used this style of work, and perfected it to such a degree that he engraved whole skies, however coloured they might be, with the dry point, and succeeded even in rendering the shades of his figures by uniting, when necessary, a dashing vigour with a cleanliness which had in it nothing monotonous or stiff.

The dry point is, of all styles of engraving, that which best realises the conception and idea of the engraver. In his hands it is

"Dutch Family;" familiar scenes by Chardin; and love-making in swings and in bowers, by Lancret. He gave, too, "The Early Morn," of Karel Dujardin; "Daybreak," by Vandervelde; the landscapes and water-pieces of the great Claude, and "The Seaports" of Joseph Vernet.

To each of these masters Lebas gave a character and vitality. He was free and off-hand with Teniers, mannerist with Lancret, quaint with Berghem and Dujardin, soft with Vandervelde, liquid with Wouvermans; he imitated the precision and firmness of Chardin; he rendered what were called the *fonillis* (the dark lights) of Boucher, and made them much more agreeable in the engraving than they ever were in the original picture. He engraved, after Claude, two of the masterpieces of the Louvre, "The Ancient Port of Messina," and "The Village Reward." He showed himself, in this case perhaps, less broad, less grand than Woollett; but it is remarkable that, on the present occasion, he

thought fit to temper the habitual coquetry of his point, introduced much style into his manner, and reached a rich tone of harmony, if not the intensity of effect which Woollett had obtained.

The five hundred pieces engraved by Lebas—an enormous and almost incredible figure, when we reflect that they are pieces engraved with the burin and the sharp graving tool—did not prevent him giving himself to pleasure, to the cultivation of the world, nor from shining there by the liveliness of his fancy and the exuberance of his spirits. This amiable temperament was combined in him with a true sense of the dignity of the arts and his own self-respect. M. Hocquet, his friend, quotes many examples of this. A lady of the court, of distinguished rank, begged him to give lessons to her son, at the same time taking every due care for the young man. Lebas consented; but having perceived, from the very first lessons, that he was made to wait, and that the young nobleman often only came in to give his master a *cachet*,\* paid for very dearly, was by far too delicate to receive money he did not earn. Having one day noticed in the ante-chamber a valet with a very pleasing countenance, he ordered him to announce him in the mother's apartment. "Madame," said he on entering, "I wish you to allow me, when Monsieur the — is not prepared or not inclined to take his lesson, to allow me to give it to this young man," pointing to the lackey; "I shall then not lose my time, nor will you, madame, lose your money; and as your lackey will take lessons much oftener than his master, he will derive more advantage than him, and will soon know enough for Monsieur the — to continue his studies under him, and learn all that you appear to wish he should learn." The proposition of Lebas was received as he anticipated, and the master took his leave of his noble pupil.

A few years before his death, a noble lord having lent him a picture to engrave, Lebas, when the plate was finished, asked permission of the proprietor of the original to dedicate the production to him as a testimony of his gratitude. The reply he received was, that permission was granted to him on condition that the affair cost nothing to the person who accepted the dedication. "I will make a present to Monsieur," said Lebas, "of the right to call himself the protector of artists; and will give him an engraving framed with his arms, and twelve copies as a proof of his title!" Haughty with the great, Lebas was delighted with his equals and with the humble. In their company, he laughed at his obscure birth; and if he took upon himself to criticise the wig of a visitor or the hair of a portrait, he would add in the simplest tone possible: "I know something about it; I am the son of a hairdresser."

Portraits were not in the style of Lebas. He was, in general, rather weak in them. That of the painter Cazes, which he executed for his reception to the Academy in 1750, did not merit the reception it met with. It was the custom at that time to require, that candidates who presented themselves to be received in the class of engravers, should execute the portraits of two academicians, the plates of those received being the property of the Academy. Lebas competed for the prize, and sent the two portraits of Jacques Cazes (after Aved) and of Robert Lorraine, after Donais. But Lebas failed in his attempt, less from the errors of his burin than from the impudence of his tongue. Some words impudently uttered by him with regard to an academician, were repeated to this person by an officious friend, such as are always to be found; so that on the day of arbitration our academicians made a bitter criticism on the work of Lebas, and by chance found in his pocket a burin, with which to touch up and demonstrate the defects. According to this impartial critic, the engraving had too many faults; and it was really like the coarseness and impudence of M. Jacques Philippe Lebas to have said the day before to his pupils: "To-morrow, gentlemen, you will be received at the Academy!" So Lebas was rejected, but not without violent protestations from the minority. Dumont le Romain went so far as to say, that he should like to see a pencil put into the hands of any of those gen-

tlemen and Lebas. He was certain that the engraver would beat them all.

It was thirteen years after this failure that our artist presented himself again. This time the Academy departed from its ordinary rules in favour of Lebas; and, instead of two portraits of academicians, they gave him as his trial-engraving the pretty picture of Lancret, known as "La Conversation Galante."† The picture is well known, and as much admired. What brightness, what freshness, what transparency! It seems to have been dashed off under an earnest impulse of enthusiasm, without hesitation, fatigue, or doubt—a very labour of love. The somewhat fantastic trees of Lancret, transported by him from the gardens of Watteau, were executed boldly by Lebas with his point, as the painter had grouped and massed them with his brush.

Received unanimously in 1743, Jacques Philippe Lebas obtained the following year the brevet of engraver to the king's cabinet. In 1771 he was elected "councillor of the king in his Academy," and also received, with the pension of 500 livres, granted by Louis XV. to Laurent Cars, who had not lived to enjoy it. Nothing was now wanting to raise the name of Lebas with foreigners. The reigning prince of Deux-Ponts and the king of Sweden attached him to their courts as engraver, and gave him the title.

Lebas was often accused, and not without propriety, of executing his plates in the same way that people painted fans—that is to say, with the assistance of several artists fully up to each speciality of style. One did the heads, another the draperies, another the landscape. This was true in the case of a great many plates, to which Lebas put his double signature as an artist and as an engraver. He himself groaned over this custom, of which he regarded himself as by no means the inventor; and he sought to correct the evil effects of it by making his pupils apply to different branches of art. He had, moreover, quite sufficient tact to see their particular aptitude of style, and always allowed them models of masters who could be imitated without peril, reminding them always of the words of the French fable-writer:

"L'exemple est un dangereux leurre:  
On la guêpe a passé, le moucheron demeure."‡

During his whole life, Lebas was on the best terms with artists, learned men, and men of letters. Voltaire, of whom Madame Lebas requested as a favour some pit tickets for the first representation of "Merope," sent her tickets for the best boxes, saying that he owed this mark of respect to a comrade. Lebas was intimately connected with many artists, especially with Chardin, after whom he engraved four pieces so much sought after nowadays: "The Morning Toilet," "Good Education," "The Drawing Lesson," "Economy." One day, when he went to call on his friend Chardin, he found him in his workshop before the picture of a dead hare, which he had just finished painting. "I should like very much to have that picture," said Lebas; "but, then, I have got no money." "That can be arranged," said Chardin: "you have got a waistcoat on there that takes my fancy very much." "Done! Take the waistcoat! (Va pour la robe!)" cried Lebas. He immediately stripped off his coat, threw the waistcoat on a chair, and walked off with the picture under his arm.

We must not omit to quote, among the friends of the painter, Cochon, who, before being the friend of Lebas, had been his pupil, or at least his assistant. For a long time Cochon had gone to work every morning at Lebas's unknown to his father, whom he allowed to think that he had just begun his day, when he had already gained his *three francs* by two hours early work. At a later period the younger Cochon made himself a name in literature, by writing on the subject of art. He had acquired great influence, and a powerful name. When it was determined to engrave "The Port of France," which Vernet had painted for the king, Cochon was charged with the undertaking. He confided the whole of them to Lebas, reserving to himself the right of touching up the plates and sharing the profits. We read at the bottom of several of the plates, *Lebas et Cochon filius socii aculpant!* But the most intimate friend of

\* It is usual in France, when you take lessons at so much a lesson, to pay of the professor so many *cachets* or medals, which you give to him one at a time. When you have no more, you renew the supply. The same is done in dining-houses, where a diminution in price is made on twenty diners.

† WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS, Vol. I. p. 104.

‡ Example is a dangerous lure: where the wasp has passed the gnats stick.

Lebas was Descamps, the author of "The Lives of Flemish Painters." A confidant of the domestic quarrels, he was always the means of making peace in the family. Our readers should peruse in the *Memoirs* of M. Hequet, already alluded to, the acts and deeds of this jealous husband, who had no excuse to be so; and, above all, a certain adventure which amused the pupils of Lebas for a very long time. Uneasy about some of his wife's walks and journeys in the town, our French husband rushed one day out into the street, called a cab, and dashed after his wife in his morning costume, which was none of the most complete. The cab, instead of following the carriage in which Madame was, followed another, which was taking a worthy abbé to the *Mairai*. The coach stopped, the abbé got out, the jealous husband rushed furiously into the house which he believed his wife to have entered, abused the *concierge*, made a horrible noise, called for his wife, burst open a door and fell upon the unfortunate abbé, who, seeing the angry artist in a very simple *nyctig*, burst out laughing in his face.

The admirable woman and devoted wife, Madame Lebas, died in 1781. Her husband, who was then seventy-four years of age, was profoundly affected by her death. At an age when one wants repose, he for the first time felt annoyances, afflictions, discouragements, and distress. His undertaking, the figures of "The History of France," which required considerable advances of money, had placed him in great pecuniary difficulties. The willful slowness of Moreau the younger, with whom he was on odd terms, in giving him drawings for this work, which was brought down only to Louis IX.; the necessity he was under of leaving the house where his wife had just died, after living there forty-five years; all combined to overthrow the courageous old man, and he died. This event took place in 1783, just as it became evident that his "History of France" was a great success.

Amid all the annoyances of his last days, he still had some remnant of his old fun and humour. "In 1782," says Hequet, "we were at the *Trianon*. We were in the apartment of Madame the Princess of Montbazou, whose windows opened upon a little garden with water and fountains, where the dauphin was walking, or rather carried about, by his attendants. The little prince having stopped before the window, Lebas began, by making faces, swelling out his cheeks, and striking them with his hands, to make the child laugh. It was hinted to him that these demonstrations were not respectful, considering the rank of the child! Lebas immediately checked himself, and, turning round, addressed the heir-presumptive to the throne, who was but one year old: 'I am Jacques Philippe Lebas, engraver and pensioner of your grandfather. I am delighted to have been the means of making his grandson laugh.' More natural than those who were silly enough to take him away from the contamination of laughter, the child showed, by its cries and lamentations, its regret at being taken away from such joyous company!"

On the 9th Thermidor, in the year IV. (1796), the National Library purchased the collection of the works of Lebas, made by Hequet, for the sum of £129. It is a very valuable part of the riches of that great and admirable institution, which, with many defects, is so superior in many other things to our British Museum. We have the more readily told the story of Lebas's life—his whose name is put to so many engravings with which connoisseurs are familiar—because his life has scarcely ever been written. In fact, the materials have only recently been discovered to exist, since the revolution of 1818, when some of the eminent literary men who took a part in that demonstration obtained access to certain of the archives which had been buried and lost to the world from the carelessness and negligence of certain parties. Bryan says of him: "A celebrated French engraver, who has left a considerable number of pieces, executed in an excellent manner. He was born at Paris in 1708, was instructed in the art of engraving by N. Tardieu, and was one of the most ingenious artists of his time. He excelled in landscapes and small figures, which he touched with infinite spirit and neatness. He availed himself much of the freedom and facility of etching, which he harmonised in an admirable manner with the graver and dry point. The popularity of his works procured him a number of scholars, whose talents were employed in advancing the plates which he afterwards finished and published

with his name. His prints after Teniers are more than a hundred."

He was a very great man in his way, and deserves a niche amid the many who have a claim to a place in the wide world-history of art, which is of all countries, even more than literature, because art requires no translation. The eyes and the heart are alone required for us to comprehend and feel its beauties. It is an excellent and notable sign of the times that art is understood and appreciated."

## A PICTURE.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

Rome, Jan., 1854.

DURING my residence in this city, about which cling such memories of the past—memories of conquest, of war, of terrible struggles for the world's mastery—and which is yet the centre of so much that is important, I have become acquainted with very many facts which, if all recorded, would be worthy of a volume. I am fond of wandering about into the darker alleys of this "city of the soul," this "mother of dead empires," this "Xiole of nations," which stands

"Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;"

and, though glad at times to mix with the gay throng that crowded the halls of printers, prelates, and bankers, I have sought, according to my usual characteristics, as much as possible to initiate myself into the mysteries of humble life. I have never neglected art, that study which, of all others, repays so well the labour and time bestowed on it; and though I have not, with Coleridge, experienced "an acute feeling of pain on beholding the frescoes of Raphael and Michael Angelo," because they owe their preservation solely to the durable material on which they are painted, I have studied them with earnest love. In fact, my days have been spent, and would be still, but that I am about to leave for Florence, in marvelling at the beauties of painting and sculpture I see around me—my evenings in wandering in Rome and the outskirts in search of studies of manners. I aim, in my artistic productions, at the style of Ostade or Gyp, rather than that of our Titian. It was in consequence of this feeling of mine that I met with an adventure which I purpose recording at a future time on my canvas—the more, that it has a connexion with a countryman, and is, therefore, interesting.

I had extended my walk to some distance one evening. The night came on suddenly while I was wrapped in contemplation; and, turning round, I scarcely knew where I was. I saw distinctly before me the ruins of an old tower, which told me about what distance I was from Rome; and yet I felt little certainty of finding my way. I was not sufficiently familiar with the road to trust to myself as a guide, but after a few minutes' hesitation I set off, as I thought, along the path which I had followed in the light. In ten minutes I had lost my way. I could speak Italian, and could have asked the road, but there was nobody to ask. This made me reflect on the sage remark, that a man may be a fool in many languages, and I said many things to myself which were of a nature scarcely worthy remembering. I endeavoured to persuade myself that I was on the right road, but it was of no avail; so at last I stood still and looked around. I was near a ruin, whose

"Broken arches, black as night,"

just allowed a glimmer of departed day to peer through them, and show me a little of the scene around.

I soon found that I was also near a little stream, as I heard, not by the roar of waters from the headlong height, but by the gentle rippling of the tiny waves. I began to suspect that I really did not know where I was. I stood still. The scene was new to me; and yet, at night of that pile of ages long ago, as the light began to stream from star and planet on oriel, battress, and scroll, I suspected I had seen the place before from a distance. My eyes began to accustom themselves to the gloom, and presently I distinctly saw a kind of rude hut, such as are commonly built in out-of-the-way places by Roman peasants.

I at once felt fatigue. Before I had never thought of it, but now hunger, thirst, and weariness, came all upon me at once.

The hut was below me in a kind of hole, and I had to descend some rude steps to this dwelling, perhaps purposely concealed, for what I knew, and I conjectured hardly safe for any one who had with him ought to lose. But I had nothing to lose, and on that score was easy. My dress was plain. I wore a blouse and cap, and my shoes were heavy and rudely fashioned. Still I clutched my stick as I turned to the hut, and approached a side whence came a light.

"Is there any one at home?" said I, in a loud and, I hope, cheerful tone.

"Si, signor," cried a rough and rather harsh voice. "What do you want? Who are you?"

"I am hungry, tired, and thirsty; and I am an English traveller and artist, studying nature, who has lost his way."

There was a dead silence for a moment—a silence I could feel, but not understand.

head, and altogether a pretty simple face that might have been little noticed but for her eyes. They were of that deep, dreamy cast which strikes the painter because they tell a tale of sorrow, or regret, or hope; at all events, always indicate some passion which it is useful for him to study.

My attention, however, was called away by my supper, of which I partook freely; all the while, however, casting glances towards the young woman, who was absorbed, I began to fancy, by some memory of the past.

"You seem partial to Englishmen," I said at last, addressing the old man.

"We have no cause to be," grumbled he in a half good-natured tone.

"Hush!" said the girl, rising and standing erect, her right hand held out;—this is the instant I hope to seize in my picture—  
"hush, father! Do you not remember it was thus *he* came!



THE SKATERS.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN DER NEER.

"Welcome!" then exclaimed a voice—a voice of touching sadness and melancholy. "Welcome, stranger: no Englishman was ever turned from this door."

I was, I confess, a little startled by this reply, but certainly more gratified than startled; and I advanced to the open door and entered the hut. It was only a hut, a poor, mean building with one room, as I at first thought, and three occupants. There was an aged pair, still active and healthy, in the dress of peasants, and a young woman, not far from thirty, of handsome, yet melancholy mien, on whom my eyes were the more fixed, that she examined me with a curiosity and anxiety quite painful to behold. She then sat down by a table, and gazed with a vacant look at the wall, as I thought, it being dark, and the place illumined faintly by a sorry lamp.

The old people gave me a stool, and I had leisure to examine the young woman while they prepared a frugal meal of bread and cheese and wine, with some grapes, always welcome. She was dark, with black hair, black eyes, a small but well-shaped fore-

It was a dark and gloomy night, and he had lost his way; do you not remember?"

"Well, *cariissima*, I think I should remember it," replied the father.

"To what does your daughter allude?" said I; "if I may be so indiscreet as to ask."

The young woman seized the lamp, and holding it close to the wall, bade me look. I rose quickly and gazed at the place on the wall indicated by her, and there I saw, to my utter amazement, a delicious little oil painting, representing a young man of fair and delicate features, beside a dark-eyed beauty, which I easily recognised as the bolder of the lamp in her younger days. It was a perfect little gem, and astonished me so much I could not at first speak; but presently the peasant girl calming down, I resumed my seat and entered into conversation with her. And she told me her story, I suppose, because my lips had imparted to her the secret of my birth in the land of his origin.

It was about ten years before that a youthful traveller lost his



way under somewhat similar circumstances to my own, and sought shelter in the same hut, where then dwelt Francisca Patrana and her parents. He was a gentle but enthusiastic youth, who felt grateful at once for the hospitality offered and accepted. He spent the evening in conversation, chiefly with the young girl, and went away next day, promising to return. He did return, though they did not expect it, and so often that it soon became clear he was smitten with the charms of the young girl. His visits were discouraged. He cared not. He painted the hut at first, and then, after some coaxing, the young girl, who began to take a deep interest in him.

At last he offered his hand and his heart. A romantic and fervent spirit, he knew only that she was beautiful and good. She was uneducated, but that was a delightful thing for young love to remedy. He was refused at first, because of the difference of religion; but his earnest and sincere eloquence overcame all difficulties, and it was finally settled that the whole party should at an

them, and not a single stumbling-block stood in the way of their great happiness. How she longed to see the happy land he painted in such glowing colours! and how he too desired, with pride and joy, to be the being who should open up to her its beauties and its new graces!

To marry in Rome was difficult, if not impossible. Every preparation was then made for their departure. At last the letter came, and all was ready. Just then he died. He was of a delicate, frail nature, and caught a fever, against which youth laboured in vain. He died, and left behind him one who, though not his widow, because she had not been his wife, yet was determined to be in everything his relict on this earth. She saw him to his lonely grave, and returned to her hut saddened, blighted, hopeless, and yet—for he had conquered all her prejudices—hopeful of another world, where they must meet again.

She kept his picture, *that one*, and the lesson-books he had given her; but she touched them no more; the chord was snapped that



A SEA-PIECE.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN DER MEER.

early period emigrate to England, and there the young couple should be united. The old people heard the plan at length with complacency, and the youthful artist wrote over to his home for money to return.

All went well. He painted and taught. The young girl was apt and willing, and she learnt to read and write, and imbibed much knowledge from her enthusiastic lover. His studies were now confined to nature. He was always near the ruin, and it was in the hut in which I was listening to the tale that he painted his picture, which gave unbounded delight to all parties. And there it was, too, that she conned over her books, her grammar, and her little elementary works—a very school-girl in earnestness and devotion.

And he was never tired of teaching, nor she of learning. It must have been a pleasant and cheerful thing to see that couple, so attached, so earnest, so single-minded, pursuing their mutual tasks; he, yearning and battling for fame, she, for simple knowledge. And the time passed so pleasantly all the while, for all smiled on

made them musical. And yet I saw with what veneration she still regarded them. All efforts to make her change, to induce her to wed, were useless; she was the bride of the departed, and as such she solemnly announced herself to her parents. They combated her will in vain. She would not be comforted, and would not be left.

And thus I found her and a subject for my pencil, which, if I can ever realise, I am sure will place my name in some little niche where the smaller specimens of art may find shelter. And there I left her next day, much moved by meeting with one to whom she could speak unreservedly of the lover who had been dead ten years, and yet whom she looked on with such freshness of memory. I saw her no more, my stay in Rome being but short; but I write this hurried letter to record the deep impression the scene made on me.

Perhaps I should have rather told of the seven-hilled city's pride, of what remains besides the cypress and the owl, of broken thrones and temples; but thus is it ever with me; one little bit of nature



makes me forget all the glories of the greatest art, because it moves my heart. Not that I despise the mighty monuments of times past, but that real life moves me more deeply when it presents itself to me in such a form, and especially—egad! that I am!—when it comes wrapped round in the enchanting witchery of a subject for a picture.

## AN ARTIST'S IDEA OF CONSTANTINOPLE AND ENVIRONS.

THE East has always been the peculiar ground of the artist. Thence he has drawn his most rich materials. Martin, and Turner, and many others have made us familiar with much that is great and splendid in the fields and hills of Thracian, now to be made further familiar as the scene of military operations. It is pleasing, however, to turn from the terrible strifes of "our own correspondent," narrating all the horrors of war, starvation, and cholera, to the views of an artist. Mr. F. Hervé visited the land some time back as a portrait painter, and brought back, not only rich sketches of the country, but communicated much pleasing information.

He visits the place to paint; and hence it is natural that he should tell us, that though there are few spots in Europe which have called forth more panegyrics than the charms of the Bosphorus, yet the reality far surpasses all preconceived ideas. The position, the very sensation that you are between the extreme points of the great divisions of the globe known as Asia and Europe, is enough to rouse the mind to a certain degree of enthusiasm. It is hard to say on which side most beauty lies.

You gaze on palaces of the purest white marble, with doors of bronze and gilded cornices, tall minarets, rising with chaste and taper elegance beside the round and massive tower, light trellises, shaded terraces, latticed windows, all savouring of mystery and romance. Then you turn from the present to the past, as your eye catches a sight of the heavy castles of other times, with their gloomy turrets frowning on each other from the opposite banks as they peer up in solitary grandeur—here a fantastic and ephemeral style of architecture, there a heavy massive line of solid walls and lofty towers, which raise their proud heads on high.

Every form of habitation is to be found in the Bosphorus, from the habitation of the peasant to the palace of the monarch. There is the lowly fisherman's shed, formed of a few planks, pitched up and plastered together with mud and clay, with a hole to creep in and a hole to look out from, the waves oft dashing against its base, and the rain entering its roof; whilst not far off stands the Sultan's gorgeous palace, where the sculptor's art is profusely displayed, where gaudy painting and the richest carved work unite their powers to adorn the splendid monument of Ottoman pride, and its polished marble walls, its granite balustrades, its porphyry columns, are crowned by a resplendent crescent of gold. All this may outrage the pure and classic eye of the chaste architect, for we know that it is in bad taste; but the effect is most brilliant and imposing; and as there is a succession of these palaces on either shore, when the sun shines upon them, it produces one dazzling blaze of eastern magnificence.

But art alone has not lent enchantment to the view. It is not possible for us to comprehend, here at home, what nature is under the

"Blest power of sunshine!"

in a land where it may be truly said, on many occasions:

"There was not, on that day, a speck to stain  
The azure heaven; the blessed sun alone,  
In unapproachable divinity,  
Cared, shining in his fields of light.  
How beautiful, beneath the bright blue sky,  
The billows heave!—one glowing green expanse;  
Save where, along the bending line of shore,  
Such hue is thrown, as when the peacock's neck  
Assumes its proudest tint of emerald  
Embedded in emerald glory."

And all this lights up a place gifted by nature with almost sublime charms. It is nature that has given the bold and varied outline,

the rocky mazes and the myrtle bowers; she it is that gives us that gigantic and overshadowing plane-tree, the growth of centuries, and the shelter of thousands of men and herds, to gaze at and admire. See the rugged oak, the spreading elm, the weeping ash, the bright sycamore, the dark-green fig, the stately cedar, the orange, the lemon, the soft acacia, the trembling aspen, the drooping willow, the sylvan yew, the tall poplar, and, the loftiest of all, leaving every other far beneath, the sombre cypress, rears its aspiring stem. And then, above, there is the almost bare rock, clad at times by the hardy pine of the North.

And then, besides these and many other trees, there are fruit-trees innumerable. The mulberry and the vine are the most frequent. The latter climbs about the awnings and palisades in all directions, and producing, in almost all parts of the East, a vile compound, has been the fertile source of death in our army. The shrubs are endless and innumerable; the laurel, the myrtle, the box, the arbutus, and hauristinus are everywhere to be seen. Of the flowers it would be in vain to attempt to speak.

The palaces, harems, and villas of the rich Turk—less frequent now than in Hervé's time—and of the foreign merchants, are a graceful and pleasing addition to the beauties of nature. Their gardens are perfectly fairy-like in many instances. They surround the dwellings, and then go back, getting wilder as they ascend, until they, too, reach the barren crag. There they rise, terraces after terrace, communicating by winding steps, often of marble, with beds of flowers and dark-green shrubs rising on all hands; and then the bowers, arbours, alcoves, obelisks, kiosks, pagodas, fountains, temples, awnings, lattice-worked screens and trellises.

Elsewhere upstart the blue cupolas of a mosque, very much like the Pantheon in Leicester-square, half hid by an umbrageous curtain of trees, except where the duted minarets rise all-angled the dark trees. And then from some window peers a dark-eyed Greek girl, watching the boats as they pass; or an Armenian or Turkish lady darts a modest look and drops her eyes; while Turks smoke lazily near the water, boats richly carved and gilt float by, filled by men in embroidered costumes, though now, in general, the European garb is alone seen. The boatmen alone preserve their old dress.

Well, and with all this beauty of scenery, with such a sky, and such temptations, neither Turks, nor Greeks, nor Armenians, nor Jews, nor any other of the mixed and nondescript dwellers in Turkey have the slightest conception of art, or the slightest leaning towards a study of it. The Greeks are very behindhand. They neither comprehend music nor painting, as the darts in the inside of their churches will readily show. As to music, some Souliots were once singing very sweetly the air of "Il Penseroso," and an Englishman remarked to a Greek friend how well they did it. His reply was curious. "They sing well indeed! they have some knowledge as to using their mouth, but they have no idea whatever of using their noses!" It is through the nose that the Greeks usually sing.

There have been many young Greeks sent to Europe to learn various accomplishments. Singing and painting they could never compass. We have heard Greek singing enough, and the less we hear for the future the better. What half a century of civilisation may do we know not, but the arts are nowhere in so deplorable a state as amid the ruins of temples and monuments in Greece, in Athens itself, and in the country of the Turk, where religion sets its face against every form of the art of painting and sculpture.

The prejudice is wearing away, however, and this—like every thing else—denotes that there is a crisis of civilisation about to take place. The presence of the allied armies may be the cause of Turkey awaking to real civilisation, literature, and the arts, and finally to Christianity—not the Christianity of Greeks and others in Turkey, but to the purer Christianity of countries where civilisation has gone hand-in-hand with religion. Then may we hope to see even high art taking root in a country formed by nature for all that is lovely and great, and they too may produce works from which

"We gaze and turn away, and know not where,  
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart  
Reels with its fulness; there—for ever there,  
Chained to the chariot of triumphal art,  
We stand as captive, and would not depart."

As one indication of the approach of a better state of things, we may mention that, as the French army in the East is accompanied by Horace Vernet—whose business is to produce worthy pictorial representations of any striking scenes, any remarkable objects, and any brilliant exploits that may meet his view—so Omar Pasha has an artist in attendance upon him for a similar purpose, who is said to be engaged upon a painting of the siege of Silistria, that glorious struggle in which Turkish valour, assisted and directed by the English skill of the gallant Lieutenant Butler and his friend, effectually repelled all the attacks of a Russian horde, in spite of a great disparity in numbers. It may, perhaps, be some time before Omar Pasha's enlightened views on general subjects and just appreciation of the value of art are shared by the mass of the subjects of the Sultan; but the influence of his example, seconded by the high position he deservedly holds in the estimation of all, must, sooner or later, bring about this desirable result.

### THE EXHIBITION OF THE ART UNION.

SOME of our readers may smile at the fact of an exhibition of the Art Union of London being included in matter, great part of which relates to the works of EXISTENT MASTERS. But the article will not be so irrelevant as it might upon the first blush appear.

The object of our work is to cultivate amongst all classes in England a taste for the beautiful, and the beautiful includes, according to the sententious German, the good! It is not unnatural, therefore, that any glaring departure from the rules of Taste and of True Art should be noticed and reprobated, for it is by reproof that education is promoted, and by the example of the bad that the good is inculcated.

Very few people are ignorant of the constitution of the Art Union. It is a society, instituted in 1837, and incorporated in 1846, having for its object a promotion of the knowledge "and love of the fine arts, and their general advancement in the British Empire by a wide diffusion of the works of native artists," and also "the elevation of art and the encouragement of its professors, by creating an increased demand for their works, and an improved taste on the part of the public."

That an institution having so generous and so great an aim, should have so signally failed, as this and other exhibitions will show, is more to be deplored than to be wondered at. Taste requires education, and is by no means a mere natural production. It requires also time to grow. It is not to be presumed, that because a man or a woman wins a prize at the Art Union, they should be sufficiently judges of pictures to select the most meritorious out of so many galleries; and the fortunate prizeholder has the Royal Academy, the British Institution, the Society of British Artists, the National Institution, the Water Colour Society, and the New Association of Painters in Water Colours, to select from. It might probably happen that if the fortunate or unfortunate prizeholder had only one gallery to choose from, something like a good selection might be made; but under the present system the body of prizeholders, with a perverseness which is puzzling, clear the whole of the galleries of their dross and refuse.

It is another unfortunate circumstance that the drawing of the Art Union takes place very late in the year. Therefore, if there be a good picture by a rising artist, prizeholders are pretty sure not to get it, because buyers of taste and of art education have had the run of the galleries before them; and, moreover, to render, we suppose, any collusion between the buyer and the seller impossible, the committee of the institute have framed their by-laws in such a manner that one may be construed into a direct prohibition of the prizeholder's using any judgment other than his own—a good rule in some respects, but exceedingly injurious in others.

Thus it is, that the result is frequently very seriously injurious and noxious to British art. Those who have to choose the pictures are of all classes, and the sellers of the pictures are as various. Some there are who get a pretty good painting; but the majority are so bad, that the effect of the gallery to an eye accustomed to good art, is really very sad indeed. But, besides this evil, the Art Union has another effect. It discourages the artist who may be

very clever, but may *not* have sold his picture, when he sees one with not a title of the talent which he has, get for his production a price which is preposterously high. But it has a worse effect upon the artist who sells his painting. Having an eye to the Art Union prizeholders, he has put an enormous price on his production, because he is just as likely to get it as a smaller one. Judges do not buy his pictures—but others do; and the prizeholder must give the full price, or else return part of it into the reserve fund of the society. We happen to know a case, wherein a young artist asked £200 for a picture exhibited in the Royal Academy, purposely to catch the Art Union prizeholders—a work for which, had a dealer bought it, he would gladly have taken £50. He sold his picture; and it so elated him, that his works had such prices put on them that he never sold any more. He is now in one of our colonies, taking portraits, and gaining a very fair living; but a great or even a talented artist he never will be.

The pictures, also, on account of the advertisement which their exhibition affords, are obliged to be exhibited, and therefore to be chosen from exhibitions of the current year. Artists are not, consequently, allowed to paint upon commission; but, if they were permitted to do so, surely something more creditable might be obtained. In a word, as a purpose of art education for the spread of taste, this society is a dead failure; and, although it undoubtedly gets rid of a great many pictures, still there is not one out of the one hundred and ninety-nine exhibited, for which we would give—and we believe there is no professional person in London would—half the price which the artist has obtained for it. From this censure we may, however, except three; and also the lithograph by Maguire; and the whole of the statuary models, from 195 to 199, both inclusive.

A hasty run through the gallery will, we have no doubt, convince the reader of the truth of remarks which, however harsh, have for their aim the advancement of art and the improvement of taste. The society ought, without any hesitation, to remodel their rules; so that it might be an honour, instead of the reverse, to be selected by a prizeholder of the Art Union.

The present exhibition is held in the rooms of the Suffolk-street Gallery. In the great room the first picture which attracts the visitor will be, in all probability (No. 4), "Common Fare," painted by Mr. Sidney Cooper, and selected from the Royal Academy at the very large price of £367 10s. Mr. Cooper is a first-rate artist when combined with Mr. Lee as a landscape-painter; but in "Common Fare," which represents a group of sheep and a half-starved donkey on a common, he, to a certain extent, fails. The landscape is unpleasant; the position of the donkey, on the apex of a hillback in the centre of the picture, being too prominent; and the effect is, on the whole, unpleasant. Parts of the picture are unexceptionable; the sheep are excellently painted. The amount of the prize is £250, the prizeholder having added the remainder.

(No. 13), "Gipsies leaving the Common," by E. Williams, sen., for which a gentleman has given £60, is a very common specimen of a picture manufactured without the slightest attention to nature; vivid colours and crude greens being the staple commodity.

(No. 19), "A Scene from the Play of the Hunchback," by A. J. Simmons, has, luckily for the artist, fetched £40. Had it to be sold in any sale to-morrow, it might realise £10.

(No. 21), "The Lady of Shalott," by R. S. Lauder, R.S.A., has been chosen from the new institution at a price of £50. It bears the quotation from Tennyson:—

"But in her web she still delights  
To weave the mirror's magic sights."

But it is in reality nothing but a very pallid specimen of humanity, with a pretty but unmeaning face, looking into a mirror. What relation it bears to Tennyson's mystic poem we cannot say.

(No. 22), which hangs just below, is a contrast in every particular. It is a sweet landscape, "Evening on the Mackno, North Wales," with a wild duck flying quickly over the still waters of a lake. The colour and the feeling are both good. The taste exhibited in the choice of this does honour to Mr. Allen. The price affixed by the artist, Mr. Dearn, is twenty pounds.

(No. 23), "Game and Fruit," by Duffield, is a very fine picture, which we noticed when before exhibited. We would particularly

call attention to the painting of the blackcock and the partridge. Mr. Cooper, a prizesholder of one hundred pounds, has selected it.

(No. 28), "A Fishing Village," from the coast of Normandy, by J. Wilson, jun., for which Mrs. Saunders has given one hundred and fifty pounds, is a meritorious but by no means a first-class painting.

(No. 31), "The Siesta," by C. Landseer, exhibits a girl lying upon two antique chairs. The position is awkward, and the drawing, especially the foreshortening, not well managed; but on the whole, the picture is more worthy than nine-tenths of the others.

(No. 34), "The Young Boat-builder," is so bad, that it should be gibbeted, not exhibited.

(No. 36), "The Rehearsal of the Village Choir," by F. Underhill, is the production of one, who, with more time and finish, may do much better. The faces of the young girls, whom the music-master is drilling, are very sweet and arch.

(No. 37), exhibits the sort of picture which is likely to be bought by prizesholders. It is of the genteelly pious order. Not that we quarrel with simple piety, but with its theatrical exhibition. It is called the "Mother's Prayer." A lady with a doll-like face, without one atom of devotion in it, watches over her child in bed. It

(No. 68), "The Youthful Hairdresser," exhibits quite as simple an incident; but, from the nature of its treatment, is very much better. A little girl is nailing the wig on a wooden doll, the stolid look of which gives the piece a very comical air. The dress and face of the girl are well painted by the artist, Miss M. A. Cole.

(No. 76), "Keeping Guard," by J. Hardy, jun., is interesting and well painted, with the exception of the sky, which is exceedingly murky and heavy. A dog is watching by some game, which his master has deposited near him.

(No. 84), "The Monastic Life of the Emperor Charles V.," exhibits great knowledge of drawing and a good eye for colour and arrangement. The present little picture is but a sketch, and some crudeness must therefore be pardoned. The picture is decidedly the best ten-guinea prize in the exhibition.

(No. 90), "The Brunette and the Blonde," of course being the portraits of a pale young lady, and of another with a Spanish chocolate complexion, is a work by Mr. R. S. Lander, for which he has been lucky enough to get sixty guineas.

(No. 103), "A Bible Class in a Scotch Parish School examined by a Committee of Presbytery," is one of those pictures which strike you with two subjects for wonder—the one, that it ever got hung in any gallery; the other, and the greater, that having been hung, it ever got sold; the artist mistaking coarse caricature for character,



MOONLIGHT ON THE WATER.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN DER MEER.

is calculated to touch maternal hearts, and we have no doubt that Mr. Fisher, in selecting it, was guided by his female friends.

(No. 46), "Isola dei Pescatori," an Italian landscape, by G. E. Hering, is very meritorious. With the exception of a certain harshness in the shadows, it leaves little to be wished for.

(No. 54), "A Cabin in a Vineyard," has at least a great name to help it, that of Mr. Uwins. We criticised it in our notice of the Royal Academy. A mother who has left her children asleep in the *cabane* of the garde de vigne, returns to look at them. The figure of the mother is somewhat graceful, but beyond that the picture is unmeaning and lackadaisical.

(No. 61), "Evening," by E. Williams, sen., is excessively after the manner of a teaboard in its finish and treatment. It bears a great many more marks of manufacture than of study from nature.

(No. 66), "What shall I sing?" instances one of those prettinesses with little meaning and small skill in execution, which, nevertheless, captivate the many. A young lady in a curious dress, a mixture of modern and fancy costume, holds a guitar in her hands, and seems to ask the beholder the question which gives its title. It is perfectly unworthy both of the artist and purchaser.

and being content to exhibit a picture without tone, or finish, or colour, properly so termed, in it.

But we will not detain the reader any longer. The water-colour department of the exhibition is perhaps a little better than that of the oil paintings; the best amongst them being "A Head of a Roman Monk" (No. 186), by Carl Haag, to which we called attention in our notice of the Water-colour Society. The statuettes are much more creditable, especially "The Dancing Girl reposing" (198), and (199) "Innocence," after an original by Foley.

The print, to which subscribers are entitled next year, is not worthy even of the Art Union; the artist, Mr. J. J. Chalon, seldom producing anything worthy of engraving, and, in this instance, Mr. Willmore, the engraver, by no means doing what he should have done. Any one familiar with the works of Woollett will at once see what a tremendous distance there is between the water which he represented, buoyant, sparkling, and deep, and the heavy graver and point lines of Mr. Willmore, which look like nothing in nature and little in art. The thirty wood engravings, illustrative of "Childe Harold," promise much better; but we must decidedly register our opinion, that the Art Union is every year less worthy of its position and of the patronage it obtains. Unless the council makes some very great efforts towards improvement, the sooner it gets replaced, or extinct, the better for British art.

## JOHN ASSELYN.



THERE is in Switzerland a charming writer, whose productions have all the perfume of the land in which he dwells, and all the suavity and *bonhomie* of the simple and good pastor of his flock.

goose-quill, or, haply now, his steel substitute, appears dipped in the milk of human kindness, so gentle, so soothing, so pleasing are his words. Excellent Topffer! may your name be more widely known, and your books be everywhere appreciated! This observing man has spoken sometimes of art; and thus does he tell of his humours and fancies:—

“I select a landscape by Asselyn. A matter of taste. This master is so sweet, so amiable, so redolent of all that is smiling and peaceful in country life. In the foreground we have a miniature strand, and some cattle drinking in the waters of a river. Goats, mares, even donkeys, are covered by the shadow of a bridge, the unequal arches of which support layers, now of bricks, now of hewn stone, some covered by plaster or cement, some concealed under tufts of grass. On the edge of the horizon the sky shines with all the temperate brightness of a beautiful evening; above, clouds fringed with gold float in a calm and deep azure. This picture has been really painted; and it is a masterpiece. Does the place it represents exist? I know not, and I do not care; for if it does not exist entire, every one of its lovely details are real and true copies of nature in her sunniest moods.”\*

The writer of the above passage, which in the original is charming, has himself painted a picture in so many words. In so doing, he has not sought to make the painter subordinate to nature; he has rather given the man a power over nature. If it is this great power which furnishes the subject, and even more than the subject—the inspiration, still the artist must have felt and understood the inspiration. “Without Asselyn,” he tells us, “nature would display her whole store of beauties, would bask indeed in the warm and genial sun; but all this would be neither felt nor expressed. Without Asselyn it exists; but the peaceful, the gentle, the amiable—who will impregnate us with it? Without him this canvas may be a view, but not a picture.”

\* Topffer, “*Reflexions et Menus propos d’un Peintre Genevois, précédées d’une notice par Albert Aubert.*” Paris, 1848.



His leisure hours are not spent in contriving gross satires, written with a pen dipped in Egyptian darkness, in the style of the bitter old monk of Meudon. No! he is no modern Rabelais. His gray

Topfser loved nature; he, like the poet could cry:—

"I care not, Fortune, what you me deny;  
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;  
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,  
Through which Aurora shows her bright'ning face;  
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace  
The wood and lawns, by living streams at eve:  
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,  
And I their toys to the great children leave.  
Of fancy, reason, virtue nought can me bereave."

None but masters ever inspire in the refined the thoughts which we have noted above, or raise any question important or interesting to art. Asselyn was a master—decidedly not of the first order of merit—but so pleasant, so agreeable, as Topfser says, so naively in love with rural beauties, so luminous in his execution, that we must give him a place in the history of landscape between Claude Lorraine and Both, of Italy; and, in the history of animal painting, between Karel Dujardin and Bambocce. It will scarcely be credited by those who have not all extended their researches in art, that the name of Asselyn is not even mentioned in Descamps. Houbraken just alludes to him, and that is all. As for the other biographers, they have fallen into innumerable errors on the point. Some say that he is a pupil of John Miel, some of Isaiah Vandervelde. Harms, in his chronological table of painters, fixes his birth in the year 1567; D'Argenville makes him born in Holland, about 1610. In the midst of all these uncertainties, what appears to those who have examined into the matter in modern times most likely and reasonable, from every indication and known fact, is, that he was born in Holland, about 1610, and that he was the pupil of Isaiah Vandervelde, who doubtless taught him to paint battles, which, as we shall see, was one of his peculiarities. This inference we are led to draw from a passage of Sandrart, who knew Asselyn personally, and whose testimony appears to be incontestable. His words are:—"Inter Anstelodanenses subdilatium pictores valde celebris erat tunc quondam equorum, quam aliorum animalium hominumque figura et quoad *portia*. Discipulus enim fuit Isaia de Velde, artificis in hoc pingendi genere qui Haaga conitis habitabat."\* Elsewhere Sandrart speaks of Ansterdam as the country of Asselyn: *In arbe patriâ Anstelodamensi*†.

We are able to say with tolerable certainty, that Asselyn started at a very early age for Italy, that he travelled much, and lived for a long time at Rome, where the community of painters of his own country gave him the surname of *Crobbetje* (which in Dutch means little crab), because he had a twisted hand and crooked fingers. It is a remarkable fact that this named dwarf had an easy and ready touch—a pencil remarkable for its lightness and elegance. But, surrounded by so many masters, he hit upon two whose manner seduced him at once. These were Claude Lorraine and Bambocce. The mixture is singular; and it is rather difficult to conceive of the man who could have a passion for any two artists so dissimilar. One, grave and solemn, devoted to the study of light, and the more solemn phases of landscape; the other, from taste, a student of the cross road and the tap-room—a painter who dashed upon the canvas all the humour of a tavern wit—a poet beside a buffoon. But so it was with Asselyn. He was thus able to satisfy at the same time the impulse he felt for representing Italian nature and the natural taste which, as a Dutchman, he had for the ordinary things of life; especially

"The parlour splendours of that festive floor,  
The whitewash'd wall, the nicely sunded floor,  
The varnish'd clock that tick'd behind the door;

\* "Among Amsterdam painters of out-door scenes he was very celebrated for his figures of horses as well as of other animals and men, and for battles. He was a pupil of Isaiah De Velde, an artist in this style of painting, who lived at the Hague."

† "Academia nobilissima artis pictoriæ, Norimbergæ. 1683." Florent Lecomte says that Asselyn was surnamed *Petit-Jean*, because of his small stature. Hence many writers have confounded Asselyn with Petit-Jean of Holland, an artist who also painted landscapes with very minute figures. But D'Argenville observes that this painter, whose surname was Bellon, died at Rome before the year 1651. He must not, then, be confounded with Asselyn.

The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,  
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;  
The pictures placed for ornament and use,  
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;  
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,  
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay,  
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,  
Ranged on the chimney, glisten'd in a row."

Following in this respect the example of Claude, Asselyn spent much of his time wandering about the environs of Rome; not so much to study and note the effects of the sun upon the country, as to draw some of the noble ruins he met with at every step, and which he laid by as subjects to be introduced at a future time into his landscapes. Whether it was that he possessed a more intuitive and grand conception of nature—one more elevated and sublime than belongs in general to the artists of the Low Countries—or whether it was that association with Claude Lorraine had elevated his ideas, Asselyn at once showed himself possessed of a style which did not wholly prevent him from retaining his Dutch *naïveté*. Those ruined monuments of Roman power were observed and studied by him under every phase and intonation of light, at every hour of the day; but in preference, when the sun shone in all its brilliancy. He knew them by heart. Opening his mind to the poetry of ruins, he attached himself from choice to those which remind us of the great deeds of history—of the events of the heroic era. Here he would find a vestige of the home of Cæsar—venerable ruins—where trees have taken root and have spread their green boughs over the disjointed stones. There he would fall upon some arcades of the ancient aqueduct of Præstati, which conducted water to the palace of Augustus. Further on, he would discover and sit for hours before the temple of the Tiburtine Sybil at Tivoli—a circular temple, still supported by mutilated columns, the Corinthian capitals of which have lost their acanthus.

The ruins of the Amphitheatre of Marcellus, known familiarly as the Coliseum, and which the Frenchman, Jacques Callot, was then engaged in engraving with his learned and admirable joint, were portrayed by Asselyn many times in all their majesty—that is to say, with their decorations of verdure, with those thousand flowers and shrubs which have started up on the steps of the amphitheatre—there, where once a gladiator expired amid the roars of the brutal populace. When examining with an artistic eye the representations of the artist, we feel that poetry alone can render the beauty either of the reality or the copy. Both in presence of the picture and the ruins, who would fail to recollect the oft-quoted lines of Byron, which we scarcely make any apology for transcribing, so wondrous is the affinity between the Dutch artist's mellow tints and the noble author's suggestive words!

"But when the rising moon begins to climb  
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;  
When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,  
And the low night-breeze waves along the air  
The garland forest, which the gray walls wear,  
Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head;  
When the light shines scarce, but doth not glare,  
Then in this magic circle rise the dead!  
Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust ye tread."

A ruin—yet what ruin? From its mass  
Walls, palaces, half cities, have been reared;  
Yet off the enormous skeleton ye pass,  
And marvel where the spoil could have appeared.  
Hath it indeed been plundered, or been cleared?  
Alas! developed, open to decay,  
When the colossal fabric's form is marred,  
It will not bear the brightness of the day,  
Which streams too much on all years man have left away."

Chateaubriand appears to have before him a picture of Asselyn, when he says, in his "Travels in Italy:"—"I took refuge in the Hall of the Baths, near the Poecile, under a fig-tree which had overthrown a wall by its growth. In a little octagonal hall a vine pierced the vault of the edifice, and its grout, smooth, red, and crooked stalk climbed along the wall like a huge serpent. Around me everywhere, through these arcades of ruins, I saw beautiful



points of view in the Roman country, while elder-bushes fill the deserted baths. Fragments of masonry were carpeted over by the leaves of the harti's tongue, the satin verdure of which appeared like mosaic-work on the white marble. The summits of the ruins looked like baskets and bouquets of verdure."

But amidst these august ruins, where almost any artist would have been elevated to a lofty and admirable style, even without knowing it, Asselyn found means to satisfy his natural *bambocisme* and his love for the true, by the simplicity of the figures with which he adorned his landscape. Having arrived at Rome at the time when Nicolas Poussin inaugurated historical painting, when Claude Lorraine shed his flood of light over the Arcadian countries which his rich and fertile imagination had invented, Asselyn saw nothing moving abroad but herds of goats, rough herlemen taking their animals to drink, with their half-savage mares. There, where the more pompous French artist would have introduced Ciceronian, or Pyrrhus, an antique philosopher, or else Antony and Cleopatra, the Dutch artist naturally and without effort painted the Sabine peasant whom he had seen pass with his mules utterly unobserved beneath the trophies of Marins. Scarcely conscious of what he did, he created in his picture a contrast that showed the intimate poetry of his mind. But then the Dutch had none of that frantic love for Roman antiquity, which was carried to such an absurd extent in France, even by people who knew so little of the past as to introduce consuls and proconsuls, Lucretia and Brutus, Scipio and Nero, in bag wigs, swords, slashed doublets, red heels, hoops, and powdered hair!

It was in the style of *Bamboche* that Asselyn painted his long droves of oxen with immense horns, horns that would carry a haycock on fire, as they did for Hannibal, his horses, his asses, and all his favourite rustic animals. Nevertheless, as he introduced a little less of rudeness, a softer touch, a more peaceful and gentle sentiment, he rather resembled Karel Du Jardin in this particular. The reader may, for example, remark among the engravings of Claessens a very pretty and piquant etching, admirably executed, which reminds us of the wit and the unexpected and striking grace of this master—that is to say, of Karel Du Jardin!—In a composition which at first sight might be attributed to *Bamboche*, or at all events to Jean Miel. A cavalier has led his horse down into a kind of cave which appears formed by the fall of some enormous rocks, and in the bottom of which is a well. Draped elegantly in his cloak, the gentleman, whose rank is clearly shown by the fineness of his features and the ribbons adorning his beaver, is standing on the ground, and waiting while a young peasant is drawing some water for his horse to drink. A ray of light, which has doubtless fallen through the fissures of the rock, falls upon the crupper of the white horse, brought up vigorously on the transparent obscurity of the subterranean cavern. At the other extremity of this grotto we see a series of steps cut in the rock, which a muleteer is ascending. Pierre de Laer, Du Jardin, or Wouvermans, never produced anything more charming than this picture; nothing more correct in *chiaroscuro*, nothing more generally true. It is a masterpiece (p. 81). Of course, the engraving wants the advantages of colour; but it is admirable as it stands, and shows the importance of correct study.

This picture is but one proof of the correct taste of Asselyn, for whom the following appears almost to have been written:—"There is but one school of art—nature. But to read her volume profitably, artists must study profoundly the antique and ancient Italian school, formed by the era of Leonardo, Angelo, and Raphael. It may precede, or follow, or coincide with the study of the living figure; still these immortal works must be your guide; for whether it be composition, or colouring, or design, you are likely to find that these masters read nature more clearly than you ever can. But do not copy or imitate them further than as objects of study. Learn anatomy by all means; but do not forget the object. When you draw a dissected limb, be sure to sketch the living one beside it, that you may at once contrast them, and note the differences. In drawing from the nude figure, contrast your sketch with the antique; you will find in it many defects. Never forget that perfection, the result of a high specialisation of nature's law of

individuality, is rare; the opposite, that is, imperfection, the result of a tendency to anity of organisation, is by far the more common."†

It is very seldom that Asselyn makes any use of concentrated light. In general it is in the open air, in the broad daylight, that is laid the scene of his pastorals and *bambochades*. Doubtless it cannot be pretended that the light of Asselyn has the intensity, the dazzling brightness, the magic power of Claude. The artist of whom we now speak presents us only with a reflection of it. But, in a lower key, the Dutchman has correctly observed and admirably rendered the phenomena of the sky, the freshness of early morn, the warmth and glow of evening. The masses of rocks and leaves, which he in general introduces into his foregrounds, are never in any instance opaque and obscure, but always enlivened by reflection; for with him light is everywhere, and aerial perspective, which he has studied like a true pupil of Claude, sends back his horizons to a depth which is really surprising. A luminous vapour spread throughout the atmosphere softens the rudeness of the rocks and the too crude outlines of the mountains and their steep and arid sides, whose towering summits is

"Almost too small for sight."

The ambient air of his pictures unites the different tints of the landscape, combines the earth, the heavens, and the water, and forms a harmonious, gentle, and calm whole. It is the same process adopted by the mighty Claude, with less of genius in the handling. We must confess that the colours of Asselyn are often ill prepared; his skies, his land, lit up by the sun, are rendered heavy by a rusty tint. His painting, instead of being delicate, insensible, we might say almost immaterial, like that of Claude, is too reluctant of the palette, and sometimes wants transparency. But these faults are not found in all his productions. There are some which are eminently successful, where the graduated tones of the setting sun are admirable, and in which we gaze enamoured on the beauty of an Italian evening sky, warm and glowing,—

"Till the moon

Rising in clouded majesty, at length  
Apparent grew, unveiled her peerless light,  
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

These subjects, while less rough and crude than those in the same style by Jean Bots, are nevertheless less magnificent and grand than those of Claude Lorraine.

The walks and wanderings of Asselyn, round about Rome,

"City of the soul,"

were always those of a tasteful artist. His intense earnestness as a painter never abandoned him for one moment. Villages, antiquities, animals, the figures found in his way, were always dotted down in his note-book. "It is really astonishing," says Dr Argenville, "how many pictures he left in Rome and Venice during his residence in those cities. One day he was accosted by two amiable lady pilgrims, who, noticing him drawing in the open air, were curious to see what he was doing. They were very enthusiastic, and praised his work very much. Presently, familiarity making them more intimate, the artist presumed to ask them what was the cause of their having started on a pilgrimage. 'We are Germans,' said the younger of the two. 'Our father, who has married a second time, guided by the counsels of his new wife, wishes to force us to take the veil. Both my sister and myself, who have neither of us the least taste or vocation for convent life, upon serious reflection, have taken our jewels and valuables, and adopted the only plan which remained for us to try.' 'And do you not fear, beautiful as you are,' replied the painter gallantly, 'that you may meet with unpleasant adventures on your journey?' 'No!' they replied; 'we have vowed ourselves to the goddess Cythera until we each find a husband, and we advance on our journey in the full confidence of being protected.' The opportunity was rather a tempting one for an artist free from all engagements. But his hour was not yet come. He escaped victoriously from the danger."

We learn from this simple anecdote, that Assely visited Venice as well as Rome, and that he must, therefore, have gone through

• "THE WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS," vol. i. p. 261.

† Dr. Knox's "Great Artists and Great Anatomists."

• "THE WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS," vol. i. p. 374.

all Upper Italy. We, however, have no precise information as to the time when he visited Venice, but it appears likely that it was about 1643 or 1644. As he was proceeding on his way towards his own country, he passed through Lyons, which was then a city that abounded in painters and amateurs. The eagerness of the latter to pay their court to him, and also to buy his numerous pictures and drawings, kept him a long time in that celebrated city. Luckily for him, the innumerable treasures of his portfolio, the studies he had confided to his memory and his talent, gave him every opportunity of satisfying his admirers without copying himself.

Here it was that Asselyn felt the power of love, of true love

"Founded on reason, loyal, just and pure;"

he had been tempted to yield to the blandishments of the young German nymphs, but this passion

"Swift as a shadow, short as a dream,

Brief as the lightning in the collied night,"

passed away. Not so in Lyons. Here he met with one Houwart Koorman, a merchant of Antwerp, who had two pretty daughters.

blue tones of Breughel\* and Roland Savery. Jacques Pinas, the master of Rembraunt, and Rembrandt himself, had accustomed the Dutch to effects of landscape which were rather fantastical. The manner of Asselyn, which was that of Claude, must have necessarily surprised and delighted the schools of Holland, that had never seen so much light either in nature or in pictures. They were in utter darkness as to the lands where were to be seen—

"Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,

And fiercely shed intolerable day;

Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,

But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling,

There poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,

Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;

Where at each step the stranger fears to wake

The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;

Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,

And savage men, more murderous still than they;

While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,

Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies."



THE CAVALIER.—FROM A PAINTING BY ASSELYN.

More fortunate than the pilgrims of the Venetian plains, the daughters of Koorman, who had placed themselves under the protection of Lucius, both found husbands. The elder had already married a painter of the Low Countries, Nicolas of Heldt-Stoende, whom Asselyn had known at Venice. He himself married the younger daughter in 1645, and the two brothers-in-law returned together to Holland with their pretty wives. "This is what Genoels tells me," says Honbraken, "having himself heard it from the lips of Laurent Franck, an historical painter, who lodged at that time in the house of the said Houwart at Lyons, with Artus Ludlaine, who was the author of the admirable sculptures so much admired at the Maison de Ville of Amsterdam."

The productions of Jean Asselyn made a very great impression on the general world of amateurs. Their novelty pleased them. Their clear and fresh tints appeared all the more charming because they contrasted in a most unexpected manner with the crude and wild green of Paul Brill, with the no less crude and no less wild

And as at the same time, Herman Swanveelt and Jean Both returned from Italy, the rays of the great sun of Claude Lorraine illumined all the painting of the North, until the great and excellent Ruyssdael, casting over the fields and meadows the melancholy and sombre veil of his genius, made them feel what hidden poetry there was in the absence of the sun and in nature covered as by a funeral pall. Ruyssdael was the opposite of Claude, and with Young could cry—

"Let Indians, and the gay, like Indians, fond  
Of feather'd fopperies, the sun adore;  
Darkness has more divinity for me!  
It strikes thought inward, it drives back the soul  
To settle on herself our point supreme;  
Here lies our theatre; there sits our judge.  
Darkness the curtain drops o'er life's dull scene;

\* "THE WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS," vol. ii. p. 33.

'Tis the kind hand of Providence stretch'd out,  
'Twixt man and vanity ; 'tis reason's reign,  
And virtue's too ; these tutelary shades  
Are man's asylum from the tainted throng."

What proves, in a very marked manner, the pitch of fashion and favoritism to which Asselyn had reached in Amsterdam, to use the florid expression of D'Argenville, we may mention, that Rembrandt, who was either painting or engraving the portraits of all the celebrated men of his country, executed an etching of Asselyn, which has come down to posterity as one of the best and most precious productions of that great master. Asselyn is represented in the bust, one hand on his hip, the other clenched, and leaning on a table, where are placed his palette and his books. He wears a high hat, pointed and peculiar, which by no means resembles those of Clement de Jonghe, of Ansoo, and the other portraits of Rembrandt—an Italian hat, of which, doubtless, our

by titles and claims never to be forgotten. Without any very striking originality, his landscapes are yet to be distinguished at the first glance from all the masters whose influence he felt, or whose manners he voluntarily imitated. If he is compared with Claude Lorraine, whom he almost directly copies, we see at once that he differs from him in style while even copying the same effects of light, the same sites. Claude ennobles everything that he touches ; he interprets nature, giving it at the same time some of his own personal grandeur. His trees are not only those oaks and elms and larches which he may have drawn in the gardens of some picturesque villa ; they become rounded, are contrasted, wary in outline, not exactly as they are seen in nature, but as the painter would have planted and disposed them. Imagine the gardens of a Crystal Palace, with trees planted and fixed in positions by the hand of Claude Lorraine. Edifices, terraces, figures, sky, the heaven—there is nothing in Claude but what recalls



THE WATERING-PLACE,—FROM A PAINTING BY ASSELYN.

artist had adopted the fashion of Rome. While at the same time giving his model a free-and-easy air, Rembrandt has very cleverly contrived to disguise the deformed hands and crooked fingers of *Crabbe*, so that he has made very good use of a defect which would have puzzled many other painters. The background of the picture represents an easel, on which rests a landscape with some buildings worked in. This easel serves to show us which are the original proofs—that is, the proofs before letters. They are very rare.

To return to our landscape-painter, we cannot but believe that it was a piece of good fortune for him to have his portrait painted by the hand of Rembrandt. It was the province and the peculiar glory of that great man, to immortalise those whose portraits he either engraved or painted. Who would have ever heard, in these utilitarian days, even of Abraham France, of the burgomaster Six, or of Coppens, if they had not been the friends of Rembrandt ? Asselyn, however, made himself better remembered by posterity

antique times—the days of Saturn and of Rhea. Asselyn, on the other hand, accepted naively the great impression produced by Italian landscape ; and he, too, produced in his pictures the lovely and luminous effects. Incapable of rising to the ideal conceptions of the French painter, the reality sufficed to him ; he simply admired the beauty of those Roman solitudes, where ruins cluster in every corner ; he allowed those eloquent ruins to speak for themselves ; and finding them, doubtless, poetical enough, he did not need to add to them the poetry of his own mind. How would it be possible to gaze with a calm and indifferent eye upon those distant remains, crowned with wild flowers, and wrapped in the mists of evening, if you could believe that you were gazing at the roof of Cicero's house, or the remains of the baths of Mecena at Tivoli ? However this may be, it is, above all, in the figures introduced into his pictures that Asselyn differs from his master. Those that fill his landscapes are, above all, modern, and like those we see peopling the rugged roads of Both of Italy, or the works of Bam-

boche, and in some of the engravings of Berghem. Here it is a peasant in his sheepskin cloak—like some Greek or Hungarian shepherd—driving an ass before him; a traveller on horseback hurrying on to reach the distant inn; or a herdsman crossing a ford with his flock, and about to seek the pasturage which may be seen at the foot of yon pretty hills, of which the wavy lines are lost in the distant horizon. And, while speaking of the figures of Asselyn, we may be allowed to reproduce the singular remark of a French critic, to the effect that, when they do not play the principal part in his picture, they may almost always be seen turning their backs to the painter, as if they were about to fly into the recesses of the picture, to hide themselves in its far-distant gloom.

We have already remarked, in an early paragraph of our present notice, that Asselyn painted battle-scenes in the style of Isaiah Vandervelde, his first master. When he came back from Italy, he brought with him the rough and merry manner of Banloche, which was so well adapted to this style of subject. It appears from a passage in Sandrart, that the amateurs of Venice, Lyons, and Amsterdam, asked him on several occasions to paint battle-pieces, doubtless with a view to combine in one picture all the excellences of so able an artist. Sandrart himself possessed one of these pictures, representing the Solario bridge, near Rome, attacked by the Crolians, and defended by horsemen covered by steel armour.\* Sandrart speaks highly of this picture, full of life and motion and truth. D'Argenville adds that we may readily accept the criticism of a man who was himself a distinguished painter.

If we compare Asselyn to Karel Dujardin, whom he resembles very much, we shall discover, on critical examination, that the sentiment of Asselyn is less profound, less intimate. Asselyn rarely goes beyond the exterior of things, and sticks to the taste for surface, and to varied effect, and this is the reason why he is so struck with the appearances of light. Actually burning under the heat of the sun, the country appears to him magnificent, imposing, but utterly devoid of mystery. Less grand in the whole, Karel Dujardin is more complete and admirable in his details. He allures us for whole hours by useless, but charming and seductive, nothings. He interests us in a thistle, which a little donkey is enjoying with supreme delight; and sometimes we find quite unexpectedly that he has thrown his whole soul into some at first unnoticed corner of his picture. There are, however, certain points in which the two masters resemble one another very much, which only proves with irresistible force how true both are to nature. We allude more particularly to those representations of the picturesque scenes which may be noted at the entrance of Italian inns. The stone staircase is on the outside, as often happens in hot countries; down these steps we see a Maritimo descending with refreshments for the travellers, who are cracking their rude jokes with the chamber-girl. One has remained in the saddle, and is drinking out of a pitcher; the other is arranging or plaiting the bridle of his horse, while waiting for the wine which is being fetched. The children of the house stare with open eyes at the fine gentlemen and their handsome steeds. Add to this a vine which runs up over the stairs, and then an Italian sky, and you will have a delicious picture, which might be signed either by Karel or Asselyn.

How at home Asselyn would then have been, had he visited the sunny lands of the East; and what a picture he would have made of such a scene as may be daily gazed at in some of the outskirts of certain Turkish cities, where "a large gateway," says a recent traveller, "generally forms the entrance to the gardens of these dwellings, having on each side of it stone seats capable of containing, perhaps, a dozen persons; and here the family sit at sunset regularly every evening, if the weather permit. I was much struck with this custom the first time I visited the village, as, in riding through its whole range, I saw on either side, at every gate, groups of well-dressed people, of which the greater proportion were females, and who greeted us as we passed, as Mr. Whitthill, an English merchant, to whose house I was proceeding, was known to all; therefore, salutations of recognition were exchanged with every

family from each side of the road, as we continued our course toward our destination. From the balconies of some of these agreeable country seats, the view is exquisite; beneath you lies the garden, consisting of plants of the most varied and richest foliage that fancy could have flung together; some they have whose leaves are of the deepest crimson, which contrasts beautifully with the pale-yellow and light-green, which twine themselves together and climb up the trellises, which form a sort of awning round the lower parts of the mansion; masses of beds of flowers display a bright variegated carpet, which compose a groundwork from which rise, somewhat higher, the rich and spreading vine, with its purple, clustering treasures, which, in big profusion, are seen reeling to the earth; then the dark-green orange and lemon trees, with their bright fruit, looking like spots of sunshine glittering amongst the shade; above, in broad clumps, the timber-trees extend their round masses, occasionally broken by the dark, melancholy cypress rearing their pyramidal heads, sometimes, in the distance even to the clouds."

Bryan says of Asselyn, that his pictures were in the style of Berghem. "His pencil is remarkably firm and neat, and the trees and plants are touched with great sharpness and spirit. His pictures are highly esteemed, and are worthy a place in the choicest collections."

Asselyn, despite the charm and grace of his pictures, is not counted in the list of precious masters. We mean that he is not one of those painters whose productions go on always increasing in price, such as Vandervelde, Vouvermans, both, Ruysdael, Claude Lorraine; but he holds an honourable position in museums and in private collections.

In the Museum of the Louvre are the following works of his:—  
1. "View of the Lamentano Bridge, on the Tevere." A woman mounted on an ox, conversing with another woman, is about to ford the river. Several animals are also crossing.

2. "A Landscape" (p. 81); a tower, surrounded by trees and built on a rock, overlooks a river. At the foot of the rock is a muleteer discharging two mules; near him is a galley-slave pointing to two barks. In the foreground a man with a dog, carrying a packet. An excellent effect of the setting sun.

3. "View on the Tiber" (p. 92). To the left (reversed in the engraving), a mass of rocks. In the background a bridge with four arches, protected by a tower, and ending in an eminence with buildings on the summit. Herdsmen mounted, one upon an ox, another on an ass, pass the river. The effects of light and shade in this picture are excellent.

4. "A Ruin in the neighbourhood of Rome." Two herdsmen are seated by the side of a hut, erected at the foot of an aqueduct in ruins. Near them are some goats and sheep.

This picture and the preceding were in "the Cabinet of Love," painted by Lesueur, at the hotel Lambert, says the catalogue of the Louvre, prepared by the conservator Villot.

In the museum of Amsterdam is to be seen a very singular picture, painted by Asselyn. It is an emblematical composition, intended to immortalise the zeal and vigilance of the great pensioner John de Witt. It represents a swan defending her nest against the approach of a great dog; an allusion to the person and name of De Witt.

The museum of Brussels has an "Italian Landscape." This is a very fine picture, full of light and richly adorned by the human figure.

The Pinacothek Museum of Munich has a "Landscape with Figures." It represents an Italian view with buildings. Some travellers on horseback enliven this excellent picture.

Berlin Museum. "A Seaport," signed J. A.

In the Bridgewater Gallery is "A View on the Tiber, with a lofty bridge." Herdsmen and flocks are about to pass the river by the ford.

Neither the National Gallery nor Hampton Court contains any pictures by Asselyn. They are rare also in the rich collections which exist in this country.

Asselyn never engraved himself, and it is to be regretted. But he has been successfully engraved by several, and especially by Perclé, who has given us the following subjects.

"Remains of the Aqueduct of Frascati, which carried water to

\* In pinacotheca mea ipse manu elaboratum habeo pontem Solarinum, propè Romanam, qui a cataphractis custodibus equitibus, a Croatis oppugnatur, ubi velatitum quum proximè ad veritatem accedens summa cura exhibit est."

the Palace of Augustus;" "The Grotto of Aquafarelle, where Charles V. erected a table;" "A View of the Coliseum or Amphitheatre of Marcellus;" "Ruins of the Trophies of Marina;" "Temple of the Tibartine Sybil at Tivoli;" "Remains of the House of Cicero;" "View on the Tiber (remains of the Salina bridge and the Santo Paulo gate)."

Chassens engraved the "Horseman in the Cave," already alluded to in this notice.

Weisbrod engraved a piece representing "Travellers passing under a Roof of Masonry."

The pictures of Asselyn are very seldom to be found in public sales. The prices they have fetched in public and celebrated sales in times past are worth recording.

At the sale Blondel de Gagny, in 1776. "A Landscape." To the right and the left are to be seen houses and rocks. In the foreground is a woman dressed in blue, mounted on a white horse, with eight other figures. £98.

Neuman sale in 1776. Two fine pictures by Asselyn, "The Remains of the Temple of Peace at Rome," and its fellow-picture, drawn in Indian ink, with elegant figures. £1 16s.

Sale of the Prince de Conti, 1777. "A Landscape." In the foreground is to be seen a woman, who pours water out of a wooden bowl. She is on horseback, and the horse is drinking out of a trough. £18.

"A Landscape" and "A Seaport," with figures and animals. These pictures, according to the catalogue, were richly composed and very fine in colour. £36 4s.

Two "Landscapes," on copper; one of them representing Tobias and the Angel. £36.

The sale of Randon de Boisset, 1777. Two "Landscapes." In

one, a woman on a mule holding a bird. Near her, a dog, with a man, who is pulling on his stockings. To the right, cows and sheep in the water. In the other, two cavaliers, a child and a dog on the borders of a stream. £180.

The Sale Laperrière, 1817. "A Seashore." To the right an arched door in ruins. In the centre, the open sea. Several figures coloured in an agreeable manner. £24: "A Country Scene," in which a lady and cavalier, seated on the ground, are introduced. The latter holds his horse by the bridle. Behind them is a servant with a loaded ass. £16.

Sale of the Duchesse de Berri, 1837. Ruins of some ancient bath, seen from an arch, under which is passing a peasant leading a horse and an ass. A young girl is fording a river, leading a little boy by the hand. £44.

Sale of Cardinal Fesch, 1845. "The Baths of Neeena at Tivoli." The spectator sees a covered portico, a little fountain falling in a cascade into an antique sarcophagus. £36.

"The Road across the Rock." Under a spacious vault of rocks a peasant drives before him a loaded horse and ass, to lead them to a ford, which a herdsman and two cows are already crossing. £65s. "The Watering-place" (p. 85), is an excellent specimen of the style of this painter. The scene is on the Tiber.

Asselyn seldom signed his name to his pictures.

*A J.A. A*

## HERCULES BETWEEN VIRTUE AND VICE.

FROM A PAINTING BY LAIBESSE, IN THE LOUVRE.

We have already spoken of Gerard de Laibesse, who was surnamed the Dutch Poussin. The picture we now present by this artist is a very excellent specimen of his style. It is a familiar subject, and one which tells its own story. The fable, as given by Xenophon and Cicero from Prodicus, a disciple of Protagoras and native of Ceos, who lived about 400 B.C., runs thus:—Hercules, the celebrated hero of antiquity, when still young, and but newly his own master, lay recumbent in a solitary position, musing on the prospect of life which lay before him. Suddenly, while his thoughts were thus bent upon his fortune, two women of majestic mien presented themselves before him. One, who combined noble simplicity of manners with beauty, struck him almost with awe. She had no tricks of ornament about her. She was simply clothed in white. The other wore all the appearance of one accustomed to luxury and ease, while her face was covered with paint, and her hair full of perfume. With a proud and haughty walk, with impudent looks, and adorned by every art of the toilette, she seemed bent on admiring her own person, and gazed upon herself in the water as in a mirror. When they both came to within a short distance of Hercules, the first advanced towards him with a grave and solemn step, but was quickly passed by the other.

"Hercules," said she, "you do not seem to know what road to take. Make me your friend, and I will lead you by a gentle and easy road. You shall want no pleasures and know no pain.

"And what is your name?" said Hercules.

"My friends," replied the beautiful temptress, "call me Pleasure. My enemies, who calumniate me, call me Vice."

"Listen to me, Hercules," said the other woman, "I know whence you come, and who you are. Your education has revealed your character. I hope, then, if you follow my road, that you may shine among great men by your virtues and your mighty deeds, and that by so doing you will give renewed brightness to my name. It is labour, industry, and self-denial that make life happy and bright. If you would have the gods propitious, bow to the gods. If you wish to be loved by your friends, be generous and noble. If you ask for honours, be useful to your fellow-citizens.

If you wish all Greece to admire you, be useful to all Greece. If you would have the earth bring you forth good fruit, cultivate it. If you would increase your flocks, watch them carefully. If you desire a robust and vigorous frame, practise temperance and habituate yourself to fatigue. If you aspire to rule your fellow-men, obtain the mastery over your own passions."

"See you not," said Pleasure, "how difficult is this road? That by which I would lead you through life is smooth and strewn with flowers. Follow me to happiness."

"Be silent, wretch!" cried Virtue. "Of what happiness do you speak? What pleasures are known to you other than to eat before hunger is felt, to drink before thirst is known, to seek the couch of luxury, not for repose, but for the indulgence of idleness? These are pleasures of the senses only, indulgence in which sinks man below the level of the brute creation. Your votaries, instructed by your pernicious lessons, pass their days in sloth and inactivity, and their nights in guilty pleasures, which enervate alike the mind and body. A youth of voluptuous idleness is succeeded by a painful and premature old age, when palsied limbs, blinded eyes, weakened brain, and the stings of unavailing remorse, show the fearful price at which your boasted pleasures are purchased by your deluded followers. Those who know you avoid your society; while mine is sought by all the good and great, by all who wish to live and die happy and respected. The humblest of my followers is happier than the most elevated of yours. It is I who give happiness to the domestic circle; true nobility to the humble; to the great their most meritorious distinction; to friendship a tie more sacred. It is I who cause youth to be regarded with pleasure by old age, and old age to receive the respect of youth. Those who take me for their guide never fail to obtain the favour of the gods, the affection of their friends, and the homage of their fellow-citizens; and when at last the period arrives when the soul must leave its mortal tenement, they surrender life with calmness and resignation, looking for their reward in everlasting felicity."

Hercules listened attentively, and his decision was then made. He rejected Pleasure, and followed in the track of Virtue.



## FRANCIS DE PAULA FERG.\*



"You are aware, sir," says Hagedorn, in his letter to an amateur of painting, "of the talents of this famous painter, of his power of

representing figures of a small size, those German dancing-pieces, where a multitude of people occupy themselves in gazing on a quack mounted upon the platform of a theatre. Sometimes the painter represents, just as you may have noticed in the pieces of this cabinet, some architectural ruin, white marble and its crevices expressed with extreme delicacy; sometimes a pyramid and neighbouring wall, with a door leading to a long arcade. Here, again, is a fountain surrounded by muleteers, who lead their mules and their horses to the water; one restive or kicking, the other trotting gently along with a village girl on the saddle, who presses her child in her arms, and chats familiarly with her travelling companions; there, in a corner of the foreground of the picture, a young shepherd chats with a shepherdess, who has left her sheep to their own guidance, or to that of a mischievous little urchin, who torments a dog; and, as if to prove that there are troublesome people everywhere, even in pictures, the village lovers are disturbed by a passer-by, who asks the way."

From this animated and living description, a very tolerable idea may be formed of the talent and manner of Francis de Paula Ferg, a clever painter, very little known in France, and not even very popular in England, but very much esteemed in Germany. He was born at Vienna, the 2nd of May, 1689, and received the ordinary college education. He had almost concluded his studies when his father, Pancrace Ferg, a very mediocre painter, placed him in the hands of one of his colleagues, named Baschneler, at

\* There is no known portrait of this master. The authenticity of that engraved in 1767 by J. F. Baase is contested, though it bears on it "Franciscus Ferg, sc ipse pinxit Dresdæ."

Wienerish-Neustadt. The selection of the father did not prove or very great service to the son, and it is really wonderful that the natural and rising talent of Francis de Paula was not wholly stifled; for his master turned out to be but a dauler, who employed him only in rough and coarse work, and taught him rather to smear than to paint. Ferg accordingly wasted four years in the house of the painter of Neustadt; but his father, having his eyes opened, at last recalled him. It is rare that the education of artists has not been interfered with or falsified by their parents. Though a painter himself, Pancraee Ferg did not comprehend the natural taste of his son, and destined him for the higher branch of historical

Sometimes he delighted in introducing jockeys, horses, and sumpter animals into the centre of a back-yard full of fowls. Landscape, with him, was in general the accessory. Ferg, who was very fond of this style, and did not consider it secondary to that which he adopted, went to one of the most celebrated landscape-painters in Germany, Joseph Orient, took him for a master, and, in order the better to profit by his lessons, dwelt in his house. No one could have gone to a better school. Joseph Orient combined with a lively sentiment of nature a poetical invention, which reminds one sometimes of Hermann Zaff-Leven, and a liking for a style which made him turn towards the heroic landscapes of Gnaspre. However this



THE VILLAGE FAIR.—FROM A PAINTING BY FERG.

painting. This was in exact opposition to the inclinations and aptitudes of Francis de Paula. He had a natural leaning for familiar subjects and small figures. The studies he liked best were the engravings of Callot and Sebastien Leclerc, who inspired him, moreover, with a taste for line engraving, in which he was destined to excel. But as he must first learn to paint, he entered the studio of a master well known in Vienna for his little figures, named Hans Graf, whose influence over his new pupil was decisive.

Hans Graf succeeded very well in fanciful pieces. He was admirable for representing great fairs in little pictures. He could people a public place, and express the moving rumour of a crowd.

may be, his studies in the mountains of Tyrol had gifted his manner with a certain savage taste and naturally grand style, which made up in some measure for what he had borrowed from the conventions of the schools. Orient himself delighted in making those little figures in his landscapes; but as he perceived that he took a great deal of time without succeeding as much as he could wish, he had recourse to the pencil of his pupil; so that, by an unexpected interchange of services between the disciple and the master, Ferg painted figures in the pictures of Orient, while Orient taught him how to frame his little personages in rural sites, but of a more select character and nature.

After living three years in the house of Joseph Orient, Ferg was

taken with a fancy for travelling. He started from Vienna at the age of thirty-one, and his master, from whom Hagelorn derived all the pressing information, lost sight of him altogether. It appears that he travelled through Germany, and stopped at the court of Bamberg, in Franconia, where his works found many admirers. Ferg, passing through Leipzig, met with a painter of Erfurt, Alexander Thiele, a well-known landscape-painter, who had had to retrace from nature the finest views in Saxony. Thiele was painter to the court of Dresden. He invited his comrade to come and live at Dresden with him; and, in order to induce him to do so, offered him half his lodging. Ferg accepted this proposition, the more readily because Thiele could etch, and this was a bond of union between them; while the landscape painter of Erfurt doubtless saw an advantage in associating himself with a comrade from whom he could ask figures with which to enrich his landscapes.

Ferg lived several years at Dresden with Thiele, and, in fact, he often painted animals and figures for the canvases of his friends. The consequence has been, that the landscapes of Thiele—those at all events that he painted at that time, though somewhat too brown—are more sought after than those of his second manner, because of the traces which are seen of the assistance of Paul Ferg. After a residence of five or six years at Dresden and in Lower Saxony, Ferg started for England, and established himself in London, and there entered into the bonds of marriage, without deriving any happiness therefrom. At first fortune appeared to be favourable to him, and amateurs, on account of the extreme finish which characterised his works, paid him a price in proportion to the time he had spent upon his work. But no sooner did his domestic affairs turn out unfortunate—and the marriages of foreigners to English women, and *vice versa*, generally do—than he became the prey of that race of false amateurs who, taking advantage of the distress of an artist, give themselves very cheaply the airs of a Mæcenas, and crush under their pretended protection, the wretch who believes himself bound to give them gratitude and thanks, despite their meanness.

The painter, discouraged, painted very little or very slowly. Ferg became at last invisible even to the amateurs, whose sincere generosity might have drawn him from the sad situation in which he lived. We are told that he was found dead one morning, sitting before the door of the house in which he lived, to which he returned, it appeared, on the eve, so weak and exhausted, that he had not the strength to strike or to cry loud enough to make himself heard. The date of his death is not exactly known. It is fixed by some about 1740.

Ferg lived about fifteen years in London; and so long a residence in a country, and among a people "so different from all others," says one of his biographers, could not but have much effect in modifying his manner. Curious critics have certainly discovered this distinction, which is not wholly arbitrary. He became transparent, clear, and fair. There were some of the engravings of Ferg in his English style, in a famous cabinet—probably that of the Count of Bruhl—the description of which gave rise to the "Historic elucidations" of Hagelorn. These pictures were on copper, and had on the back the mark of the painter.

Bryan says: "He visited England in 1718, where his pleasing style, and the agreeable subjects of his pictures, brought him into immediate employment. Ferg passed twenty years in this country, and might have lived in affluence and respectability; but an imprudent marriage involved him in difficulties, and kept him in continual indigence. He is reported to have been found dead in the street, near the door of his lodging, according to the anecdotes, about the year 1738." M. Deschamps, in 1740, says: "The landscapes of Ferg are of very agreeable scenery, enriched with architectural ruins in a very picturesque style, and bear some resemblance to the works of Borghese. His small figures are correctly drawn, and very delicately touched." Other critics say: "It would be difficult to point out in what respect his pictures resemble Berglenn."

Alexander Thiele having executed some engravings at Dresden, after the departure of Ferg, went the profits to him to London, and asked him his opinion of them. Ferg replied, under the date of the 21st of August, 1725—a precious date, because it fixes a time when

Ferg was no longer in Germany—that he found the pictures very good, for a beginning, and added that he had serious intentions of executing eight engravings himself the next winter. He kept his word. These eight pieces were engraved with much spirit, and an agreeable and fine point. The frontispiece bears the name of the painter, with this inscription, on a stone:—"Capricci di P. Ferg." The little figures are admirably drawn; that is to say, with that clever illisiveness which was needed for such small proportions.

As for his paintings, Ferg certainly merits the first place among artists who have represented a multitude of figures in small pictures. Bant, the well-known fellow-workman of Bandino, and old Michault, may be compared to him, but take a position below him. Ferg has the advantage of avoiding, or, at all events, naking up for the vulgarity of his subjects by some accessory in good taste. He ennobles his sites by excellent buildings, by ruins in an elevated style of art; and his colours, admirably prepared, add to an idea which is not precisely poetical, the charm of that velvety brightness which was so much sought after by Wouvermans and Pöckelberg. He neither omitted nor neglected any of the happy accidents supplied him by nature. His fountains, his arcades, his remains of columns, are reproduced in his paintings with shades of marble, the transparency of alabaster, the rough solidity of freestone. His touch is substantial, and yet we notice sky lights which bring up the figures and detach the groups one from the other. Hagelorn, who studied Francis Ferg well, observes, that his animals are executed with less finish and ability than his little personages—particularly in an anatomical point of view. "I could wish," he says, "that when representing white horses, he could have studied the variety of Philippe Wouvermans, rather than the evenness of Bregchel."

There is no doubt that any man who had shown in great things as much talent as Ferg did in little ones, would have taken his position among the distinguished artists of history.

## THE VATICAN AND THE ARTISTIC TREASURES OF ITALY.

"Italia! O Italia! thou who hast  
The fatal gift of beauty, which became  
A funeral dower, of present woes, and past,  
On thy sweet brow is sorrow ploughed by shame,  
And annals graven in characters of flame.  
Would that thou wert in this thy nakedness  
Less lovely, or more powerful, and couldst claim  
Thy right, and awe the robbers back, who press  
To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of thy distress;  
Then might'st thou more appall; or, less desired,  
Be homely, and the peaceful, unexplored  
For thy destructive charms."—BYRON.

THE clever author of "The Real and the Ideal," a work full of information and valuable matter for reflection, says: "We must feel conscious of some degradation in taste, when we go from the majestic immutability of the Egyptian school, the tranquil, the repose, and the simply beautiful of Grecian sculpture, to the terribly afflicting and savagely ferocious exhibitions of modern art in painting." There is much truth in this, and the author has so well justified his remarks, that we must feel degraded when he adds: "The following are the subjects which succeed almost continuously in the present small picture-gallery of the Vatican: a woman showing a bloody handkerchief; the burial of a corpse; tearing the entrails out of a man and winding them round a roller; two men beaten to death with sticks; a dying man receiving the sacrament; and the possessed in 'The Transfiguration' of Raffaele, which Matthew of the Diary says is disgusting."

The fact of such pictures being selected for the adorning of the walls of a gallery, which must necessarily be visited by a large portion of the educated in Europe, involves the existence of an amount of bad taste which it is painful to realise to the mind. Art must have indeed fallen low, when such are its modern masterpieces. We are told that the "St. Jerome" of Domenichino,

• "The Real and the Ideal in Florence and Rome."

though showing the visible emaciation of a naked body, is certainly, as Ponsin says, one of the three finest pictures in the world; where death is painted in the happiest colours, where the medium between joy and sorrow, for a departure of a soul from this world to regions of everlasting happiness is nicely observed. There is in this picture all the developed power of genius. We see the mingled pains of parting and the certain reward. We are sure that the consolations of religion are not wanting; and we feel a solemn awe as we gaze on the calm confidence and the resigned air of its ministers, the earnest and believing awe of the youth around, and the heavenly welcome of the youthful cherubim, that gaze out from the heavens on the dying saint. An observant critic says: "Corinne is made to express astonishment that Nero, with the Apollo ever before him, in the soothing and retiring moments of the bath, could resist the imitation of such perfection; but would not this picture rather have awakened Nero to a sense of righteousness—might it not have inspired him with faith, hope, and charity, and converted him to those divine doctrines of Christianity!"

But, like many other despots, born to be the scourge of the world, Nero had no belief in anything but himself. Unrestrained supreme power so demoralises the perceptions, that a man who looks down from that giddy height cannot recognise himself as one of the units of creation. Hence the insolent rejection of belief which characterises tyrants in all ages. Nero was not a man likely to be moved by any feelings which involve heart: sensations he might have, but not emotions.

Nicolas Pousin's third finest picture—that is to say, the work which he places amongst the three masterpieces—is not here. "The Crucifixion" of Daniele da Volterra is in one of the chapels of the St. Trinita. Certainly he must have been an eminent artist to have won such high and golden opinions from one so great, and to have received the support of Michael Angelo as the best man to execute in sculpture the monument of Henry IV. of France. Still he has not taken a high place in the history of art, and is generally considered to have been more studious and patient than he was great.

We have already spoken at considerable length, in our biography of David,\* on French art, and we have alluded to many of its phases. One of its characteristics is a love for the raw-head-and-bloody-bones school; the horrible, the worst features of the battle; the painful, and even disgusting. Even Pousin was tainted by this defect—"a precedent to the David school, who dipped their brushes in gore!" "The Transfiguration" of Raffaele is, therefore, very naturally in his estimation one of the three great pictures in the catalogue of Pousin. It is reputed to have been painted as a kind of competition against the celebrated "Raising of Lazarus" by Sebastian del Piombo, from the design of Michael Angelo.

We have as much admiration for Raffaele as we have difficulty in comprehending either the Pre-Raffaellites or their eccentric imitators in modern times. But we must say that this picture, instead of exciting the gloomy horror which it was intended to convey, rouses rather a feeling of disgust and an extreme wonder at the introduction of the revolting details in the lower compartment. We can scarcely criticise it reverently, and therefore pass it over.

In the Vatican, among other agreeable subjects, we have the instruments of torture used for the martyrdom of the early Christians—a delicate branch of art, truly, but one which, if not agreeable, is, at all events, interesting in an historical point of view.

When Raffaele painted for popes, princes, and cardinals, instead of painting merely for fame, he had changed the simplicity of his life, and with it had adopted a more gaudy style of art. Still, we cannot gaze on any of his pictures without marvelling at the wondrous genius of the man; and his Holy Families, Madonnas, and Magdalens are still what Catholic art has best to show. The painter seems inspired with a deep faith in his subject, which, however, fades away and becomes colder as his life changes, and the temptations of pleasure wear him from more gentle thoughts.

"The Marriage of the Virgin" is one of the wonders of the pencil of Raffaele. His Virgins are most gracious and admirable. There is

loveliness and modesty, a deep show of maternity, in the Madonna's looks; there is something prodigious in the child-like face of the Saviour, already giving token of coming power, that is resilient of genius. The Madonna and the goldfish which St. John presents to the youthful Jesus, is a masterpiece never to be surpassed. His St. John itself is a mighty effort of pictorial excellence, portraying, as it does, the character of the prophetic man.

Raffaele had not always fortunate subjects. His patrons, the popes, were some of the worst who ever reigned. He could not make Borgia temperate, Julius worthy, or Leo averse to luxury. There are his pictures, in the second apartment, painted before the death of Julius. There is Heliodorus, Prefect of King Seleucus, plundering the temple. He is attacked by a soldier and by angels. The allusion, which was meant to be complimentary, was unhappy, as was the subject of "The Miracle of Bolsena."

The cartoons are well known. There is a history in connexion with them which is interesting. "Another work of Raffaele," says a recent writer already alluded to, "destroyed by a succeeding pope, was embellishing, in a similar manner to the loggia, a saloon, where, in odd conjunction, but rather in character with the Roman amalgamation which we have remarked, the apostles and saints were coupled with the figures of various animals, which had at different times been presented to the pope. We know Leo was passionately fond of hunting—and royalty indulges in menageries;—fond of a superficial acquaintance with natural history, and of the royalty and aristocracy of nature, such as lions, tigers, etc., as well as of the plebeian subjects of the chase, to be run down and abused by them. Lorenzo the Magnificent probably gave his son Leo this taste; the father is reputed to have had the first grand menagerie which was kept in Europe; and though he was not a prince, yet it was ever after made a part of royalty in crowned courts. But when we come to the cartoons, we see the share of appreciation which this Augustus measured out to the most valuable and insignificant objects, now acknowledged to be among the most perfect specimens of Raffaele that exist in any one place; and by some preferred to his works either in the Vatican or Farnesina." Roscoe says, "Leo employed Raffaele in designing them as models for Flemish tapestry. Besides the time of the artist, the pope expended the enormous sum of 70,000 thousand crowns upon the loom; and these productions of Raffaele's pencil were left as mere waste paper in the hands of the Flemish workmen, to be transferred to the keeping of heretics."

Dappa informs us that the cartoons were destined for the hall of Constantine, when they were diverted to the purposes of tapestry. The subjects are rather primitive and apostolical.

It may be truly said, that Leo has been far too highly rated by his excellent biographer Roscoe, and that Raffaele was unfortunate in such a master. The artist has avenged himself by painting him. His fat and corpulent figure exhibits all the appearance of a heavy and luxurious tyrant. He looks the glutton he was; and his fingers, bedizened with rings, demonstrate his bad taste.

The Vatican has found for its historical frescoes better subjects than the sensual pope. There is "Paul Preaching at Athens;" there is "Constantine;" there is "The Battle of Lepanto;" and last, and by no means least, "The Massacre of St. Bartholomew," a kind of revenge for Rome captured by a Bourbon.

In the long gallery of the Vatican there is a very interesting collection of ancient sarcophagi, with fragments of figures of all shapes and sizes. The "Torso Belvedere" of Michael Angelo stands out in bold relief. It lives and breathes, and though wanting so much, is yet full of vitality. One would almost guess the limbs which have been lopped off from the parts that remain.

The terrible group of the family of the Lucretius is here also. It has been restored by Bernini. He has given it arms of plaster, which, however, do not suit with the marble. This statue must necessarily have been a favourite with the Roman people, from the mere fact of its subject being terrible. "It was," says our traveller, "found in a chamber of Titus's palace, where he might feast his eyes on artificial as well as natural horrors, on the cruelty of the gods as well as of men; a divine example, giving human excuses, for some say he felt divine inspiration, and was impelled to the destruction of Jerusalem; and, perhaps, he could not better



serve his sacred and profane dispensation, his twin directors, who showed such taste for human slaughter, than by the erection of the Coliseum."

According to Winkelman, this group of a father and his two sons was executed by a father and his two sons. If this be correct, it would explain what otherwise appears inexplicable, its incongruity and disproportion of size. There have not been wanting critics who have asserted that the head of "The Venus de Medici" was the work of a distinct sculptor. We cannot accept this idea.

The Laocoon group was found during the pontificate of Julius II., though it was adopted as his own by Leo. The Laocoon and the Ugolino are very alike in subject, and are, as it were, the poetry of the terrible. They have fed the imaginations of many, artists and poets—Agesandæ, Virgil, Dante, and Reynolds. But the best

stands for beauty. The only portrait of Cæsar, in the form of a statue, stands beside the wolf.

"The Dying Gladiator" tells better in Rome than any other subject. It is suited to the place. The gentler subjects around are merely Grecian. Who could believe the soft and gentle "Psyche and Cupid," typifying eternal youth and beauty, to be Roman; or the matured charms of a Venus to be like a Roman matron; or an Apollo to be of the same race as the tyrant lords of the world? No! the savage faces of the brutal men of the circus better suit Rome.

The statues of the new chamber of Pius VII. are interesting, though not of the first order in fame. In gazing at the "Apollo" we admire while we are excited; the "Torso," "Laocoon," and "Gladiator," make us suffer. But when we gaze on the "Minerva Medica," to which Canova has given the name of the



A VIEW ON THE TIBER.—FROM A PAINTING BY ASSELYN.

statues are not Roman, but Grecian. We wonder when we think what Greek art might have done, had the Greeks but had a country. They invented these subjects when Athens was no longer free.

Ease, poetry, the arts, were the resources of the Greeks against despotism. When the Romans lost their liberty, they flew to the circus, to combats of wild beasts. Their arts, statuary, manners, poetry, all came from the Greeks. There was no royal road to success in the pursuit of the beautiful. When the Romans brought a statue of Hercules from Carthage, they prostrated it on the ground, so little had they the sentiment of even nobility of soul.

The Romans have had virtues given to them to which they never were entitled. They were coarse and savage barbarians until, conquering Greece, they adopted the civilization of the captives. Their barbarism is shown in their own original sculptures, where size

draped Apollo, our mind is attuned to gentle harmonies. It is the symbol of wisdom at rest. The intellect is carried back to its sublimest heights when we admire Demosthenes, and remember how he poured forth in the forum the floodgates of his eloquence. All the statues of this room are pleasing and agreeable.

While we are on the subject of Rome, we may allude, as the opportunity may not occur again, to "the modern dead" there; all subjects for the poet, painter, and sculptor, as interesting, at least, as those of the room of Pius VII., as it is called. Rome, indeed, is boundless in its stores of wealth, intellectual and moral. What thoughts of poetry and art rise before us, when we think of the tomb of Tasso on the retired height of St. Onofrio's monastery. The words of the poet can so little be dissociated from art, of which it is a branch, that Tasso appears to be but another Michael Angelo or Raffælle, though the poet belongs to a higher dispensation, because he is a beggar and poor.



The greatest names of the world's history are its beggars. Genius has been generous to the lowly. Homer was but a gaber-lunzie; Virgil a hanger-on of courts; Milton a poor schoolmaster; Dante and Ariosto poor; Tasso a prisoner and a beggar; and William Shakespeare worked hard for a living. And yet there are no names in history, not one of the rich and great shall live beside them. Who is there in Rome that will have his name remembered with that of Tasso? He sang, as it were, on the wings of his soul, in his dungeon: "I weep my death, and not my death alone, but the manner in which I die; my renown is only a funeral sonal, and appears to me buried with my name; I should not be consoled to have for a tomb pyramids or brilliant mausoleums—I who thought to elevate to myself the most noble monument by my verses."

And he succeeded. No monarch who lies crushed beneath a pyramid, no statuary who lives in his marble, no artist who depends on his canvas, has for his memory so secure a hold as Tasso. His name is eternal; and there is his tomb on one of the highest hills of Rome. He ever loved the beautiful. He was born

land like a map under our feet; but, when we recollect how many students of art have gazed at that central attraction with burning hopes of fame, we cannot but be carried away by our emotions and love Rome. Soon we come to the river, which less, perhaps, than any other has felt the revolution of time.

The Tiber waters no other town. It flows dark and secret until it reaches the city, and then, having washed the walls of Rome, wends its way, desolate and unknown, to the sea. The Arno, on the other hand, which rises on the other side of the same hill in the Apennines, considering the short length of its course, flows through a populous territory, and two as glorious towns as any in Italy—Florence and Pisa.

Away we go to the Ponte Molle, by which Constantine entered Rome, and before which the road to the Vatican, the Emilian, and the Cassian, meeting before the bridge, make a wide area, where there is a house of entertainment, much frequented by the Romans in the summer. The triumphal arch and statues were only erected in 1805, as if commemorative of the Pope's struggle over Napoleon.



HERCULES BETWEEN VIRTUE AND VICE.—FROM A PAINTING BY LAIRESSE.

at Sorrento. He died at Rome. His name is as eternal as that of the city. It is not the few words on his paving-stone—"Here lie the bones of Tasso, lest the content host may be ignorant,"—that ensure him remembrance, but the fragrant force of genius which never dies.

It is strange to turn from Tasso to another unforgotten name—we need not linger on Poussin—which is ever remembered by the visitor to Rome. At no great distance, in the English burial-ground, is the tomb of Shelley, who lies within ground consecrated by that religion he unfortunately knew not. His ashes lie beneath a wall, underneath the ruins of a broken tower; there is a chapel formed by two broken buttresses, and there are cypresses waving over his grave. Peace be to his restless spirit!

There is an interesting monument to Rosa Bathurst, who perished in the Tiber. It is by Westmacott. Her fate is familiar to the visitor to Italy.

Everything is artistic in Rome, even the approach by Acquapendente. The name is musical and poetical. Hence do we catch a glimpse of St. Peter's, letting us know that we are in sight of Rome. It is not so beautiful as the sudden appearance of Switzer-

The classic visitor, entering the Piazza del Popolo, finds all vulgarised, frippery ornaments, with crowds in the costume of modern times. There is an Egyptian obelisk, reminding one of the Place de la Concorde at Paris. It is dedicated to the sun, and three streets strike off from it like rays. They take you in straight and regular lines of buildings along the valleys. The buildings are not what they were. Go along the Corso to the Capitol; you will see the palace of the Austrian ambassador; imagine it, gentle reader, built from the bricks of the Coliseum. It is the largest in Rome, and fitly represents the power which has crushed Italy under the leaden influence of Germanism. An interesting monument is the house of Madame Letitia, Napoleon's mother, who represented there the dead empire of France, so inexplicably revived. It is scarcely, however, so interesting as the house of Rienzi, near the river, which Bulwer has so admirably made us familiar with.

It is a ruin now, and was once the abode of Crescentius, a gentler reformer than Rienzi, who pulled down the old without being able to reconstruct the new—no fault of his, but of the slaves he vainly tried to make into freemen.

It was the mistake of all the reformers and friends of the Roman

people to believe, that because they were born in Rome, they must necessarily be the descendants of the sterling old stock. They were neither of the kind. They were a hybrid mixture of slaves and barbarians, unfitted by long oppression and mental bondage to comprehend even the name of liberty.

What meaning could art have for the menial? He gazed around stupidly at the statues and works of genius which had been collected by the will of tyrants, from vanity more than from taste; and they were to him no more than the rugged unheaven stones of the quarries he lived in. Debased and degraded by long years of suffering, nothing but a remedy impossible in Rome could elevate him to a fitness for freedom.

Many a time before now have careless observers envied the fate of the millions born beneath the happy climate of the South, surrounded by the miracles of nature and the wonders of art, and compared them with the millions of the North, who have a more uncertain clime, and less beauty, both natural and created, to survey. It is a great mistake. Art, literature, science—everything useful and agreeable, has followed in the footsteps of liberty. In this country, the treasures of ancient art collected in palaces are innumerable. This is laying the foundation of an artistic greatness equal to any dreamt of in past days.

Debarred by climate of the rich scenery and the warm atmosphere, here which is the natural hotbed of taste, we northerners, by bringing around us the treasures of Greece, and Rome, and modern Italy, are elevating the taste of the millions, and exciting that public appreciation which is necessary to success. The difference between the past and the present is very great.

In past times painters owed their success to the good-will of princes. When there sat upon a throne a man of taste, able to appreciate talent and genius, there was an opportunity for art to develop itself. There was no widely-spread and discerning public to continually cherish and support a long and steady series of artists. That is what we are doing. We are educating a people; and there can be little doubt that the ultimate consequence will be, that none but really good artists will be successful. The influence of Rome, however, upon art is still mighty indeed. There, and at Florence, we must always feel that we are at least on classic ground—ground which should be visited by every one aiming at excellence in his profession.

To return to the monuments of Rome. In Thorwaldsen's monument to Pius VII. we have an admirable specimen of the statue portrait. It has been placed beside the production of David and Lawrence. Some have imagined that the angels are too much lost in the height, and are thus crushed by the much greater size of the figures below. The design, however, is simple, ingenious, and beautiful. In the one, Time is represented looking upwards, and seeking, as it were, to dive into eternity. The other represents the genius of history. The idea of the sculptor relative to religion is truly magnificent. It is a figure standing with arms folded, and a foot upon a cloud. Near this is Wisdom, drawing counsel from the Bible in its hand; the owl at its feet. Various have been the criticisms on this work. Valéry only approves of the sleeping lion. "The lion roaring," says Rezzonico, "is not natural; the figure of religion, in stiff drapery, is feeble; and the geni appear rather annoyed than afflicted."

The author of "Statues in the Vatican" says: "Bell finds fault with the look of the 'Venus Canova,' and the slowness of the limbs. Matthews, the author of the 'Diary,' says the head is too large. The legs of his 'Persens' are said to be too short; this is avoiding imitation or error, as the 'Belvedere' are objected to as being too long; and the 'Medici' head is pronounced too small, and her make throughout is large. The acknowledged copyist of the antique, he sometimes ventures a contradiction. Thorwaldsen, without being called upon to supply an Apollo or Venus to the world, has been more lucky in challenging antiquity; his 'Venus Victrix' is superior to Canova's 'Goddess of Beauty'; his 'Jason certainly to the 'Perseus'; and though not aiming at immortality, yet a rival of the 'Apollo' in beauty and human proportion; the 'Psyche and Cupid' of Canova are a pendant to the 'Kissing Pair' in the Capitol; but the 'Day and Night' of Thorwaldsen is an effort of poetry, which leaves behind the modern and much of antiquity."

Doubtless the gem of Rome, the pearl of great price in statuary, the divinity of the Museum of Art in the Vatican, is the "Apollo Belvedere."

"The lord of the unerring bow;  
The god of life, and poetry, and light—  
The sun in human limbs arrayed, and lew  
All radiant from his triumph in the fight;  
The shaft that just been shot—the arrow bright  
With an immortal vengeance; in his eye  
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might,  
And majesty flash their full lightnings by,  
Developing, in that one glance, the Deity.  
But in his delicate form a dream of love  
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast  
Long'd for a deathless lover from above;  
And, madden'd with that vision, are express'd  
All that ideal beauty ever bless'd  
The mind with, in its most unearthly mood,  
When each conception was a heavenly guest—  
A ray of immortality—and stood  
Star-like, around, until they gathered to a god."

There is no conception in the mythology more admirable in ideality than Apollo, the perfection of manly beauty, as Aphrodite is of womanly loveliness. Apollo is music, made a being too. When the mind fixes itself intently upon this production, when we view it seriously from an artistic point of view, nothing looks well beside it. It casts a shade of melancholy over the soul, which is wrapt in a kind of dream of admiration. The descriptions of Byron—given above—and of Winkelmann burst upon our memory, and though neither convey all we feel ourselves, they still aid us in realising its true character.

As a pagan representation of the divinity, as they understood him, this statue realises the idea to the mind better than any poetical description—better than a picture. The German critic says: "The spectator must first fly with his soul to the regions of incorporated beauty, and become the creator of a celestial nature, to fill him with an idea of a beautiful supernatural;" because, as he views it, there is nothing mortal in that figure—no sign of the wants of humanity; "there are neither tendons nor veins, to move or kindle the body;" it is true that he admits disdain upon the lips. Byron describes him as "incarnate vengeance" and while Winkelmann tells us that his eyes "are full of that sweetness which they are wont to display when the Muses surround and caress him," he assures us that "might and majesty flash their full lightnings" from his glance.

The very difference of opinion which has made itself manifest upon so many occasions with regard to this statue only proves its power. Its name has gone to the very ends of the earth as the incarnation of beauty. Michael Angelo and Raffaele have been the artist's disciples. Byron, De Staël, Milman, Winkelmann, and others have been his high priests and expounders.

When we turn from the records of the past to the reality of the present, everything in Rome and the Roman states is study-matter for the painter. Leaving ruins, statues, temples, and palaces, and turning to the living, we find as much worthy of careful examination as ever. It is true it is a land of idleness and oppression. But the very poorest priest is picturesque, while what can be more so than the one-horse cart of the wine-carrier, with his barrels behind and his cabriolet in front, made of skins, of the same skins that clothe him and make him look like a satyr! Then come strings of horses and donkeys, a very caravan, with tinkling bells, fit subject for an Asselyn; or a drover urging on his cattle to the tune of his screeching bagpipes, just like a picture by Cuyp. Swine, black as Erebus, and bulls with enormous horns, complete the scene—nay, here comes a Roman matron of capacious form, and looking like a true descendant of the old stock. Tall pines, arid plains, ruins, and their gnarled and stunted vines, peasants living in holes like Irish cabins or red-skin wigwags, beggars in swarms, serve as subjects for the pencil of the British Islanders, descendants of those men whom the Romans despised as the most savage of barbarians. Shepherd's dogs, white as Polar bears, vultures and hawks frightening the timid lamb, give a little animation to this land of the bygone, where the past is living and the present is dead.

No country has suffered more than Italy from the passions and ambition of man. Desolation stares us in the face everywhere—but desolation somewhat tempered by the reflection that the worst has passed away. The feudal castles are in ruins, and the villagers in the valley underneath the hill no longer dread the pillage and rapine of their masters. But their remains tell a dreary story at the same time that they afford good subjects for the pencil.

Often, says a writer on "The Country of Rome," on the highway a classic fountain will refresh yourself and animal; a bridal company, on their horses, will pull up on their way to the nearest town, there to make merry; the bride, magnificently dressed—with a shawl of many colours on her arm, and sitting astride in white trousers—will lead, in full gallop, the bridesmaid, bridegroom, and four or five friends pursuing. The flash of the fire-fly flares along the grass; as evening sets in, the owls hoot and the frogs croak till darkness comes on; the watch-dog barks but timidly in the almost entire absence of man; when the voice of one is heard, one is afraid it may be evil, but one only discovers drivers and their cattle."

One of the greatest attractions to some persons—near the stern approaches of the Apennines—is the Cataract of Velino, of which Byron has left us an admirable description, when he tells us of

"The roar of waters! from the headlong height  
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;  
The fall of waters! rapid as the light  
The flashing mass foams, shaking the abyss;  
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss  
And boil in endless torture; while  
In their great agony, wrung out from this  
Their Phlegæon, curls round the rocks of jet  
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set  
And mounts in spray the skies, and thence, again,  
Returns in an incessant shower, which round,  
With its unceasing cloud of gentle rain,  
Is an eternal April to the ground,  
Making it all one emerald. How profound  
The gulf! and how the giant element  
From rock to rock leaps with delicious bound,  
Crushing the cliffs, which downward worn and rent  
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent  
To the broad column which rolls on, and shows  
More like the fountain of an infant sea.  
Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes  
Of a new world; than only thus to be  
Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly  
With many windings thro' the vale!—Look back!  
Lo! where it comes like an eternity,  
As if to sweep down all things in its track,  
Charming the eye with dread—a matchless cataract—  
Horribly beautiful! but, on the verge,  
From side to side, beneath the glittering Morn,  
An Iris sits amidst the infernal surge,  
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn  
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn  
By the distracted waters, bears serene  
Its brilliant hues, with all their beams unshorn,  
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,  
Love watching madness with unutterable morn."

Why have so many men, who have had the courage to leave home and wander abroad in the world, succeeded, and left a great name as painters? It is because they have not been satisfied with the lessons of a man—of a master—who may err and lead them astray; but have lived in the classic land of art, inhaled themselves with its light and life, and snatched a spark from the ever-burning pile of genius. There has been scarcely an instance known of a student in art making the pilgrimage to Rome and coming back unimproved. There is something in the air, in the constant recurrence of beauty, in the climate, the sky, the people, which attunes the mind to the harmonies of high and elevating art.

Go to Italy, all ye who would raise yourselves above the rank of ordinary portrait-painters. Pass the Alps! As you go along you will enrich your mind with the lore necessary to the art-student. Even if you never reach the Eternal City, the attempt will be useful. No painting of John Martin's can give to the mind of the most poetical a conception of the grandeur of the first view of

Switzerland from the Jura. It is a panorama that, once seen, is stamped for ever on the mind, which, if prepared by study, becomes possessed almost of a new faculty. A painter must feel the impression for ever on his brain. We see it now, as if it were before us, as clear and vivid as the first day.

And then where will be your little bits of scenery, when you elevate your looks to Mount Blanc? One glance at that vast production of creative power awakes pride for ever in the heart. Nothing done by man can appear sublime afterwards. And it is amid such scenes that men have sought for the sublime, and sometimes found it. But on, to the Alps! and at every step the artistic soul of the painter will find new food. Every instant his soul will be roused to higher contemplation, until he trends the classic soil itself.

In all attempts that are to be made to create a great school of art in this country—an attempt which we have every reason to believe may be eminently successful—two things will be needed. In the first place, we must generalise the studies of our art-students. They must not be satisfied, as they are in general, with learning to draw and paint. They must devote themselves to history. They must know as much or more than other men. They must be ready to paint an historical picture without a sudden crash which is apt to prove indigestible.

Then they must be sent to Italy to see what has been done before, and to learn the importance and value of arduous study. When they learn how Raffaele and Michael Angelo and Titian laboured, they must be encouraged to labour and study themselves, in the hope of living in the memory of man rather as a Cuyt, a Lawrence, or a David, than of perishing like a Francis de Paula Ferg, whose untimely death was doubtless more owing to his own errors than to the faults and want of appreciation of others.

The English, American, and French artistic population of Rome is already great. It is becoming greater every year. So much the better. The competition is a good and useful one. The French system of sending a certain number of pupils at the expense of government is a good one. It enables some to receive their early nurture in art on the right spot. The result has answered every expectation.

The Vatican museum, to which we have alluded so often in the present sketch, was founded by Julius II. It is in reality the finest collection of statues in the world. Mr. Schaff says: "Julius employed the famous Bramante to erect a vast niche surmounted by a gallery, called Belvedere, and in front of this he collected in a garden the choicest statues extant in his day. There were the "Nile" and "Tiber," a sarcophagus with the fable of "Melanagar," the famous "Torso of Hercules," and the celebrated group of "Laocœon," which was kept in a separate alcove. To these his successor, Leo X., added the famous statues of the "Mercury" and the "Apollo." The reclining "Ariadne" at that time adorned a fountain in the adjacent corridor.

Towards the end of the last century, Clement XIV., Gauguelli, and Pius VI. (Breschi) formed the magnificent galleries in the Vatican, which bear their conjoined names in the Museo Pio Clementino. Many purchases were made from the collection of the Villa Negroni, previously Montalto, formed by Sixtus V., and from a series of excavations carried on among the ruins of Hadrian's Villa and elsewhere, by an energetic Stockholm named Gavin Hamilton. At the treaty of Tolentino in 1717, all the most celebrated works of art were removed to Paris; but in 1816, they were, with the exception of the colossal "Melanagar," the statue of "Augustus" in the top, the Velletri "Minerva," and "Tiber," restored to the Vatican. Pius VII. added a long gallery of sculpture, which bears his name Chiostro Montti; a magnificent hall, erected by the same pontiff, was opened in 1821, under the name of the Braccio Nuovo. It contains the beautiful "Minerva" Medici, the "Nile," the standing "Demosthenes," the "Fanny" of Praxiteles, and the little "Gauguade" of Phidias.

The progress of artistic discovery has been very great, for when the Florentine, Poggio Bracciolini, wrote in 1439, he described six statues as all that remained then visible in Rome. These were the two colossal, the two recumbent statues "Nile" and "Tiber," a reclining statue of "Ocean," and the famous bronze gilt statue of "Marcus Aurelius." Since that day riches innumerable have been discovered.

## NATIONAL PICTURES.

THE chief means of exalting the taste of the people and giving them a thorough knowledge of the end and purpose of art, is the formation of galleries destined to receive the pictures of a nation. Nor do galleries serve that purpose only—although that were indeed a great one; they stimulate artists who behold their treasures, with the hope of having some day their works classed amongst those they behold, and of their being cherished as some of the treasures of the country.

It frequently happens, however, that the country most rich in pecuniary wealth, most capable of forming fine collections of pictures and works of art, either awakes at too late a period to the necessity of their possession, or is gifted with so little taste, that although the selection may have cost an immense sum, yet the pictures may be totally unworthy the wealth given for them, or of the honour of being placed in a national collection; and this, we take it, is unfortunately the case with England. It is only lately, indeed, by the publication of the work of a foreigner—of “*Dr. Waagen’s Treasures of Art*”—that the people are made aware of the immense quantity of pictures, the treasures, the superabundant wealth of art which exists in England, but of which there is as yet no worthy collection in one place.

True it is, that although many of the pictures may be worthy, the English have a knack of making a government “job” of the building, whereby the architect raises an immense fortune, and the so-called gallery is, like that of Trafalgar-square, totally unworthy the name. If, on the contrary, any chance may render the place of exhibition passable; yet the pictures are for the most part so ignominiously arranged, that effect is spoilt, and the possibility of education on the progress of art entirely cut away. But as if these accidents were not enough, we find the government lavishing thousands of pounds upon a baby-house—and worse than a baby-house—for George the Fourth; and yet refusing to make room for a fine collection of pictures bequeathed to them for national purposes, which therefore fly off at a tangent, and at Dulwich form a gallery of themselves. Such, indeed, is the fact with the Bourgeois collection.

The faults of public people do not, however, excuse our own; and the National Gallery in Trafalgar-square, to which we purpose a short visit, notwithstanding its total inadequacy on the score of a “National” gallery, its architectural enormities, and the faults of its conservators, is still—on account of the many very beautiful pictures which it contains—worthy of a visit, and a visit not only of curiosity, but for the purpose of serious and attentive study.

We shall not, we may premise, in our short review follow the numbers given in the catalogue, *sold, by permission of the trustees*, outside the gallery, as that catalogue contains pictures, for instance, those by Hogarth, which have for these two or three years past been moved away to Marlborough House, and there exhibited in what is called the “Vernon Gallery.”

The pictures which belong to the nation form an altogether imperfect collection, and our notice will be but piecemeal and cursory. In some masters we are comparatively rich; of others we have none; and of some but one, and that a poor specimen. Thus, of Claude we have no less than ten pictures; of Bartolomeo none; and of Salvator Rosa but one; and so on. Of our moderns, and as a school by far most meritorious, English artists, we had, before Mr. Vernon made his munificent bequest, absolutely nothing.

Of the Claudes, that known as “*The Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba*,” and marked 14 in the catalogue, will attract some notice. A picture of a seaport, with the sun in the midst of the sky, with about two feet of very brilliant colouring on each side of it; ruins, a sea-tower, an archway, rocks, and trees; riggings of ships, and ships themselves; all form accessories of the picture, and all are painted with but one idea—that of scenic effect. There is an utter want of learning or care in this picture. The trees are of no class or kind in nature; the rocks are such as are never seen by the sea-side; the ships are carelessly drawn, etc.; but the great reparation made by this master for such carelessness lies in the colour and pleasing arrangement. The picture is nothing less than an illusive fiction.

A Correggio, marked 10, of “*Mercury and Venus instructing Cupid*,” has for some years been the admiration of all critics. The reason of this is sufficiently evident; for although the figure of Venus is not beautiful, and Mercury, instead of being all light and vivacity, is dull and heavy, yet the beauty of the Cupid, the excellent drawing in the form, and, above all, the prodigious beauty of colour, must win our admiration. This picture was once in the possession of Charles I. The colouring contrasts especially with that of Rubens, but is in its nature equally fine.

“*The Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca*,” either a duplicate or copy of the picture by Claude in the Doria Palace, known as “*Claude’s Mill*,” is one of those hasty compositions of the artist which have called down the anger of Mr. Ruskin. People are dancing near some water, which is a lake formed by an impetuous torrent, but which runs nowhere. In order not to break the repose of the scene, the very water into which a cascade falls has no motion in it. The only beauties in the picture are the sky and the colour.

“*Christ disputing with the Doctors*” (No. 18), is a very weak composition, put down with much effrontery to Leonardo da Vinci. The celebrated John Hunter used to extol the deep anatomical studies of this artist; yet the figure of Christ in this picture is badly drawn, the head unmanly and weak, and the hand drawn without the slightest knowledge of anatomy.

“*Adonis quitting Venus for the Chase*,” said to be by Titian, is another pretended original, but also a very popular picture. The display of form in the Venus is very graceful; but the Adonis is heavy, ill-drawn, and deficient in elegance and dignity. The colour and mode of painting are both good; the former, especially, rich, harmonious, and, in the flesh, soft and fleshy. There is another copy of this picture at Dulwich.

“*The Sabine Women*,” by Rubens (No. 30), is a fine specimen of force in a painter, accompanied by knowledge of drawing and colour. Beyond this, the Romans are not Romans, the ladies are those of the seventeenth century, and the architecture of the same period. Yet with all these anomalies, the picture is free, bold, and fine; the colour so bright and glorious, that it forces one to admire it.

“*Portrait of Cornelius Van der Geest*,” life-size, by Vandyck, ignorantly called “*The Head of Gervatius*,” is one of those pictures of which the nation may indeed be proud. The sentiment and thought, the feeling and refinement, in this face, it is impossible to surpass. One can linger over it for hours. The painting of the mouth and beard, if shut out from the rest of the picture, are alone worthy of the most minute attention; the delicacy and truth of detail, and the breadth of light, are also beyond praise. The interest attached to this portrait of a person almost unknown is to be attributed to the genius of Vandyck alone.

(No. 59), “*The Brazen Serpent*,” by Rubens, is another triumph of power. The agonised expression of the women, the pallid countenances of the dead, the majesty on the face of Moses, and the wonderful knowledge of anatomy in the drawing, are equally to be admired. A critic, Mr. George Fozzo, has objected to the fat and bony persons of those stricken with the plague. He should have recollected that the plague was sudden, and that no previous sickness could have emaciated the forms of the sinful Israelites.

(No. 184), “*The Murder of the Innocents*,” called a Raffaele, is the largest picture in the Academy. The board under it informs us, that it is the property of the governors of the Foundling Hospital, and that it is by them deposited in this gallery.

The outline alone has any similarity to the works of Raffaele. The murderers are remorseless brutes; the mothers are fighting mad women. There is no delicacy in the painting, which, besides these defects, cannot be seen to any advantage, from any point of view, being covered with a glass, which catches the light, and entirely destroys the picture.

Our space forbids us at this time to say more. We purpose, however, returning to the subject, and going through, during the time that new pictures are not to be seen, some of those eminent masters which are the property of the nation, or of those noblemen and gentlemen whose liberality enables the public to become acquainted with their galleries. By so doing, we believe that we shall be doing good service to art.

## VALENTIN.



THERE exists among painters a race of rough, haughty men, always ready to fall back and take their stand upon mere matter, im-

between the double row of *chefs-d'œuvre*; you will see them look with an eye of indifference at those mystic compositions where the expression of the faith of former times is concealed beneath spare wan forms and sometimes faded colouring; they will scarcely stop before those sublime works of Lesueur, where the pious personages of past ages appear to the spectator as mere shadows, so timid, so humble, and so subordinate to the ideal is the actual execution; but if they meet with some vulgar scene, where the palpitating flesh stands out boldly from the obscurity of the ground, they want no more to induce them to give way to their feelings and launch out into enthusiasm.



diately there is any question of acknowledging the influence of mind. Follow them as they walk down the gallery of the Louvre,

What they admire and hold up to your admiration is the energy of the action, the expression of the gesture, and the success of the foreshortening in a picture. "Look!" they exclaim, "how well those muscles are attached, and how freely they act! how naturally those shoulders are joined on! how forcibly you are impressed with the presence of the bones and the solidity of the tendons! The eyes are humid, the nostrils are full of breath, and the blood flows beneath that flesh!" But not one word do they say of the painter's intention, or of the thought that should pervade his work. What matters to them the value of the principal idea and the choice of the subject? A band of brigands, seated round a table in some cavern, and singing over their liquor with courtezans, interests them far more than the "Christ on the Mount of Olives," or "The Tomb of Arendia,"



They are enamoured of mere matter. They look upon it as a portion of divinity itself, and cannot understand that there is the least preference to be given to any one of the different parts of which it is composed. In their eyes, all forms in nature possess the same charm, all members of humanity are of equal value, each one being endowed with some peculiar beauty, which the spectator must discover for himself. This being the case, the less trouble a painter has taken to choose his subject, the greater is their preference for him, and as mere imitation is quite sufficient to satisfy their ardent love of form, they do not require matter to think, but merely to exist. It is especially among those pantheists that the admirers of Valentin are to be found.

Valentin, one of the most celebrated French painters, was born in the little town of Coulommiers, in Brie, the 8th June, 1661, in the Rue du Mont-Saint-Foy, at the corner of the *Impasse des Remparts*. We do not know why some authors have chosen to consider him as belonging to the Roman school, for if France can claim him as one of her children, it is not only because she witnessed his birth, but because his taste for painting manifested itself long before he went to Rome, to seek inspiration among the marvels of the Vatican.\*

\* It always struck us as an extraordinary circumstance that the Christian name of a French painter, and especially of one born in the province of Brie, should be *Moïse*, according, as it did, but little with the genius of the French nation, which, especially in the seventeenth century, was greatly prejudiced against the Jews and their customs. However, as a considerable number of authors always called him *Moïse-Valentin*, and as there were no documents to clear up our doubts on the subject, we at last believed, as all other persons had done, that Valentin's Christian name was really *Moïse*. Since then, we have received some curious information from a distinguished painter and author, Monsieur Anatole Dauvergne; and we crave the reader's permission to transcribe at full length the notes which he has furnished—notes which are the more interesting as they prove the necessity of always going back to the fountain-head, historical errors most frequently proceeding from historians of the second or third generation.

The following is an extract from the genealogical table of the family of Boulogne de Coulommiers, drawn up, about 1780, expressly for the family, by Michel Martial Cordier, Juge de Paix at Coulommiers previous to 1789, and a Member of the Convention, who died in exile, at Brussels, in 1824.

This table was drawn up from documents which are at present dispersed, but which were then accessible to Monsieur Cordier. Eighteen of these dates are given as corroborative proofs. The Boulogne family still flourishes at Coulommiers, and has preserved from father to son a certain pride in its relationship with the painter, who is known by the name of Valentin above.

- I. Stock. Jean de Boulogne, called *Rasset*, in 1495, born at Bologna in Italy, lived at Coulommiers, at the corner of the Cul-de-Sac, near the church of *Sainte Foy*. This Cul-de-Sac now bears the name of Boulogne. Title-deeds in 1519.
- II. He had issue: in 1538, Denis de Boulogne; II. Jean de Boulogne.
- III. Jean de Boulogne, 2nd of the name, married at Coulommiers. He had issue (1576):—
  1. Perrin de Boulogne, plumber and glazier.
  2. Simonne de Boulogne.
  3. Jacques de Boulogne, carrier.
  4. Valentin de Boulogne, painter on glass.
- IV. Valentin de Boulogne, 1st of the name; died in 1618. He had, by Jeanne de Monthion, his wife, three children, viz.:—
  1. Marie de Boulogne, born the 28th August, 1599.
  2. Jean de Boulogne, born the 8th June, 1601.
  3. Jacques de Boulogne, born the 15th October, 1603.

Monsieur Cordier did not take the trouble to look for these three certificates of baptism of the children of Valentin de Boulogne, father of the celebrated painter. Monsieur Dauvergne found them after a long search, but the name of Valentin does not exist in any one of them. No gap occurs in the parish registers of Saint-Denis de Coulommiers, during the period in which it is probable that the painter was born; and yet, from 1547 to 1777, we very frequently find the Christian name of Valentin. Valentin Pidoux, uncle of La Fontaine, the author of the *Fables*, was bailiff in 1614.

Monsieur Aubert de Fligny, who was bailiff of Coulommiers, speaking of the painter Valentin, writes as follows, about 1770:—

If it is true that he made a journey to Paris, it was not, at any rate, to become a pupil of Simon Vouet, as some of his biographers have asserted; a mere comparison of dates is sufficient to refute this error. Simon Vouet left for Constantinople, with Monsieur de Sancy, in 1612, at which time Valentin was only eleven years old. Vouet, according to the testimony of Félibien, did not return and found his school in Paris before the year 1627, at which period Valentin already enjoyed a high reputation as a painter in Rome. He had resided in that city for a considerable time, and was doomed to end his days there. D'Argenville contradicts himself, when, after having asserted that Valentin began his studies under Vouet, he affirms, in another portion of his work, that Vouet's taste had something of Valentin's in it. This would be to suppose that the master had subsequently taken lessons of his pupil, which is not likely. We are inclined to believe, with some more recent writers, that the two painters were in Rome at the same epoch, and that they studied Caravaggio's manner together.

However this may be, when Valentin arrived in Italy, Caravaggio was just dead, and painters were beginning to free themselves from the influence which he had exerted during his lifetime. Like many other reformers, he had led away his contemporaries by supporting

"I believe that his name was Valentin de Boullongne, and that he was son and grandson respectively of two painters on glass, who both resided at Coulommiers, and who painted the fine windows, most of which still exist, in the parish church there. His father's name, like his own, was Valentin, and his grandfather's Jacques."

These two written traditions, as well as the tradition preserved in the Boullongne family, prove most satisfactorily that the painter belonged to this family, which was founded by Jean de Boulogne, called *Rasset*, who came from Italy, and was probably a painter on glass.

We have still to explain the name of Valentin. The eldest of Valentin de Boullongne's children married Jean d'Alençon. We lose sight of the two sons.

Monsieur Cordier proves that Valentin de Boullongne's second son is the painter. The following is the boy's certificate of baptism:—"Die Veneris, octava Junii, 1601. Joannes filius Valentini de Boulogne et Joanne de Monthyon ejus uxoris, filii baptizatus. Patrinus dominus Joannes de Boulogne, pictor, et Petrus Daltazar-Matinea-Ludofa, Francisci Reboné, procuratoris fiscalis."

The absence of the name of Valentin proves nothing against the fact of this certificate of baptism being that of the painter. At Coulommiers, it is the practice to call the son by his father's Christian name. We have met with twenty examples of the custom. Le petit Valentin ended by retaining the name Valentin.

There now remains the Christian name. As regards that of *Moïse*, it is simply absurd. It was D'Argenville who misread the manuscript in his possession, and mistook *Moussi* for *Moïse*—*Vide* Lanzi, Mariette, Victor Scheeleher, Brulliot (p. 369, *Biographie de Caravage*, 1845), Beyle, etc.

Tieozzi (Milan, 1832), calls him Pietro.

Félibien, who wrote about 1670, thirty years after Valentin's decease, does not give him the name of *Moïse*, which is first found in D'Argenville's book, whence, since 1787, it has been copied by a great number of the painter's biographers. The following writers call him Valentin—Le Valentin—Mr. or Moussi Valentin:—

Anonymous . . . . .	1679	Roland Le Virloze . . . . .	1771
Félibien . . . . .	1688	L'Abbé De Fontenay . . . . .	1786
Florent Le Comte . . . . .	1702	Huber . . . . .	1787
Depixes . . . . .	1715	Lanzi . . . . .	1795
Dubois De Saint-Gelais . . . . .	1727	Henry Laurent . . . . .	1818
Lepicie . . . . .	1732	Beyle . . . . .	1826
Dom Pernety . . . . .	1757	Brulliot . . . . .	1833
Dandré Bardon . . . . .	1765	Catalogue of the Vatican . . . . .	1840
Cochin . . . . .	1769	Scheeleher . . . . .	1845

The following writers call him *Moïse-Valentin*:—

D'Argenville . . . . .	1787	Viardot . . . . .	1842
Gault De-Saint-Germain . . . . .	1808	Catalogue des Musées . . . . .	1847
Bernard . . . . .	1810	Ch. De Pointel . . . . .	
Michaud . . . . .	1827	Duchene Anni . . . . .	1828
Weiss . . . . .	1833	Feller . . . . .	1827
Robert-Dumecail . . . . .	1842	Hagedorn . . . . .	1762

The family name De Boullongne, is written indifferently De Boulogne, De boulogne, de Boulogne, de Bologne; but it is still the same De Bologne, and depends upon the whim of the writer. In the books of the last century, do we not also meet with the town of Bologne (Bologna), written Boulogne, Boulogne?

a false system on *chef-d'œuvre* and bad principles on great examples. At his death there were only two parties remaining in Rome; that of Jospin and that of the Caracci, represented respectively by Domenichino and Guido. All that these rivals had left them to perform was the no very difficult task of proving that nature is not black, and that the genius of Caravaggio neither excused his contempt for noble and carefully-chosen forms, nor his horror for a strong light.

Valentin came to Rome during the period of this re-action of feeling, which was destined to receive additional force from the presence of Poussin, for it was not long before that great painter published his opinion on the different parties, and assigned to each its proper place. On the one hand he pronounced Domenichino to be the greatest painter after Raffaele; and, on the other, when speaking of Caravaggio, said, "This man came among us to destroy painting." In spite of this, however, Valentin was irresistibly led to an imitation of Caravaggio; his instinct prompted him to take this step from the very first, and nothing could turn him from the path he had taken, neither the general tendency to leave it, nor the authority and advice of Poussin, whose admiral and friend he was; so true is it, that in his conduct he obeyed an organisation which was more powerful than the influence exerted by a great mind.

To work he went, therefore, carried away by his enthusiasm for form which others despise, preferring force to grace, and ready, with Guercino, to sustain the theory of contrast against the defenders of unity. His genius was rough and plebeian, and it is among the people that he looks for his subjects and his models; he finds that the reality is always sufficiently noble there, provided that he can succeed in portraying it, palpitating and striking. In his love for nature of this kind, which appears to him unjustly neglected, he lavishes his light and shade, in order that the subject may possess relief, vigour, and brilliancy, and not knowing how to ennoble it, he surrounds it with darkness, and lends it the poetry of night. In the evening, he frequents the taverns of Rome, and sits down amid volumes of tobacco smoke, in order to study the physiognomies of gamblers, or seize the poses of drunkards, or the grimaces of itinerant musicians. Mixed up with this people of tatterdemalions and vagabonds, he observes their mode of life, their now reckless, now impassioned bearing, and their proud and manly beauty peering through their rags. Sometimes, in order that nothing of this reality which he is pursuing may escape him, he forgets himself in places of bad repute, where he meets low bullies and high-bred cavaliers, huddled together in the same strange and philosophic confusion; and where the same light which falls upon the naked shoulders of some robust courtesan displays the misery of a ragged beggar, and sparkles on the sword which beats against the heels of the poldo man in his doublet.

In this respect, although differing in one particular point, to which we shall have occasion to allude in another part of this notice, Valentin's taste mostly led him to select the same class of subjects as those chosen by Callot. Speaking of the latter, Monsieur Arsène Houssaye says: "What struck Callot most was Man. In his time, humanity still possessed a thousand distinct characters; the parent tree had a thousand different graftings; either through chance or the will of the Creator, each man was then more thoroughly imbued than now with the spirit and manners of his part in the drama of smiles and tears which is played on the stage of this world. Jacques Callot, instead of studying the mysteries and grandeur of Nature, gave his attention to everything that appeared fantastic, extravagant, or original. In a word, of all the actors in life who played their parts under his immediate observation, those who pleased him most were boastful soldiers, religious ballad-singers, who opened a mouth that was bigger than their money-bowl—mountebanks who prefaced their buffoonery with unlimited promises—mendicants in picturesque rags, and pilgrims with doublets slashed with time, spangled with box-rosaries, studded with artificial flowers, and covered with leaden medals, as well as with all the holy marvels of Notre-Dame-de-Bon-Secours." In another part of his work, Monsieur Arsène Houssaye says of Callot: "He had the passion of creating tatterdemalions, bullies, and mountebanks, as other men have the passion of play. Whenever he sat up to work, he used to tell his friends that he was going to pass the night in the bosom of his family."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Philosophers and Actresses." London 1832.

Meanwhile, the celebrated Cardinal Barberini, the nephew of Urban VIII., a great patron of artists, and especially of Nicholas Poussin, having heard of *Monsi Valentin* (as he was then styled in Italy), expressed a wish to see and patronise him as well. Among other pictures, he ordered of him a view of Rome with the Anio and the Tiber. In this picture Valentin was very successful, according to the account of the historian Baglione, who saw it exposed during his time in the Palace of the Chancellor's Office of the Apostolic See. It was for the same Cardinal that Valentin painted the "Decollation of Saint John the Baptist;" a large canvas covered with numerous figures, remarkable for their being executed with that bold firmness of touch for which he was already known, *gagliardamente*, as the Italian account has it. But his principal work was the "Martyrdom of Saints Processus and Martinian," which he painted for the Basilica of Saint Peter's, in that Caravaggian manner which he had now made his own, and in which he had the opportunity of displaying an incredible energy of style. The two sufferers are stretched out on a mechanical apparatus, and tied together, with the head of the one in the direction of the other's feet, while the cord which binds their feet and hands is attached to the axle of a capstan which the executioner is turning round. His assistants are scourging the two martyrs, or preparing to pass red-hot irons up their bodies until they are torn to pieces.

Valentin's picture was brought to Paris, after Bonaparte's conquests, at that memorable period when Rome was merely the chief town of a French department. But, after the second invasion, in 1815, it was again seized and carried off in the waggon of the conqueror, who did not think, as the Consul Marmion once did at Corinth, that the gold of the conquered was sufficient to redeem objects of such value, or that it was an easy task to find a second Valentin who could produce other works of the same description. What a singular privilege is that possessed by objects of art, which can thus travel without the slightest danger throughout the world, among the baggage of victorious troops, for which the mere possession of a *chef-d'œuvre* is often a pledge of the honours of war and the most precious of all trophies!

However, as if the Popes had foreseen these vicissitudes, they had caused a copy of Valentin's picture to be executed in mosaic. The original was preserved in the Palace of Monte-Cavallo, and the copy, which was the work of Cristofori, still constitutes one of the finest monuments of Saint Peter's at Rome, where it is placed next the "Martyrdom of Saint Erasmus," which is also a mosaic, and after Poussin.

It may, however, safely be affirmed that religious subjects were not adapted to the natural bent of Valentin's mind, nor to his very peculiar style of talent, which was remarkable for its easy boldness of execution, but not for its merit of conception. A painter, whose acquaintance with Poussin had been insufficient to lead him back to intentions of a more elevated nature, and to a graver manner of feeling and practising his art, was certainly incapable of understanding that kind of beauty which takes its rise in Christianity. It would have been as absurd to ask Valentin to paint devotional subjects with the sentiment which befit them, as to expect a representation of the brutal excesses of an orgy from the melancholy and chaste pencil of Lesueur. In the dominions of painting, there often arise beings of an exceptional nature, with fixed principles that nothing can move—individualities in one piece, possessing an inviolable kind of beauty which must not be touched imprudently, for in tearing away what is bad we run the risk of sweeping off what is good. We must accept them as nature presents them to us, to please the imagination or enchant the sight.

When, therefore, Valentin had worked sufficiently for popes and cardinals, he returned to those subjects for which he felt a predilection; he resumed the course of life which his disposition had first induced him to choose. Despising, as did his master, all rule, propriety, or philosophy in art, he abandoned Christians and Pagans, religion and the antique, Phidias and Raffaele. The *Léocoon* appeared to him as dull as saints and martyrs; anatomical nobleness and ideal nudity interested him much less than the jerkin of a drawer in an inn, or the cuirass of a heliote. "He took Nature in her every-day garb, exactly as she presented herself," says Monsieur Felix Dyat. "In his works there were no Venuses, but gipsies; no flowing drapery, but rags; no consecrated forms, no traditional

lines, but the form of the first-come, and the arms and legs of the passers-by. No more gods or demigods, but itinerant musicians, soldiers, toppers, smokers, and beggars with garments full of holes and patches; the most ordinary scenes chosen by mere chance; the strange, motley, disorderly, but always harmonious and always poetic prism of extreme reality."<sup>2</sup>

This opinion is exceedingly just and well expressed, but we must not believe that Valentin painted only rags, or always took pleasure in the contemplation of ignoble, wild, and deformed nature. Although his arrangement possesses less grandeur than that of Caravaggio, and his manner is neither as broad nor as imposing as that of the Lombard painter, he succeeded in imparting a certain air of distinction to the most trivial scenes; but, as if fearful that he should not obtain sufficient effect by the mere contrast of light and shade, he sought for additional effect by the juxtaposition of the draperies,

poor servant, whose hands are red with washing dishes, a simple girl of the lower classes, coarse and harsh in her charms, modest without affectation or coquetry, hardly understanding what is required of her, and not believing that her beauty is capable of reanimating the ardour of old age.

The two elders who have cast upon this woman the eyes of concupiscence, are men in whose breast passion is still struggling with age, still vigorous and well preserved in spite of the innumerable wrinkles which furrow their foreheads. One of them, dissimulating his embarrassment and shame under an appearance of rage, endeavours to justify himself by accusing her; there is a tolerable degree of nobleness in his face, and energy in his gesture, while the drapery falls in graceful folds; he is one of Poussin's models rendered with Manfredi's pencil. The other elder, forgetful of the soldiers who have led him to the tribunal, and of the judge who is about to



FIVE SOLDIERS QUARRELLING OVER DICE.—FROM A PAINTING BY VALENTIN.

invariably painting the satins and velvets of the rich side by side with the woollen garments of the poor.

The works of Valentin in the Louvre, however, are more than sufficient to enable us to appreciate the vigour and originality of his talent; for they contain all his distinctive qualities, and may therefore be taken as the basis of an exact definition of his style. Among these pictures, there are some, it is true, which are drawn from sacred history, but they are really connected with it merely by the nature of the subject and the complaisance of the spectator. With Valentin, the "Chaste Susannah" (p. 109), is not one of those timid women whose modesty is enhanced by their beauty, and whose charms leave a feeling of regret in the breasts of those who have been able to triumph over them; such women, in a word, as the skillful and gracious Santerre loved to paint a hundred years later; no, she is a

condemn him, is solely occupied with the young girl, the sight of whom still excites his desires; his glance is humid and dimmed, his mouth gives him the appearance of a satyr, and his head is covered with hair that is turning gray, but which is still thick and well set. It is a common head, treated in the manner of Espagnolet, with some light dryness in the folds of the skin, but unexampled for the vigour of its model, the justness of its tone, and the accent of truth pervading it. In the notices in the *Musée Français*, Eméric David has very successfully criticised the remarkable error committed by Hagedorn concerning Valentin, when he says: "It is not so much for the choice of his subjects as for the weakness of his execution that this painter is to be blamed; we should be more indulgent towards him, had he been able to attain vigour of touch, and express the roundness of form belonging to his model." This error is such an inexplicable one in so enlightened an appreciator as Hagedorn, that we cannot help thinking that he never saw a single

<sup>2</sup> "Revue Britannique," Library of the Fine Arts, May, 1837.

picture by Valentin, or that the painter of whom he speaks is not ours.\* Monsieur Levesque, on the contrary, says: "Valentin possessed the faculty of passing artistically, by gentle and transparent tints, from the brightest light to the very strongest shade."†

The Italian writers have confirmed this last opinion. Not only do they place Valentin above all the imitators of Caravaggio for the art of composition, but they reckon him, although a Frenchman, among the disciples of the Roman school, and look upon him as one of the greatest colourists that this school ever produced.‡

Valentin was unskilful in expression, unless he had to depict the most vulgar emotions of the soul. So far from appreciating the shades of sentiment, and the varied language of the passions, he could only seize their coarsest and most simple forms; and, with him, the word expression may be taken to mean not only the contraction of the face, but also historical and philosophical propriety, and a number of circumstances inseparable from the subject.

that the knowledge of the value of gesture and the power of pantomimic expression ought to belong to a painter who confines himself altogether to reality; and yet these qualities are only possessed by the philosophical artist, by him who, not content with observing the external signs of the various passions, endeavours to discover that which causes them to spring up in men's hearts. In order to become well acquainted with the effects of the passions, it is necessary to know exactly their origin.

In his "Judgment of Solomon" (p. 105) the true mother is a beautiful woman, whose black hair causes her large white shoulders to stand out in bold relief. She is turning round, in order to snatch her child from the soldier who appears about to cut it in two, and this movement of hers allows us to perceive the type of the Roman face in the severe lines of her profile. It is by this that she is distinguished from the false mother, whose gesture is full of hypocrisy, and whose physiognomy is stamped with a character of baseness, as



THE CONCERT.—FROM A PAINTING BY VALENTIN.

In order to obtain a correct idea of what he wants in this respect, it is not even necessary to compare him to Poussin. It would, without doubt, be unjust to place Valentin's Solomon, a beardless young man, badly clad, of a lymphatic temperament and clumsy joints, without dignity or grace, by the side of the other Solomon, so majestically draped, and yet so simple, calm and impassive, seated with an air of grandeur, expressing his impartiality by his attitude, and pointing out with his finger the true mother, almost without a movement. It would at first appear

if the painter, in his ignorance of the play of the features, could find no other means of characterising the good and the bad mother, than by giving beauty to the one and ugliness to the other.

In this work of Valentin, we may notice one of his most frequent defects, which consists in giving the flesh a metallic appearance. On the second ground, we perceive some old men's faces which glisten like bronze; and as for the dead child that is stretched out at Solomon's feet, and which, as a model, is a *chef-d'œuvre*, it resembles far too much a brazen statue. This defect of execution, in a painter who has so few, is no doubt occasioned by his putting in the light portions of his pictures with leaden half-tints, while he exaggerates, in certain cases, the transparency of the reflexes, by which means he gives a body that is naturally dull, an appearance belonging only to hard and polished surfaces; for light has not merely the effect of giving different objects the colour which is peculiar to them,

\* "Réflexions sur la Peinture," vol. i. p. 389.

† Monsieur Levesque, "Dictionnaire des Arts," vol. iv. p. 386.

‡ Bellori, "Vit. de Pitt.," p. 216. Baglione, "Vit. de Pitt.," p. 224. Lanzi, "Stor. Pitt.," vol. i. p. 187.

but it also possesses the wonderful power of enabling us to distinguish their nature by the manner in which they reflect or absorb it. However great the intensity of the light may be, when it comes in contact with flesh, its rays are slightly debarbed by the surface of the epidermis, exactly as in a landscape they glide gently over the ploughed land and green hills, while they shine fiercely upon the rocks. With regard to the "Judgment of Solomon," we will again quote Monsieur Eugène David, who has perfectly appreciated Valentin's merit, and the peculiar character of his talent.

"When Poussin painted 'The Judgment of Solomon,' the principal object he had in view was the king's profound wisdom, and this is what he wished to represent; no other painter has ever composed Solomon's face as he did. Valentin was moved by other feelings. He saw a mother—a mother whose child had been torn from her; the child is on the point of being killed, of being cut in twain; and one-half of the bleeding body is to be delivered over to the mother. Such was the subject as he saw it. Poussin, acting in consonance with his feelings, directed the attention to the head of the king, and left that of the real mother in half-light. The principal objects for Valentin were the child and its mother; he was daring enough to attempt the portrayal of maternal love, and he succeeded. On the woman's face, love, terror, and especially innocence, are depicted. Her breast is exposed. She is not looking at the king, but at the child, for whose possession she is pining. All these circumstances reveal a mild disposition and a soul incapable of deceit. The false mother, on the contrary, is seen from behind, which is an ingenious arrangement. In that portion of her face which is exposed to view, the spectator is sensible of a certain harshness inherent to her disposition. The body of the dead child, placed upon the steps of the throne, possesses in this picture an amount of merit in the drawing which is but rarely met with. The tones of the flesh are different in all the figures. The breasts, necks, and shoulders of the two women are endowed with a vitality and warmth which has rarely been attained by the colourist's art. The head of the good mother is a *chef-d'œuvre* of colour and expression. These two personages stand out boldly from the canvas in spite of the heaviness and uniformity of the ground. The heads of the two old men, placed in half-light, are energetic and perfectly transparent."

If we allow Valentin to be an admirable painter, it is especially on account of the truthfulness and force of his execution, and whenever the subject does not require those qualities of mind in which he is deficient. To understand and admire him more at our ease, we ought to study him when he represents the picturesque episodes of that life of reality which he has chosen for his epic. We ought to follow him into the thick and smoky atmosphere of the guard-room, where soldiers are playing at cards, having their fortune told them, or scraping on a fiddle.

Behold us in a retreat of gipsies. A dirty and sallow-faced sorceress, with a napkin bound around her head, like the women of Frascati, and hiding her countenance in the shade, is examining the hand of a kind of militiaman, who is having his fortune told. The tranquillity of this low witch forms a striking contrast with the lively emotion that is visible in the soldier's features; and, as if the strangeness of the figures about him, and the appearance of the cavern, into which only a mysterious light finds its way through an air-hole, were not sufficient to trouble his thoughts, the companions of the prophetic success in exciting his imagination still more effectually by the noisy music which they are playing close to his ears. To the left, in the obscurity, is seen a man putting his hand into the gipsy's pocket, from which he draws forth a living cock, a sort of symbolical animal, such as the old sybils usually possess. In truth, it is not merely impossible to paint with a more vigorous and masterly touch; but, what is more, to initiate the spectator with greater success into the mysteries of the life led by the gipsies of those days—by that proscribed and vagabond race, with their eccentric costume and copper-coloured complexions, who lived by rapine, or on the credulity of the public, who covered themselves with garments of glaring hues, and found in every town some dark retreat or other, unknown to justice, and offering a place of refuge to every adventurer without hearth or home.

As we have already remarked, the substance of Valentin's pictures is the same as that of Callot's engravings. The former, as well as

the latter, offer us a lively representation of the manners of a certain class; but, although the epoch of Valentin's works is the same as that of Callot's, there is a marked difference in their manner of seeing things. The reason that this brilliant arabesque did not unfold itself before the eyes of the painter of Coulommiers, as it did before those of the engraver of Nancy, is, that each of them gave the traits of his observations the tinge of his own disposition, and stamped them with the impression of his own mind. The one chose the burlesque, the other the poetic side of the subject. Callot was more particularly struck with the gait of the passer-by, the easy swagger of the cavalier, and that kind of misery which, in his day, was coated with a varnish of elegance. He represented the agitated and wandering episodes of out-door life, which he had seen defiling before him,—those joyous caravans of tatterdemalions who used to feast upon the sward, share their booty under the vault of his tent, and gild their rags in the sun. Valentin, on the contrary, directed his attention to the in-door life of this wandering race; he catered with them the unknown retreats where they reposed themselves from their fatigues, or where, during the night, and by the light of their torches, they indulged in all kinds of pleasure; he entered with them into those places whose sorry aspect was redeemed by the brilliancy of the varied drapery, the poetry of mystery, and the exhibition of false luxury.

Callot worked with a smile upon his lips; he studied this mode of life, which had long ceased to be his own, without deranging his ruff, or losing sight of the spirit of a philosopher or the manners of a man of birth. Valentin mixed with his models. He shared their habits; he thought these beings were grand, and copied them seriously and passionately. Callot conveyed a moral with a *qua-fortis*; Valentin made use of his pencil to portray vagabonds of good family, the *Dan Crescas* of his day.

What, in fact, are the so-called "Family Concerts," which figure in the galleries of the Louvre, and which are admired there under that title? What name can we give to the personages executing a concerted piece, and ranged round a table covered with a rich cloth? Would not any one take them for amateurs of the highest rank in society? All their costumes are perfect; some wear superb breast-plates, which the spectator thinks he hears resound—so true to nature are they; others have magnificent doublets, with a plumed hat, and a dagger in their girdle; the stout and haughty woman who beats time upon a spinet is a common type, but she is well-dressed and worthy of those around her. The party is brilliant and complete; there is a violoncello, a guitar, a violin, and a corset. Nothing is wanting. Each of these instruments adds to the general harmony of the colouring by the beauty of its tones; you think, in a word, that you are in good and honest society; but, if you look more closely, you perceive sinister faces, you behold glistening, in the background of the picture, a certain countenance with a galloway look, which warns you that the place is a suspicious one; you feel that these pompous garments resemble those which have been stripped from the back of some traveller, and that all these fine gentlemen may possibly be nothing but highway robbers.

In order to be certain that we are not mistaken, we will stop before another of Valentin's pictures, which also represents "A Concert." Is it not rather a wine-shop, where the quartet merely serves as an interlude previous to the different personages proceeding to other amusements? Would you ever take for honest *virtuosi* those young men with their illuminated faces, who are accompanying on the violin and mandolin the lady who is singing, while their companions are cutting themselves slices from a pasty, or placing their lips to demijohns, surrounded by wicker-work? In sober truth, this concert is one which, in the eyes of an observer, cannot appear aught but the most decent portion of an orgy; and in the songstress, with the dishevelled locks, who is conducting the orchestra, we can only see the mistress of a low den of iniquity. But, after all, what vigour! what animation! how the picture captivates you by the magic of the *chiaroscuro* and the unexpectedness of its contrasts! Who would expect to see by the side of a Signor Cavaliere, of such a graceful appearance, a thick-set, fleshy courtizan, exposing her breast to view, and with a skin which shows no sign either of the colour or the circulation of the blood under its coarse exterior!

But there is another point to which we would call the reader's



attention. Works in which there exists so high a degree of faithful observation, possess not only the merit of composition, but also a certain historical value of which the painter never thought. In that man with the well-turned leg and elegant appearance, who still retains the costume of the Medicis, and whose face bears the traces of a merely semi-state of brutishness and moral degradation, it is impossible not to recognise the type of the mysterious heroes who led a romantic life at Rome, who handled equally well the sword of the gentleman and the poniard of the *shirre*, who frequented places of bad repute, and thought that everything was permitted them, because they were nephews of a cardinal or bastards of the pope.

But, not to speak of the strange medley of persons, what shall we say of the block of marble, ornamented with bas-reliefs, which serves the musicians as a table, and on which there figures a large pasty, with the knife which has been used to cut it! "The idea of degrading the antique so far as to represent it in such a position! . . . . Ponsin would never have allowed himself such a liberty!" explained a severe disciple of the classic school. "But to this depth, however, must all those come who despise beauty, and profess a contempt for all established principles. They are unable to produce any effect without having recourse to the powerful aid of contrast. Out of the ideal they form a pedestal for the actual; and whenever they introduce anything beautiful into their works, it is only to make ugliness stand out with greater prominence."

Every one knows the subject of the picture which is placed at the commencement of this monograph—it is "Cæsar's Penny." The countenance of our Saviour is fine, but a little more nobleness in the look would be desirable. The faces of the Pharisees are expressive and natural. The group is skillfully arranged, and the drapery, which falls in graceful folds, is in Ponsin's manner. The light is very properly directed on the principal personage, but that which is especially worthy of attention is the fine tone of the colouring and the broad bold manner of Valentin's execution. The only thing that really can be blamed in the whole picture is the anachronism of the spectacle.

Valentin's dissipated mode of life was the cause of his death. One day, during the great summer-heats, he had gone with his companions to amuse himself unreservedly in a certain place, where, according to his usual custom, he smoked and drank to excess, and hunted himself to an extraordinary degree. After night had set in, he was returning to his own residence through the deserted streets of Rome, when, in passing over the *Place d'Espagne*, near the fountain *Del Babuino*, he felt a desire to throw himself into the basin, in order to quench the fire which was consuming him. This act of imprudence brought on, doubtless, a pleurisy, for he died a few days afterwards, in the year 1632, and the flower of his age, being only thirty-one years old.\*

Was not this exactly the kind of death we might have expected for this strange being, who had always been carried away by the impetuosity of his character, and whose mode of life resembled so much his mode of painting; who was as unparing of his powers as he was unmindful of all the established rules of his art, and who was as inaccessible to the dictates of prudence as he had been forgetful of the remonstrances of Ponsin. With such a disposition Valentin could not have continued a rich man, supposing he had ever succeeded in becoming one. It is not surprising, therefore, that he died so poor, as not to leave sufficient for the expenses of his

funeral. It was the Cavalier Cassiano del Pozzo who defrayed them.†

Motse Valentin holds the same place in the French school that Caravaggio held at Rome, Salvator at Naples, Ribera in Spain, and Gerard *della notte* in Holland.

After the great movement of the Renaissance, which was only a return to the materialism of antiquity, there were still some men who were not yet contented. Michael Angelo had treated the "Last Judgment" like a large anatomical plate; he had dissected the human body and observed the play of the muscles in every possible position. Raffaello had invested matter with all the importance of which it was susceptible; unlike the successors of Cimabue, he had not thought it imperative on him to mortify the flesh. After having shared the apparent fervour of Perugino, he had gradually abandoned it, and finished by almost adorning form for its own sake. But this grand re-action against Gothic asceticism, this re-action to which Michael Angelo and Raffaello gave, at any rate, the finishing stroke, even if they did not begin it, did not appear sufficient or complete. The innovators wanted to go still further. The two great men we have just mentioned had borrowed from Nature her purest and noblest forms only; but the disciples of Caravaggio acknowledged no distinction, no choice of subject. They devoted themselves to the coarsest phenomena of matter, and believed that the value of their works consisted exclusively in the beauty of the execution.

Speaking of Valentin's death, Fabien Dillet says:—"Some critics think, but without giving any very good reason for their opinion, that had this artist lived longer, he would, by important modifications in his style and execution, have obtained a greater right to our admiration. But elevation of thought is not to be acquired; and it is evident that this was a quality in which Valentin was altogether deficient. Like Caravaggio, he appears to have strictly confined himself to a mere imitation of material nature. He preferred vigour to elegance, and seemed to be more desirous of making the various objects in his pictures stand out in bold relief, than of pleasing by the charm of his colouring. His flesh possesses less freshness and suppleness than that of Caravaggio, and he even outlives this master in his too frequent use of black shade and concentrated light, which would very often almost induce us to believe that he was in the habit of painting with the aid of a lamp. But his drawing, which is generally correct, possesses a great deal of precision, his expression is frank and naïve, while his touch unites delicacy with firmness; and although the general tone of his colouring is open to the charge of being too dark, he was most eminently successful in his management of *chiaroscuro*. What a pity it is that an artist endowed with such powers of execution hardly ever represented any but personages of the lower classes, such as gipsies, toppers, and gamblers; and that, in most instances, he confined himself to painting kit-ents! Such as they are, however, his works are greatly prized by amateurs, and fetch, at present, a higher price than they probably would have done had they not been so scarce."‡

In this opinion we cannot help coinciding. Had Valentin lived to have painted more, he would merely have depreciated the value of his productions. He had attained, in all probability, all that he ever would have attained—a remarkable vigour and truthfulness of execution. His want of anything approaching the ideal was a fatal barrier to his ever rising to the first rank in his art. To all who, like him, advocate this principle of the actual in lieu of the ideal, we would say, in the words which Sir Joshua Reynolds used to the students of the Royal Academy, but which may be read with advantage by many others:—

"Nature herself is not to be too closely copied. There are excellencies in the art of painting beyond what is called the imitation of nature; and those excellencies I wish to point out. The students who, having passed through the initiatory exercises, are more advanced in the art, and who, sure of their hand, have leisure to exert their understanding, must now be told, that a mere copier of

\* "Si non era la pletta e la cortesia del signor cavaliere Cassiano del Pozzo, non s'era da dargli sepoltura."—*Vite de' Pittori*.

‡ "Biographie Universelle." Paris, 1827.

\* The majority of writers make Valentin's death occur in 1632. Monsieur Duchesne, sen., fixes on August, 1632, as the date of it. According to the author of the "Catalogue of the Vatican," he died in 1623. The historian, Baglione, relates the circumstance of his death in the following terms:—"Era nella stagione calda della state, e Valentin andato co' suoi compagni a diporto in un luogo, e havendo preso gran tabacca (si come era suo costume) e co' quelli soverchiamente bevendo vino, s'infiammò di modo che non poteva vivere del grand'ardore che egli s'aveva. Ritornando a casa di notte ritrovossi sì a via alla fonte del Babuino e rapportato dal gran incendio che col moto ogni hora cresceva, gettosì dentro a quell'acqua fredda, e pensando d'acquistarsi ristoro, vi trovò la morte. Il freddo maggiormente riconcentrò il calore, e gli accese una fibra sì maligna, che in pochi di fu estinto dal gelo della micidiale morte."—*Vite de' Pittori*, p. 223.

nature can never produce anything great ; can never raise and enlarge the conceptions, or warm the heart of the spectator.

"The wish of the genuine painter must be more extensive ; instead of endeavouring to amuse mankind with the minute neatness of his imitations, he must endeavour to improve them by the grandeur of his ideas ; instead of seeking praise by deceiving the superficial sense of the spectator, he must strive for fame by captivating the imagination.

"The principle now laid down, that the perfection of art does not consist in mere imitation, is far from being new or singular. It is, indeed, supported by the general opinion of the enlightened part of mankind. The poets, orators, and rhetoricians of antiquity

true standard of beauty. So that Phidias, when he formed his Jupiter, did not copy any object ever presented to his sight, but contemplated only that image which he had conceived in his mind from Homer's description.' And thus Cicero, speaking of the same Phidias : 'Neither did the artist,' says he, 'when he carved the image of Jupiter or Minerva, set before him any one human figure as a pattern which he was to copy ; but having a more perfect idea of beauty fixed in his mind, this he steadily contemplated, and to the imitation of this all his skill and labour were directed !'

"The moderns are not less convinced than the ancients of this superior power existing in the art, nor less sensible of its effects. Every language has adopted terms expressive of this excellence.



THE CONCERT.—FROM A PAINTING BY VALENTIN.

are continually enforcing this position : that all the arts receive their perfection from an ideal beauty, superior to what is to be found in individual nature. They are ever referring to the painters and sculptors of their times, particularly Phidias (the favourite artist of antiquity), to illustrate their assertions. As if they could not sufficiently express their admiration of his genius by what they knew, they have recourse to poetical enthusiasm ; they call it inspiration—a gift from heaven. The artist is supposed to have ascended the celestial regions to furnish his mind with this perfect idea of beauty. 'He,' says Proclus, 'who takes for his model such forms as nature produces, and confines himself to an exact imitation of them, will never attain to what is perfectly beautiful. For the works of nature are full of disproportion, and fall very short of the

The *gusto grande* of the Italians, the *beau idéal* of the French, and the great style, genius, and taste among the English, are but different appellations of the same thing. It is this intellectual dignity, they say, that ennobles the painter's art, that lays the line between him and the mere mechanic, and produces those great effects in an instant, which eloquence and poetry, by slow and repeated efforts, are scarcely able to attain."

There is a singular circumstance connected with Valentin's fate, or rather with that of his pictures. They were greatly admired by Louis David, the restorer of classical art in France ; yet they contained the first germs of that Romanticism whose advocates were destined,

• Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Discourses."

at a subsequent period, to decry the works of David and his school. Compared with Nicholas Poussin and Lesueur, Valentin played a part nearly similar to that which, two centuries later, was reserved for Gérôme with regard to David and Prud'hon. The Greek and Roman traditions, which, since the time of the Renaissance, ruled the art and literature of France, had not succeeded in completely obliterating all traces of the energetic instinct of reality which formed the foundation of the Gallic mind, and which had manifested itself in Poussin himself, through all his aspirations towards the Ideal. Valentin was, in France, the grandest example of that materialism, which was so striking and robust in the pictures of Le Nain, and which subsequently assumed so pleasing and naively elegant a cha-

genious Pymandre, does not fail to remark to the latter that Valentin's manner would have been less black if he had not imitated Carravaggio.† This profound reflection forms the extent of the appreciation felt for Valentin by one of our masters in the famous "Entretiens," of which many people are in the habit of talking without having read them. It is only in our own time that literary amateurs, belonging to the new school, have written some few pages filled with sympathy for Valentin, because they clearly perceived that if Valentin confined himself to the maids in an inn, to cavaliers lost in places of equivocal reputation, to dark-complexioned mendicants, to bravi and to heidnques, it was because, in their garments and cuirasses, he perceived the elements of a school of



THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON.—FROM A PAINTING BY VALENTIN.

acter in the compositions of Chardin, down to the time when the disciples of the so-called Romantic School added the charms of a new species of poetry to this sentiment of the Real, this passionate love of Nature. As a necessary consequence of this, we find that the first persons to praise Valentin with any degree of warmth were the writers of the present school. In the books that were published on Painting during the last two centuries, Valentin is treated as a skilful artist who misapplied his talent. He is reproached with having produced low and vulgar types, and chosen subjects deficient in natural dignity.\* Pélissier, in his endless dialogue with the in-

painting which possessed its own peculiar kind of poetry, and because, in the wandering, mysterious, and singular life of these persons, he had the faculty of discovering a species of interest which was not that of mere reality alone. It is thus that Valentin was understood by his admirers, when they acknowledged him as one of their ancestors. It was not in spite of his materialism that they praised him, but because, on the contrary, they discovered in it a strange grandeur and an unexpected charm.

rendered. But you will everywhere find the most ignoble examples of nature, and that very frequently in subjects which require more dignity."

\* "You admire in Valentin," says Cochin, "a vigour of colouring, a projection and roundness of the different objects, which is produced by half-tints highly coloured, and a truth of detail boldly

† "Entretiens sur la Vie et les Ouvrages des plus excellents Peintres," p. 183, vol. iv., small edition.

Valentin was the representative of this modern pantheism, and, in our own time, his admirers should be more numerous than ever. Nevertheless, no one copies his pictures in the Louvre. This is either because our young painters despair of ever attaining such skill in execution, or because they have the good sense to understand that they should not imitate those men whose genius is only an excuse. In spite of this, Valentin, who is now deserted, is a master possessing every requisite to charm the spectator; namely, the poetry of colour, the artifice of exaggerated shade, the relief of the flesh, and those striking beauties, in a word, which move us at first sight, and prevent us from discerning those portions of the picture which the artist has sacrificed for the general effect; for it was only by these means that he was enabled, in so short a period, to command our admiration.

One day, when some person was showing Poussin's *Cravaggio's* picture of "The Death of the Virgin," as the very finest production of art, Poussin replied, "It is an assemblage of servants." This opinion of a great man should have decided for ever this much-contested question. It is a crushing argument against all those who deny the intervention of judgment in the choice of forms, and who acknowledge neither the importance of the principal idea, the value of the subject, nor the preponderating influence of thought.

Dying at the age of thirty-one, Valentin left but few pictures and a very small number of sketches behind him: his productions, prized as highly as those of the very first masters, have always been sought after for public collections, which their merit, still more than their size, pointed out as their proper place.

As is natural, the French museums are those which contain the greatest number. There are eleven of his works in the Louvre.

"Susannah's Innocence acknowledged" (p. 109), of which there is an engraving in this account; "The Judgment of Solomon," which we have also given (p. 105); "Cesar's Penny," otherwise called "Le Christ à la Monnaie," which is placed as a head-piece to this chapter; "A Concert," which we have given (p. 104); "Two Soldiers accompanied by two Women;" one of the women has got a soldier's hand in hers, and is telling him his fortune; another "Concert," which we have also engraved (p. 101).

In the Palace of Versailles are the four Evangelists—"St. Matthew," "St. Mark," "St. Luke," and "St. John." We have engraved the one which is considered the finest, namely, "St. Matthew" (p. 108).

Previously to 1789, this ancient abode of royalty contained a composition representing "St. Francis kneeling;" also previously to this period there was a "Christ's Descent from the Cross," at Coulommiers, Valentin's birth-place.

In the Palais Royal, previous to 1789, there were three of Valentin's pictures: "The Four Ages;" "A Woman playing the Guitar;" "Music."

In the Museum of Toulouse there is a "Judith." London describes this picture in the "Annales du Musée," vol. xiv. p. 87; it once formed part of the collection in the Louvre.

In the Museum of Lille, "Soldiers casting Lots for Christ's garment."

In the Museum of Valenciennes, "A Concert;" a young man is singing, while three other persons are accompanying him on different instruments; in the background there is a man lighting his pipe.

In the Museum of Nantes, "Supper of the Pilgrims of Emisaire;" one of this master's most splendid pictures, and one of the most remarkable in the collection.

In the Museum at Rouen, "The Conversion of St. Matthew."

In the Museum at Tours, a "St. Anthony."

In the Museum at Dijon, "St. John, St. Peter, and the Angel;" "A Recluse in Meditation."

In the Vatican at Rome, "The Martyrdom of St. Processus and St. Martinian." In the Capitol, "Jesus before the Doctors." In the Sciarra Palace, in the same Capitol, "Rome Triumphant;" "The Decollation of St. John;" "A Copy of 'The Transfiguration' by Raffaele." In the Doris Palace, also at Rome, "Roman Charity;" "St. John," an academical study. In the Corsini Palace, "St. Peter denying Christ." In the Justiniani Palace, also at Rome, "Jesus washing the Apostles' Feet."

In the Museum at Florence, "A Guitar-player."

In the Palais Madame at Turin, the "Christ with the Column."

In the Pinacotheca at Munich, "Christ Reviled," or "Christ in the Praetorium," the figures half-length; "Queen Artemisia visiting the Basket-maker," figures half-length and size of life.

In the Dresden Museum there is a picture by Valentin, representing Homer: an old blind man is playing the violoncello, while a young boy is accompanying him with his voice.

In the Old Gallery at Düsseldorf, there was formerly "The Game of Morra," painted by Valentin; five armed soldiers are seated round a table, in a guard-room, playing at the Italian game called *Morra*.

In the Imperial Museum of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg are two admirable pictures by Valentin. The one is "St. Peter denying Christ." It is described in the catalogue in the following terms:—"Four soldiers, amusing themselves at play, are seated in the vestibule of the palace of the high-priest; as the apostle is approaching them in order to warn himself, a damsel accosts him and questions him on his connexion with Jesus. Her questions excite the attention of one of the soldiers, who comes up to her. St. Peter yields to the weakness of human nature, and, raising his two hands, obstinately denies the truth of the accusation brought against him; while, at the same time, his looks betray him."

The other picture is entitled, "Jesus driving the Money-changers out of the Temple" (Jesus vengant la Sainteté du Temple profané). This picture possesses less merit than the preceding one, but still redounds to the glory of the painter.

There are two pictures of this celebrated artist in the Royal Museum at Berlin.

The only specimen of Valentin's talent in the Museum at Madrid is a "Martyrdom of St. Lawrence."

In the Belvedere at Vienna is a picture by Valentin, representing "Moses with the Tables of the Law and the Rod." In Prince Esterházy's Gallery there is a "A Recluse."

In London, in the Earl of Ellesmere's Gallery, in Belgrave-square, there is a picture by Valentin, representing "A Concert;" the figures are half-length. In Lord Northwick's Gallery there is a composition by Valentin, representing "The Heads of two Angels smiling."

Almost all Valentin's pictures, as the preceding nomenclature proves, are to be found in the various public galleries of Europe; the number of those which have remained in the hands of amateurs and been sold by auction is too inconsiderable to enable us to form a decided opinion on the commercial value of this master's works. We will, however, notice the few whose price is stated in the catalogues.

At the sale of the Duke de Tallard's collection, in 1756, under the direction of Remy and Glomy, two pictures by Valentin, one of which represents "Soldiers playing at Backgammon," and the other, "Soldiers playing at Cards," were knocked down to the Baron de Thiers for £16.

At M. de Julienne's sale, in 1767, a picture by Valentin, representing "A Roman Soldier," more than half-length, size of life, was sold for £20.

In 1802, at M. Robin's sale, a picture, painted by Valentin on copper, and representing "Susanna brought before the young Samuel," fetched £33.

These are all Valentin's pictures which we found mentioned; but when, on running through the various catalogues, we saw that the works of this master, as well as of Lenain, Chardin, and so many other illustrious artists of the French school, fetched nothing, while the most ordinary productions obtained the high price of £200, or £250, we felt justified in thinking that it was time for amateurs to devote their attention to a more profound study of the art, and learn to distinguish good from bad painting; by so doing, they would avoid throwing away large sums, and subjecting themselves to gross imposition.

With regard to Valentin, more especially, we shall conclude by observing, that he left no pupil, if we except a certain Tournaire, a painter of Toulouse, who, according to D'Argenville, painted the "Chapel of the Black Penitents" in that city, as well as a "Descent from the Cross," at Saint-Etienne, and a picture at the Mausoleum of St. Thomas.

Gilles Rousselet engraved the four plates of "The Evangelists," which are at Versailles; Coelmann, a "St. Sebastian;" Ganières,

two subjects of "Gamblers;" Boulanger, "The Accusation of Sinsinsh;" Baudet engraved "Cesar's Penny." Four pictures in the cabinet of the Archiduc Leopold were engraved by Lisibetten, X. Soutet, Q. Boel, and Vansteun. Subsequently to this, Krüger of Dresden engraved, for the Musée Français, "Susannah's Innocence Acknowledged," drawn by Fragonard; Brouillard, "The Judgment of Solomon," also drawn by Fragonard; and Claessens, "Cesar's Penny."

This last picture was also engraved by El. Baudet. "Two Soldiers playing at Cards" was engraved by Cl. Donat Jardinier. "Five Soldiers quarrelling over Dice," a composition full of energy, and which we have given (p. 100), was engraved by W. Baillie.

To Valentin, as an etcher, we owe the engraving which we are about to describe. It does not bear his name, but François Langlois, called *Ciartres*, is reported to have brought the plate from Italy, as having been really engraved by Valentin, after one of his own compositions. It is executed with tolerable care, and is not common.

"Fortune-telling;" a soldier between two women appears to be asking them to tell his fortune, which they are doing. A man seen to the left is picking the pocket of the woman near him, while he is making a sign of intelligence to the soldier with his left hand. The figures are half-length. On the right-hand side, in the margin, is the inscription, "F. L. D. Ciartres excudit."

The National Library of Paris, so poor in specimens of the masters of the French school, possesses only one very small volume dedicated to Valentin's works. This volume contains a few bad engravings of his, and a large number of blank leaves, discoloured by smoke, and which time will destroy before any one thinks of collecting the compositions of this great painter.

Not only is Valentin's portrait wanting in the National Library and the Musée, but also in every other collection. It was first engraved from an artistic sketch, by M. Anatole Dauvergne, after the original painting now at Commeniers.

Valentin put neither his signature nor any peculiar mark at the bottom of his pictures. Brouillet, however, in his "Dictionnaire des Monogrammes" (Munich, 1832), notices the fact of the letters "V E pinx." on the portrait of Nicolas Poussin, engraved by Louis Ferdinand, being attributed to Valentin. This is too vague to inspire us with much confidence; besides, the inscription in question is one found on an engraving executed by another artist, and not by Valentin.

## NATIONAL PICTURES.

THE specimens of Guido—a name famous in the history of art—are in our collection by no means favourable; yet there are no less than eight of his pictures in the National Gallery. Two of them are to be found in the small room on the left hand as you enter, and are pendants to each other, and illustrate in a remarkable degree either the bad taste of Guido or that of his age, or perhaps of both combined.

(No. 87), "Perseus and Andromeda," is an illustration of Ovid's fable. Andromeda, chained to the rock, is standing in an extremely false attitude. Her grief is ridiculous, and her manner in the highest degree fantastical; but the method of painting in some measure atones for this, being fleshy and mysteriously. The colour, too, is very good; but the picture is deplorably dirty, and is not by any means seen to advantage. The bad taste of Guido is further shown in the figure of the approaching Perseus upon a perfect rocking-horse, presumed to be Pegasus. This caricature Guido would have us accept as the

"Gorgonis auguicoma Perseus superator"

of Ovid. The taste is execrable.

(No. 90), "Venus attired by the Graces," is an equally celebrated, but equally faulty picture. The ladies who attire Venus, as well as her godship herself, affect the most extraordinary

attitudes. Nor is Venus behindhand. The leg which one of her nymphs is dabbling rather than wiping is put out in an ungainly attempt at attitude; the head, which Euphrosyne is dressing, is thrown back with a fine lady-like air, which would speak rather of the court of some petty Italian prince than that of nature. The very Cupid who attends them, and who holds up a glass for Venus, at which, by the way, her ladyship does not condescend to look, is nothing more than a handsome footboy. The draperies are also flat, and treated in by no means an artistic manner. The picture is of large size—no less than nine feet three inches by six feet two inches. It was presented to the nation by his Majesty King William IV. It has been engraved many times; the best engraving of it is by Strange.

The colour is, like Guido's generally, good; but, with that exception, were the picture a modern one, and exhibited, say by Frost, in the Royal Academy, it would be treated very roughly by critics who are able to judge. As it is, it has the prestige of the name of an old master.

Another of this master's works (No. 177), "The Magdalen," was purchased by the government from Sir Simon Clarke's collection, for £2,100. It is a half-length figure, life size, and is about as far from illustrating the subject the name of which it bears as anything possibly can be. Instead of a face full of repentant grief and holy rapture, mislabelling its own worthiness, yet full of faith, worn by watching and prayer, and with its eyes cast rather upon the ground than raised confidently to heaven, Guido has given us, as his idea of the Magdalen, a fat woman, looking boldly up to heaven, in an attitude struck for the occasion, and which begs the on-looker to admire it for its trick. Add to this that our sympathy is, by this unskillful mode of treatment, not appealed to; that the face is out of drawing, and the handling hard and colouring by no means brilliant; and then let any one ask why "government," or the person who at that time managed the gallery, could give so great a sum for so weak a picture.

(No. 193), "Lot and his Daughters," is another of Guido's pictures, which, from the subject, does not admit of criticism. The old man is of a brick-dust colour; and the subject wants refinement, and is thoroughly coarse and vulgar.

(No. 196), "Susanna and the Elders," by the same master, is another purchase of the government for £1,260. We doubt whether, if brought to the hammer again, it would fetch half the price. The figure of Susanna is graceful, but that is all that can be said in praise of it. It is careless in execution. The two elders are placed in the background, and entirely neglected, there being no variation whatever in their faces or attitudes.

The last and least of Guido's productions in this gallery is another sacred subject, one strange to Protestant ears—"The Coronation of the Virgin." It is a kind of apotheosis of St. Mary; angels surround her, and place a crown of lilies on her head. To keep the principal figure very prominent, the angels and the cherubs are, as it were, flattened; but the arrangement is graceful, the drawing is not very faulty, and the colour is vivid and brilliant. The picture, on the whole, is a very pleasing one, and gives a more favourable idea of the powers of Guido than those previously noticed. There is, however, a great want of mind in the picture; and, reviewing the specimens of Guido which we have gone through, one rather wonders at the price his pictures were formerly valued at, than that they have gone down in the market.

The master of Titian, Giorgione, a great artist in his day, and one not now to be despised, contributes our specimen to our gallery. It is (No. 41) "The Death of Peter Martyr." It is sketchy, well drawn, and forcible; but the hard, black shadows give no idea of the ordinary brilliancy of this master. The painting, however, is very interesting beyond its intrinsic merits, as evidencing the progress of the human mind in art.

Titian, the best of the Venetian school, and that painter who shares with Rubens the glory of being the finest colourist the world has seen, has five pictures, or *se-dixant* pictures, in Trafalgar-square. The first (No. 5), "A Musical Professor instructing his Pupils," is, we believe, erroneously ascribed to Titian. It is badly drawn, but its colour, the only merit it has, is excellent. It is questionable whether it has not been spoilt, from the look of the surface.

• "Le Peintre Graveur Français, ou Catalogue Raisonné des Estampes gravées par les Peintres et les Dessinateurs de l'Ecole Française," par Robert Duménil. Paris, 1844.



(No. 4), "The Holy Family," is a very agreeable picture, also by Titian, and in this case a genuine one. The infant Saviour is very excellent, but the St. Joseph stern, undignified, and forbidding. The colour is admirable, and this praise also applies to the handling.

(No. 32), "The Rape of Ganymede," a life-size composition of a boy carried off by Jupiter's eagle, is a picture worthy of Titian. The action of the boy, carried off without a chance of escape, yet looking backwards to the earth from which he came, is fine; the eagle and the sky well coloured; but, from the fact of the fable forming no point of credence amongst Christians, as well as the impossibility of the action, the picture loses its interest to an uneducated, nay, even to an educated mind. In shape this picture is an octagon, and fitted for the centre decoration of a ceiling, for which it was no doubt painted.

his countryman Dante fills in poetry—or Michael Angelo, we have in the National Gallery but one specimen, and that is, unfortunately, a very inferior copy. It is in the catalogue (No 8), "A Dream—the Vices disclosed at the Last Judgment." It represents a man roused by the angel of futurity to look upon a retributive punishment, supposed to grow out of the vices of man. It is very grand in conception, and the figure of the man is one of the finest of modern conceptions, and will bear comparison with the antique, which Michael Angelo is known to have studied. The fact of imagining so great a picture shows how far superior was this painter to all others in mind. Of his power of drawing and finish, this gives little idea. The original, from which this picture is painted, is considerably larger—more than twice the size—and forms a portion of the royal collection of Spain.

Of the Claudes we have already spoken; those that the national



ST. MATTHEW.—FROM A PAINTING BY VALENTIN.

Of (No. 34), "Adonis and Venus," we have already spoken. The present picture is a copy.

(No. 35), "Bacchus and Ariadne," is the finest specimen of this master which is in this country. Yet to us the action of Bacchus alighting from his car seems awkward and ugly, and such as should not have been attempted; the figure of Ariadne also seems to be destitute of grace. Yet of this picture Mrs. Jameson says, that it "presents on a small scale an epitome of all the beauties which characterise Titian, in the rich, picturesque, animated composition, in the ardour of Bacchus, who flings himself from his car to pursue Ariadne, the dancing bacchantes, the frantic grace of the bacchantes, and the little joyous satyr in front, hailing the head of the sacrifice." It cannot be denied, indeed, that this is a very fine picture, deserving of much study, full of excellent drawing, graceful composition, and rich colouring; and that it is one of the pictures well worthy of a national collection.

Of the great rival of Raffaele, the chief of the Florentine school, and the most epic of all artists, filling in painting the place which

collection possesses are very fine specimens, nor have they, whatever may be said to the contrary, suffered by their being cleaned.

Of the two Caraccis, Agostino and Annibale, who both adorned the same school, the Bolognese, and flourished contemporaneously, we are not without specimens, nor are those without worth. Of Agostino, the younger Caracci, we have but two specimens (Nos. 147 and 148), and these are cartoons, both of them, however, of a very fine order, beautifully drawn. The first is "Cephalus and Aurora," and can scarcely be too much admired, for its delicacy of conception and its grace of drawing. The arrangement of the picture, the clouds, and the Cupids, are very beautiful; and, as a cartoon, this may be deemed a very excellent specimen, and one worthy every consideration on the part of the student.

In (No. 148) "The Triumph of Galatea," the artist has been indelicate; but the composition, grace, and harmony of the piece can scarcely be surpassed. Had Agostino Caracci lived longer,

he would undoubtedly have been the first of the Bolognese school.

No less than eight pictures bear witness to the style and mind of the elder Caracci, Annibale. Of these (No. 9), "Christ appearing to Peter after his Resurrection" is unworthy of its high reputation, although it expresses strong devotional feeling and has about it some excellent colour. The blue draperies stand in curiously affected and sharp folds, devoid of much grace.

(No. 25), "St. John in the Wilderness," is open to much the same objection, and is besides monotonous.

(No. 56), "Landscape with Figures," and (No. 63), "Prince Guistiniani and his Suite returning from the Chase," are landscapes and favourable specimens of this style of painting by Caracci. The latter is a fine landscape; the sky is light, loose, and airy; the trees in the distance well painted; and the gay dresses of the

expression, so devout in the faith of the saint, so chaste in character and solemn in tone, that it should perhaps be attributed to Agostino Caracci rather than to Annibale. The reader will do well to study this picture, as a very excellent specimen of the old masters.

Of Raffaele, by many thought to be the prince of painters, we have four specimens, or *soi-disant* specimens. One we have already noticed. Another (No. 168), "St. Catherine of Alexandria," is quite unworthy of his name, and gives us but an indifferent idea of the painter of the Hampton Court cartoons.

(No. 213), "The Vision of St. George," a sleeping knight visited by an angel, is very good indeed for what it was originally intended for, the illustration of a book. The landscape at the back is what he might have caught from one of his master Perugino's pictures, and in composition is exactly one of those to which we now apply the term *Pre-Raphaelite*. The colour of this little picture is very



FUSANNA'S INNOCENCE ACKNOWLEDGED.—FROM A PAINTING BY VALENTIN.

courtiers of the prince light up a landscape which would otherwise be dull and sombre. This picture is one of those bequeathed by the Rev. W. H. Carr.

(Nos. 93 and 94), "Silenus gathering Grapes" and "Silenus teaching Apollo to play upon the Reed-pipe," though both small pictures, are both excellent. The latter is especially so; the grace and youth of Apollo, and the timid yet intelligent expression with which he glances at his old master, have never been surpassed. The attitude of jovial carelessness and the connoisseur look of Silenus are also very excellent; whilst the perfect animal nature of the head, in contrast with the quick intelligence of that of Apollo, is both excellent and remarkable.

(No. 198), "The Temptation of St. Anthony in the Desert," is one of the finest pictures in the gallery; but it is very different from any of the specimens of Annibale Caracci. It is so refined in

bright and pleasing, and cannot but give delight to those who look upon it as an early specimen of the great Italian master. Beneath it, in the same frame, hangs an outline—no doubt, the original drawing—which the artist has punctured, so as, by powdered plumbago or other means, to get the outline down upon the surface on which he painted the picture. The whole contents of the frame are very interesting, and so valuable, that although the panel only measures seven inches square, the British government, in 1847, gave the executors of Sir Mark Sykes £1,000 for it.

We shall again, in our third paper, for the last time visit this gallery, in conjunction with another near London; and in the meantime we recommend those of our readers who are interested in art to pay another visit to the national collection in Trafalgar-square.

## DISCOVERY OF OIL-PAINTING.

PREVIOUSLY to the commencement of the fifteenth century, the colours used by artists were mixed with a solution of fine gums, the yolks and whites of eggs, or with dissolved wax; and the manner in which the paintings executed in that style have preserved their colouring is surprising. It has, indeed, been asserted by some writers, that oil-painting was known in Italy so early as the thirteenth century; but some Tuscan pictures of that period were analysed by Bianchi, an able chemist of Pisa, and though apparently done in oil, the vehicle used proved to be wax, which served to protect the picture from damp, as well as to give a brightness and gloss to the colours. But all the oil discoverable in any picture of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries which has been experimented upon, is a very small quantity of some essential oil, which appears to have been used in dissolving the wax. When eggs were used, the canvases had to be prepared with a coating of lime or gypsum, which acted as an absorbent; and gum-water required each covering of paint to be dried in the sun before a fresh colour was added, a process which, besides being very tedious, interfered with the harmony of the colouring.

John Van Eyck, an artist of Bruges, experienced the inconvenience of this process in a painful manner by the splitting of a panel he was painting by the heat of the sun, to which it had been exposed to harden the first coat of colour. This accident led him to turn his attention to the task of discovering a substitute for the vehicles then in use, which would acquire a proper consistency and hardness without the aid of the sun. After many experiments, he discovered that boiled linseed-oil and nut-oil were the most drying; and by mixing these with other articles he produced, says Vasari, "a varnish which, dried, was waterproof, and gave a clearness and brilliancy, while it added to the harmony of his colours." This discovery was made about the year 1410, and appears to have soon become known to the artists of Flanders and Germany; for there is a "Holy Family," by Abeek, in the Dresden Gallery, creditably painted in oil, with the date of 1416.

The artists of Italy, admiring the harmony and brilliancy which colours received under the new method, sighed to possess a secret so valuable to their art. Antonello da Messina made a journey to Bruges to obtain it from the discoverer, and having succeeded, returned to Italy, and communicated it to Domenico, a Venetian artist. The latter, after practising his art at Loretto and Perugia, where he enjoyed a high reputation in 1454, went to Florence, where the success which he obtained excited the envy of Andrea de Castagno, who was the first artist of the day, as regards vigour, design, and perspective. Jealous of the fame of Domenico as a colourist, he obtained the secret from him by pretending the warmest friendship, and then assassinated him, in order that he might be without a rival in the art. The mystery in which the deed was shrouded caused a number of innocent persons to be suspected and imprisoned; but Castagno, on his death-bed, disclosed his guilt, which has rendered his name infamous in the annals of

art. His finest works have perished; but there remain a "Crucifixion," painted on a wall of the Monastery of the Angeli, and another picture in the Church of Santa Lucia della Magnoli. After the death of Castagno, the secret of painting in oil became generally known, and its superiority was so apparent that it soon became generally practised.

The chief painters of Italy, previously to the introduction of the method discovered by Van Eyck, were Cimabue and Giotto, whom Lanzi calls the Michael Angelo and Raffaele of their period. Some of the works of Cimabue are still preserved, as relics of art, in the Cathedral of Santa Croce at Florence. Giotto was the pupil of Cimabue, whom he greatly excelled. There are several of his frescoes in a chapel at Padua, among which a "Crucifixion" and the "Casting Lots for the Vesture of Christ" have been much admired.

Few of the works of Van Eyck are now in existence. A picture containing the Virgin and Child, with St. George, St. Donatus, and other saints, is in the Cathedral of Bruges; this is in oil, and the colours are still fresh; but it has little of the boldness of composition, vigour of drawing, and brightness of colouring, which characterise the productions of later Flemish artists, of which school this painter and his brother Hubert were the founders. The Penelope collection contains a small picture of "The Nativity," which is the best of Van Eyck's existing works; it is in oil, and the colours are, for the most part, very pure and fresh. The red garment of Joseph looks as fresh as if painted recently, and the same may be said of all the draperies, except that of the Virgin, which has changed from blue to dark-green.

The new style of painting did not make its way, and achieve a triumph over the old methods, without encountering some prejudices, as seems to be the fate of every discovery, whether in science or art. Even the mighty genius of Michael Angelo did not appreciate it; when requested by the reigning pontiff, Paul III., to paint the ceiling and walls of the Sistine Chapel in oil-colours, he replied that painting in oil was fit only for women, and that if he worked at all it should be in fresco. He did so, and admirably as he succeeded, some connoisseurs have thought that the brightness of the colouring of his "Last Judgment" might have been improved. Leonardo da Vinci did not succeed in this style; the cartoon of the battle of Niccolò Piccinino, executed in rivalry with Michael Angelo, was never finished, on this account. Melchiorre, a painter of the Siennese school, was another who succeeded better in distemper than in oil.

The first of this school who adopted the new method of preparing colours was Matteo di Giovanni, whom some writers on art have designated the Siennese Masaccio; but he is far behind the old Florentine master, though he gave more variety of expression to his heads, more grace to his draperies, and more correctness to the human form, than the school of Sienna had before exhibited. The first of the Venetian school who painted in oils was Bartolomeo, whose last picture, an "Ascension," will bear comparison with the best works of the period in which he flourished—the beginning of the fifteenth century.

## THEODORE GERICAULT.

THEODORE GERICAULT, of whose biography we gave some particulars in presenting an engraving of his masterly picture of the "Wreck of the Medusa," was a pupil of Gérard; the representative of pure classic art saw grow up in the bosom of his own school the beginning of that violent reaction in favour of the romantic style which became in Géricault a powerful reality. Straaze, that the first who protested against the Greek nudities and all the race of Agamemnon should proceed from the studio of him who painted "Phædra," "Clytemnestra," and the "Sacrifice to Esculapius."

Gros had imparted an heroic sentiment to matters that were really commonplace; Géricault continued the movement, but with more boldness, casting off the traditional rules of the antique school, in all that was antagonistic to the French character, and revealing the poetry of art in a very high degree.

Two passions revealed themselves in Géricault at a very early age, and remained undiminished during the whole of his brief existence; these were a love of the arts and a love of horses. The delight which he took as a boy in being among horses, and witnessing the hippodramatic spectacles and feats of equestrianism at Prætorii's have been noticed in the article to which we have directed the reader's attention; and this love of horses he carried with him into the studio. To be a great horse-painter was his earliest ambition, and his first studies were the imitative horses of Rubens; how far he attained the first, and the results of the latter, may be seen in the illustration which accompanies this notice of his works (p. 112).

Before he obtained a studio of his own, which he was for some time prevented from doing by his father, who disliked the avocation he had selected, he worked in those of his friends, usually in that of M. Dorcy. In 1712 he rented an empty shop on the Boulevard Montmartre, where he painted his first picture, an equestrian por-

trait, in full regimentals, of Lieutenant Dieudonné, of the corps of Guides, generally known as "The Chasseur of the Imperial Guard." The fierce-looking officer, who has his face turned towards the spectator, holds a curved sabre in his right hand, and seems to be ordering a charge. The ground is difficult, being broken and craggy, but the attitude of the horse is at once bold and natural. The plume of the rider's military cap is agitated by the wind, which also spreads out the short hussar's pelisse. The horse is gray; the head is full of fire and expression; and the finely-developed limbs show how well the painter had studied the motions of the animal. The filling up of the picture is in harmony with the principal figures. On the right is seen a field-gun, to which two horses are attached, but of which the drivers and gunners have disappeared. Through the thick cloud of smoke which the fire of the artillery has rolled over the field of battle, several hussars are seen charging, but only imperfectly, for they are partially veiled by the smoke. On the left, a trumpeter is sounding the charge, while about to plunge into the smoke which as yet conceals the enemy. The sky is dark and stormy, agreeing well with the character and tone of the whole picture.

The exhibition of this picture was Géricault's *debut* as a painter. Among artists of the old school it excited more astonishment than admiration; it was like nothing they had ever seen before, and the boldness of the young painter was not appreciated. Guérin had assured him that he would never become a great painter, and advised him to give up painting altogether. We are here reminded of the advice given by Sir Walter Scott to the Bittick Shepherd, that he should abandon poetry, in which he would never succeed, and give his undivided attention to his sheep and his pastures. Hogz thought differently from Scott, and Géricault differed from Guérin; the result in both cases proved that the pupil had a more correct perception of his own powers than the master.

Géricault was satisfied with his success, and was not long in producing a companion-picture to the "Chasseur." This was the "Wounded Cuirassier," which was exhibited in 1814. It represents a dismounted cuirassier, standing upon a sloping ground, and holding his horse by the bridle. The horse is a dark-bay, and his head recalls those of Gros. The unfortunate cuirassier raises his eyes to heaven, and sees only dark clouds—heavy, metallic, and bordered with a lurid and sinister light. Weakened by his wound, he seems about to sink under the weight of his distress. With one hand he holds the bridle of his horse; the other rests upon his sabre. The expression of his countenance is sad, yet energetic—such as characterises some of the soldiers in "The Battle of Eylau," by David. The sombre and doleful scene seems to imply that the picture represents an episode in the memorable and disastrous retreat from Russia, when the French soldiers were nightly roused from their bivouac fires by the attacks of the Cossacks, and so many thousands of brave men found their graves among the deep snow-drifts.

It was in the interval between the two exhibitions, in 1813, that Géricault produced his two superb studies of the fore and hind quarters of horses, now in the cabinet of Lord Seymour. The former is a series of seven figures in an oblong frame, and is much admired for the fire and grace developed in the attitudes. The study of hind-quarters is a *chef-d'œuvre* of its kind. The various attitudes of the animals are portrayed with a fidelity to nature which has never been surpassed; the action of scraping the ground with the foot, the unquiet movement of the tail, all are represented. The horses are of all colours—gray, white, chestnut, and black. They were subjects which few artists would have chosen; but Géricault took a peculiar delight in the representation of horses under every variety of aspect, and he produced them without any apparent effort. Every one saw that the painter had studied the nature and habits of the animal.

Returning to his studies after his brief period of service in the *marée de corps*, his admiration of the pictures of Gros became more exalted every day, and he passed whole hours in their contemplation. It is said that he even paid nearly forty pounds for the privilege of executing a copy of "The Battle of Nazareth." He always pronounced the name of Gros with great respect, and spoke of his work in a tone of the most elevated enthusiasm. Though he had not concurred in the opinion of Guérin respecting

his own abilities, he seemed to despair of ever attaining the eminence of Gros. Yet, in the representation of horses, he excelled that painter. He was the first painter who, after having studied the different varieties of the horse, had portrayed them all with equal spirit and fidelity. Horace Vernet painted only troop-horses; Gros the Arab of pure blood; Vandermeulen the heavy-built Danish horse; Vandyck the Spanish Jennet. Géricault is, perhaps, the only artist who has painted the horse in all its varieties. The free admiration which he professed for the works of others is honourable to his character, proving, as it does, that his soul was incapable of jealousy. When he discovered a beauty in the work of an artist, he pointed it out with a pleasure that was evidently sincere, and seemed to feel as much gratification in contemplating it as he would have done had the work been his own.

His visit to Italy had little or no effect upon his style, beyond increasing his contempt of colour. Regarding him as a painter of horses, what, in fact, had Italy to show him superior to the horses of Rubens, which he had studied in the Museum? It was after his return from Italy that he produced his striking picture of the "Wreck of the Medusa," which now hangs in the gallery of the Louvre. This fine picture, 'one of the finest productions of the modern French school, which delights in the portrayal of ghastly and horrible scenes of pain and suffering, has been so fully described in the notice referred to at the beginning of this article, that we need not dwell upon it here. It was exhibited in 1819, and occupied the painter six months in the execution.

This fine composition is almost the only one in which Géricault has departed from the representation of his equine favourites. In the "Horse Dealer" (p. 112), five cart-horses, of various colours, are represented, with hempen halters on their heads and tails tied up, indicating that they are on their way to some fair or market. The powerful limbs of the ponderous animals are well portrayed, and the artist has thrown into their heads some of the fire which distinguishes his war-horses. The foremost is bedridden by a rustic, who leads another by the halter, and an old man trudges behind. In his "Coal-Wagon" the horses are of the same kind—fine, powerful animals, five of whom are drawing a wagon, laden with coals, down a hill so steep and uneven, that they have evidently some difficulty in keeping their footing. The attitude of the trace-horse behind the leader, with his extended fore-leg firmly planted upon the ground, and his body thrown back, as if making an effort to save himself from falling, is excellent. One of the colmen is seated on some sacks on the fore part of the wagon, in a position of easy indifference, while his comrade is holding the head of the shaft-horse nearest the spectator, to prevent the wagon from acquiring too great an impetus. The sea is seen in the distance, with a couple of fishing-boats gliding over the rippled surface. "The Flying Trot" is a picture of a different character, and yet revealing the same traits; two two-horses career over a wide plain—one nags, the other led by a groom; the head and slightly-curved neck of the mounted courser are very fine.

The accident which led to the death of this talented artist, at the age of thirty-three, was an incident in accordance with his whole life. Thrown from a fiery horse on the heights of Montmartre, he received injuries from which he never recovered, aggravated as they were by his rising from his bed before he had regained strength, and attending the races on the Champ de Mars, when he received a violent shock from a gentleman riding against him at full speed. During his second convalescence, he executed some charming sketches of Oriental costumes, most of which are now in the possession of M. Etienne Arago, brother of the eminent astronomer of that name. He even meditated the execution of two grand paintings, the subjects of which were to have been "The African Slave-trade," and "The Opening of the Doors of the Inquisition." From the evidence he has given of his powers in the "Wreck of the Medusa," there can be no doubt that the contemplated works would have added largely to his reputation had he lived to execute them. We can imagine the low shore of Guinea, the tall palm-trees, their thatchy leaves hanging unmoved in the still and sultry air, the rude huts of the negroes, and the half-naked forms of the slaves, like the black sailors on the raft, their elson countenances reflecting the grief, the terror, and the despair which Géricault has given such striking evidence of his ability to portray. And then the opening of the

Inquisition, the liberation of the victims of the Dominican brotherhood—what scope would have been there afforded for the representation of the same strong emotions! But a renewed attack of the malady carried off the artist, whose remains repose beneath a marble monument, the work of M. Étex, adorned with bronze reliefs, copied from his principal works.

Two pictures by Géricault, called "The Village Smithy," and "A Child Feeding a Horse," were exhibited by his friends shortly after his death. He also left a magnificent design of a man holding a horse, several studies for a picture of "Maseppa" (a fine subject in the hands of such an artist), a pen-and-ink sketch of a mounted negro, and a design, executed in the same manner, for his contemplated picture of "The African Slave-trade." "A Brigand Scene," which he also left in his studio, is a grand composition, containing a number of spirited figures.

victims of shipwreck being represented much nearer to the raft than the painter finally decided upon depicting it. Another design for the same picture, in the possession of M. Ary Scheffer, presents a still wider departure from that which he transferred to the canvas; it represents the mutiny and bloodshed by which additional horrors were added to those of shipwreck and famine.

In the collection of M. Collot is a painting by Géricault called "The Sèvres Diligence;" and the gallery of M. Delessert contains a very fine one, representing a brewer's dray, loaded with beer-barrels, and drawn by two stout horses; in the foreground is a black dog. The lithographs which he executed are very numerous, and in the first style of the art. The Bibliothèque Royale at Paris possesses ninety-six subjects; and since the principles upon which Géricault worked have been better understood and appreciated than they were during his life, they have been several times repro-



THE HORSE DEALER.—FROM A PAINTING BY GÉRICAUT.

Some of the most striking productions of Géricault are to be seen in the gallery of the Palais Royal. Besides the equestrian portrait of Lieutenant Dieudonné, commonly known as "The Chasseur of the Imperial Guard," that collection contains his "Exercising on the Plain of Grenelle," his "Hussar in a Charge," and his "Wounded Cuirassier," already noticed. "The Wreck of the Medusa," as already stated, adorns the walls of the Louvre Gallery. Many of his drawings are comprised in the collections of MM. Scheffer, Collot, Baroillet, Eugene Delacroix, and others. The cabinet of M. Marcille contains a small, but very beautiful painting, in a style which Géricault seldom attempted; the subject is the mythological fable of Leda and the swan. In the same collection is a very fine study of a flute-player, and two pen-and-ink designs for the "Wreck of the Medusa," differing from the picture and from each other; the ship which bore down to the relief of the famished

deceased. The celebrated engraver, Reynolds, who assisted to make Géricault known in this country by his engraving of "The Wreck of the Medusa," executed several other plates after his compositions, in the dark and striking style which characterises his works.

The pictures of this master are seldom met with at public sales. In 1837, however, a racing-piece, from the cabinet of M. Ducos, representing three horses, mounted by the jockeys who are to contend for the prize, and pushed to a gallop, was sold for £14. Another racing-scene, finished by Géricault, produced £22. A picture of a jockey holding a race-horse was sold for £46, and a study of one of the horses of Napoleon, £36.

Géricault seldom affixed his signature to his pictures; the "Wreck of the Medusa" is not signed; the "Chasseur" in the Palais Royal, however, bears a signature.



## JACOB RUYSDAEL.



THE father of this eminent landscape painter exercised a profession which brought him into constant communication with artists. He was a manufacturer of those fine ebony frames which were then in such great repute in the Netherlands, and the simplicity of which accorded so well with the tastes and habits of the people. Having acquired a certain degree of competence, he had given his son a



liberal education; and Jacob, after a rapid progress in classical studies, took a degree in medicine, which he is said by Houbraken to have practised with success before he became a painter. We know that Ruysdael learnt to draw, and even to paint, in early youth, his father's shop being frequented daily by the great artists of the day; but we are ignorant of the epoch at which he abandoned medicine and surgery for painting. Descamps asserts, that at the

age of twelve he had painted pictures which astonished every artist; but we may be allowed to suppose that the desire of adding to the glory of this great painter the merit of a marvellous precocity, has led his admirers to attribute to him some pictures of his brother Solomon, who was twenty years older than himself.

It often happens that, in strong and impassioned natures like that of Ruysdael, the ruling passion does not reveal itself until it has been a long time buried in the deep recesses of the mind. It is, therefore, more prudent to rely on the testimony of Houbraken, without heeding the assertions of Descamps, whose notice of Ruysdael contains almost as many errors as words. For instance, this very artist, who is represented as having produced masterpieces at the age of twelve, is described by the biographer at a later period as going to acquaint Berghem with the ardent passion he felt for painting. At what age could he have conceived that passion, if he had practised the art so successfully at the age of twelve? But this is not the only error which this writer has committed. "The works of Berghem," says he, "pleased Ruysdael very much; it even seemed as if there was some resemblance between the genius of both; he paid him a visit at Amsterdam, and acquainted him with his great passion for the art of painting. It is not said that Berghem was his master, but we are assured that they were closely united in friendship. This is enough to make us believe that so intimate a union contributed to the advancement of Ruysdael. Surmise becomes certainty when, on examining his works, we recognise the touch and colour of him who had been his guide." This passage is a curiosity in its way, for if there ever existed two men of a genius not merely different, but diametrically opposite, these certainly were Ruysdael and Berghem. Grace, spirit, gaiety, were the attributes of the latter; grave sensibility and deep emotion constitute the soul and strength of Ruysdael, and therein lies his greatness. At no period of his life can we discover in his touch the resemblance of which Descamps speaks. As to his colour, it is altogether different from that of Berghem; the gay and bright tones are rigo-

romsly banished; and red, for instance, never appears in his pictures at all. The probability is, that Jacob Ruysdael, who lived at Haarlem with his brother Solomon, yielded, on seeing him paint, to the promptings of his own genius, and formed his first style upon that of his brother. The works which he first executed are easily distinguished by the hardness of the touch, and the colour and composition of the skies.

An engraving, after Ruysdael, entitled "A View in the Environs of Rome," is sometimes met with in the windows of print-shops, which has led some writers to conclude that he had travelled in Italy. But inscriptions under prints are not always to be depended upon; and in the present instance there is nothing to justify the title that has been given to it. It is a gloomy landscape, under a northern sky, covered with rain-charged clouds. No splendid ruin indicates the vicinity of the Eternal City. Some gentlemen are boating on a canal; but their costume is not very characteristic, and no more Italian than the landscape itself. There is no proof, therefore, that Ruysdael was ever in Italy; not one of his works bears a trace of it—on the contrary, they are all of a sombre green, invariably opposed to a sky of slaty-gray. The gleams of light which sometimes illumine his melancholy pictures, are nothing more than the rays of that sun which, reading its misty veil, warms up from time to time the marshes of the Drenthe, or the moist plains of the Zuyderzee. It is impossible, however, to believe that Ruysdael never quitted Holland, though it is asserted by Descamps, "Ruysdael and Berghem," says he, "only copied the environs of Amsterdam and never quitted their country." With respect to Berghem, we look upon it as certain that he went to Rome, and brought from thence the Greek architecture and ruins which enhance the charm and the value of his pastoral pictures. With respect to Ruysdael, it would be difficult for him to discover, in the environs of Amsterdam, mountains so high that their summits tower above the clouds, lakes surrounded by elevated peaks, and waterfalls, such as are seen in the mountain regions, whence spring the sources of great rivers. Amsterdam is situated in a country presenting the fewest inequalities of any upon earth. Meadows, canals, and the sea, are the chief objects to be seen around the Dutch capital; and an author, who was, doubtless, acquainted with the works of Ruysdael, must have carried his ignorance or simplicity very far when he wrote that their master copied only the environs of that city.

The landscapes of Ruysdael are evidently from nature, and it is equally evident that he could not have found those romantic and picturesque subjects in his own country. It is probable that he resided some time on the borders of Westphalia, and there found those wild and sombre scenes, the aspect of which agreed with the sadness of his own heart.

Though a restless and unseizable poet, a lover of solitude, fond of wandering in the woods in reverie, and soothing his melancholy by the roar of torrents, Ruysdael was linked in friendship with a painter whose character and genius were totally different from his own—Berghem. So true is it that sympathy of minds does not always depend on their resemblance. Berghem was a man of a lively and gay disposition. Being ten years older than Ruysdael, he could give him advice with the authority to which his works, his reputation, and his school entitled him; but there was between these artists a diversity of genius which, though the men were united, must have separated the painters. Ruysdael was little understood by Berghem, and thus the union of their talents generally produced nothing but incongruities. They were as dissimilar as the song and the elegy. Upon the verge of the sombre forest of Ruysdael, or on the banks of his foaming torrents, Berghem would paint gay and lively villagers, careless shepherds driving their flocks to pasture, or a peasant carrying the farmer's young wife in his arms, while his companion pulls an obstinate little donkey along by the tail. Who can be blind to such discordance, or ignorant how grievously the unity of sentiment which reigns in the landscapes of Ruysdael must be broken by the presence of those obtrusive figures, which break the solitude of scenes whose solemn silence enchants the pensive dreamer? The intervention of any strange hand in a painting almost invariably spoils the unity of the first impression, that is to say, its grandeur. For our own part, we would prefer meeting in the forest solitudes of Ruysdael only those small figures, awkwardly drawn perhaps, that

pass indistinctly in the distance, and, by simply realising the image of man, allow the thoughts of the spectator to flow freely, and make no noise in the picture.

Houbraken informs us that Ruysdael had resolved to lead a life of celibacy; and adds that he sacrificed the pleasures of the marriage state to the desire of assisting his aged father, and of never quitting him. Ruysdael had espoused nature, as it were, and this mysterious love was sufficient for his heart. His poverty may have been another reason for this alienation. Ruysdael continued poor all his life. How could he pursue fortune, who followed poetry alone? Such fine natures are generally all of a piece, and Ruysdael's disinterestedness might be conjectured, even if it had never been proved. He whose works have enriched so many speculators, lived poor, and died young, on the 16th of November, 1681.

That lifeless melancholy, which art has never fully expressed, and which seems peculiar to a few sensitive minds, tormented this great landscape painter to his dying day. While so many artists looked on the country, like Berghem, only in a picturesque point of view, in its happy aspects, its harmonious colouring and its brilliant light, Ruysdael, a prey to this indescribable feeling, pursued, in the bosom of nature, the imperceptible and unknown ideal. Along the monotonous heaths of Keramer, in the marshy meadows of Haarlem, in the forests and at the foot of the mountains of Westphalia, he aspired to penetrate the all-pervading soul which the pantheists ascribe to the world. And as a proof that the real torment of this great painter was an aspiration beyond the invisible world towards that infinity which seems to be represented by the undecided lines on the horizon of his landscapes, he abandoned an honourable profession, the exercise of which he had successfully commenced, to seek by painting to give expression to his secret thoughts and the mysterious effusions of his melancholy.

Ruysdael is the painter of nature's elegies, and the poet of souls tried by sorrow. He seeks out the most mysterious solitudes, the most hidden recesses; he reclines at the base of a ruin, he wanders amid forsaken tombs, he walks in melancholy mood on the banks of torrents, whose murmuring fall lulls suffering humanity to rest, contemplating at times the creeping ivy as it embraces the stems of giant trees, or is reflected in the inundations of the plains. If there be a corner of the earth forgotten by human-kind, where mourning nature seems to bewail her isolation, it is there he stops. He seems in fact, to have enjoyed that voluptuousness which Montaigne had vaguely divined, without having felt it, when he wrote: "I fancy there must be some relish of epicureism and delicacy even in the lap of melancholy." It often sufficed him, to inspire this feeling, to represent a leafy pine, whose foliage spreads out at the summit of a tall and naked stem. The background of the landscape, ornamented with wood, mingles with the vapours of the horizon; the tree rises, isolated and detached from all surrounding objects, into the deep cerulean sky. Its immovable shadow darkens the waters of the lake which surrounds the narrow promontory where its roots are imbedded. A few cows are enjoying the refreshing drench a little farther on, and the gurgling of the water against their sides is the only sound that disturbs the solemn silence of the retreat. The idea, the arrangement, and the composition of this picture are all of the greatest simplicity, but the effect is nevertheless great.

But if we would fully comprehend the pathetic beauties which Ruysdael knows how to spread over his works, even the most simple in appearance, we must pause with deep respect before that celebrated picture, which represents the "Cemetery of the Jews at Amsterdam." Three or four tombs, composed of large stones, hewn in a rude and simple style, lie scattered in disorder at the foot of a great elm-tree. The uneven and stony ground, rarely pressed by the foot of man, is covered with a rank growth of weeds and long grass. In the background is seen a clump of trees, above which rises the spire of a church. The sky is dark, but a bright sunbeam breaks between the clouds, and falls upon this field of death. The light of this sunbeam is dazzling; and the whiteness of the gravestones, which are vividly illuminated, is enhanced by the strong shadows which cover the other objects. There is something in the very brightness of this light which it is impossible to define—something which seems to remind us that it falls in vain on the tombs of the departed, that—

"The sun of life can warm the dead no more!"

The sky, too, has a character mournful beyond the power of language to express. It is veiled, like the earth, in a funeral hue. What solemn thoughts must fill the minds of those three Jews, clothed in long robes, who are threading the narrow path between the tombs! How touchingly suggestive! The great painter has represented soaring above those men, so faithful to those who are no more, a flock of swallows, birds of remembrance, whose nests may be found every summer in the same place.

Every one who walks through the Dresden Gallery, where this picture hangs, is struck with its melancholy aspect, which so eloquently reminds the spectator of the dark history of a race everywhere annihilated and prostrated. In the midst of those landscapes of the Dutch school, of those smiling pastorals of Karel and Van der Does, this sublime picture imparts a shock to the mind. By the side of those pale Dutch skies, we are only the more forcibly struck by the sunbeam which falls upon those tombs, and brightens a large broken stone, on which are cut certain illegible characters. There is nothing more solemn than such a spectacle, and nothing more sad. The epitaphs become green under the weeping willow. A dead and naked trunk elevates its leafless head near the tombs, which are already themselves in a state of ruin, offering a strong contrast to the fine group of trees which rise vigorous and verdant, as if to remind us, in the very bosom of death, of the ever-springing youth of nature. There is in this picture an abyss of melancholy, and to render it still more overpowering, the painter has introduced into it the fall of a torrent, which disturbs the silence of the tombs with the dashing of its waters.

A modern critic tells us that, in gazing upon this picture, he found it impossible to shake off the thought that Ruysdael might have himself belonged to that persecuted race, which, at that time sheltered in Holland, produced so many illustrious men. There appeared to him, in this pathetic picture, something more than the feeling of a great artist, and he was impressed with the idea that so fine a work must have been inspired by the sensibility of one of the faithful over the tombs of his brethren. We know to what an extent the Jews carry their respect for the graves of the departed, and that this feeling is amongst the number of their most cherished traditions. Mourning amongst them was always excessively rigid; they beat their breasts, rent their clothes, covered their heads with ashes; and, mingled as they are with the Christian nations of the West, they still preserve among them the vivacity of manifestation peculiar to the Oriental races. Whether Ruysdael really belonged to the Hebrew nation, whose burial-place he has so devotedly painted so often and with such a marked predilection, is a point which must still continue in obscurity, since this conjecture of the critic is based upon no other data than that afforded by this picture. The lives of painters, however, are often written more truthfully in their works than in books; and how are we to explain the frequency and the evident pleasure with which Ruysdael reproduced this picture, if he was not led into such scenes by some impulse of religion and of the heart?

It is a remarkable circumstance, that Ruysdael excited the same thoughts and produced the same emotions at different epochs, and that Taillasson, a writer of the time of Napoleon I., who belonged by education to another class of literature, and had different ideas from our own, criticised Ruysdael, and comprehended him as he is comprehended and criticised by the present generation, and with precisely the same feeling. He speaks of those sylvan retreats, "those wild heaths surrounded by sombre woods, where, separated from the rest of mankind, far from the fatigues of pomp, in the midst of silence and repose, one listens with respect to the sublime voice of nature. The landscapes of Ruysdael frequently offer similar retreats, in which very few figures are seen; the imagination delights to roam there, peopling them at will. He was fond of painting those nooks and corners of woods, mysteriously illuminated—favourable retreats for dreaming lovers and philosophers, where we seat ourselves with a book, which we soon neglect for thoughts we delight to indulge in; these spots are almost always divided and enriched by limpid brooks, which, in their tardy progress, are embellished by the reflection of the sky that illumines them, and of the banks and trees whose freshness they nourish, while the latter in return shelter them from the all-absorbing heat of the sun. Sometimes ducks, geese, and silvery swans are seen

upon those pacific waters, undertaking voyages which are not of long duration.

"We cannot find in the works of the painters of his country such touching poetry as he has imparted to his own, which inspire a tender melancholy; this, doubtless, arises from the sensibility of his mind, from his choice of subjects, and from the deep tint of all his greens. He has often painted the tombs of the Jews at Amsterdam. Those silent resting-places, surrounded by trees, while moulding the mind to sadness, please the eye by their unity, by the simplicity of their forms, and by the harmony of their colour. We do not see in his pictures the proud and terrible sites of a mountainous country; nor do we see in them pompous edifices, or the noble ruins of splendid architecture; no broken pillars or overturned capitals—the sorrowful remains of faded grandeur; but we see a rich soil, covered with abundant vegetation, the strong and harmonious colouring of nature, the airy vapour, the brilliancy of light, and the modest habitations of a prudent people enriched by their own industry."

There exist some very fine marine views by this painter, the more precious because they are rare. He had not far to go to seek his subject's and his inspiration. At two leagues from Amsterdam, where he had established himself, he found the Zuyderzee; and not far from that all the coast of Holland bathed by the ocean. The Dutch school boasts many painters who have shone in the representation of maritime scenery; but those of Ruysdael are easily distinguishable from others of the same description; like all the rest of his works, they bear the stamp of his genius. His is not the smooth and transparent sea of Van Goyen, the foamy, billowy ocean of Bakhuisen, nor the blue and rippling water of Vanderhelde. Ruysdael's waves are deep and sombre; his tempests have an indescribable distraction, and recall the genius of Rembrandt. The Louvre possesses a marine picture by this master, in which are seen some vessels in a squall. The deserted beach offers no other object than a wooden jetty, shaken by collision with the waves. The colour of the water, which becomes yellow at the approach of the hurricane, is admirable for its truthfulness. The waves, in breaking, bend the long reeds which have taken root in the mud round the jetty. They are seen writhing and mixing with the swelling flood, still transparent, though stirred up. Lead-coloured clouds hide the day; it is the presentiment rather than the spectacle of a storm; we do not see the danger of those at sea, but we can divine it, and the imagination magnifies it, struck by the powerful emotion imparted by the genius of the painter.

We have dwelt thus long on the peculiar and, as German critics would call it, the *subjective* character of the works of Ruysdael, because it is that which essentially constitutes the originality and genius of his works. It is in *feeling* that the superiority of this great painter consists; and it may be said, that he felt nature even more than he studied it. Valenciennes accuses him of having made use of the means which certain artists employ, who take as models small branches of trees and small stones, in order to draw whole trees and large rocks from them. "These artists," says he, "believe they are painting their pictures from nature, while they are only deceiving themselves; for the more correctly they copy these models, the more they increase the falsity of their painting. And, in fact, for the same reason that the proportions of a child do not resemble those of a man, the formation of a branch is of quite a different character from the construction of a tree. The texture of the bark is very different; and on this point the humblest connoisseur cannot be deceived." It is not impossible that Ruysdael may, now and then, have employed this convenient method, which rendered it unnecessary for him to leave his studio in order to consult nature; but to say that the majority of his trees are copies from pieces of wood found in fagots, is going too far. Ruysdael has been cited at all times for the truthfulness of his trees, and especially of the foliage, which enables us to distinguish one from another; and also for that sharp and firm touch which determines the profile of the masses, and enhances the silvery colour of the trunks by the vigorous tone of the foliage; for example, the smooth white bark of the birch and the beech, which shines through the thickest verdure.

If Ruysdael has at times fallen into the fault of which Valen-

ciennes accuses him, it is in his etchings rather than in his paintings. It may be observed, in fact, in the print known as "The Cottage on the top of the Hill," that the fallen tree which leans towards the right does not appear in proportion with the rest of the objects, and may have been sketched from a small bough. Such a liberty may be pardonable in an etching, in which the artist wished to express for his own use the sentiment, or the recollection which occurred to him at the moment, rather than to draw a correct and precise study; but it would be inexcusable in a finished picture, and this fault Ruysdael never committed. While upon the subject of this master's etchings, we may here give the critique of Bartsch: "His prints," says he, "denote the extreme rapidity and light hand of their author. One might say, they are rather written than drawn. The foliage is a spirited and confused scratching, composed of a series of zig-zags, which serve in a wonderful manner to represent real nature, every form of which should not be too clearly determined, if one wishes to avoid falling into mannerism. There is nothing of what is called method, but a rare taste, and the greatest truth reigns over all."

Ruysdael was the painter of melancholy. His pictures were but the reflex of the workings of his own sombre and moody spirit; and doubtless they owe much of their impressiveness to the awe

was one of those upon whom the burden sat more heavily, and who never sought to cast it off. Those who possessed some buoyancy of spirit, whose attention was more easily diverted, saw in his works the truthful expression of phases of their own inner life. They saw that he had achieved on canvas what the pen could never accomplish—the expression of the sorrows and aspirations of the soul, by depicting the lonely and terrible in nature. What in them was the result of passing caprice or disappointment, was in him an abiding principle. It was in nature, and in nature only, that he found something to sympathise with every phase of his enduring melancholy; in the waterfall there was the monotonous but soothing cadence, sweeter to him than the voices of a choir, or the sound of stringed instruments; and in the hollow moaning of the winds through the pine forests he uttered his own griefs, in accents that none might hear and mock at. The woes of Electra, the "Sorrows of Werter," and the gloom of Manfred, are combined on his canvas in another form, but expressed no less solemnly and mournfully than in the airy fancies of the poets. No other exponent of this morbid sentimentality has ever met with so much success. The language in which he speaks is that of the eye, the same in all countries; and the idioms he uses are of nature's own devising, everywhere alike, and understood by all.



THE HAYSTACK, RAINY DAY.—FROM A PAINTING BY TURNER.

with which the world ever looks upon complete isolation from itself and its pursuits. It has little sympathy with those who seek it; but if a man seeks to nurse a great sorrow, and let it feed for ever on his own life, nourishing it with the daily contemplation of whatever is gloomy in nature, without seeking relief from his fellows, it watches his proceedings and chronicles his utterances with absorbing interest. The shade of melancholy, remorse, sadness, or despair, which has lent to the genius of Byron so much of its gloomy charm in the eyes of the public, and which has shed interest upon the story of the "Wandering Jew," is seen more distinctly in the paintings of Ruysdael than in either the poetry or the tale. He is the only artist who has fully embodied that passionate longing for rest and solitude, which, though it may be less active or recur less frequently in the lives of some than of others, exists in all. Who is there who cannot recall some hours of satiety or weariness, when the dark glen, the secluded waterfall, the gloomy forest, the stormy sky, the deep mist on the mountain top, or the hoarse dash of the surge on the lonely sea-shore, were sounds and scenes more welcome than any he could find in the busy haunts of men? This gloomy mood in most men passes away like a morning cloud, and they rouse themselves, return to society, and are happy; but Ruysdael

A gallery of paintings is not complete unless it contains some by Ruysdael, who, although he died young, left a great number.

The Museum of the Louvre possesses six, the most remarkable of which are:—"A Forest crossed by a River," an admirable picture, with figures and cattle by Berghem; "A Thicket," with fine effect of light, which rivets the attention of all who look upon it; "A Windmill," with effect of the sun; and "A Tempest."

The Belvedere Gallery at Vienna possesses two of Ruysdael's pictures: "A Forest crossed by a Brook," and "A Woodland Scene."

The Pinacothek at Munich has no less than nine, among which are "A Cascade," "A Steep Road," covered with trees and brushwood, and "A Snow Scene."

The Gallery at Dresden has seven, of which the most remarkable are "A Village in a Wood," "The Château de Bentheim," and "A Landscape," with figures by Adrian Vanderelde, whose additions are more in harmony with Ruysdael's pictures than those of Berghem.

The Museum at Amsterdam possesses only two of his: a magnificent "Cascade," and "A Hilly Landscape."

The Museum at the Hague contains three: "A Cascade," "A Sea-shore," and "A View of the Environs of Haarlem."

The Museum at Berlin contains two, and that of Madrid the same number, all forest scenes.

The Hermitage at St. Petersburg is very rich in Ruysdaels, and some of them are of the first order. We may mention—1. "A Sandy Road," with a peasant followed by his dog; "A Pathway in a Wood," on the verge of a stagnant pool; "A Landscape," in which the principal object is an old beech tree, struck by lightning, and fallen into the waters of a torrent; and "An Oak Tree blown down by the Winds."

The Bourgeois Gallery at Dulwich College, a few miles from London, contains five pictures by this master:—1. "A Landscape," a blasted tree in the foreground, and a single figure coming along the road. 2. "A Waterfall," with a hill in the distance. 3. "A Landscape," with two mills. 4. "A Landscape." 5. "A View near the Hague"—very fine.

The private galleries of England contain many of this artist's pictures; that of Sir Robert Peel possesses two, which are thus described by Waagen:—"1. 'A Grand Waterfall,' of such truth

able, because it shows the influence which Hobbema sometimes had over Ruysdael. In the intention and treatment it so much resembles him, that it is ascribed to him in the catalogue. 3. "A Floodgate," with a windmill and other buildings; a picture which is particularly pleasing by the brilliant sunlight, the clear water, and the powerful colouring. 4. By the side of a wooded hill a stream flows, in which two fishermen are drawing their nets; the coolness of the wood and water is particularly attractive in this picture, the tone of which is dark. 5. A rapid stream rushes through a dark forest. Some charcoal-burners and wood-cutters heighten the feeling and solitude which predominate in this dark-toned picture, which was formerly an ornament of the Laprière collection.

In the collection of Sir Abraham Hume is Ruysdael's "Corn-field" (p. 117), a nearly flat country, with a number of cows and sheep, admirably executed by Adrian Vanderveelde.

There are five Ruysdaels in Lord Ashburton's collection, one of which, representing a village, is of great merit; the others are genuine and pleasing pictures, but not of the first class.

In Mr. Hoge's collection there is only one, which represents a stream rushing between two pine-clad hills. In the foreground a



A CORN-FIELD.—FROM A PAINTING BY RUYSDAEL.

that you could fancy you heard it roar; of a force and freshness in the tone, and care in the execution, as we very rarely meet with in such subjects by this master. His model of such scenes was evidently Rydingen, who was rather older, and, during a residence in Norway, drew from the fountain of nature. This picture, which came originally from the celebrated Brentano collection in Amsterdam, was purchased by the late Sir Robert Peel from the collection of Lord Charles Townshend. 2. 'A Winter Landscape,' with a view of a canal, along which runs a road. The feeling of winter is here expressed with more truth than I have hitherto seen; at the same time, the drawing, light and shade, and gradation are masterly, and the touch wonderfully light and free."

The Bridgewater Gallery contains five Ruysdaels:—1. "View on the plain near Haarlem," which is covered with trees; a ray of light falls between dark shadows of clouds. The picture, which is extremely well executed, inspires a feeling of deep melancholy. 2. "A Wood," through which a road leads to a village, the church of which appears. The numerous figures of horsemen, a cart, and other figures, are by Philip Wouvermann. This fine picture, in which the feelings of country life are vividly expressed, is remark-

able, because it shows the influence which Hobbema sometimes had over Ruysdael. In the intention and treatment it so much resembles him, that it is ascribed to him in the catalogue. 3. "A Floodgate," with a windmill and other buildings; a picture which is particularly pleasing by the brilliant sunlight, the clear water, and the powerful colouring. 4. By the side of a wooded hill a stream flows, in which two fishermen are drawing their nets; the coolness of the wood and water is particularly attractive in this picture, the tone of which is dark. 5. A rapid stream rushes through a dark forest. Some charcoal-burners and wood-cutters heighten the feeling and solitude which predominate in this dark-toned picture, which was formerly an ornament of the Laprière collection.

There are two Ruysdaels in Mr. Sanderson's collection:—1. In the foreground of an extensive, rich plain, where villages, groves, meadows, and cornfields alternate, the ruins of a castle are reflected in a piece of still water, the surface of which is partially covered with leaves. A bright sunbeam from the clouded, stormy sky—one of the finest, perhaps, that Ruysdael ever painted—falls in the middle distance. A profound, serious, melancholy feeling powerfully impresses the beholder of this picture, which is the finest of the kind by Ruysdael. The figures are by Adrian Vanderveelde. 2. A grand waterfall rushes between rocks in a wild country; equally distinguished by its size, composition, and careful execution."

In Mr. Huysh's collection there are two Ruysdaels:—1. A woody and well-watered country, with a dark, clouded sky, scantily

\* For engravings of this and another excellent work of Ruysdael, see vol. i. pp. 14–16, and pp. 248–250.



illuminated by the beams of the evening sun. A very poetical, carefully executed picture, in the style of his etchings. 2. A wood on the water side, with a small fall; the figures by Adrian Vander-velde.

There is a small and very pretty landscape by Ruysdael in Sir John Soane's Museum; and one in the collection of the late Lord Dudley, which represents an extensive plain, with all the attractions which this artist knew how to give to such subjects, by correctness of drawing, delicate gradation, and striking lights. It is marked with the name of Ruysdael, and the year 1660.

The Marquis of Lansdowne possesses, at Bowood, a magnificent "Tempest," by Ruysdael, for which he paid £557 5s. We also find pictures by this master in the possession of Mr. Beckford, Lord Staircase, and the Marquis of Bute; the latter possesses, at Luton, the "Interior of the New Church at Amsterdam," with figures by Wouvermann. This unique painting comes from the Brancamp collection, and deserves particular notice, as differing from all the other known productions of the artist. Waagen remarks, that as this great master in his few sea-pieces rivals the best pictures of the greatest marine painters, so in this he equals the most celebrated painters of architectural subjects. The perspective and *chiaroscuro* are admirable.

There is a very fine Ruysdael in the collection of Mr. Wells. "Few Landscapes," says Waagen, "so thoroughly express the peculiar turn of mind of this master. A still, dark piece of water, on the surface of which the lotus, with its broad leaves and yellow flowers, flourishes in the refreshing coolness, is overshadowed by the gigantic trees of a forest; in particular, an already-decayed and dying beech leans its white stem far over it. On the right side of the picture are some hills in the distance; the bright daylight of the scarcely clouded sky cannot penetrate into the mysterious gloom of the water protected by its trees. The artist has felt, and represented with rare perfection, the sense of solitude and quiet repose, which at times so refreshes the human mind in nature itself."

Ruysdael left a great number of drawings in crayon and Indian

ink; the Museum of the Louvre possesses three—"An Effect of the Sun;" a "Landscape," and a view of a "Road crossed by a Brook." In 1775, at the sale of the rich cabinet of Mariette, the celebrated amateur, a "Landscape," in the foreground a trunk of a tree, and in the background a village spire, sold for £187 19s. Two other drawings, one representing a "Cottage," the other a "Mill," sold for £400.

At the sale of Count Riga's remarkable cabinet of prints, which took place in 1817, ten etchings by Ruysdael—all that are known to exist—were sold for £97 1s. 8d.

Of all the great Dutch masters, Ruysdael was one whose talent was the slowest in being appreciated by amateurs; it is but very lately that his pictures have begun to command a price worthy of them. In 1745, at the sale of the Chevalier de la Roque's collection, directed by the celebrated valuer, Germain, two "Landscapes" by this master were sold at £120 5s. Another, like the preceding two, in a carved and gilded frame, produced only £37 2s. A fourth, with figures by Wouvermann, rose to £72 18s. Twenty-five years later, at the sale of the Duke of Choiseul's collection, the "Entrance to the Wood" was sold at £900; a "View of the Sea-coast of Schevelingue," and a "Sea-shore bordered with Downs," brought £70 17s. Five years afterwards, at the sale of the Prince de Conti's collection, in 1777, these same pictures were sold at £2,401. In 1801, at the Robit sale, a "Cascade," by Ruysdael, rose to £133 6s.; but at the Rouge sale, in 1818, a "Landscape," with figures by Vanderelde, was pushed up to £1,208 6s.; and another, equally admirable, with figures by the same talented ally, to £520. In 1823, at M. Laperrière's sale, a "Marshy Forest" obtained £304 3s.; and a "Snow Scene," £181 9s. At the Duchess of Berri's sale, in 1837, the "Great Oak" was sold at £152 10s.; and a "Wooded Landscape" at the same price. When the collection of Cardinal Fesch, at Rome, was sold, in 1845, the "Torrent" was sold for £145 5s.; a "Cascade" for £208 6s., and the "Entrance to a Wood" for £291 13s.

Ruysdael almost always signed his etchings and his paintings in the manner represented below.

Ruysdael J. R. 1661. J. R. F. = J. R. Richard L. Ruysdael is f. 1649. Ruysdael - F.

## PICTURE CLEANING.

Of all the vexed questions upon art, that of cleaning and restoring pictures is the most vexed. Of other questions *verboten* some get a solution, or are pushed from public notice; but every now and then this again arises. When the pictures of the National Galleries are nearly spoilt through dirt and neglect, they get removed and undergo the process of cleaning. Then it is that the smouldering vengeance and anger abounding against picture-dealers and cleaners burst forth. The "Claude" has been, not cleaned, but "skinned;" such was the name invented some few years ago. "The beautiful middle tone, the divine aerial perspective, has been entirely destroyed by the ignorant and bungling persons employed upon it."

The unfortunate person who gave the very necessary order for cleaning the "Claude" was of course assailed as much, or more, than the unknown operator. The leading journal contains, day after day, objurcations upon him; the other papers take up the subject; the monthlies, which should know, if we believe their professions, something about art, revile him; and the comic journals, not wishing to lose so good an opportunity, bring ridicule at last to overwhelm him.

We purpose, in a short paper, to consider, therefore, what this picture-cleaning is, upon which so much has been said, without producing at all a clear idea in the minds of any.

The non-education of the general public in matters of taste led, some fifty years ago, or perhaps earlier than that, some hundred years ago, to a state of things very hurtful both to the artist and

the buyer, and eventually to the seller also. A class of rich people, much ridiculed by caricaturists, sprang up, who called themselves connoisseurs. We need not say that these people had no canons of art, had no taste, and that they were very sorry and silly people. They perpetrated the most egregious blunders, as all people will who pretend to know that which they do not know. They filled their country mansions with great rubbish, and made the name of a rich Englishman synonymous with that of a gull throughout Italy. Their rage was to buy up Italian masters. Age seemed to them to confer every merit; and next to age, foreign extraction seemed to please them. Hence meritorious artists of our own country starved. Vile copies of "Claude" were passed off as originals, whilst Richard Wilson, for his daily bread, was compelled to paint picture after picture, and take it to the pawnbroker, till, indeed, that constant friend failed him, and took him to a room where lay piled his unsold works.

We have seen what effect the connoisseurs had upon the country; their taste led to some mistakes in our own national collection, but it did worse than this—it created that pest of art, the dishonest and ignorant picture-dealer, who joined to his vocation that of "picture-cleaner." The false glows which the manufacturers of Italy had spread upon their Claudes were liable to fade; the very excellent laking which produced the curious and antique cracks—marks of antiquity looked for so earnestly by the connoisseur—were apt to make, after a time, the paint fall off entirely, and leave a great hiatus, alas!—*maxime defenda*—which the restorer's art alone could re-putch. The branch of trade was lucrative; when the restorer

once got into a gentleman's gallery, he seldom went out without cleaning the whole lot, and perhaps taking the order for a few other pictures which he had by him, perfectly genuine.

Well might honest William Hogarth, compelled to raffle his immortal works, rave at such a fate. Connoisseurs could see no merit in William, and he hit them too hard with his pen and pencil for them to relish his productions. Yet he had hopes of some day seeing the ancients defeated, and his "Battle of the Pictures," wherein the "Modern Midnight Conversation" had worsted an old master's group of bacchanals, gives a shrewd hint of what he would like to have seen.

William Hogarth died, however, long before the reign of Madonnas, saints, St. Sebastians, and Magdalens, and the thousand classical pendants which accompanied them died out. Apollo neverayed Marsyas with more perseverance than did the connoisseurs the moderns. The school also of the moderns was a bad one. There was little or no study in it. What cared Barry or Northcote about costume? What cared Sir George Beaumont about truth in landscape, so long as he could stick in his inevitable "brown tree"? Looking at a green and fresh study of a landscape of early summer, by a rising artist, the illustrious amateur, Sir George, makes this immortal query: "Ah, it is all very well, young man—very pretty, very pretty; but where do you put your 'brown tree'?"

Those dark days were glorious times for picture-dealers, and even later than that many have made fortunes. Latterly they have been driven from town, but seem, for some time, to have gained a standing in provincial towns. Manchester was once a glorious place for them. The mill-owners, immersed in business, had not the slightest idea about pictures; and these gentry "worked" the town. It is upon record that one of them, in the course of a fortnight, sold more than twenty thousand pounds' worth of pictures—we should word the phrase differently—pictures the price of which amounted to that sum; not one of which pictures was genuine! Now, indeed, honest sellers find a difficulty in getting rid of their paintings in that town. The cotton lords have been once bitten and are twice shy.

It was to the interest of such sellers to cry up the old masters. Upon the works of modern artists they could not get so great a profit, nor could they sell fictitious pictures if the artist was alive to deny it. They, therefore, still kept to the old masters, and to cleaning.

The latter art, which, if properly carried out and taken at a proper time, is one of the easiest and simplest imaginable, they made into a mystery. A portrait of a lady—generally, it would seem, by Lely, or some copyist—hung up at their door, divided with much precision in two halves, whereof one is white and the other black, or nearly so. The light half represents that cleaned by an "entirely new" process; it is generally of brilliant colour, and frequently by no means badly painted; so well done, indeed, that people are rather apt to wish that the whole of the picture were cleaned.

The art of cleaning has been termed by some of its professors a "mystery," and a professor of the art, who has produced a very insufficient and puffing pamphlet upon it, has told us that "a picture-dealer remarked the other day, that an artist could not restore a painting; and this has been carefully instilled into the minds of the public." We will not follow Mr. Watkins any further in the half-done pages which form the pamphlet, but we must remark that Mr. Watkins gives not the slightest solution of the difficulty. The mystery, which he tells us truly enough is no mystery, merely consists in the common fact of fools having rushed in.

"Where angels fear to tread."

The artist has been too timid to attempt to restore the work of a great master; the dealer, therefore, has boldly offered to do his work, and has carried off the job and has spoilt the picture.

The dirt which collects upon the face of a picture and which obscures the subject, arises from various causes. If it be only

\* The "Mystery of Picture Restoring Unveiled," by W. W. Watkins. London, 1854.

simple dirt, the best way to clean it is to wash it with clean water, rubbing it with a soft piece of leather. The picture ought then to be rubbed in a circular manner with the fingers' ends, so as to get the dirt off in small patches, and thereby to render visible the contrast between the true colour and the dirt. If it has been varnished with mastic, which has clouded and thus has got the dirt amalgamated with it, the surface of the picture will be covered with a white resinous dust, which may be blown away. This process is a very delicate but a very safe one, as, by carefully proceeding in the manner described, the light and delicate touches of the master need not be interfered with.

Copal varnish, which is often used—some being so mad as to have absolutely used coach-maker's varnish—is of a harder kind. It requires a very different treatment. It is removed by rubbing with India-rubber or with sea or river sand, the particles of which are round, and which do not scratch. Sometimes this even fails to remove the copal; the method then employed is to use spirits of wine, which, being applied lightly to the picture, in a short time softens the varnish, so that it can then be removed. Oil, also, is used in softening the varnish; but the methods of cleaning are almost as numerous as the professors of the art. Two certain results arise from any picture that is cleaned.

Firstly, the contrast will generally be so great upon the immediate exhibition of the picture to the owner's eyes, that the colours will look raw, and the picture will appear crude, as is the case with the Claudes which have been cleaned scientifically.

Secondly, if the artist has, as Sir Joshua Reynolds did, painted with bad colours, or has himself produced unfair effects with resinous gums and varnish, the spirits of wine will, with the varnish, remove these effects also, and the picture will be, so far, spoilt. The injurious effects of tampering with colours is seen in Hilton's picture of "Sir Calpine rescuing Serena," formerly in the National Gallery; but the eye of the lady and part of the face having given way, and absolutely moved, the picture was removed for repairs; since which, we believe, the public has not seen any more of it.

In restoring a picture, the surface must first be rendered flat, the inequalities ironed or pressed down, and the cracks and injuries filled up. This is generally done with gold-size and flake-white in powder, which, when dry, is rubbed even with the surface with pumice-stone. The next process is to restore the parts by painting over them, which requires, of course, an artist of ability to match the colour and to catch the tone.

Such are a few of the difficulties of picture-cleaning, which, on consideration, resolve themselves into those easily got over by care, knowledge, and industry, and which art has about it none of the mystery, only solved by cabalistic performances, with which its ignorant professors have hitherto, to the detriment of art, surrounded it.

## EXHIBITION OF THE FINE ARTS IN BRUSSELS.

THE recent exhibition of the works of modern artists in the Belgian capital will, we trust, give an impetus to the progress of the fine arts in a country which, notwithstanding the brightness of its traditional glory, is very much behind its neighbours at the present day, as regards the production of works of art and their appreciation. Since the close of the seventeenth century Belgium has produced scarcely a sculptor or painter of eminence. During the first half of the eighteenth century Belgian artists followed the feeble mannerism which prevailed in France at the same period, and in the latter half they followed David with equal deference, and with no better success. The romantic school of France still influences Belgian art to a considerable extent, though some of the pictures recently exhibited show a tendency to strike into new paths on the one hand, and to revert to the style of the old Flemish school on the other. One of the most striking pictures in the recent exhibition was a very fine one by M. Alexandre Thomas, who is already well known by his pictures of "Judith" and "Hagar in the Wilderness." In every review of the exhibition, a notice of this picture occupies the first place, and the admiration it creates is a worthy crowning of the artist's previous labours. The subject is one of the grandest that

ever occurred to the imagination of painter or poet; it is "Judas wandering by night, after the Condemnation of Christ." The evangelists tell us in a few words that the apostate who betrayed the Saviour was struck with remorse when his Master was condemned to the cross, and going to the temple, cast down the thirty pieces of silver—the reward of his treachery—at the feet of the high priest, and went out and hanged himself. The choice of the subject, no less than the manner in which it is executed, shows that the artist possesses genius of no common order. M. Thomas has selected an incident marking a moment of time during the agony of remorse and despair which drove the wretched apostate to fill up the measure of his guilt with the crime of suicide. He has placed the horror-stricken and despairing wretch on the summit of Golgotha, in presence of the cross on which his Master has yielded up

calamity recorded by the evangelists; for the state of mind so forcibly depicted on that haggard countenance there can be no rest—annihilation would be preferable. The thought which inspired this picture is just and profound, and the execution is equal to the conception. Brute strength in repose has never been represented in a more masterly manner than in the figures of the two sleeping carpenters. The entire picture is conceived in that style of blended simplicity and grandeur, which belongs to the narrative from which its subject is taken. The effects of the two lights, the clear and silvery moonbeams and the red glare of the fire, are managed with great skill, and notwithstanding the contrast, a profound harmony reigns over the whole picture.

A picture of totally different character, and of much smaller dimensions, is "The Imprisoned Family" of M. Gallait, which



THE BRACH.—FROM A PAINTING BY RUYSSDAEL.

his soul in torment. At the foot of the cross, two men, the builders of the horrible apparatus of death, are sleeping near a fire made on the ground, which throws a red and sinister light over the scene. It is night, and the clear moonlight falls on other parts, and brings into relief the figure of Judas, whose pale and haggard countenance, disordered hair, and wild eyes indicate a soul rent with anguish and borne down by the weight of an intolerable remorse. With his left hand he supports himself against a rock; in his right he holds the thirty pieces of silver for which he rendered his name for ever infamous. The extremity of remorse and despair have never been depicted with greater power than by M. Thomas in the countenance of Judas. All around him is the tranquillity of nature; he is alone on the scene of his crime's sad result, for the two workmen of Pilate sleep, and profound silence reigns around. It is easy to foresee the

exhibits a considerable improvement on that artist's former efforts. It contains three figures, a young man, a woman, and an infant, who are placed in the light which falls upon the centre of the picture from the grated window of the prison. To soothe their depressed spirits and troubled minds, the prisoner is playing on his violin a favourite air of their happier days. The sentiment is good, but critics observe in the picture some of those defects of execution which M. Gallait has displayed before. The same artist also exhibits a "Croatian Sentinel," which is a fine study, but has no pretension to be called a picture.

The most prolific artist of the modern school of Belgium, if such can be said to exist, is undoubtedly M. Slingeneer. Arrived at an early age at those distinctions which are ordinarily accorded to the veterans of the art, he has not slept under his laurels, but

produced a constant succession of works. Audacity and perseverance are qualities which he possesses largely, and which are important elements of success. He is not uniformly happy in his attempts, but all his works show that he possesses the chief qualifications which constitute the master—genius, enthusiasm, and boldness. M. Slingeneer exhibits this year a picture of the insane mother of Charles V. holding in her arms the corpse of her husband. History affords some curious details bearing upon this not very pleasing subject. Joanna of Spain was the victim of a monomaniacal passion, a fever of the senses and the brain, which displayed itself during the life of her husband, the Archduke Philip of Austria, in alternations of frenzied ardour, devouring melancholy, and causeless jealousy. When he died, this diseased amativeness, as the phrenologists would call it, was displayed in manifestations of the same wild passion that had preyed upon her while he lived. The painter has depicted one of the melancholy scenes which

and procuresses drink gin around the coffin which contains his mother; but Hogarth's picture conveyed an impressive moral, while M. Slingeneer only ministers to a morbid taste. Next year we hope to see a more pleasing subject, treated with equal skill. His "Zannikin," the heroic fisherman of Furnes, who fell in the war between Flanders and France, is a very fine study, somewhat monotonous in colour, perhaps, but drawn with the energy and vigour which characterise all his productions.

M. Hamman exhibits several pictures, of which the principal is "The Mass of Adrian Villært," which possesses all the qualities that have distinguished this artist's former efforts. Adrian Villært, a musician of Bruges, composed at the Academy of St. Mark, in Venice, a grand mass, which produced a profound sensation. The artist has represented him seated before the organ; the inspiration of genius is seen in his countenance, and his fingers touch the keys with the grace and energy of a master. Near him



THE LAKE.—FROM A PAINTING BY RUYSDAEL.

followed; Joanna is seated on the foot of the bed, holding in her arms her husband's corpse, on which she lavishes the caresses that were his in life. The infant Charles is present, whose innocent face contrasts strongly with the horror of the scene; one of his hands caresses the livid hand of his father, the other plays with the crown, under which he was destined to domineer over Europe. This picture elicits expressions of opinion the most conflicting; some praising it with as much vehemence as others condemn it. The execution is of the finest order: the head of Joanna is happily conceived, the body of Philip is vigorously painted, and all the accessories are traced with the hand of a master; but the taste which led to the selection of such a subject is very questionable. We are forcibly reminded, in looking at it, of the last picture of that pictorial comedy of Hogarth's—the "Harlot's Progress;" in which the innocent child of shame is winding up his top, while courtesans

sit three monks, who play stringed instruments; and behind them are three others, two of whom accompany him with their voices, while the third is playing a flute. In the background the doge is seated in a chair of state, surrounded by the members of the Council of Ten, and on the left are two beautiful women, all of whom listen to the solemn strains with rapt attention. We see at a glance that the performance is regarded as an event: all the actors are interested in the action, and the music to which they are listening evidently absorbs the whole attention of every one. The heads of the two singing monks are a fine study. The colouring of this picture is more harmonious, and we remark less of that gray tone which characterised some of the artist's former productions. "The First-born" is a charming composition; and his "Family of the Executed Criminal," conceived in the style of the romantic school, is a very fine piece of colouring.

We find in the exhibition the works of three young men, distinguished by very diverse qualities, but all affording promise of a brilliant career. The first, M. Verlat, has already achieved no small success in Paris; the second, M. Cernak, announced himself by a very remarkable work in the exhibition of 1851; the third, whose genius has now for the first time revealed itself, is M. Jules Pecker. M. Verlat made his *début* in Paris three years ago, when he produced "Pejin the Short overcooming a Lion in the Circus," a remarkable work for so young an artist; but his subsequent works have less of the style and manner of the modern French or romantic school, and approach more to the old Flemish school. The picture in the exhibition is a commission from the Belgian government; the subject, "Godfrey of Bouillon at the Assault of Jerusalem." It is a fine composition, treated with boldness and vigour; the figures evince the hand of a master. The present production of M. Cernak is "The Propagation of the Roman Catholic Faith in Bohemia," an interesting phase of the history of his country; for this young artist, though long resident in Brussels, and a pupil of Gallaix, belongs to the heroic race which produced John Huss, Procopius, and Ziska. The incident is taken from the period when Austria was engaged in purifying Bohemia from the taint of heresy, giving her for apostles the monk and the soldier. The artist has represented the interior of a miserable hut, at the moment that the missionary monk is leaving it, after exchanging the images of orthodoxy for the symbols of the Hussite heresy, leaving the inmates plunged in gloomy reflections. The eyes of the old man, whose gray beard falls upon his broad chest, are fixed upon the ground; the countenance of his son has a menacing expression, though he plays with a noble-looking dog, as if to hide his feelings. The little children play joyously with the images which remind their elders of the martyrdom of Jerome and Huss, and the persecution of their disciples. There are in this picture a profound philosophy and a maturity of thought and execution, which place the artist in the first rank among living painters. The third of the constellation, M. Jules Pecker, exhibits a "Christ bearing his Cross," which reminds the spectator of the manner of Crayer and the pupils of Rubens. The suffering expressed in the attitude of the principal figure, and the serene majesty which beams from his countenance, are conceived and executed in a manner beyond all praise.

There are in the exhibition a number of very large pictures, many of which are not above mediocrity, and may therefore be well passed over without notice. "The Battle of Gravelines," by M. Van Severdonck, is one of these vast compositions; but, unlike many of this class, it is drawn with vigour, and though, perhaps, too full of details, is a work which will repay the time spent in examining it. "Christ calling little Children," by M. Dellequa, is not without some good points, but rather monotonous in colour, and inferior, on the whole, to his "Christ on the Mount;" but the best picture by this artist is undoubtedly "Mary Stuart insulted by the Populace of Edinburgh." The unfortunate queen is on horseback, surrounded by an angry and menacing mob, whose aspect fills her soul with terror. The cavalier near her is drawn with a masterly hand, and the architecture is treated with remarkable skill; altogether, it is one of the best historical paintings which have been exhibited in Brussels for some years. M. Stallaert, the present director of the Academy of Tonnyay, also exhibits a commendable historical painting, representing the death of the popular hero, Everard de Kierselaes.

That strange phantasy of the last days of Charles V., when, after having resigned the imperial crown, and lived for years in the solitude of a cloister, he celebrated his own obsequies, lying down

in his coffin, and joining in the penitential hymns of the monks, has found a pictorial record in the studio of M. Robert. But it is not the funeral which the artist has depicted; when that solemnity was concluded, Charles sat long before the "Last Judgment" of Titian, and then was carried to his bed, which he never quitted till the day he was finally carried to his last resting-place. M. Robert, who has executed this picture for the Belgian government, has adopted the idea that the feeling which influenced Charles, in his abdication and retirement into solitude, was remorse; he has represented him, not as the man of suffering, devoured by religious melancholy, but as the tyrant trembling at the admonitions of conscience. Apart from the interest given to it by this new idea, the picture is a very creditable one; the artist likewise exhibits a well-executed portrait of the Prince of Ligny.

"The Virgin of the Afflicted" is the title of a grand picture by M. Dobbelaere, the harmony and brightness of the colours in which remind us of the old masters of the Venetian school. "The Confederates of the Compromised Nobles" is a composition full of merit, from the studio of M. Huymans, the subject being taken from an episode of the revolution in the Netherlands in the sixteenth century. M. Gerard exhibits an episode of the Belgic conquests of Julius Cesar, "The Hostages," in which the two oxen attached to the car containing the hostages are remarkably well drawn, and the whole picture marks M. Gerard as an artist of considerable promise.

M. Leys, one of the most poetic of modern painters, has sent to the exhibition four pictures, all possessing great merit, though the most beautiful is indubitably his "Faust and Wagner," in which he has thoroughly identified himself with the genius of the immortal Goethe. It is the scene before the gate of Nuremberg, the festival of Easter, which M. Leys has chosen for his subject; and one more pleasing could scarcely have been selected. Faust and Wagner are seated on a bench, and before them pass the burghers and artisans of the city, with their wives and sweethearts, clad in their holiday attire.

"Forth from the arched and gloomy gate,  
The multitudes, in bright array,  
Stream forth, and seek the sun's warm ray!  
Their risen Lord they celebrate,  
For they themselves have also risen to day!  
From the mean tenement, the sordid room,  
From manual craft, from toil's imperious sway,  
From roofs' and gables' overhanging gloom,  
From the close pressure of the narrow street,  
And from the churches' venerable night,  
They've issued now from darkness into light."

A middle-aged harger and his wife, with their two children, and a pair of lovers, are the principal figures in the foreground of the picture; the young girl with the book under her arm, and the little cross on her bosom, is much more like the Marguerite of the poet than was the ideal creation of M. Ary Scheffer. The Faust, too, differs from the common type; there is an air of deep thought in the countenance which accords with the character of the daring student at that period of its development. The sentiment and colouring of the picture are equally good, and the character given to the figures shows that the artist has well studied the poem from which the subject is taken.

We have now passed in review the principal works of Belgian artists in the departments of history and poetry, and must reserve our notice of the *genre* painters, and also of the French, Dutch, and German artists, for a future occasion.

## SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

THE early history of this eminent artist is mingled with the varied fortunes of his father, who had been educated for the law, but, from a fatal instability of character, became successively an attorney, a dabbler in literature, a comedian, an excise officer, a farmer, and an innkeeper, without prospering in either of these various vocations. The future court painter was the youngest of

sixteen children, most of whom had died in infancy, and was born on the 4th of May, 1769, at Bristol, within a few doors of the birthplace of Southey. Shortly afterwards his parents removed to Devizes, where for several years they kept the Black Bear public-house. Being a fine child, with full dark eyes and a very melodious voice, his father taught him to recite passages from Shakspeare



and Milton for the entertainment of his customers; and his talent for declamation won praise from such competent judges as Garrick and Mrs. Siddons.

At the age of seven, young Lawrence began to sketch portraits with singular fidelity, and two years later, having read Rogers's "Lives of Foreign Painters," and seen the paintings at Cornham Hoage, the seat of the Methuens, he produced some pictures which, together with his portraits, were thus spoken of at the time by the Hon. Daines Barrington:—"As I have mentioned so many proofs of early genius in children, I cannot pass unnoticed a Master Lawrence, son of an innkeeper, at Devizes, in Wiltshire. At the age of nine, without the least instruction from any one, he was capable of copying historical pictures in a masterly style, and also succeeded amazingly in compositions of his own, particularly that of 'Peter denying Christ.' In about seven minutes he scarcely ever failed of drawing a strong likeness of any person present, which had generally much freedom and grace, if the subject permitted."

When young Lawrence was ten years old, his father, having failed in business once more, removed to Oxford, where the juvenile artist was announced as a portrait-painter. His fame had gone before him, and there was a rush to his studio; though of course his sitters must have been actuated only by the same curiosity and love of novelty that prompted so many persons to run after Tom Thumb. He was an infant prodigy, and therefore the rank and fashion of the place flocked to see him. When the excitement was over, and no more money was to be made in Oxford, the Lawrences removed to Bath, where they hired a large house, sent the sisters of the young artist to boarding-school, and raised his price from a guinea to a guinea and a half. His portrait of Mrs. Siddons, as Zara, was admired and engraved; and his fame spread far and wide. His studio, before he was twelve years old, was the favourite resort of the rank, fashion, and beauty of Bath; young ladies loved to converse with the handsome prodigy, and men of taste purchased his crayon heads, which he produced in great numbers, and circulated them all over the country, and even the continent.

He was seventeen years of age when he first dipped his brush in oil colours, and began to free himself from the captivating facilities of crayons. He aspired to become a great painter, and studied in succession the works of Rembrandt, Reynolds, and Titian; but in the meantime it was necessary to live, and this he accomplished satisfactorily by painting portraits. His fame had hitherto been wholly provincial, and he longed to obtain distinction in the metropolis. A copy of "The Transfiguration" of Raffaele, painted on glass at the age of fifteen, was sent to the Society of Arts, who awarded the young artist a gilt silver palette and five guineas; and shortly afterwards he came to London, and opened an exhibition of his works in Leicester Fields, a situation which had been rendered popular by the fame of Sir Joshua Reynolds. But the attraction of juvenility was gone, and money came slowly in at first. Fortunately, he had stopped at Salisbury on his way to the metropolis, and had there reaped a harvest by no means insignificant, so that he could afford to wait. After a time, he removed his studio to Jernyn-street, and entered himself at the Royal Academy, where his drawings of the "Fighting Gladiator" and the "Belvedere Apollo" surpassed all competition.

Satisfied with his success in this instance, he was now desirous of being introduced to Sir Joshua Reynolds, a pleasure which was procured for him by Prince Hoare, one of his earliest patrons. The great artist spoke encouragingly to him, and young Lawrence was much pleased with the interview. Persons who had heard of his fame at Bath now began to employ him, and in a short time, though he lived expensively and was very charitable, he was able to allow his parents the sum of three hundred a year. He spent much of his leisure, at this time, in the society of Smirke, the architect, and Fuseli, the great painter; and when the conversation flagged, he would jump up and recite passages from Milton, with a softness of voice and gentleness of manner, "very much," as Fuseli said, "like Belial, but decidedly unlike Beelzebub."

One of the first works he executed in London was "Homer Reciting the Iliad to the Greeks," a commission from Payne Knight; the picture was well drawn, and had considerable delicacy of colour, but it was wholly deficient in sentiment. Indeed, the whole strength of his genius lay in portrait-painting; and though

he seems to have been impressed with the idea that he could have become a great historical painter, his studies prove that he had not the genius necessary to success in that lofty branch of the art. His next picture, however, was in his own field, and laid the foundation of his fame; this was the portrait of the beautiful and fascinating Miss Farren, afterwards countess of Derby. The resemblance was striking; and Fuseli pronounced the eyes equal to any painted by Titian, than which there could be no higher praise; but by a strange want of taste and propriety, the charming actress was represented, though clad in a cloak and muff, with naked arms. This caused the picture to be severely criticised; but the public received it with favour, and Lawrence's portraits in oil of the queen and the princess Amelia, which appeared in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1788, showed that he had won royal patronage and favour.

George III., having been chiefly instrumental in founding the Academy, conceived the strange idea that he had the right to nominate its associates, and proposed Lawrence; but the latter was only twenty-one years of age, and his Majesty had himself approved and sanctioned the rule that no associate should be admitted until he had attained his twenty-fourth year. The difficulty was met by the suggestion, that Lawrence should be made a sort of supplementary associate until he had attained the necessary years; and this proposition was supported by Reynolds and West; but the majority opposed it, and elected an artist, Wheatley, in spite of the royal recommendation. Lawrence was again proposed on the occasion of another vacancy; and, notwithstanding the opposition of several members, who pronounced the evasion of their laws a subversion of order and an attack on their independence, he was elected a supplementary associate—a favour which no one has enjoyed either before or since.

In the following year, 1792, on the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lawrence received the appointment of Painter in Ordinary to the king. The portrait of Miss Farren had done much for his fame, but this mark of royal distinction did more. His preferment caused some envious murmurings; for Opie, Hoppner, and Romney were then in the zenith of their reputation, and nothing but the gentle and conciliatory nature of the young artist prevented him from making many enemies. He had now become a person of note and consideration, took splendid apartments in Old Bond-street, and made his friend Randolph, the artist, his secretary and chamberlain, allowing him to draw twenty pounds per week for domestic expenses. His usual price at this period was a hundred guineas for a full-length portrait, fifty for a half-length, and twenty-five for the head only. His first commission from royalty was for whole-lengths of his Majesty and the Queen, to be presented by Lord Macartney to the Emperor of China; and many persons of distinction were led by this circumstance to have their portraits painted by him.

The envy which his success had excited now found vent in an audible whisper; artists were not wanting who insinuated that he could copy, but not create—that it was well for his fame that the ladies of England were lovely, and the gentlemen rich. Lawrence was annoyed by these remarks; but much as he longed to try his powers as a painter of history, he was sensible that the artist who paints from his imagination is repaid only with applause, while those who minister to men's vanity by flattering them on canvas, receive a reward more substantial. He therefore applied himself with renewed diligence to portraiture, thinking of poetic and historic subjects in the mean time, and making sketches in his leisure moments. At length, however, it began to be whispered that he was engaged on a grand poetic composition, which only his intimate friends were permitted to see during its progress. The sublimity of the conception, the grandeur of the outlines, and the splendour of the colouring, were spoken of in terms of the highest praise. The subject, however, remained a secret until the exhibition of 1797, when it proved to be "Satan addressing the Fallen Angels."

"Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen."

Fuseli, whose success in subjects of this kind probably led him to think the picture an intrusion upon his own peculiar domain, complained that the figure of Satan was his own—that Lawrence had copied some one of his designs. The following account of the

matter, however, was given by Lawrence in a conversation with Cunningham, and seems a sufficient explanation. "Fuseli, sir, was the most satirical of human beings; he had also the greatest genius for art, of any man I ever knew. His mind was so essentially poetic, that he was incapable of succeeding in any ordinary subject. That figure of Satan, now before you, occasioned the only interruption which our friendship, of many years' standing, ever experienced. He was, you know, a great admirer of Milton, from whom he had made many sketches. When he first saw my Satan, he was nettled, and said, "You borrowed the idea from me." "I did take the idea from you," I said; "but it was from your person, not from your painting. When we were together at Staekpole Court, in Pembroke-shire, you may remember how you stood on your high rock which overlooks the bay of Bristol, and gazed down upon the sea which rolled so magnificently below. You were in raptures; and while you were crying,—'Grand! grand! Jesu Christ, how grand! how terrific! you put yourself in a wild posture; I thought of the devil looking into the abyss, and took a slight sketch of you at the moment; here it is. My Satan's posture now, was yours then.'"

rival. Owing to his gentleness of disposition, the rivalry continued for a time in good temper; but when the tide of public opinion turned in favour of Lawrence, his rival vented his envy in spiteful remarks. "The ladies of Lawrence," said he, "show a gaudy dissoluteness of taste, and sometimes trespass on moral as well as professional chastity." That there was some truth in the remark must be allowed; and it was observed by the poet Rogers, who said, "Phillips shall paint my wife, and Lawrence my mistress." These comments were repeated in fashionable coterie, and proved more injurious to Hoppner than to his rival. "All men laughed," says Cunningham, in his biography of the former, "and then began to wonder how Lawrence, limner to perhaps the purest court in Europe, came to bestow lascivious looks on the meek and sedate ladies of quality about St. James's and Windsor, while Hoppner, limner to the court of a gallant young prince, who loved mirth and wine, the sound of the lute, and the music of ladies' feet in the dance, should, to some of its gayest and giddiest ornaments, give the simplicity of manner and purity of style which pertained to the Quaker-like sobriety of the other. Nor is it the least curious part



ENTRANCE TO A FOREST.—FROM A PAINTING BY RUYSDAEL.

The sublime conceptions of Milton, however, required for their embodiment a degree of talent in the upper walks of art which Lawrence did not possess. His "Satan" wants the majesty and stern defiance, the mingled pride, bitterness, and melancholy of the fallen archangel. But Lawrence was satisfied with his picture, as he usually was; for perhaps no artist was ever better disposed to be on civil terms with himself. But he did not trust his fame for the season to "Satan." He exhibited a very fine portrait of Mrs. Siddons, which excited the admiration of all who saw it. About this time, in the midst of the vexations caused by the criticisms on his Miltonic picture, he lost his mother, whom he dearly loved, and shortly afterwards his father, who, with all his faults, was never unmindful of the blessing he enjoyed in such a son.

A rivalry had sprung up between Lawrence and Hoppner; the latter was portrait-painter to the Prince of Wales, a circumstance which led all the court beauties of the day to flock to his easel. Lawrence turned his attention to the alluring graces and gentle delicacies of his art, and at length began to gain ground upon his

of the story, that the ladies, from the moment of the sarcasm of Hoppner, instead of crowding to the easel of him who dealt in the loveliness of virtue, showed a growing preference for the rival who "trespassed on moral as well as professional chastity."

Lawrence's next exhibition picture was "Coriolanus at the hearth of Aufidius," in which John Kemble sat for the stern Roman soldier. This picture was more successful than the "Satan;" the fine figure and posture of Coriolanus, and the magnificence of the colouring, charmed the public, and nearly disarmed criticism. His "Chief of Kintail," for which Lord Seaforth sat, was less happy; the costume displayed some errors in the details, and the Highland bonnet seemed out of place on a powdered head. These deficiencies of taste and propriety show that Lawrence's true walk was portraiture, and the portraits of Mrs. Angerstein and other ladies, exhibited at the same time, were deservedly admired or that simplicity of style which is the most difficult to attain of all the charms of art.

"Coriolanus" was the first of a series of what Lawrence called

"half-history" pieces, and was followed by "Rolla," "Cato," and "Hamlet," John Kemble sitting for the whole series. Of these pictures "Cato" is the weakest, and "Hamlet" decidedly the best. "Rolla" is a splendid picture, almost faultlessly drawn, and finely coloured; but "Hamlet" is a work of the highest order—sad, thoughtful, melancholy—a perfect realisation of the finest of the great dramatist's conceptions. This picture, which most of our readers have probably seen in the National Gallery, the artist himself placed above all his works, except the "Satan;" but it far surpasses the latter in propriety of action, truthfulness of expression, and grandeur of colouring. The light touches the head and breast, and falls on

Among the ladies of distinguished beauty or of high rank, whom he painted at this period, were the Princess of Wales, the Princess Charlotte, the Marchioness of Exeter, Lady Conyngham, Lady Claude Hamilton, Lady Templeton, Mrs. Byng, Mrs. Thellnason, Mrs. Williams, and Miss Lamb. Of the male portraits of this time, the most remarkable was that of Curran, the story of which is thus told by Cunningham:—"Under mean and harsh features, a genius of the highest order lay concealed, like a sweet kernel in a rough husk; and so little of the true man did Lawrence perceive in his first sittings, that he almost laid down his palette in despair, in belief that he could make nothing but a common or vulgar work.



SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

the skull of Yorick, which the prince holds in his hand. It is a noble picture, and many have wished that Lawrence had painted more of the kind; but it is very doubtful whether he would uniformly, or even in a majority of instances, have been as successful as in this.

Portraits continued, however, to employ most of his time, and constituted the main source of his fortune, if not even of his popular fame. He excelled in female portraits, which is saying not a little for his ability in this branch of art, the softness and delicacy of woman's lineaments being more difficult to catch and transfer to canvas than the bolder expression of a masculine countenance.

The parting hour came, and with it the great Irishman burst out in all his strength: he discoursed on art, on poetry, on Ireland: his eyes flashed and his colour heightened, and his rough and swarthy visage seemed, in the sight of the astonished painter, to come fully within his own notions of manly beauty. 'I never saw you till now,' said the artist, in his softest tone of voice; 'you have sat to me in a mask; do give me a sitting of Curran the orator.' Curran complied, and a fine portrait, with genius on its brow, was the consequence." About the same time, Lawrence painted portraits of Sir James Mackintosh, Lord Erskine, Lord Thurlow, Mr. Wyndham, and Sir William Grant.

While in the height of his professional reputation, a charge was made against him which moved him deeply, and seriously affected his practice. For some time he had been a frequent guest at Montague House, Blackheath, the residence of the Princess of Wales, and as he continued his visits to that unfortunate lady after he had completed her portrait, scandal soon began to be busy with their names. Lawrence was a very handsome man, and possessed a considerable share of vanity; but that he was either a libertine or a male dolt has never been proved, though the charge of being the latter was more than once brought against him.

This foolish affair injured Lawrence considerably for the time; probably no one believed the calumny that had been spread about, but it left its reptile trail behind, and there was a falling off of lady visitors to the painter's studio. The only female portraits which he exhibited for four years after the "delicate investigation" of 1806, were those of Lady Elizabeth Foster, afterwards Duchess of Devonshire, in the character of a Sybil among the ruins of the temple at Tivoli; and Lady Hood, afterwards Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie, of Seaforth. But the number of his male sitters increased, and among them were Lord Anherst, Sir Joseph Banks, William Pitt, Lord Melville, Lord Ellenborough, Lord Castlereagh, George Canning, Earl Grey, and the Earl of Aberdeen. In all these he has displayed considerable talent, but the last-named is perhaps the best.

As he advanced in fame he had gradually raised his prices. In 1802 his charge for a quarter-size was thirty guineas, for a half-length sixty guineas, and for a whole-length one hundred and twenty guineas; in 1806 his prices were respectively fifty, one hundred, and two hundred guineas; in 1808 they rose to eighty, one hundred and sixty, and three hundred and twenty guineas; and in 1810, when the death of Hoppner removed all rivalry out of the way, to one hundred, two hundred, and four hundred guineas. The opulent love to possess what is rare and beyond the means of the less fortunate to purchase, and the increased number of his sitters justified his advances. Yet these high prices, and the crowd who resorted to his easel, failed to enrich him; imprudence, prodigality, and generosity combined to keep him poor all his life. One of his intimate friends, who possessed largely the faculty of observation, and had abundant opportunities for its exercise, said of him: "With wealth and honours flowing in upon him, he was, during the last years of his life, a depressed, a saddened, and a failing man. His talent brightened, indeed, and his honours increased to the last hour; but the wealth, great as it was, was too little to meet the claims he had allowed himself to be involved in, and inadequate to afford his benevolence all his heart desired; and—it is a pain to know—too scanty to extricate him, at times, from an immediate pressure for money. He had many friends, and no real enemies; but it was his misfortune to have no confidential friend, with ability and influence enough to do that for him which incessant occupation deprived him of all courage to attempt."

On the restoration of peace in 1814, Lawrence visited Paris, and explored the treasures of art in the Louvre; but he was soon recalled to London to paint the portraits of the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, Marshal Blücher, and the Hetman Platoff. These pictures were exhibited in the following year, together with portraits of Prince Metternich and the Duke of Wellington, the latter holding the sword of state, as he appeared on the day of thanksgiving for the return of peace. The portraits which he produced about this time are almost too many for enumeration; we can only mention the most remarkable:—The Duchesses of Gloucester, Leinster, and Sutherland; the Countesses of Charlemont, Grantham, Grey, and Auckland; Ladies Ellenborough and Wigram, Lady Emily Cowper, Lady Elizabeth Leveson Gower, Lady Selina Mordaunt, Lady Mary Ogleander, and Mrs. Arbutnot; the Prince Regent, the Duke of York, the Bishops of London and Durham; the Marquises of Londonderry, Wellesley, Anglessea, and Abercorn; the Earl of Londale, Lord Lynedoch, Sir Henry Englefield, Sir Henry Torrens, James Watt, and Canova, the sculptor.

The public honours which began to shower upon Lawrence, after he had painted the heroes of the war, increased until he had as many titles as the great champion of England himself. He received the honour of knighthood from the Prince Regent in 1815, and shortly afterwards was elected a member of the Academy of St. Luke, in Rome. Two years later, he was enrolled in the

American Academy of the Fine Arts, an honour which he repaid by sending the society a full-length portrait of Benjamin West. The Academy of Florence thought a picture by Lawrence a prize worth angling for, and instantly elected him a member of the first class; but Lawrence saw through the motive, and sent nothing. The Academies of Venice, Bologna, and Turin accorded him a like honour; he was elected a member of the Imperial Academy of Vienna; and got the diploma of the Royal Academy of Copenhagen, through the personal recommendation of the Danish monarch. Finally, he was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour by Louis XVIII. of France.

The European reputation which Lawrence had achieved by his portraits of the personages who had figured so prominently in the long war, caused his talents to be called into requisition when the rulers of the destinies of Europe assembled at Aix-la-Chapelle to parcel out territories according to their sovereign will and pleasure. The Prince Regent was desirous of decorating his gallery at Windsor Castle with portraits of these royal and illustrious personages, and Lawrence was commissioned to paint them. The portraits were to be painted at the usual price, and a thousand a-year was allowed him, in addition, for contingent expenses. Advances were made with magnificent liberality; and when the painter's commission was finished at Aix-la-Chapelle, he was to go to Rome, on the same terms, and paint the pope and two or three cardinals. The first-fruits of this splendid commission were portraits of Louis XVIII. and the Count of Artois, the Emperors of Russia and Austria, the Archduke Charles, the King of Prussia, the Duke of Cambridge, the Marquis of Londonderry, the Earls of Liverpool and Bathurst, Prince Metternich, Barons Hardenburg and Gentz, Count Nesselrode, Generals Chernicheff and Owaroff, and George Canning. The Emperor of Austria presented the painter with a superb diamond ring, and he received a similar present from the King of Prussia.

From Aix-la-Chapelle he went to Vienna, to paint the portrait of Marshal Schwarzenberg, and while there he painted those of the Duke of Reichstadt, Count Capo d'Istria, and some other celebrities. He worked very hard at this period, and was often exhausted by his unremitting labours and late hours. His portraits gave great satisfaction, and the artist himself was popular. From Vienna he proceeded to Rome, where he visited the Vatican Palace and the Sistine Chapel, and mused over the glories of Michael Angelo and Raffaele. His continental letters had hitherto been filled more with descriptions of *otto* and balls than with notices of the fine arts; but at Rome he was warmed into enthusiasm. In comparing the two great Italian masters, he awarded the palm of excellence to Michael Angelo. "Truth and elegance," said he, "cannot withstand the sublime. There is something so lofty and abstracted in those duties of intellect with which Angelo has peopled the Sistine Chapel, which converts the noblest personages of Raffaele's drama into an audience, silent and awestruck. Raffaele never produced aught equal to the "Adam and Eve" of Michael Angelo. Though the latter is the mother of mankind, there is nothing heavy or masculine—all is elegant as the lines of the finest flower."

Lawrence was introduced to Pius VII. at the Quirinal Palace, and produced a very fine portrait of that pontiff; but that of Cardinal Gonsalvi is considered to surpass all that he painted during his continental tour. While at Rome, he repainted the portrait of Canova, which he presented to the pope; it was a striking likeness of the great sculptor, as well as a magnificent piece of colouring, and thousands flocked to the artist's studio to see it. He was as favourably received in the papal capital as he had been in Vienna, and remained longer than he had intended; his continental tour extended over eighteen months, and wherever he went he inspired admiration of his talents and respect for his character.

During his absence from England, the Royal Academy had lost its president, Benjamin West; and Lawrence was proposed for his successor. George IV., who had succeeded to the throne in the interim, in confirming the election, presented Lawrence with a gold chain and medal, the latter bearing his portrait, and the inscription—"From his Majesty, George IV., to the President of the Royal Academy." His elevation gave general satisfaction; for his munificence and conciliatory manners were equal to his genius; and

he was ever ready to assist the poor artist, or the youthful aspirant, with his advice, his patronage, or his purse. His generosity, indeed, often compelled him to be importunate in money-matters himself, and having received one moiety of his price for a portrait with the commission, he was often obliged to ask for the other before the work was done.

"I may say with safety," wrote one who afterwards became famous as an artist, "that Sir Thomas Lawrence was one of the best friends I ever had. I found him at all times most ready and liberal in his advice and visits; and when the oppressive number of his engagements would not allow him to go out of the house, he would always see the humblest student at home. I had the pleasure of making him a great number of drawings in water-colours—always sketches done on the spot; and I know he frequently conferred this honour upon me, more to assist and encourage my exertions than from any wish to possess the drawings themselves; and for all I did for him in this way he paid me at the moment, and always handsomely; generally more than any one else who encouraged me. He never lost an opportunity of recommending my drawings and paintings among his distinguished friends; and I am even now feeling the effects of this generosity."

It was at this time, while he was at the full height of his professional and personal reputation, that Lord Byron thus notices him in his diary:—"Jan. 5, 1821.—The same evening I met Lawrence, the painter, and heard one of Lord Grey's daughters play on the harp so modestly and ingeniously, that she looked music. I would rather have had my talk with Lawrence, who talked delightfully, and heard the girl, than have had all the fame of Moore and me put together." Lawrence was engaged at this time in painting a series of portraits of eminent men for the gallery of the late Sir Robert Peel. Of this series the finest is unquestionably that of Lady Peel; for Lawrence always succeeded best with the fair sex; and Cunningham relates that, looking on this portrait, and then on those of Canning, Huskisson, etc., he could not help thus adapting the words of Burns:

"His 'prentice han' he tried on man,  
And then he made the ladies!"

Among the portraits of fair and noble women which he painted during the last ten years of his life, we find—the late Queen of Portugal, the Princess Sophia; the Duchesses of Gloucester and Richmond; the Marchionesses of Lansdowne, Londonderry, Stafford, and Salisbury; the Countesses of Durham, Melborough, Blessington, and Jersey; Ladies Valletort, Bereford, Melville, Lyndhurst, Dover, and Belfast; Mesdames Baring, Barrow, Harford, and Locke; and Misses Peel, Macdonald, and Murray. All are in his best style; but the most exquisitely beautiful are those of the Countess of Blessington and Mrs. Barrow. Notwithstanding the much greater success of the painter in female portraits, the number of his male sitters was very great, and among them were some of the most illustrious men of the three kingdoms, both in rank and genius. The list of those which he exhibited is alone very great, and comprises the eminent names of the warrior Wellington; the statesmen Aberdeen, Liverpool, Canning, Durham, Brougham, and Grey; the lawyers Stowell and Eldon; the surgeons Abernethy and Astley Cooper; the philosopher Davy; the novelist Scott; the architect Nash; the poets Moore and Campbell; and the painters Fuseli and himself. Of this list, those of Scott, Campbell, and Moore are considered the finest pictures; the last-named was executed for Murray, the publisher, and was his latest finished production. Brougham was a difficult subject, the expression of his countenance is so strange; but Lawrence succeeded in producing a portrait which has been admired for its fidelity. The portraits of Fuseli and himself were left unfinished; and the latter, though inferior to most of his works, was purchased after his death by the Earl of Chesterfield for 470 guineas. It is worthy of remark, that at the time of his death he had commissions for his own portrait from George IV., Sir Robert Peel, Lord Francis Leveson Gower, and the municipality of Bristol.

During this latter period of the artist's life, he supplied the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy with a number of fine portraits, including those of William IV.; the Dukes of York,

Bedford, and Devonshire; the Archbishops of York and Armagh; the Earls of Harewood, Clanwilliam, and Harwicke; Count Woronzow; Lords Bexley, Francis Conyngham, Robert Manners, and Francis Leveson Gower; Sir William Knighton, Sir William Curtis, Sir Ralph James Woodford; Mr. Angerstein, and Mr. Clarke, chamberlain of the city of London. Sir Thomas was now nearly sixty years of age, and in addition to the satisfaction with which he could look back on his long professional career, no man ever received a larger share of the world's favours and rewards. The King of France sent him a present of magnificent porcelain; the Irish Academy elected him an honorary member; and his native city conferred upon him its freedom. But so true is it that perfect happiness is unattainable in this world, that from this almost unexampled felicity there were many and sad drawbacks. His brothers, to whom he was much attached, were dead; so was Flaxman, the sculptor, whom he loved for the fine genius and gentle disposition that harmonised so well with his own; so also was Fuseli, in whose society Lawrence delighted, notwithstanding his roughness. Mrs. Wolfe, a Danish lady of great beauty and rare accomplishments, between whom and the painter a warm friendship existed for many years, had also departed this life; and so affected was he by her death that he did not paint for a month after he received the news. His pecuniary difficulties were increasing, and to sum up the sad catalogue of his infelicities, his health began visibly to decline. Such is the balance of human happiness and woe, even among mortals the most highly favoured.

Sir Thomas was sensible of his decline, and with it increased the religious feeling which he had always possessed in a certain degree, and which displayed itself even in his correspondence with Mrs. Wolfe. During the autumn of 1829 his health failed rapidly, and he declined many invitations; on the 2nd of January, 1830, however, he dined at the house of Sir Robert Peel, where he felt himself at home. "I sat opposite to him at the table," says Washington Irving. "He seemed uneasy and restless; his eyes were wandering; he was pale as marble; the stamp of death seemed on him. He told me he felt ill; but he wished to bear himself up in the presence of those whom he so much esteemed as his entertainers. He went away early." He had medical aid on reaching home, and recovered so far as to be able to paint for an hour on the 5th, and attend a committee at the Athenaeum club-house; but on the following day he experienced another attack, and had to be bled and leeches. On the morning of the 7th he seemed better, but his physicians did not consider him out of danger; and in the evening, when only his man-servant was with him, he slipped suddenly from his chair, stretched himself out on the floor, and died without a groan.

The funeral procession of this eminent painter was an imposing one. The pall was held by the Earl of Aberdeen, Earl Gower, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Dover, Sir George Murray, the Right Hon. J. W. Croker, Mr. Harle Davis, and Earl Clanwilliam; the carriages of the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs preceded the hearse; all the members of the Royal Academy accompanied it; and sixty-four carriages of the nobility and gentry—friends of the deceased artist and patrons of the arts—closed the mournful cortege. In this manner were his remains borne to St. Paul's cathedral, and there laid in the vaults, beside those of his predecessors in the Academic chair—Reynolds, Barry, and West.

As a portrait-painter, Lawrence possessed merits of the highest order. In the exquisite grace and loveliness of his female portraits—in the rare skill with which he represented the expression of human thought and feeling, and in the freedom and elegance of his attitudes—he has never been surpassed. A generation of the great men, and the courtly beauties of England, live to posterity on the canvas to which he has given all but life. There is vigour and often dignity in his male heads, but his women seem about to burst into glowing vitality; the eyes ray forth tenderness and love, and the mouths want only the Promethean touch. His pictures are to be found in every private gallery; there are forty in the royal collection, and fourteen in that of Sir Robert Peel. The National Gallery contains only four—John Kemble, as Hamlet, Benjamin West, Mr. Angerstein, and Mrs. Robertson of Brighton. The first three are in Lawrence's best style; the last is one of his earlier productions, and is very inferior.



## THE ÆNEAS GROUP, BY PIERRE LEPAUTRE.

THE group of Æneas and Anchises is placed at the entrance of the Grand Walk at the Tuileries, at the side of the chateau. It is a piece of sculpture which attracts universal attention, not only from its admirable execution, but for the subject which it represents. Æneas is armed, and clothed with the skin of a lion; he bears his father in his arms, and treads upon the ruins of a temple. Anchises

faithfully represented. But the principal merit of the group consists in the general effect of the whole. If the spectator stands on one side, the composition concentrates all his interest on the figures of Æneas and Anchises, and one feels the filial tenderness of the warrior as he embraces the feeble frame of the old man. On the other side, the effect is completely changed; the attention is concentrated on



ÆNEAS CARRYING HIS FATHER ANCHISES.—A MARBLE GROUP BY PIERRE LEPAUTRE.

wears the Phrygian bonnet, indicative of his Trojan origin, and carries in his left hand the sacred Palladium, or image of Minerva; his right arm is thrown over the shoulder of Æneas, and he holds the boy Ascanius by the hand. The feebleness of the old man—his relaxed frame—his venerable appearance—contrast strikingly with the strength and vigour of Æneas, and with the infantine and delicate beauty of the child. Childhood, maturity, decrepitude are

the form of the boy, as with a wild and terrified expression he looks about him; one hand is stretched out as in surprise, and the other is clasped by the old man, Anchises. It is impossible to convey an accurate idea of this piece of sculpture without representing the effect produced by both sides. We have, therefore, given the general appearance in the forms of the warrior and the old man, and presented a sketch of the boy separately.

## NICHOLAS BERGHEM.



In passing through a gallery of the Dutch masters, the landscapes of Berghem may be recognised at a glance. Among these pictures of villages, and of marine and canal scenery, under the cold, gray sky of the North, those of this master may be distinguished by the poetic character with which his genius has invested them—the truthfulness of his foliage, the brightness of his skies, and the lightness of his clouds, which seem to be really floating through the atmosphere. While Everdingen, Ruysdael, Isaac Ostade, Hobbema,

eboly was unknown to him, and he has imbued his landscapes with the joyousness and warmth of his own nature.

Few painters have had more masters than Berghem. He received his first lessons in the art from his father, an artist of mediocre ability, who chiefly painted fish, fruit, silver vases, and similar objects of still life. This was a poor school for an artist of such intelligence and genius; but he acquired under his father only the first rudiments of the art. The various masters under whom he afterwards studied perfected his knowledge of painting and developed his talent. From Van Goyen he learnt to paint marine scenery; Peter Grebber, a good painter of history and portraits, taught him how to group his figures and give expression to their countenances; under Nicholas Moyaert and John Wils he acquired proficiency in landscape painting; and the example of John Baptist Weenix, his uncle, inspired him with the taste for painting the ships and boats, the merchandise, and the Oriental figures that are shown in his views of seaports.

With regard to the right name of this artist, the opinions of authors who have treated of art are much divided. Descamps says that the family name was Van Haarlem, but the assertions of this writer are little to be depended upon. The Chevalier Karel de Moor gives the same name, however, and relates the circumstance from which he received the name of Berghem, by which he is commonly known. During the time he studied under Van Goyen, his father, irritated by some juvenile indiscretion, pursued him into the house of his master, with the purpose of chastising him; Van Goyen, perceiving his father's purpose, and being desirous of screening his favourite pupil, called out to his other scholars, "*Berg hem! berg hem!*" which signifies "Hide him! hide him!" This is, according to the Chevalier, the origin of the name by which he was afterwards known. Stanley, in his additions to Bryan, says that the family name was Claas or Klaas, and that his father was called Peter Claas Van Haarlem, probably to distinguish him from another painter of the same name.

Born at Haarlem, in 1624, Berghem had for contemporaries the most eminent landscape-painters of Holland—Ruysdael, Both, Everdingen, Wouvermans, and Weenix. He lived on terms of



and Van Goyen, are sparing of their light, and paint their dark pines and oaks against a sombre and gloom-inspiring sky, such as characterises the cold regions of the North, Berghem has striven to make his gray tints more warm and his bright ones more vivid. A sombre sky did not accord with the gaiety of his disposition; the scenes of wildness and gloom, which had such an attraction for the melancholy nature of his friend and associate, Ruysdael, had no charm for one of so cheerful a temperament as Berghem. Melan-

intimate friendship with all of them, and married the daughter of Weennix, but without adding thereby to his happiness. His wife was imperious in her manners, avaricious and niggardly in her disposition; and the artist's character was so different, that harmony was impossible between them. Berghem passed his time before his easel, or in the society of his friends. Pastoral subjects were those which he most frequently painted, because they harmonised with the tendency of his genius to the ideal and the poetic. Some of his pictures represent shepherdesses with their flocks reposing among ruins, or wading through shallow streams, or dancing to the music of the flute; in others he painted travellers in some wild country, struggling with dangers, or alighting at houses of entertainment; occasionally, *i.e.*, his figures are taken from the higher kind of poetry, or from scenes in the Old Testament. As a rule, his paintings are composed of forms derived from southern nature, and are rarely based upon the scenery of his own country; in all of them, however, these forms are treated in that ideal and brilliant style which we have described; the eye rejoices in the harmony of his lights, and in the richness and power of his pencil; yet his compositions seldom possess the freedom and simplicity which might be desired in such scenes: we are frequently sensible that the artist has designedly contrasted the pastoral feeling of his scenery with the prosaic circumstances of ordinary life.

Less natural than Paul Potter, he is more spiritual, more varied, and more rich. He has imbued common objects with the poetry which he felt in his soul, and yet painted them with a truthfulness to nature which has seldom been surpassed. His animals—oxen, asses, sheep, goats, dogs—are painted with remarkable fidelity. He had a clearness and strength of judgment which, combined with his appreciation of the poetic in nature, led to a judicious selection of subjects; and he possessed remarkable power and ease in expressing the ideas which he wished to transfer to the canvas. His manner of painting was easy and rapid, and he gave to all his works as much of beauty and gracefulness as the subject would admit. Elegance of composition, correctness of design and perspective, just gradation of distances, brilliancy and harmony of colour, nice distribution of the lights, are the characteristics by which the works of this master may be recognised. Though he painted with such ease and rapidity, every part of his pictures is so well done that it is difficult to say in which of the details he chiefly excelled. The truth and beauty of his foliage, each tree having that which is proper to it, and of the clouds that seem to move slowly across his bright skies, have never been excelled.

If the word picturesque had not previously existed, it would have been necessary to have invented it to characterise the genius of Berghem. There is not a picture of this master, heroic or familiar, which does not charm the eye by an agreeable disproportion, more pleasing in a landscape than perfect symmetry. Berghem avoided with care, perhaps only with the instinct of his genius, the parallel figures, the continuation of the same lines, the equal contours, which are seen in the works of some of the older painters. For example, if a drove of oxen are crossing a river, as in the charming little "Ford" in the gallery of the Louvre, their uniformity is broken by a herdsman astride on one of them, and by the capricious course which two or three have taken towards the other bank. The smaller compositions of Berghem, those which his brush or his etching-point dashed off in a moment of happy inspiration, bear the impression of an exquisite sense of the picturesque. When he would express the heat of the summer sun, the cattle are stretched upon the grass, but the monotony of the horizontal lines presented by their crouched forms is interrupted by an ass, standing up and erecting his ears. In colouring, too, he always kept in view the effect to be produced; thus, in a drove or group of cattle, he opposed the black-and-white sides of one to the fawn-coloured coat of a neighbouring animal, or to the lighter-coloured wool of a sheep. It was not without reason that Berghem manifested so marked a predilection for the oak in his landscapes. "The bark of the oak," says M. Lecarpentier, on the subject of this painter, in his "*Essai sur le Paysage*," is rough to the sight; it is dark gray, wine-coloured, or brown, according to the nature of the soil in which it is planted. Its surface is furrowed in the form of interlaced cords, which gives it a rough and hard character. Very often a hoary appearance relieves the sad colour of the bark, and is sometimes extended over

the outstretched branches, which, little resembling those of other trees, are nearly always fancifully twisted and distorted."

In the management of light and shade, the delicate gradation of aerial perspective, and the treatment of water, Berghem was eminently happy. His masses of rocks and trees are skillfully arranged with a view to scenic effect, in the production of which he never fails. The grouping of his cattle, the contrast of their colours, the manner in which the lights are made to fall on them, have all the same object. His water has life, transparency which is so hard to attain in painting, and the manner in which the waving trees and the passing clouds are reflected on its surface has a degree of reality which nearly approaches that of nature.

That this eminent landscape-painter visited Italy in his youth, there can be little doubt, though Descamps claims for him the merit of never having been out of Holland. It is scarcely conceivable that Berghem, if he had seen only the level meadows, low sand-hills, flat marshes, and sluggish canals of his native country, could have painted his pastoral and heroic scenes, aided only by his imagination and engravings of the scenery of more southern lands. Where could he have found in Holland the noble architecture, the imposing ruins, the blue mountains, that he has represented in his pictures? Instead of the sand-hills of the environs of Haarlem, which give such a dreary aspect to the landscapes of Wyanants, Berghem borders his seas with green terraces; and his clear skies and pellucid waters have more of Italy in them than of the more northern clime of his birth. It is scarcely credible that his "Ancient Harbour of Genoa," his "View of the Coast of Nice," and his "Gulf of Tarento," were painted from engravings, or from the descriptions of travellers. These bright skies and sun-dyed clouds must have been seen before the artist could have represented them with such marvellous truthfulness. Under the title of "The Labours of the Sheepfold," who would expect more than humble cottages and a wild country? Berghem gives us a picture of a lofty promontory, on the summit of which are the pillars of a circular temple, dedicated to Venus, surmounted by mutilated statues; under the ruined peristyle some figures promenade, while the wild rustics pursue their pastoral labours in the foreground. The colouring is warm, and a bright light is diffused over the picture. It has all the characteristics of Berghem's style, its poetry, its brilliancy, and its warmth.

In the grand style, Berghem did not attain pre-eminence in his figures. One day, he wished to paint the "Rape of Europa." But the lady had more the air of a Dutch farmer's wife, than of a nymph whom Jupiter had thought worthy of his love. The buskin in vain replaced the shoe; the drapery, raised by the wind, showed the familiar bodice of a Zealand village girl. This is only another instance of the difficulty of achieving distinction in two separate branches of the art. It has happened that historical painters of the highest eminence have produced landscapes of the first order of excellence, as Annibale Carracci, Domenichino, Rubens, and Nicholas Poussin did; but to arrive at eminence in historical painting, a considerable degree of ability in both landscape and portrait painting is necessary, and thus the fact is accounted for. But for an artist possessing an admirable genius for landscape painting to obtain equal renown as a painter of history is a very different matter, and Berghem was no exception to the general rule.

There is at the bottom of the human soul a sentiment, which certain aspects of nature have the power of evoking from the depths in which it dwells; it is melancholy. Under the sun of Italy, for example, this sentiment is never developed, and we find no trace of it in the great masters of that country. The landscapes of Salvatore Rosa are frightfully rude and savage, conveying the idea of wildness and desolation; but they are never melancholy. Those of Claude Lorraine have the sunniness which belongs to the land of the artist, and, however various in their subjects and the aerial gradations of their tints, have, as Mrs. Jameson has remarked, "something almost cloying in its perpetual and delicious beauty, 'breathing on earth the air of Paradise.'" Melancholy is the fruit of the North—of lead-coloured skies, and fogs and mists which the sun does not penetrate. Though no painter of the northern schools has expressed this feeling so largely as Ruysdael, the works of most of them bear traces of the influences of those sombre skies. The exceptions are those who travelled and resided some time in

Italy; as Berghem, Karel Du Jardin, and John Both. The soul of Berghem was never agitated by those profound reveries into which we are plunged by gazing on the dark groves of Hobbema, the rushing floods of Ruysdael, or the wild torrents and sombre pines of Everdingen. Even the season of darkness and sleep is invested in his pictures with an air of gaiety and cheerfulness. Under light fleecy clouds, which half hide the moon, whose beams silver and enliven their edges, travellers journey through a woody country, or cattle ruminate and rest. Or it is a coast scene which is thus partially illumined, and two peasants have kindled a fire of brushwood to catch crabs or lobsters by its light. Sometimes the moon shines feebly; and while the summits of the distant mountains reflect its pale light, the red glare of a fire in the foreground or the middle distance is thrown upon the waters of a river or marsh. This contrast of two lights, so difficult to treat with success, is seen in several of the works of this master. The silvery radiance of the moon is diffused over the distant scenery, while the red light of the fire is confined to some of the details of the foreground. In one of the pictures in which Berghem has exhibited these double effects of light, a lady and gentleman advance on horseback from a mass of trees, touched by the moonbeams, while the light of a torch is thrown upon an ass loaded with paniers, and a dog playing with his shadow. Here we have the deep tranquillity of Elsheimer, united with the agreeable lightness of Van Laër.

Berghem has displayed his peculiar turn of mind in the vigorously painted picture, so full of beautiful effects, which one of the brothers Wischer has engraved under the name of "Night." Other painters, in representing the season of repose, have displayed the sleep of nature. Their moonlit lakes and rivers, half-shaded by trees—their humble cottages by the side of selvy streams, just touched by the beams of the orb of night—convey the idea of solitude and profound stillness. Of this character are some of the landscapes of Van der Neer, which represent a lonely canal, whose tranquil surface reflects the light of the moon; or a city in repose, steeped in the quiet moonlight. Berghem, on the contrary, has given animation to his picture of night, and diffused over it an air of gaiety; a belated herdsman plays cheerfully on his pipe of reeds, and awakens the echoes of the rocks, and cattle and horses give the scene the life and animation which is wanting in the still moonlight of Van der Neer.

The pictures which Berghem produced in the early part of his life have some resemblance to those of his master Weenix, but are touched with more delicacy. Most of these represent seaports and embarkations. His later manner—that which may more properly be called his own—was different and more interesting; it is to this period that those delightful landscapes belong, which present us with classical ruins and charming groups of figures and cattle. The landscapes which he painted in this manner are superior to those of any other painter of the Dutch school, except, perhaps, those of his contemporary, John Both, between whom and Berghem there appears to have been a certain degree of rivalry, which did not interrupt the friendship in which they lived.

Concerning this rivalry, it is related that M. Vanderhulk, the burgomaster of Dort, who was a munificent patron of the arts, engaged Berghem and Both to paint each a picture, for which he gave them a liberal remuneration, and stipulated at the same time to award a handsome premium to the artist whose picture should seem to him the most worthy of it. Animated by a spirit of friendly emulation, both the great painters exerted themselves to the utmost. Berghem produced a picture of great beauty, representing a grand mountainous landscape, with a great many figures, oxen, sheep, and goats, drawn in his best manner and beautifully coloured. His rival painted a charming Italian scene, glowing under the clear, warm sky of that sunny land, and pointed with that brightness for which he was so distinguished. Berghem had produced a masterpiece, and the effort of Both was no less successful. When the two artists submitted their works to their patron, he pronounced his judgment upon them in terms as honourable to himself as they were creditable to the talents of the artists. After an attentive examination of both pictures, and praising them in terms of the warmest admiration, he assured the two painters that the display of talent on both sides was no equal as to deprive him of the possibility of preference, without being unduly partial; and that, as they had both exhibited a degree of eminence which he regarded as

the perfection of the art, they were both entitled to the premium, the reward of genius.

In the retirement of the château of Bentheim, this eminent painter lived peacefully and happily, for the natural gaiety of his disposition and a philosophic equanimity of temper enabled him to triumph over the ills of life, from which the happiest are not entirely exempt. From the windows of his studio he had an extensive view of the green meadows in the midst of which the château was situated, which afforded him, without quitting his studio, abundant opportunities of sketching the groups of cattle which he has introduced into so many of his charming landscapes, as they lay down on the level greenward, stood in the shade of the spreading oaks, or drank at the stream that sparkled in the sunlight.

His pictures were in such demand that he was usually paid for them before he commenced painting; and though he was so industrious that very often, in the summer season, he was before his easel from four o'clock in the morning until sunset, his pictures are seldom to be met with, and always command high prices. His wife, whose avarice we have noticed, knowing his passion for old prints, would not allow him to retain the money he received for his pictures, and aware of the facility with which he painted, whether the subject were a woodland scene, a marine view, the passage of a ford, a seaport, or a skirmish of cavalry, she allowed him not an instant of undisturbed relaxation. Seated in a chamber adjoining his studio, she was in the habit of striking against the wall to urge this most industrious and prolific of artists to renewed exertions. Tranquil and resigned, Berghem laboured on, singing cheerfully at his easel the long day through; and often when his wife thought he was sleeping, he was doubtless occupied in observing the changing forms of the clouds, as they floated over the verdant meadows outspread before him, and the varied effects of light and shade which they produced in the landscape, as they intercepted in their course the beams of the sun.

Berghem purchased a great number of the finest prints and designs of the Italian masters, as a means of improving his taste; and after his death the rich collection which he had formed was sold by his wife, and realised a considerable sum. Among the prints in this sale was a proof of the "Massacre of the Innocents," engraved by Mark Antoine, after the picture by Raffaele, and for which Berghem had given sixty florins.

Although the manner of Berghem is easily recognised, he could imitate that of other artists so well as to deceive even connoisseurs, and sometimes made a free excursion in the manner of Philip Wouvermans. For example, the "Surprise of a Convoy by the Cavaliers," which is now in the museum at the Hague, and which was sold for £555 16s. 8d., can only be recognised as the work of Berghem by the lightness of the touch and the manner in which the light is thrown in broken masses over the scene of combat.

Berghem had a great many pupils, of whom the most distinguished were Peter de Hooghe, John Glauber, Abraham Began, Dirk Maas, who engraved some of his pictures; Soelenmaker, and Carree, who have imitated him; Theodore Visscher, John Sibrecht, Van der Meer, and probably also the great painter, Karel Du Jardin. In the midst of his pupils, and singing cheerfully as he worked, the great landscape painter lived till 1683, having attained the age of fifty-nine. The ingenious Hagedorn has called him the Theophrastus of the Netherlands; and without doubt, if we may associate painting with poetry, no other artist of the Dutch school has imitated so successfully the Lytle of the Greek poet.

He was not only an admirable painter, but possessed considerable skill and ability as an engraver. The many exquisite etchings he has left are executed in a much more finished manner than is usually presented by the point of a painter; and, with his numerous drawings, have amply contributed to the portfolios of curious collectors. There is a descriptive catalogue of his etchings, by Henry de Winter, published at Amsterdam in 1762. The following is a list of the most celebrated:—

Six plates of cows, with the title, called "The Milkmaid; C. Berghem fecit, et excus." 1634 to 1644.

Six of sheep; in the title print, a woman sitting on a stone.

Six of goats; in the title print, a man sitting with a dog.

Eight of sheep; in the title print, a woman standing near a rock.

Eight of sheep and goats; in the title print, a man.

Five larger plates upright, one dated 1652; all marked "Berghem fec."

Four smaller plates of different animals, lengthways; marked "N. B."

Six heads of sheep, goats, etc., small; scarce.

"A Cow Drinking: Berghem fec., 1650."

"A Cow: C. P. Berghem inv. et fec.," fine and rare.

"A Landscape," with two cows lying, and one standing: "Berghem fec."

"A Landscape," with cows, and a man riding on an ass: "N. Berghem fec."

"A Landscape," with a woman bathing her feet in a brook, and a man behind leaning on a stick; with animals and figures, and a ruin in the distance.

"A Boy riding on an Ass, speaking to another Boy, who is playing on the Bagpipes;" called "The Bagpiper;" fine.

"A Landscape," with a man playing on the flute, and a woman sitting; without a mark; scarce.

"A Landscape," with a man standing, and a woman seated, suckling a child; without a mark; very scarce.

There is a picture by this master in the Royal Council-Chamber at Windsor Castle, representing a landscape, with figures and cattle. In the foreground, near the centre of the picture, two men, one of whom is mounted on an ass, are driving four cows and six sheep over a road. Blue mountains are seen in the distance, and light fleecy vapours rest in their hollows, conveying the effect of early morning.

There is another in the Royal Gallery at Hampton Court; the subject—"A Woman Milking a Goat."

The Dulwich Gallery contains five Berghems:—1. "A Farrier Shoeing an Ass." A woman mounted on a mule, and a ruined building in the background: a very brilliant picture. 2. "A Wood Scene;" very rich and beautiful. 3. "A Landscape," with figures. A woman milking a red cow, and another washing linen in a stream; a small picture, which has become very dark and dingy. 4. "A Landscape." A woman crossing a brook, with a child at her back; a woman on an ass, with a man near her; and a group of cattle. 5. "A Landscape." A woman washing linen at a stone fountain; in the foreground are two other women, one of whom is milking a goat; two cows, three



CONVERSATION ON A JOURNEY.—FROM A PAINTING BY BERGHEM.

The designs left by Berghem are done in Indian ink or in bistre, and display remarkable vigour and a fine taste. He painted both on canvas and wood, and sometimes, though rarely, on copper; his works are oftener of small than of large dimensions.

The pictures of Berghem are to be found in all the principal galleries of Europe; but no collection has a great number of them—a circumstance which shows the high estimation in which they are held. The gallery of the Hermitage, an imperial palace at St. Petersburg, contains the greatest number—eighteen, which are all hung in one room, called by the painter's name. Among them are "The Rape of Europa," some fine Italian landscapes, and the picture which, according to Descamps, is the *chef-d'œuvre* of Berghem—"A Halt of Chasseurs."

Some of the finest pictures of this master are contained in the Imperial Gallery at Vienna; and the Royal Galleries of Berlin, Munich, and Dresden, also possess a number of his beautiful pastoral subjects and views of the scenery of Italy.

The Gallery of the Louvre contains twelve, among which are "The Ferry," which has been valued at £960; "The Ford;" and "The Return to the Farm;" all veritable *chefs-d'œuvre*.

sheep, two goats, a kid, and a dog, complete the composition; a brilliant and beautiful little picture. The last two have been engraved by Dequevaillier.

Six pictures by this master, which, we believe, have since been removed to Buckingham Palace, are thus described by Dr. Waagen, as forming part of the collection of George IV.:—1. A group of peasants with cattle, among whom a woman on a gray horse is the most conspicuous, cross the foreground of an extensive landscape, traversed by a river. The impression of evening distance is admirably expressed in this bright, clear picture, which is subdued in the colours, and lightly, yet carefully executed. 2. A hilly landscape, enlivened in the foreground by animals and figures; three women with rushes, and two cows, particularly attract notice. A carefully-finished, pretty picture, in a warm evening light. 3. A very mountainous landscape, with a stream. In the foreground, three shepherds, one of whom is on horseback, with their flock. A carefully-executed picture, of brilliant colouring and clear gradations of the mountains. 4. A bare country, with an extensive prospect. In the foreground, a herd of four cows, an ass, and a sheep, with a herdsman on horseback and two on

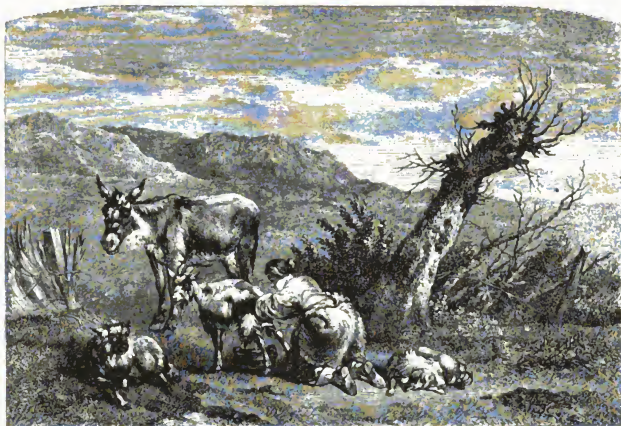


foot; groups of cattle also in the middle distance. A picture of his later period; the animals admirably coloured. 5. In a very mountainous landscape, a shepherdess, accompanied by a goat and a dog, wades through a piece of water, in which two cows are standing. A picture of striking effect; more true to nature than usual, and great elegance of execution. 6. A landscape of beautiful leading lines; the distance closed by blue mountains. In the foreground, a peasant woman on horseback, a driver, and some cows. An elegant little picture, charmingly fresh, clear, and cool.

The Duke of Devonshire possesses four Berghems, two of which are at Devonshire House:—1. "A Landscape." A river flows at the foot of mountains; the setting sun produces very defined lights and shades. Among the numerous figures which adorn the picture the most striking are two gentlemen on horseback, and a girl on an ass. The design is remarkably rich and poetical, and the *impasto* admirable; the shadows have become dark. 2. "A Seaport." In the foreground, a gentleman and a lady on horseback, with falcons on their hands; in elegance of form approaching Wouvermans. It is admirably touched, and of brilliant effect. A duplicate of this

three cows. Singularly clear and brilliant, in a glowing evening light. 3. By the side of a cool piece of water, which runs along wooded rocks, are a satyr and two nymphs; near them two cows, and goats, which are more true to nature than is often the case. Very delicate in the execution—the distance in particular softly mellowed off. 4. In a landscape with rich, verdant rocks, herdsmen with their cattle, among whom a woman riding on an ass is the principal figure, are returning home along a road. The picture is admirably impasted in a warm evening light, the effect of which, however, is rather injured by the too dark mass in the foreground. 5. A river runs along a range of lofty, rocky mountains. Among the numerous figures, we have again his favourite, a woman riding on an ass. In this picture, the cold, blue, and heavy tone, which is no favourite, and the motley effect, predominate."

The collection of the Marquis of Westminster contains only a single specimen of this master—a rich, rocky landscape, with a meadow in the foreground, in which two women and a man are dancing to the tambourine. Though the execution is very careful for the size (for this is one of Berghem's largest compositions), it is,



RURAL EMPLOYMENT.—FROM A PAINTING BY BERGHEM.

picture is in the collection of M. Steengracht, at the Hague. The other two are at the duke's villa at Chiswick:—1. "A Ferry." Cattle about to pass a river, which winds through a landscape, where a ruin is seen. This is thought to be one of the artist's finest productions, but, unfortunately, it is much damaged. 2. "A Landscape." Cattle by the water-side—the time evening; painted with great care in a blueish tone.

The Bridgewater Gallery contains five Berghems, which are thus described by Dr. Waagen:—1. A long bridge is thrown over a piece of water which traverses a flat country, with an extensive distance. A hawking party, and country people, animate the landscape, illumined with the warm glow of evening, and all nature sunk into a calm. The clearness and force of this effect, the delicacy of the touch, admirably impasted, the refined taste in the disposition, the correct drawing, show the master in the highest perfection of the qualities for which he is so greatly esteemed. This gem formerly adorned the Slingelandt and Colonna collections. 2. In a bare landscape, in which rises a mass of rocks, there is in front a woman upon an ass, with its foal, and a herdsman with

both in tone and feeling, one of his coldest pictures. It was formerly in the collection of W. A. Ellis, Esq.

Mr. Hope also possesses a single Berghem—a waterfall between high rocks, on which stands the temple of the Sibyl. Among the figures in the foreground, a woman, a cow, and some sheep, are the most striking. The execution is particularly careful and elegant, but it is rather complicated in the composition, and cold and heavy in the tone.

Lord Ashburton's collection, at his mansion in Piccadilly, contains three Berghems:—1. At the foot of the ruins of a stately edifice, a herdsman with cows, by the side of a piece of water, in which a woman is engaged in washing. The warm evening sun gilds all with its rays. In the glow and depths of the colouring, and in elegance of treatment, this is one of the artist's finest productions, and excites in the beholder the poetical feeling of a warm evening. Purchased from the Dijouval collection for £367 10s. 2. "The Lobster Catchers." Four men are engaged in the lobster fishery on a sea-coast, surrounded by lofty rocks; the beams of the rising sun give a warm tinge to the vapours rising from the waters against the

rocks; the foreground breathes the freshness of early morning. The delicacy of the execution, and the magical effects of light in this picture, are indescribable. Purchased at the Talleyrand sale for £262 10s. 3. In the foreground of a bare country, the remote distance of which is closed by blue mountains, a man is carrying a bundle of wood; at his side is a woman on horseback, driving some cows. The time of day is a cool afternoon. Few pictures excite, like this, the yearning after distance, and are at the same time so attractive by the energy of the colouring, and the spirit and precision of the touch. It is in pictures such as this, that we see what Berghem was capable of doing. It was purchased at the Talleyrand sale for £600.

The Marquis of Bute's collection, at Luton House, contains three pictures by this master:—1. A very rich landscape, with steep rocks and lofty trees, beneath which a woman is riding on a mule. Though the sun is already low, and forms large masses of shade, the general tone of the picture is cool. It is a large picture, but superior to most of the artist's productions of similar dimensions in clearness and careful execution of all the parts. 2. In a mountainous landscape, animated with numerous figures of men and cattle, a stream rushes between broken rocks. A warm, harmonious, evening tone is diffused over every object. This rich picture is very carefully finished in all its parts. 3. A winter landscape. Many figures and two horses are on a frozen river, over which there is a rustic bridge. The cold wintry tone is as admirably carried through as in Berghem's "Winter Landscape," in the Royal Gallery at Berlin.

The pictures of Berghem have been engraved by Lebas, Allamet, the brothers Wischer, Danckers, Laurent, Martens, etc. The prices which they have obtained, in every instance when they have been submitted to public competition, affords a good criterion of the estimation in which they are held. It will be seen that their value is increasing in proportion as they are less frequently brought to auction.

At the sale of the collection of M. de Lorangère, directed by Gersaint, in 1744, a very fine landscape, on panel, by Berghem, was sold for £24; while another produced only £6. At that of the Chevalier la Roche, in 1745, a very beautiful landscape, with figures and animals, in the best style of Berghem, was sold for £7; another for £10 10s.; and a third for £12. It was not only the pictures of Berghem which were sold at such low prices at that period: the works of other masters of the Dutch school obtained only proportionate amounts. But as the taste of amateurs underwent a change, Berghem's pictures commanded prices commensurate with their merits. The charm of their composition, the brightness of the colouring, and their usually small dimensions, now cause them to be much sought after by wealthy amateurs.

At the sale of M. de la Live de Jolly, in 1770, a picture of this master, representing a woman riding on a horse, a man on a mule,

and another woman with a child, was sold for £412 10s. Another, engraved by Allamet under the title of "The Travellers," obtained £85.

At the sale of the Lempereur collection in 1773, a Berghem, representing a man playing on a guitar, to which two women are listening, was sold for £255. At that of the Marquis de Brunoy, in 1776, a landscape by Berghem, engraved by Lebas under the title of a "View in the Environs of Sienna," was sold for £100.

When the rich collection of M. Blondel de Gagny was brought to the hammer in 1776, "The Château de Beuthem," which Gersaint regarded as one of Berghem's finest productions, realised £575. At the sale of the Prince of Conti's collection, in 1777, two views of seaports, enriched with figures, ships, and animals, which have been engraved by Lebas, were sold for £150 each. Another landscape, of the richest composition, formerly in the cabinet of the Duke of Choiseul, sold for £73 10s. A fourth, "The Bird-catcher," engraved by one of the brothers Wischer, was sold for £75.

At the Talleyrand sale, in 1817, a picture by Berghem, representing a peasant accompanied by his dog, bending under the weight of a large faggot, followed by a villager on horseback driving two cows, was pushed up to £600. At that of M. Laperrière, in 1823, "A View of a Village in Holland," a beautiful landscape, formerly in the cabinet of M. de Tolozan, obtained the still higher price of £800. "The Passage of the Mountains" reached £570, and "Morning," a landscape, enriched with figures, £665.

When the Duke of Choiseul's rich collection was sold, in 1823, a marine view by Berghem was purchased by Mr. Beckford, of "Vathek" and Fonthill celebrity, for £813 15s. This picture, which has been engraved by Lebas, is thus described by Dr. Waagen:—"Several persons are engaged on a sea-coast in embarking fish, while others are variously employed. A bay is animated with vessels of different sizes. In the background a chain of mountains. In richness, precise and spirited touch, and carrying through of the warm tone of a summer evening, this is one of the finest works of Berghem."

"The Ancient Harbour of Genoa," which we have reproduced in one of our illustrations, was formerly in the same collection, and was sold for £680. It was purchased for the Duke of Berri, and resold, in 1837, at the reduced price of £660.

At the sale of the Chevalier Riard's collection in 1892, "A Stag Hunt" was sold for £750; and "A Seaport" for £330 10s. At that of Cardinal Fesch, at Rome, in 1844, "The Passage of the Mountains," a landscape of beautiful execution, was sold for £459. A pastoral landscape, a very admirable specimen of this master, produced £328; a winter scene, somewhat feeble in effect, £325; and a "View in the Mountains," in Berghem's best manner, £312.

Berghem always signed his pictures, and nearly always his plates, sometimes *Berghem* and sometimes *Berchem*. His various signatures and monograms are faithfully represented below.

*A Berghem f 1680. NB = B*  
*Berchem f Berchem f*  
*Berchem f*

#### EXHIBITION OF THE FINE ARTS AT BRUSSELS.

We cannot take leave of the Belgian artists without noticing a very fine historical picture by M. Lies, called "The Court of Margaret of Austria," a composition full of talent, spirit, and brilliant local colouring. It is a good specimen of what Sir Joshua Reynolds calls the composite style, in which a certain elegance and grace are blended with grandeur, rather than of the grand style proper, the aim of which is to act on the mind, through the eye, by simplicity and completeness—by the uniformity of the leading lines and soberness of colouring, rather than by ornament and brilliancy.

"The Widow," painted by M. Willems, appeared last year in the Paris exhibition. It is a small composition, revealing the poetry of art, and finely executed. It is destined, we understand, to adorn a gallery which is already one of the finest in Brussels, that of M. Van Praet, who holds an important appointment in the royal household.

M. Maclou contributes one of the most amusing pictures in the exhibition; it is called "The Trouble-Pêtes." Two young men, very poor, if we may judge from their appearance, have arrived at a village during the celebration of a *fête*, and have the temerity to

solicit, as their partner in the dance, the prettiest of the assembled villagers. The young girl looks more pleased than angry; but her friends exclaim against the audacity of the strangers, and refer the matter to the authorities. The burgomaster, by his air of ludicrous pomposity, seems determined to avenge the outraged morality of the village. The appearance of the strangers, despite their poverty, seems to have created a sensation among the fair peasants; but the stir does not distract the attention of a group of piquet players on the left from their game, and an old man, seated on a cask, smokes his pipe and looks on with the characteristic imperturbability of a Flemish burgher. The figures are numerous, and each one seems a character. The hand of a master is discernible in the most minute details; the touch, moreover, is delicate, and the colouring bright and harmonious.

M. F. de Braeckeleer also holds a conspicuous place among the Belgian painters of this class of subjects, and his "Children at Play" is a production of great merit. It is one of those pictures which speak to the heart through the eyes, and is worthy of a place beside the "Fête" of M. Madou. The "Blind Man" of M. Dyckmans figured in the exhibition at Antwerp in 1852, and is not above mediocrity. M. Alfred Stevens contributes two good paintings to the exhibition, "The Sister" and "The Music Lesson," both coloured with remarkable richness. But in subjects of this kind no Belgian painter of the present day has succeeded better than M. Adolphe Dillens, who treats rural life in particular with great felicity and spirit. In the present exhibition he has four pictures, of which the two best are "The Toll," in which a young peasant is about to kiss the blooming cheek of a buxom Dutch girl whom he has overtaken upon a narrow wooden bridge; and "The Dike of Westcrappel," one of those landscapes peculiar to the level scenery of Holland, with the whole of a plump and joyous-looking family out for a ride in a heavy Zealand cart, drawn by horses as robust and well-fed as the holiday folks themselves. Both pictures are drawn with an easy and graceful touch, and coloured with harmony and brilliancy. M. Géhulson has some interiors of churches, painted with his usual felicity in treating such subjects; but the gem of the exhibition, as regards architectural pictures, is "The House of Charity at Malines," by M. Stroobant. The perspective and *chiaroscuro* of this picture merit the highest praise.

While the modern artists of Belgium have, until recently, followed the romantic school of France, founded by the celebrated David, those of Holland, on the contrary, have chosen the path trodden so worthily by their ancestors of the seventeenth century, and followed it out with considerable success. They number among them artists distinguished by the fidelity to nature which characterised the old Dutch painters, and who have obtained a high reputation, particularly in the branches of landscape and genre painting.

The Dutch artists are less numerously represented in the Brussels Exhibition than those of France and Germany, but among their productions are some of remarkable beauty. M. Van Hove exhibits two pictures, replete with the poetry which distinguishes the works of this artist, and which constitutes their chief merit. There are many pictures of still life; but, however great the amount of talent displayed in such productions, they must always be regarded as occupying the lowest grade among the emanations of the painter's genius. Groups of flowers and fruit, such as Huisman painted, charm us by their fidelity to nature, of which they are the most beautiful forms, and by the brilliancy and richness of the colours; but a cauliflower and a bunch of carrots, or a cut ham and a loaf of bread, however truthfully they may be represented, excite none

of the finer feelings which it is the mission of the painter, equally with the poet, to evoke. Pictures of this class are as much below the drunken hours and card-players of Brauer and Ostade as the latter are inferior to the grand compositions of Raffaele and Michael Angelo.

The French school has undergone no change since the first revolution. The pupils and followers of David have successfully entered the regions of history, of poetry, and of dramatic romance; they have imbibed his enthusiasm for the epic style of composition, and have produced, and are still producing, as the present exhibition bears witness, works of dignity and sentiment. Foremost among the productions of French artists, we must notice "The Marriage of Henry IV." by M. Isale, a picture spirited in execution, and finely coloured; and two pictures of more than ordinary merit by M. Compté—"Henry III. in his Menagerie," and "The Arrest of the Cardinal of Guise." Inferior to these in some respects, but not lightly to be passed over, is "The Battle of Moscow," by M. Bellange, a subject which possesses a peculiar interest for Frenchmen now that their countrymen are once more engaged in war with the soldiers of the Czar, and the disasters of 1812 have been avenged on the Alma.

"Like those of Holland, the French artists contribute a great number of *genre* pictures, but few of them are of the first order. M. Lepotévin, in his "Spring," though he has not produced a first-class picture, has done more to sustain his reputation than M. Justin Aurrié, whose "Street in Amsterdam" would do equally well for a street in Venice. Among the works most deserving of praise we may enumerate a very good one, but badly placed, by M. Jongkond; a very finely-touched composition by M. Vetter, called "A quarter of an hour with Rabelais;" "Absence," a charming picture by M. Roux; a very meritorious composition by M. Coulon, called "The New Lord of the Manor;" and two delightful little pictures by M. Delfosse, which have elicited much admiration from amateurs. We must not forget the contributions of MM. Pico and Hammon, two artists who possess largely the pleasing qualities of *naturel*, sentiment, and spirit, which compensate in a great measure for their deficiency in colour. M. Marchal, a young French artist, has made his *début* this season, and the picture which he exhibits, "Vandyck in the Studio of Rubens," fully merits the warm encomiums that have been pronounced upon it. The anecdote to which it has reference is as follows:—Rubens having left a picture unfinished one night, and gone out on the following morning, his pupils took the opportunity of sporting about the room; when one more unfortunate than the rest, in striking at one of his companions with a maulstick, threw down the picture, which, not being dry, received some damage. Vandyck, who was studying under Rubens at the time, being at work in the next room, was prevailed upon, as the best able to do so, to repair the mischief; and when Rubens came next morning to his work, and contemplated the picture from a distance, as is usual with painters, he observed that he liked it much better than he did before.

German art does not make a very brilliant figure in the exhibition. Karl Hubner, of Düsseldorf, has sent two pictures, viz. "The Surprise" (a mother discovering her daughters *lit-à-lit* with their lovers) and "A Conflagration;" in both the drawing is meritorious, but the colouring is weak and inharmonious. The best productions of German artists are two pictures by M. Peterkoven, of Vienna; the subjects are, "A Bivouac," and an "Arrest of a Deserter," and both in composition, vigour of drawing, and harmony of colour, they evince a considerable share of genius and an admirable taste.

## CORNELIUS HUYSMANS.

With the exception of the beautiful country around Liege, and the hilly district of Namur, Belgium presents an unbroken and monotonous level, little calculated to awaken a love of the picturesque in nature, or to afford the artist opportunities for the exercise of his talent in landscape delineation. In the environs of Antwerp, of Vilvorde, or of Malines, he may find quiet rural spots, which derive interest from a rustic bridge or an old-fashioned farmhouse, rendered picturesque by the knotted trunks of trees, bending over

a pool of stagnant water; but he will find it difficult to obtain grand effects, and scenery which inspires the poetry of art. How can he convey to others, without having himself received it, the impression of dark woods, broken and piled-up rocks, and gloomy ravines? Yet, notwithstanding the difficulty of all this, it has been achieved by a painter of the Flemish school, in the midst of a level country; this painter was Cornelius Huisman.

When we are lost in the gloom of a thick forest, and after follow

ing the tangled path a long time without finding its termination, or seeing the sky, except by snatches, we reach an opening on the borders of the forest, where the light breaks through the trees, producing varied effects, and behold a stream rushing swiftly along the bottom of a wild ravine, while the distance discloses a varied panorama of blue hills and wooded valleys, we behold such a scene as this master has often painted. Most of his landscapes, indeed, are of this character; dark streams rushing between rocky banks, venerable oaks and beeches bending over them, with cattle grazing or wading in the stream, at spots where the banks are shelving. Sometimes he presents us with sombre ravines, across which lie the trunks of trees, torn from their foundations by the force of a torrent; at others, with a lonely mountain pass, with the distant country seen through the opening.

The scenery which Huysmans has represented is more Italian in its character than Flemish; his ravines and mountain passes resemble those of the Apennines, rather than anything which can

and Claude, of Wynants and Poussin. The feeling for ideal beauty, which had been developed by Claude, had called forth many imitators, and excited many similar efforts on the part of the artists of the Netherlands. By the full effect of light, by the brilliancy of the air, and the liquid mistiness of the distance, they endeavoured in a similar manner to produce a higher tone, and to ennoble those forms of nature which they saw around them. By adhering partly to the clearness and freedom of Claude's compositions, and partly to the more elevated forms of Poussin's style, they succeeded in producing works of very great beauty. It may be regarded as a distinctive mark of these imitators, that some trace of that feeling for the individual realities of nature which characterised Flemish art, and which was developed in the landscapes of Rubens, is always more or less perceptible in the single features of their works.

The landscapes of Van Artois were in high estimation at that time, and Huysmans went to Brussels for the purpose of studying



THE ANCIENT HARBOUR OF GENOA.—FROM A PAINTING BY BERGHEM.

be discovered in the level and comparatively tame scenery of Belgium. They have, generally, a striking effect of light on the foreground, where the artist has introduced various wild plants, pencilled with remarkable correctness and elegance of form. The foliage of his trees is light and spirited, and the colouring rich and harmonious.

This painter is commonly called Huysmans of Malines, not from having been born there, for he was a native of Antwerp, but because he resided in that town during the greater part of his life. He was born in 1648, and was the son of an eminent architect, who intended to bring him up to his own profession; but having the misfortune to lose his father while very young, the responsibility of his education devolved on one of his uncles, who placed him under the tuition of Gaspar de Witte, a landscape-painter of some eminence, though not of the degree subsequently attained by his pupil. The period in which he was born, the middle of the seventeenth century, was a brilliant epoch in the history of landscape-painting—the epoch of Ruysdael and Berghem, of Everdingen

under that master. The fine forest of Soignies, which is in the neighbourhood of that city, afforded him opportunities of studying the features of woodland scenery, and the designs for his finest landscapes were made on its borders. Van Artois united the manners and deportment of a gentleman with the enthusiasm of an admirer of the picturesque and a lover of his art; he received young Huysmans very graciously, gave him an apartment in his own house, and employed him in drawing from nature the most picturesque spots in the neighbourhood. These drawings were doubtless very useful to Van Artois, and served to improve the style of his pupil, whose boldly-drawn landscapes soon surpassed those of his master.

On leaving Brussels, Huysmans took up his abode at Malines, where he continued to reside the remainder of his life.

The great merit of the landscapes of this master, as of those of Van Artois, and those also of Louis de Wadder, is the sentiment of grandeur he has infused into them. His spreading oaks, with their masses of dark foliage, have an air of majesty; and his rocks



have the aspect of mementoes of the antediluvian epoch. What separates this master from Berghem and Claude is the manner in which he has treated his skies. Claude paints the forms of earth, indeed, but he veils them in an ethereal drapery, such as is only at moments visible to our eyes; he paints that worship of the Creator which nature solemnises, and in which man and his work are only included as accessories. Hills, trees, ruins are but the external features of his pictures, and they form only the framework by means of which he sets before us the true creative power of nature, shown in the effects of air, and in the brilliant and vivid workings of light. In the landscapes of Huysmans, the sky and the clouds are made subordinate to the rocks and trees, and are painted so as to increase the effect of the latter. The delicate shadows which distinguish the hours of the day, the silent sweep of clouds along the clear sky, the soft mists of evening, and the phenomena of solar light, were

on his landscapes, in spite of the beautiful forms of his trees, and the grandeur of the scenery amid which they are represented. They have a character which resembles neither the joyousness of Berghem, the melancholy of Ruysdael, nor the solemn splendour of John Roth. At the first glance, we may believe that his majestic and sombre woods conceal in their deep shades one of those temples of the olden times from which the inspired priestess gave forth her mysterious oracles; but, instead of the circular colonnade, and the fountain which invites to repose the nymphs of the train of Diana, we discover only a rude and simple hut, the lonely dwelling of a poacher.

The figures of Huysmans, though all of this rustic character, were drawn so naturally, and with such facility and address, that the other landscape-painters of his country had recourse to him for the figures with which they animated their woods and heaths



THE RAVINE.—FROM A PAINTING BY HUYSMANS.

not, in the mind of this master, essential to the production of a grand and striking picture. He relied for effect on the boldness of his masses of foliage, the deep shadows of his forests, and the strong light which he throws on his foregrounds. Yet we have in his ravines and forest-glades abundant evidence of his powers of managing light and shade, of which the picture we have engraved above is an admirable example.

One of the characteristics of Huysmans, which distinguishes him from nearly all other painters, is the entire absence of other than rustic figures in his landscapes. Under the spreading boughs of his majestic oaks, he has introduced only the herdsmen who drive their cattle through the glen, and the labourers who rest or pursue their rustic occupations on the borders of the forest. His figures and cattle are well drawn and pleasingly grouped. The prevailing rusticity of the former impresses their peculiar character

Anthony Van der Meulen, the celebrated painter of the battles and sieges of the reign of Louis XIV., was introduced to Huysmans while on a visit to Brussels, his native city. Seeing that the landscapes of Huysmans were characterised by an air of grandeur, he thought that the talent of the artist could not fail to be appreciated at the court of Versailles, and proposed to introduce him there, that he might paint the landscape portion of the representations of battles, sieges, encampments, and pompous marches, which he was then engaged in executing. But the artist, probably thinking that such an arrangement would place him in a subordinate position, declined the offer, alleging as his motive that he was ignorant of the French language, and did not wish to leave Malines. However, at the solicitation of Van der Meulen, he painted for that master, with astonishing freedom and vigour, the views of Luxemburg and Dinant, and the environs of those places. Being taken from an



elevated position, these views spread out like a panorama, and the charm of art has not robbed them of their topographical accuracy. These pictures, which now adorn the gallery of the Louvre, have been much admired; and so perfect is the harmony between the landscapes of Huyssmans and the charging squadrons and opposing battalions of Van der Meulen, that it is difficult to believe that both were not painted by the same hand.

The pictures of this master are not numerous, and unfortunately they have become very dark, and now exhibit a reddish brown appearance, which has considerably diminished their value. Otherwise they are masterly productions. On this account it is difficult, at the present day, to form an estimate of his merits as a colourist, though he has been praised for them by writers who had seen his pictures in their pristine condition. Their *chiaroscuro* recalls productions of Rembrandt, and the effect of his landscapes is imposing, owing to their boldness and grandeur. He has shown that the perfection of the art is the correct representation of the forms of nature, however gross may be the differences of manner resulting from the individual temperaments of different masters.

Huyssmans died at Malines in 1727, having attained the venerable age of seventy-nine.

As already stated, the pictures of this master are not numerous, either in public galleries, or in the collections of private individuals. There are several of his compositions in the museum and the churches of Malines; and the Royal Gallery at Brussels possesses a landscape, enriched with figures. The Munich Gallery contains a seaport and several landscapes, and the Louvre possesses four fine landscapes, in addition to the pictures which he painted in conjunction with Van der Meulen.

There is a small landscape by this master in the writing-closet at Hampton Court, and another in the collection of the Duke of Bridgewater; but neither of them can be considered as a favourable specimen of his style and manner.

The pictures of Huyssmans have seldom commanded a high price; while they preserved their original beauty, works of that character were not appreciated as their merits entitled them to be, and now their value is depreciated by the darkening of the colours. At the sale of the Chevalier Laroque, at Paris, in 1745, two landscapes by Huyssmans, in frames elaborately carved and richly gilt, were sold for £3; and two others, in the same style, produced only eighteen shillings. Two landscapes, enriched with figures and animals, from the cabinet of M. de Mesnard, were sold for the sum of £4 the pair.

Justice was rendered to Huyssmans, however, at the sale of M. de Calonne, in 1788, when a landscape, enriched with figures and animals, realised the sum of £120. His pictures did not long retain the favour of amateurs, however; for in 1823, at the sale of M. de St. Victor, a landscape of warm tone, with figures and animals, was sold for £2. At that of M. Brun, in 1841, a magnificent landscape by this master, considered one of the best he ever painted, was sold for £9. In the following year, one of his landscapes was sold for £6, at the sale of M. Etienne Leroy; and in 1845, at the sale of M. Meffre, two others were sold for £6 10s.

The works of Huyssmans have never been engraved. None of them have either signature or mark.

## THE BEGINNINGS OF ART.

To find the rude beginnings of the arts of design, we must go back to a very early age, to the monuments of Assyria and Egypt—so soon did the human mind aspire to the representation of the things which occupied it, and which excited the imagination into action. The faculty of imitation is evidenced remarkably in those arts, in which the images that fill the mind are exhibited to the eye in all the reality of form and colour. While society was yet in the pastoral stage, Lalain had his sculptured gods; and the walls of the buried palaces of Nineveh, the oldest city of the world, show that the arts of design were known and practised at a very early period. The researches of Botta and Layard have made us acquainted with the degree of proficiency attained by the Assyrian artists, which all who have seen the reproduction of a portion of the palace of Sennacherib in the Sydenham Palace, or the original

bas-reliefs in the British Museum, must acknowledge to have been remarkable for the period.

The human-headed bulls which adorned the portals of the Ninevite palaces, the statues of their gods and departed kings, and the bas-reliefs which covered the interior walls of the royal chambers, were all coloured; and this with pigments so bright and enduring, as to be perceptible after the lapse of more than three thousand years. We find mention also, in profane history, of colossal statues of Ninus and Senniramis, in gold and brass; and in sacred history of the golden statue, sixty cubits high, which Nebuchadnezzar set up in the plain of Dura, to compel the captive Jews to bow down before and worship it. The walls of Babylon appear also to have been decorated with bas-reliefs, representing hunting scenes, which were executed and painted on the surfaces of the bricks before they were burnt, and consequently must have been vitrified—the earliest approach which we can trace to enamelling.

The ancient Egyptians practised the sculptor's art extensively, and in a style similar to that of the Assyrians, which shows the first rude efforts of man to embody his feeling of the beautiful and sublime. The works of art belonging to the earliest ages are analogous to the first attempts of children—imperfect in conception, rude in execution, without any attention to perspective, and appealing to the eye by bright and strongly-contrasted colours. The constant aspiration to represent the human form, and the use of colours before the art of tracing with correctness any of the forms of nature has been acquired, also remind us of our own juvenile attempts. The general proportions of the human form are roughly given; but there is no attempt at elegance, or to portray individual differences of character. An evidence of their ignorance of the true principles of drawing may be seen in the kneeling figure of the large Egyptian fragment in the British Museum, where, amongst other errors, the eye, but half of which can be seen in profile, is shown in full, the same as it would appear in a front view. As a general rule, it may be observed, that their animals are more correctly represented than their human figures, and that, among the latter, their female forms are superior to those of the other sex. The most comprehensive view of Egyptian art is seen in the plates to Rosellini's great work on the monuments of Egypt and Nubia; but the collection of Egyptian antiquities in the British Museum is now quite adequate to convey a correct idea of its style and characteristics.

The Greeks, who received their first ideas of painting and sculpture from the Egyptians, attained the greatest proficiency in the latter art, as a walk through the Greek court of the Sydenham Palace, where the finest emanations of the sculptor's genius are reproduced in plaster, will convince every observer. But their first attempts were as crude and imperfect as those of their teachers. The figures on the early Grecian vases are characterised by the same stiffness and conventionality as those which appear in the Ninevite bas-reliefs and the sculptured obelisks of Egypt. The first essays of the artist were simple outlines, such as are now known as *silhouettes*; the next step was to add the parts within the outline, but still without light or shade, which Pliny says was first done by Cleophrastus of Corinth; and from this an advance was made to monochromatic painting, such as may be seen on the vases in the British Museum. Eumarnus was, according to Pliny, the first who gave to each sex its characteristic style of design, so as to illustrate the attributes of each by the figure and complexion, giving a robust and vigorous form to the males, and making the females slighter and more delicate.

Cimon of Cleonæ, whose period was anterior to that of Polygnotus by at least a century, improved upon the method of Eumarnus by giving variety to the attitudes of his figures, and exhibiting the muscular articulations, the veins, and the folds of the drapery. The most ancient paintings extant are the four on marble tablets discovered at Herculaneum, and now in the museum at Naples; the designs are defaced in some parts, and the colours have been nearly destroyed by heat. The same museum contains two other pictures from Herculaneum, two from Stabia, and one from Pompeii, but these are of later date; the subjects are all taken from the Greek mythology. The Vatican contains a stucco painting, discovered on the Esquiline mount; this is a work of considerable

merit in composition, drawing, and colour, and is executed with much freedom. A well-marked gradation of improvement may be observed in the early vases, the Naples marbles, and the later pictures in the same collection.

Sculpture made the same gradual progress, from the human-headed bulls and hawk-headed kings of Assyria, and the massive sphinxes and gigantic sitting figures of Egypt, to the Belvedere Apollo, the Farnese Hercules, and the Medicean Venus, those models of ideal beauty which are regarded as showing at once the perfection of the art and of the human form. Some of the earliest specimens of Greek sculpture are now in the British Museum; these are bas-reliefs from a monument at Xanthus, which probably belongs to the sixth century before Christ, not far from the period of the destruction of Nineveh. Here the eye is seen in full, though the figures are in profile, and all the countenances have the same character; but an advance on the Assyrian sculptures is seen in the folds of the draperies and the arrangement of the hair. An interesting example of early Athenian art, belonging to the time of Pisistratus, is a bas-relief representing a female figure mounting a chariot, discovered at Athens, and a cast of which will be found in the Crystal Palace. The metopes recently found at Selinus, in Sicily, and now in the museum at Palermo, are in very high relief, coated over with plaster, and coloured so as to soften the appearance of the surface. The faces are represented in full, while the limbs are shown sideways; a very close resemblance may be traced between these figures and the large ones between the bulls on the outer wall of the palace of Sardianopolis. As Selinus was destroyed by the Carthaginians 409 B.C., these bas-reliefs must have been executed some time, probably a very considerable time, previous to that period.

Much controversy has lately taken place on the question, whether the ancients coloured their statues, as is contended by Mr. Owen Jones. That the practice was general, would perhaps be difficult to prove. That the Assyrians coloured their bas-reliefs is not disputed since traces of the pigment were discovered by Mr. Layard. That the statues of the Greeks were often painted, in imitation of nature, may be gathered from passages in Pausanias, Plutarch, and Plato; and that the practice extended to the whole of the statue is evident from the last-named writer, who says, that it is not by applying a rich or beautiful colour to any particular part, but by giving its local colour to each part, that the whole is made beautiful. That

the practice was not general, however, appears from Lucian, who, in the dialogue between Lycinus and Polystratus, informs us that the Venus of Cnidus, by Praxiteles, and other celebrated statues, were not coloured.

Mr. Wornum, after mature consideration of this interesting question, has arrived at the conclusion, that "the practice of colouring statues is undoubtedly as ancient as the art of Statuary itself; although they were perhaps originally coloured more from a love of colour than from any design of improving the resemblance of the representation." \* This agrees with what we have said upon the love of colour which is displayed in all first attempts. We learn from Pliny that the statue of Jupiter, placed in the Capitol by Tarquinius Priscus, was coloured with minium. What was first done from a love of colour was afterwards followed with a view to effect. "The naked form," says the writer just quoted, "was most probably merely varnished, the colouring being applied only to the eyes, eyebrows, lips, and hair, to the draperies, and the various ornaments of dress; and there can be little doubt that fine statues, especially of females, when carefully and tastefully coloured in this way, must have been extremely beautiful; the encaustic varnish upon the white marble must have had very much the effect of a pale, transparent flesh. Gold was also abundantly employed upon ancient statues; the hair of the Venus de' Medici was gilded, and, in some, glass eyes and eyelashes of copper were inserted, examples of which are still extant." In statues of bronze, the eyes were often of silver; and in the "Boy extracting a Thorn from his Foot," the original of which is at Rome, the sockets are vacant, in which condition they were found when the statue was discovered.

The earliest productions of the sculptor were undoubtedly the figures of the gods worshipped by the pagan nations of antiquity, and the material first used was clay, the plastic nature of which would readily suggest its employment for the purpose. Clay figures, the work of early Italian artists, are still extant; and clay tablets and seals have been found in the mounds of Khorsabad and Kouyunjik. At a later period wood came into use, and marble was not used until the art had made considerable progress. Metal was used for ornamental purposes and for covering statues long before the process of casting was known, the work being executed by means of the hammer.

\* Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities, art. Pictures, page 905.

## Fresco Painting in Florence.

The convent of St. Onofro, at Florence, was originally designed as a refuge for poor women. But since its foundation it was enriched by so many donations, that instead of being a simple plain home for the homeless, it became both rich and influential. At the end of the last century it was sold, and the sisterhood dissolved. A silk manufactory was then established on the premises, and busy hands soon gave a new aspect to the place. A few years passed and then one Tommaso Masi, a coachmaker, took a lease of the building. He set about repairing it at once, and in cleaning the walls of that part which had once been the refectory of the convent, discovered the dim outlines of a fresco painting. Happily his curiosity was excited, and with the utmost caution he proceeded to remove the coating of dust and dirt which had settled down upon it. Tommaso Masi succeeded to perfection, and the design of some great master shone forth once more in its accustomed place. The next step was to call in a well-qualified jury of artists to determine as to the worth and character of the picture; and Luigi, Sabatelli, Giuseppe, Bezzoli, Alessandro Saracini, President of the Society of Artists at Siena, and Professor Dupre, made a careful examination of the composition. This was in 1843. They found it very difficult to estimate the real value of the picture in the state it was then in, and hesitated to express an opinion further than as to the very remarkable character of the work. Patient and diligent exertion was used to restore the painting, and one after another the connoisseurs came to the conviction that it must have owed its origin to Perugino; to him therefore was the accolade of praise awarded.

But the artists were wrong, and it was not the first time, perhaps,

that critics had blundered. Other artists of celebrity and numerous amateurs examined the picture; and in 1845 two young artists, Zotti and Della Porta, having examined the work with particular care, avowed their opinion to be that the production was that of the great Raffaele.

The painting represents the Last Supper of Jesus Christ with his Disciples, a subject which is universally selected as appropriate to the refectories of convents. We give a rough sketch of the figures at the table, to convey an idea of the general disposition of the piece. But this is not the whole of the work. A species of canopy surmounts the group, and is enriched with beautiful foliage. The architecture is composed of slight pilasters and graceful arabesque ornaments. Between two of the pilasters, behind the figure of the Saviour a landscape is seen representing the Mount of Olives and the Garden of Gethsemane. An angel is seen presenting the cup to Jesus, and at a little distance are the disciples asleep. A border of foliage and medallions surrounds the design.

The attitudes of the principal figures in the chief group demand particular attention, and the character that is thrown into each physiognomy has induced us to present sketches of some of the heads. The Saviour is seated at the centre of the table; his left hand rests upon St. John, the beloved disciple, who is half-reclining on the board, and appears asleep; his other hand is raised as in warning; the expression of the face is thoughtful, mild yet commanding; it is the moment when he utters the words—"One of you shall betray me!" In uttering these words, his glance wanders around the table, and then rests upon the figure of the apostle

immediately opposite to St. John. That apostle is Judas Iscariot. The figure of this man is boldly relieved, and separated from the rest of the group; one of his hands rests on the table, and with the

of the intensest malignancy, laziness, and disquietude, exhibited in the features of this betrayer. The contrast of these two principal figures is peculiarly striking; and the faces brought thus



THE LAST SUPPER.



OUR SAVIOUR.



JUDAS.



ST. JOHN.

other he holds the bag of money—the means of his temptation. His head is averted from the penetrating glance of the Master, and is turned fully towards the spectators. There is an expression

closely together—one so full of highest virtue, the other so vicious and depraved—demand particular attention. The figures of the other apostles are all boldly designed, and are thoroughly charac-

teristic of the men. St. Peter sits to the right of the Saviour; St. Andrew, St. James the Greater, and St. Bartholomew, have their glances fixed upon Judas. St. Peter holds a knife in his hand, and the strongest indignation is written on his countenance; the expression of St. Andrew is severe, of St. James melancholy, St. Bartholomew resentful yet full of pity. The rest of the apostles are, for the most part, calm and indifferent; two, however, should be carefully regarded. The first, St. James the Less, sits at the extreme

engraved by Perpetti; upon the border of the gown of the Madonna, in the picture painted for Lorenzo Nasi; upon the robes of "The Holy Family," in the Palace Rinucci; and also upon various frescoes. In the last year of his life, Raffaele signed his name in full.

The figure of St. James the Less is said to be a portrait of Raffaele, and the same as that in the celebrated picture called "The Contest at the Holy Sacrament."

In 1505 Raffaele was at Florence. At that time he painted



ST. PETER.



ST. BARTHOLOMEW OR ST. JAMES.

left of the table; his profile is gracefully turned towards the spectator, and is remarkably beautiful in its design: the other, St. Thomas, is not less fine; he is represented pouring wine into a cup or glass.

A vast number of connoisseurs were admitted to view the fresco, and, for the most part, they agreed with Zotti and Della Porta, as to the picture being the production of Raffaele himself. Some of

portraits of Angelo and Madeleine Doni. A member of this family, early in that year, became superior of the Convent of St. Onofre. This circumstance explains how the young painter obtained the commission to paint "The Last Supper" on the convent walls.

Among the heads of the saints represented on the medals which adorn the foliage is to be noticed a portrait of St. Bernard, for whom Raffaele professed particular devotion.



ST. THOMAS.



ST. JAMES THE LESS.

the reasons which led them to this conclusion may not be uninteresting.

On the collar of the tunic of St. Thomas are the following letters in gold:—*n a, r and l united, v, a and s, o a little effaced, a m m n v.* This is translated: "Raphael Urbina, Anno Domini 1505."

Raffaele was, it is well known, in the habit of thus signing many of his pictures. It is thus written on the robe of the Virgin,

The names of the disciples, placed by the painter under the figures of the apostles, are written in the dialect of Urbino, where Raffaele was born.

The foliage and other ornaments which surround the picture resemble those to be met with in other works of the same master; and the delicate painting of Olivet and Gethsemane, together with the figures which are introduced, remind the spectator of those

beautiful compositions of Raffaele which adorn the walls of the Vatican.

A painter, M. Ginlio Piatti, and the sculptor Emilio Santarelli, possessed for a long time designs which were always attributed to Raffaele, and which represented several of the figures—St. Peter with a knife in his hand, St. James the Less, and St. Andrew—the same in every particular as they appear in the frescos.

Upon these proofs, it has been generally concluded that "The Last Supper" of St. Onofre is the undoubted work of Raffaele. But, as we have presented our readers with the evidence in favour of its authenticity, it is but fair to represent the other side of the question.

An Italian writer, named Gargani, believed that he had discovered the author of the painting to be none other than Neri di Bicci, on account of a manuscript, bearing date 1461, declaring that a picture of "The Last Supper" was painted on the walls of the refectory of St. Onofre by that artist. On further examination, however, it appears that there were two refectories, the old and the new, and that the one in which the fresco was discovered is certainly more modern than the other. Besides this, there is evidence of the other painting having been destroyed. But, if no other evidence existed but the painting itself, the grouping of the design, the style of the whole, the delicacy of finish, would be enough to prove that it was not painted at the period of Neri di Bicci—there being a vast difference between pictures of 1461 and 1505. In the interval between those two epochs, painting made immense progress, and a complete revolution in art took place; and a more positive contrast can scarcely be imagined than exists between the productions of those two ages.

A celebrated German artist, having seen and greatly admired the picture, wrote to MM. Della Porta and Zotti, assuring them that he had no doubt of the authenticity of the painting; that the construction of the piece, the expression of the various faces, all pointed out Raffaele as their author. The objection urged on the ground of its not being mentioned in any of the catalogues of Raffaele's works was easily met by the fact, that many well-attested works of that master were omitted in these lists; that at the period when Raffaele must have executed this work, he was a young and comparatively unknown man; and that the silence of his biographers on this particular work was not to be taken into account.

A great deal of controversy was originated by the discovery of the picture; but at length the critics came to an almost unanimous conclusion that the painting was the work of the great Raffaele. However plain and simple the sketches may be, this fact is, we think, enough to warrant us in presenting our readers with the designs.

The picture was with great difficulty removed from the convent wall. It was sold to the Tuscan government for £13,000.

#### FINE ART EXHIBITION AT GENEVA.

THE biennial exhibition of works of art at Geneva was established, some years ago, by a society of artists and amateurs, whose efforts to promote the study of the fine arts, and to encourage and reward those devoted to them, have caused the subject to be taken into the serious consideration of the government. Placed, as it is, amid the romantic scenery which has given birth to one of the most celebrated schools of landscape-painting, represented by such able artists as MM. Diday and Calame, Geneva, so famous for the intelligence and commercial activity of its citizens, promises to become one of the centres of art. In the sublime scenery of their fatherland, and no less in the heroic achievements of their forefathers, the artists of Switzerland have a fertile and, indeed, inexhaustible field for the exercise of their talents. Among the most promising artists of the Genevese school, we may enumerate M. Gleyre, the painter of that poetical composition, "The Night of Life," which has been so much admired in the Luxembourg Gallery; M. Lugardon, the interpreter of Swiss history; and Leopold Robert, one of the meditative school of landscape-painters, which had its best exponent in Ryssdael. But what has been wanting to Swiss art has been appreciation and encouragement, for

want of which the beautiful and the picturesque have to be pursued amid difficulties, and fame alone has rewarded the success that has been attained by self-denial. The times are past when such munificence was displayed as that of the senate of Basil, which offered Holbein an annual pension of 1,200 florins to induce him to fix his residence in his native town. Yet, with all these discouraging circumstances, we feel assured that, one day or another, the landscape school of Geneva will acquire renown; and, with this feeling, it was not without disappointment and regret that we walked through the saloon of the exhibition without observing a single picture by Calame—an artist too enthusiastic, and too truly Swiss in his nature, not to have contributed, with all the force of his genius, to the honour of his country.

M. Diday, however, has the honour of giving to the exhibition the *clat* of his great talent and high reputation as a landscape-painter, by sending two pictures of the highest merit. "The Aar at Handeck" is a beautiful view, full of grandeur, and drawn with truthfulness and vigour. The foaming torrent bounds from rock to rock, and rushes angrily through the sombre valley; the dark branches of the tall pines are shaken and distorted by the wind; and the clouds, black and heavy, cast their shadows on the sides of the mountain. It is a grand picture, showing nature in a wild and stormy mood, and bears internal evidence of having been sketched on the spot, when dark clouds have rolled over the mountain, and the stream has been swelled by rain into a torrent. The other picture, "Lake Lemau," is of a character entirely different. In this the calmness and serenity of nature are depicted, and the artist has shown great ability in producing two pictures of such diverse character, and at the same time of so much truthfulness and beauty. It is a rich composition, drawn with equal freedom and vigour, and evincing a profound study of nature, and knowledge of her varied forms. The brushwood and wild plants growing on the borders of the lake are drawn with wonderful fidelity to nature. The colouring is clear, but somewhat deficient in warmth; otherwise it is a masterly composition.

Near these two pictures we perceive several landscapes by M. Saltzman, a young artist of Alsace, who has acquired in Italy, where he resided some time, a manner of composition and execution full of boldness and vigour. "A Souvenir of Provence," the best of the three pictures which he exhibits, is marked by those qualities in a high degree, and the clearness and harmony of the colouring deserve the praise which is freely bestowed. The composition is simple: a bush, a rocky bank, and some fine trees, form the landscape, which is animated by some figures evincing a taste for the antique, and drawn with the freedom and vigour which are characteristic of the whole design. The other two productions of this artist are of inferior merit, and have a reddishness of tone which gives them an unpleasant effect.

M. Humbert contributes to the exhibition a series of landscapes, with figures of animals, which do credit to himself and to the school to which he belongs. Lightness and beauty, truthfulness to nature, and splendour of colouring, are their characteristics. His skies are bright and clear, recalling those of Claude; his distances correct; and his animals richly coloured, and grouped in a picturesque and effective manner. His best picture represents "A Mountain Pasturage," with a goat and several cows; it is of large dimensions, and characterised by all the qualities we have ascribed to him. The light clouds which sweep slowly across the sky, the cool misty air of early morning, and the glistening dew upon the herbage, are finely represented. The picture derives a grand effect from the transparency of the shadows; and nothing can be better than the grouping and colours of the cattle, by which the effect of contrast is obtained, without injury to the harmony of the composition. "A Landscape," with animals, is somewhat similar in design, and resembles it in the transparency of the veil of mist and the truthfulness to nature of the animals.

M. Thuiller, a distinguished landscape-painter, contributes a grand view of the "Lake of Annay." This picture has a pleasing effect at first sight, but on a more attentive view, the spectator is struck by a peculiarity in the treatment of the sky. It is possible that the scene represented, may, in certain conditions of the atmosphere, present a similar aspect, but its representation evinces a want of taste on the part of the artist. The effect produced is



far from good; and the figures and animals, moreover, are executed with reprehensible negligence.

M. Albert Lugardon, a young Genevese artist, in his "*Carman of Verrier*," has made his *début* as a painter of animals, in which class he is fairly entitled to a place in the first rank, by the vigour and truthfulness of his delineations. The subject is a simple one: one of the hardy and adventurous carmen of Verrier, near Geneva, is loading down a very steep path two oxen attached to a loaded stone-car, used to convey stone from the quarry. The chained wheel, the attitudes of the oxen and of the man, who looks anxiously down the steep path before him, show the difficulties and dangers of the descent. In the background, a man is seen at work with a pick-axe, and masses of rock rise on both sides. The same artist exhibits several other pictures of animals, all displaying the same truthfulness and vigour.

The exhibition is particularly rich in landscapes, and few of them are without merit; but we are compelled to confine our notice to the best, and we must pass on to the painters of history and *genre*. We ought not, however, to pass over "*A Torrent in the Upper Alps*," by M. Castau, an agreeable picture, painted with great care.

The historical pictures are comparatively few in number, and none of them display a high order of talent. M. Ullman exhibits a scene from "*The Martyrs*" of Chateaubriand—"Velleda and Eulora," a picture harmonious in design and colouring, but with many defects. In the figure of Velleda there is a want of taste in the proportions, and the posture of Eulora has too much *nonchalance*; neither does the countenance sufficiently reflect the feelings that should be inspired by affection for Velleda.

In passing through the saloon, the attention of the spectator cannot fail to be arrested by a charming little composition of M. Oleyre; it is called "*A Bacchante*;" but the artist has used mythological forms to convey a moral. His conceptions are always happy, and in the present instance he is particularly so. The picture represents a beautiful female riding on a goat, which is led by a faun bearing a torch, while Cupid flies from her, covering his face with his hands. The meaning which is intended to be thus allegorically conveyed is, that when the fair sex suffer themselves to be carried away by bad passions, they repel love, and the better feelings of our nature lose their empire over their hearts. The idea is well carried out, and, both in composition and execution, the picture merits the admiration it elicits. Another production of this artist, "*Ruth the Moabitess*," though not without merit, is scarcely equal to the little circular composition we have described.

M. Favas exhibits a portrait of General Dufour, which is a striking likeness of that officer, but not remarkable as a work of art. Its defects in this respect, however, are amply compensated in the portrait of an old man, by the same artist—a vigorous and striking picture, deserving the highest encomiums. Before passing from portrait to *genre* painting, justice and gallantry alike require us to notice a beautiful portrait of a lady, executed in pastel, by Madame Archinard; and another by Mademoiselle Durand, a very tasteful and praiseworthy production.

M. Hébert is known here as the painter of several pictures, which may be described as holding an intermediate place between history and *genre*. He has in the exhibition "*The Family of a Condottiero*," one of those hardy soldiers of fortune who figure so conspicuously in the history of Italy during the middle ages; the composition of the picture is good, but in the article of colour it is very deficient. In the same category with M. Hébert we may place M. Gaudon, who exhibits a charming military scene; and M. Zuber Buhler, who has sent a picture called "*First Education*," which marks him as an artist of considerable promise.

"*The Separation*," by M. Kunkler, is a sweet and pleasing picture, representing a butcher offering to purchase of a peasant the pet sheep of his little daughter, who implores her father not to deprive her of her favourite. The innocent face of the child, full of solicitude and apprehension, is exquisite; and all that the picture requires to render it perfect is a little more vividness in the lights.

Among other pictures of this class, we must not forget "*The Love of Study*," one of several beautiful compositions by M. Paget; "*The Indigent Family*," by M. Grosclaude, a picture full of sentiment and interest; and "*The Prisoner's Wife*," a beautiful conception of M. Van Muyden, painted with extreme care. Nor must we pass over in silence the beautiful specimens of painting in enamel, which the watch and jewellery trade of Geneva has fostered and encouraged, and for which that city has become as famous as Lyons is for its fruit and flower painters. M. Baud exhibits a copy of "*The Sirens*" of M. Meun, of the highest finish; and his miniature portraits are remarkable for the truth and vigour displayed in their microscopic proportions. The beautiful landscape designs of MM. Delapleigne, Fontaine, and Prévost, attract attention by their fidelity to nature and delicacy of finish. The fine groups of fruit and flowers, done in water-colours by M. Lays, a Lyonsese artist, are also deserving of notice.

Sculpture forms a comparatively small portion of the exhibition, and there are only a few contributions which call for special notice. M. Dorcière exhibits three groups in marble: "*Hagar and Ishmael*," "*Maternity*," and "*Confidence*," in all of which the sentiment is good, and evinces considerable knowledge of human nature, and ability in representing the softer feelings of the heart. "*A Bacchante*," by M. Pittling, is conceived with taste; but designs of this kind do not appeal to the heart, like the productions of M. Dorcière, though the eye is gratified by their ideal beauty. Among a series of Swiss subjects in terra cotta, we observed "*A Chamois Hunter*," full of character, and executed in a very good style.

The Genevese exhibition has this year created considerable interest, both in and out of Switzerland; and its effect in promoting and encouraging the study of the fine arts cannot fail to be proportionately felt. Swiss artists need not leave their own country in search of the picturesque; on the shores of their own lakes, in the valleys which resound with the roar of the torrent, and in the passes of their mountains, they will always find both subjects and inspiration.

## A PORTRAIT, BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

This magnificent portrait hangs in the gallery appropriated to the works of the Italian masters in that unrivalled collection, the Louvre at Paris. Its beauty as a work of art is not seen at the first glance; it is a picture which requires to be surveyed with attention. It is not by the grandeur of the outlines, nor by the beauty of the colouring, nor by the elegance of the costume, that this head fixes the attention of the spectator. It is by the expression of deep thought which is read in those delicate features, and which Leonardo da Vinci, the greatest of the predecessors of Raffaele, was the first to excel in representing.

It is uncertain whether this portrait is that of Charles VIII. or of his successor, Louis XII. The artist did not take up his residence in France, at the invitation of Francis I., until 1515, and only survived the change of a whole five years, during which he suffered almost continually from ill health. Both the monarchs,

when it has been supposed this portrait may represent, visited Italy; but in the character of hostile invaders. Charles VIII. was at Florence, where Leonardo da Vinci then resided, in 1494, and at which period the artist may have painted his portrait. Charles died in 1498, and though his successor invaded Italy, in order to carry out his ambitious designs on the kingdom of Naples, it does not appear that he ever resided at Florence. Moreover, he was held in execration by the Italians, on account of the calamities which he brought upon their country, the horrors of the storming of Brescia, the cruel execution of Count Avegadro and his two sons for their patriotic resistance to the invader, and other atrocities. For all these reasons, it is much more probable that the portrait is that of Charles VIII. than of his cruel and ambitious successor.

Leonardo da Vinci may be regarded as the first painter who attempted to reconcile minute and elaborate finish with grandeur

of idea and dignity of form. In the expression of character, and the just delineation of the affections and emotions, he surpassed every painter who had preceded him; and it detracts nothing from his merit to acknowledge, that he was excelled in this sublime department of art by Raffaele, who rose into celebrity as Leonardo disappeared from the stage which he had trod so worthily.

The story of this great artist having died in the arms of Francis I. is now discredited. He died at the Château de Cloux, near Amboise, on the 2nd of May, 1519; and, according to the journal of Francis, preserved in the Royal Library at Paris, the court was

effectually to court the various graces he pursued. His line was free from meagreness, and his forms presented volume; but he appears not to have ever been much acquainted, or to have sedulously sought much acquaintance, with the antique. Character was his favourite study; and character he has often raised from an individual to a species, and as often depressed to caricature. The strength of his execution lay in the delineation of male heads; those of his females owe nearly all their charms to *chiaroscuro*, of which he is the supposed inventor; they are seldom more discriminated than the children they fondle; they are sisters of one family." Some of the best works of this master were executed



PORTRAIT BY LEONARDO DA VINCI; SUPPOSED TO BE OF CHARLES VIII. OR LOUIS XII.

at that day at St. Germain-en-Laye. His intimate friend and former pupil, Francesco Melzi, to whom he bequeathed his drawings and manuscripts, wrote a letter to Leonardo's relations immediately after his death, in which he makes no mention of the circumstance, as he would assuredly have done, if it had occurred; and Lemazzo distinctly says, that it was from Melzi the king first learnt that the artist was dead.

Fuseli thus sums up the character of Leonardo as a painter:—"The universality of Leonardo da Vinci is become proverbial; but though possessed of every element, he rather gave glimpses than a standard of form; though full of energy, he had not powers

during his second residence in Florence, which was probably the period when he painted the portrait we have engraved. His execution is elaborate and careful; and he left many of his works in what he considered an unfinished state, though others could see no defect in them. In subjects which he undertook to complete, he not only imitated the brightness of the eyes, the roots of the hair, the pores of the skin, and even the beating of the arteries, but portrayed each separate garment and every accessory with the same minuteness. At the same time he led the way to a more enlarged and dignified style, and smoothed the path, so to speak, for the appearance of Raffaele.

## SIMON MATHURIN LANTARA.



LANTARA has acquired a certain name in France, through the notoriety of having passed his life in a tavern and died in a hospital. Men of his stamp, the Bohemians of art, experience the frowns of society while living, but posterity accords its pardon to all their faults, except that of indolence, and their genius obtains for them the respect and sympathy of the critics.

In this little group of improvident artists, however, there have been some who, more than others, perhaps because more largely

like the lazzaroni of Naples, he yet retained unimpaired, throughout his life, the love of nature and the sentiment of art.

Simon Mathurin Lantara was born in 1745, in the environs of Montargis, or more probably at Fontainebleau. His father was a sign-painter, perfectly incapable of giving him lessons in the higher branches of art. Animated by an ardent admiration of the sublime phenomena of the universe, Lantara passed the greater part of his youth in wandering about the forest of Fontainebleau, following one path or another as fancy dictated, and sleeping on the moss and soft herbage, to contemplate the glorious spectacle of the rising sun, and the warm perspectives of the evening twilight. Those promenades, teeming with inspiration, which Claude Lorraine had enjoyed before him in the environs of Rome, Lantara imitated, but under a skyless epic; and between his works and those of the great master whom he unconsciously took for his model, there is all the distance which separates the romantic Campagna of Rome from the familiar neighbourhood of Paris. Lantara was a dreamer, a man afflicted with that restlessness of spirit, that vague disquietude agitating the mind without ceasing, which we find revealed in the life and in the works of Rousseau. Men of this temperament pursue all their lives the happiness which flees before them. Some seek it in love, others in work. Lantara sought it in a tavern.

Lodged in a garret of a miserable inn in the Rue du Chantre, Lantara sometimes went out in the morning to walk about in the fields, far from the noise and confusion of Paris, and breathe a freer and purer atmosphere. When night came, he carried back his hunger to the city, and, returning to his wretched lodging, sat down to drink, to cease drinking only when he became thoroughly intoxicated. At other times, shut up in his garret, he remained the whole week without going out. This was the life of Lantara; when he worked, and how he worked, are among its undivulged mysteries. One thing is certain—for the rarity of his works proves it—that he worked no more than he was obliged to do. He had to get a living, however; and pressed by necessity, sold landscapes to greedy dealers, to amateurs, and to some shopkeepers of the neighbourhood in which he lived.



gifted by nature, retain the poetry of their art amid privations and misery, and the scintillations of whose genius are not extinguished even by the gross pleasures of the debauch. Lantara, who is the type of the painters of the tavern, and whose improvidence and misery have become proverbial among the artists of his country, was one of those favoured children of nature. Steeped in poverty, addicted to the degrading vice of intoxication, and idle by nature,

"Lantara," says Alexander Lenoir, "was always poor, yet happy in his poverty; his crayons, his palette, his brushes, and a favourite bird comprised all his moveables. The pet bird was the charm of his miserable habitation." M. Lenoir attributes to Lantara a mixture of good and evil qualities, and thus apologises for the latter: "He had vices, but it is to his want of education, rather than to an inherently evil nature, that we must attribute them; with goodness of heart he combined a simplicity of soul which induces us to pardon all, even his indolence and his epicurism."

An artist so organised ought to be a good landscape painter. For artists who are without care, whether for glory, for fortune, or for honours, are more likely than others to be influenced by that ardent love of nature which is the true inspiration of their profession. The scenery of the woods, the hills, and the heaths, is to them in place of family and possessions. They live in the rays of the sun, and comprehend the glory and the poesy of its rising and its setting. For them the radiance of the sunbeams is gold, and the moon-tinted edges of the white clouds are silver. They love the splendour of the stars, the mysteries of twilight, and the silence of night; they are enraptured with the beauty of the skies. Thus it was with poor Lantara. Thus he often stood at night, immovable, on the Pont Neuf, contemplating in a holy ecstasy the sun sinking behind the other bridges, and reddening with its slanting beams the waters of the Seine. Afterwards, in a coffee-house, or in his miserable lodging, he painted from memory the effects which had excited his admiration, portraying on blue paper, with the lightest touches of a white crayon, sometimes the tranquil and mysterious effects of moonlight, sometimes those of the sun, the tints, the contrast, and the accidents with which he had made himself familiar in his ramblings.

The name of Lantara is not to be found in the dictionaries of Bryan and Pilkington, nor in any of the French works on art, with one single exception. But in the month of October, 1809, a one-act drama was produced at the Theatre du Vaudeville, having for its title "Lantara, or the Painter of the Tavern." As the character of the artist is very ably treated, an analysis of the piece will not be out of place here, and may interest our readers.

Like some of the sages of Greece, Lantara carries all his wealth about him. He is first introduced at a suburban tavern, to which is attached one of those numerous tea-gardens still as much frequented by the working classes of Paris as in the days of Louis XV. The scene changes to a *restaurant* kept by the porter of the Jardin des Plantes, where the painter has an appointment with a picture-dealer named Jacob. The simple artist has always thought that to effect a marriage it is sufficient for the parties to love each other, and hopes for the union of his daughter Therese with Victor, the son of Jacob. But the rich picture-dealer is indignant at the idea of such a *mésalliance*, and thinks it beneath his dignity even to dine with one so wretchedly poor as Lantara; so he goes off, to dine with some other picture-dealer, leaving the angry and humiliated artist alone. To dissipate his vexation and disappointment, he sits down to dinner, and commences by drinking to the health of all mankind. Having thus raised his spirits, he gives them vent in a Bacchanalian song, in the midst of which a model named Billeterie enters. Lantara makes him sit down, and dine with him; and here the authors have well marked the difference which separates the gluttonous model from the artist who maintains even in the tavern some sparks of politeness and good taste. On the second course being called for, the *restaurateur* brings in the bill, and refuses to serve the roast fowl that should form it until his demand has been liquidated, for he formed a shrewd guess that Lantara is entirely without resources.

The artist, upon this, calls for paper, and makes a crayon drawing of the head of Belletête, in the character of Silenus; during the execution of which he sings a song on the variety and opposite characters of the heads which his crayon has at different times produced. He sends the drawing to Jacob, and fixes the price at twenty francs. The picture-dealer offers twelve, which Lantara, who, in the meantime, has added by sundry potations to the length of the bill, angrily refuses to accept. He now makes a spirited drawing of his daughter and Victor, holding each other by the hand, and looking on each other with eyes beaming with love. This he also sends to Jacob, requiring for it forty francs. The

picture-dealer is willing to purchase; but his friends admire the drawing so much, that they bid against each other until the price rises to fifty crowns. But Lantara declares that Jacob alone shall have it at the price he himself fixed upon it. Vanquished by this noble trait of character, the picture-dealer consents to the marriage, and Lantara assigns to his daughter the sum of twenty thousand francs, the price of a beautiful moonlight picture.

The character of Lantara seems to be correctly drawn in this vaudeville. Simplicity, frankness, and disinterestedness, form his moral portrait. Respecting the artists love of wine, the picture drawn by its authors is not in accordance with the brief notice of M. Alexander Lenoir, who says, "Lantara has been reproached with drunkenness; the charge is false; he loved a cup of *bacaroise* (an infusion of tea and *capillaire*) or chocolate better than a bottle of wine. His pictures were obtained at a low price by practising on his simplicity and good nature. He would paint a landscape for an almond-cake, a tart, or any other kind of pastry. Dalbott, the keeper of a *café* near the Louvre, obtained a number of the finest drawings of Lantara by supplying him with *bacaroise* and coffee."

But what was the character of the pictures and drawings which the artist exchanged so freely for tarts and coffee? It might be expected that they were tavern-scenes—card-players and brawlers—sketches made in the low haunts of vice and dissipation. But no: the most beautiful aspects of nature—luminous horizons, moonlit waters, skies empurpled by the sun—these were what Lantara painted in preference. The obscure frequenter to Dalbott's *café*, took nature for his model, and had all the poetry of nature in his soul. Lantara is the Claude of a more temperate clime. It is not on the banks of the Seine that we meet with grand ruins, colonnades of circular temples dedicated to Venus, and marble tombs tinged with roseate hues by the declining orb of day; but, in default of these august souvenirs, which fill up the landscapes of Claude, and impress them with a character of solemn poetry, our poor Bohemian of the Rue de Chantre drew from his poetical temperament and his observant love of nature, those purple sunsets, those silver-edged clouds, which seem to float across his moonlights, and those magical effects of light, in the representation of which he is inferior only to the great landscape painter whom we have named. "It would be difficult," says a most competent judge, "to carry skill in aerial perspective further than Lantara has done. All his pictures and drawings are characterised by the same pure and refined taste; and if, upon a close examination, disproportion may be observed in some of his compositions, it is a fault which takes nothing from his merits as a colourist. The careful study of his works will singularly facilitate the imitation of the grand and beautiful effects of nature."

It was from the ingenuousness of his nature that Lantara drew the sentiment of harmony. Of candour and simplicity he possessed as much as it is possible to imagine. M. Lenoir relates that Lantara, having borrowed four-and-twenty shillings, was not ashamed to offer four shillings on account. In his dealings with amateurs he was as simple and as scrupulously honest as in settling with his creditors. An amateur had ordered of the artist a landscape, in which there should be a church and figures. Lantara finished the picture, but introduced no figures, which he was not skilful in drawing. On his taking home the picture, the amateur was struck with its truthfulness, with the brilliancy of the colours, and with the lightness of the touch; but when the first transports of admiration had subsided, he perceived that the artist had not introduced the desired figures.

"Monsieur Lantara," said he, "you have omitted the figures in your picture."

"Sir," replied the artist with an air of simplicity, "they are at mass."

"Ah, well," returned the amateur; "finish the picture when they come out."

The awkwardness of the artist in drawing figures led him to avail himself of the brush of some obliging brother of the art. Among the pictures of this master in the gallery of M. Deloessert, there are three in which the figures are by Nicholas Tamay and Demarne. In the figures which enrich other landscapes by

\* "Deperthes. Théorie du Paysage, ou Considérations générales sur les beautés de la Nature que l'art peut imiter. Paris, 1818."

Lantara, we may trace the hand of Casanova, of Berré, and of Bernard. M. Roux du Cantal, a distinguished valuer, and author of the "Catalogue Robert de St. Victor," says that even Joseph Vernet did not disdain to paint the figures in the landscapes of Lantara. In this catalogue, which was drawn up in 1823, M. Roux du Cantal complains bitterly of the writers who have given Lantara the reputation of a drunkard. He asserts that the artist, though not exempt from caprices and eccentricities, practised an austerity in his manner of living very rare at the period in which he lived; that his tastes were simple as those of a child; and that owing to his delicate constitution and dreamy temperament, cakes and coffee were his principal nourishment. Unfortunately, M. Roux du Cantal adduces no evidence in support of his assertions; and it is not improbable that the authors of the vaudeville founded on the life of Lantara had been personally acquainted with the artist.

The materials for a biography of Lantara are very few. Nearly every writer who has designed to mention him has treated him as a creation of the fancy, a representative personage, a type. In Paris his name is in every month; it is known to all the amateurs, and to all the print-sellers and picture-dealers. Contemporary with Diderot, who has so mercilessly criticised the productions of Boucher, Fragonard, Taravel, Halle, and others, he would have been a good subject for his bitter sarcasm and his unsparring ridicule; but Lantara never sent any of his works to the exhibition. He was little known to men of the literary profession, and nearly ignorant of literature. The book of nature, spread out in the woods and fields around Paris, was the only page he studied. Otherwise, what a rich treat it would have been to Diderot to have encountered Lantara some fine day on the Quai Conti, or to have entered by chance some mean and obscure *café*, and surprised the artist in the composition of a moonlit landscape! How the poor artist would have fared in those charming pages, which may be regarded as the "Dunciad" of the French artists of that day, we know not; but we can imagine the ridicule, the sarcasm, the irony, that would have been poured forth upon him. A great painter of the taverns! Another Joseph Vernet found in a garret! A second Claude Lorraine discovered in a smoking-room, painting in its rocky atmosphere (having finished his last glass) all the picturesque effects which attend the rising and setting of the sun, the luminous vapours on the horizon, the dew on the grass, the reflection of the moonbeams on the still waters!\*

The mystery which enveloped the life of Lantara, the strangeness of his habits and manners, and the contradictory accounts that have been given of his character, have often been themes for discussion and wonder among amateurs. Looking at the landscapes, their composition, and their harmony of tone, the spectator would conclude that he must have been a man of regular and sober life. That the painter of pictures exhibiting such fidelity to nature, such freshness of colour, such delicacy of touch, and evincing, above all, such a refined and poetic taste, should have been an incorrigible drunkard, careless, fantastic, and indolent, seems more than strange—it verges on the incredible. Men occupying the high places in the world of art are said to have essayed to withdraw Lantara from a mode of life apparently so antagonistic to his nature, and bordering so closely on vagabondage, that he might be placed in conditions favourable to the development of his talents, and acquire the reputation of which they rendered him worthy; but his erratic habits were too deeply rooted to be easily eradicated.

M. de Caylus, who, occupied as he was with archaeological pursuits and studies, did not disdain the artists of his time, gave Lantara advice and encouragement to this end, and placed him in circumstances more favourable for the prosecution of his labours.

\* "Diderot's descriptions of pictures are very characteristic of the writer, full of cleverness and wit, and most powerful in conveying an idea of what he was describing. They were addressed to Grimm, and were not published in a collective form at least, until after the writer's death. Here, as elsewhere, he was thoroughly unscrupulous as to what he said, provided he expressed what he meant; and his stories and illustrations will often not bear being quoted. A. W. Schlegel says, 'It would be a true imperial luxury to get a collection of pictures described for one's self by Diderot.'—*Sir Edmund Head*.

Lantara, better lodged, better fed, and better clothed, made an effort to accustom himself to a mode of life that was new to him; but his inveterate habits of wandering idly about and drinking in low taverns were fatal to the good intentions of his friends. His carouses at the wretched inn in the Rue de Chantre, his long walks in the woods, the joyous liberty of a gipsy-like existence, were to Lantara the charms of life. He soon returned, therefore, to his garret and the tavern.

It is creditable to Lantara that, painting in the most profligate period of the history of France, and exposed by his poverty to temptation, he has not profaned and polluted the purity of art after the manner of Boucher and Fragonard, those arch-priests of what Carlyle expressively calls "Dnbarrydom." The French school had declined after the death of Le Brun, and produced only pictures more fitted for the adornment of a heathen temple than for the public galleries of a Christian people. Lantara was no imitator of the meretricious style which found favour in the eyes of Louis XV. and the Pompadours and Maintenons. He left the vices, the follies, and the profanities of the capital behind him, to study nature on the banks of the Seine, or in the sun-lit glades of the forest of Fontainebleau. In the midst of misery and vice he preserved in his heart the love of the beautiful, and respect for the pure and holy; a circumstance which probably won for him the esteem of his patron Caylus, who was as much the friend of virtue as he was an admirer of the arts.

We gather from those who have slightly noticed him, that Lantara was of a delicate constitution; and it is too probable that he injured it by his unfortunate attachment to the bottle. After suffering for a long time in his wretched garret, he was constrained to apply for admission into the hospital of La Charité, on the 22nd of December, 1778. He entered at noon, and six hours afterwards he was dead. The unfortunate artist was only in the thirty-fourth year of his age.

Lantara had never been a member of any academy, and his death excited little more attention than if he had never lived. The author of the "Secret Memoirs" gave a passing notice of the event in his journal, speaking of him as an ignorant and uneducated man. The continuer of Bachaumont, however, does him more justice. "No painter," says he, "has better represented the different hours of the day; he excelled in aerial perspective, and the vapours of his landscapes approach those of Claude Lorraine in truthfulness and beauty. His daybreaks are marked by a delightful freshness."

Lantara has left but few works, for he was the most indolent of artists, and seems never to have worked but when urged by necessity. Priced as they are by those who can appreciate the really beautiful and the true, the compositions of this master are disclaimed by the majority. In this country his works are scarcely known. In France they are scarce; and, with the exception of a sunset in the gallery of the Louvre, they are only to be found in the collections of the most distinguished amateurs.

The gallery of M. Deloest contains six:—1. "Sunset." A landscape, with rocks, and the sea illuminated by the beams of the setting sun; a bark with fishermen. The figures are by Nicholas Taunay. This picture was formerly in the Perrin collection.

2. "Sunset." An immense rock, on which rise some castellated ruins; in the background, a villa on the banks of a river.

3. "Sunrise." Two masses of rock occupy the left and middle of the picture; on the right, in the distance, a village. In the foreground, two men and a woman on horseback.

4. "A Landscape." A large mass of rocks on the right, with a chateau on the summit. In the middle, a river, over which is a bridge of three arches. A cart loaded with hay is passing over the bridge. The figures are by Demarne.

5. "A Landscape." On the right, a chateau with turrets; in the middle, a group of trees; on the left, a river. A man and a woman fishing.

6. "View of a Chateau." The figures in this picture, which was formerly in the Mainmarché collection, are by Nicholas Taunay. M. Jules Duclos possesses a charming "Sunrise" by Lantara, in which the magical effects of light are portrayed in a manner worthy of Claude.

The beautiful moonlight scene, called "The Return from



Market," which we have engraved (p. 152), is the property of Dr. Roux.

M. Didot is the possessor of three pictures by Lantara :—"A Water-mill," with animals by Berré; a "Sunset," and a "Rising of the Moon," with figures by Nicholas Taunay.

Lantara left a great number of drawings, executed with ease and sentiment: they are done with crayons, in black and white. Some of the moonlight scenes are described by those who have seen them as exquisitely beautiful. The effects of mist, and of the moon shining through a haze, are portrayed with wonderful correctness. There is one of these beautiful designs in the gallery of the Louvre.

In the cabinet of engravings belonging to the National Library, at Paris, there are preserved, between two sheets of paper, some indifferent lithographs, two or three engravings by Mouchy, Née, Beaugon, Madame Massard, and Couché; and a landscape, with a bridge, etched with aquafortis by Lantara himself.

was valued at his sale, in 1817, at £32; the two others, both representing landscapes with figures, at £23.

At the St. Victor sale, in 1823, "A Tempest," by this master, produced £35, and "A Moonlight," £7. "A Landscape," representing the sun breaking through the haze of early morning, with three figures by Bernard, was sold for £25.

At the Vigneron sale, in 1829, a landscape by Lantara produced the comparatively large sum of £120.

M. Alphonse Giroux formerly possessed a landscape by Lantara, representing a sheet of water; on the sale of this gentleman's collection, which took place in 1851, this picture was valued at £16.

Lantara signed all his pictures and drawings; we annex a fac-simile of his signature.

*S<sup>t</sup> Lantara*



VIEW OF PECQ, NEAR ST. GERMAIN.—FROM A PAINTING BY LANTARA.

At the sale of the collection of Count de Dubary, in 1774, four years before the death of Lantara, a beautiful landscape by this master, with figures, was sold for £2. Two others, enriched with figures by Casanova, rose by competition to £15.

In 1776, at the sale of M. Blondel de Gagny, treasurer-general to the sinking-fund office, two pictures by Lantara were sold for £5.

The Prince of Conti had four pictures by this master, of very small dimensions, which were sold, in 1777, for £22.

At the sale of the Castelmore collection, in 1791, a fine landscape by Lantara, with some figures and a cow by Casanova, was sold for £15.

A picture by this master, representing a rocky coast, and ornamented with figures by Nicholas Taunay, was sold by the Duke of Choiseul-Praslin, in 1809, for £13.

At the Solirène sale, in 1812, a snuff-box, ornamented with two miniature landscapes by Lantara—one representing daybreak, the other sunset—was sold for £7.

M. Laperrière, receiver of the finances of the department of the Seine, had three pictures by Lantara; one, with figures by Taunay,

## PICTURES IN SPAIN.

THE unfortunate civil dissensions to which Spain has been a prey for so many years have not only, by impoverishing the country, deprived the arts of the patronage necessary to their progress, but diverted the attention of the people from the elegancies and refinement of life to the means of preserving their lives and property. Owing mainly to these causes, Spain has produced no great artist since the death of Velasquez and Murillo, with whom the glory of Spanish art may be said to have departed. The efforts of the academies, and the patronage of Charles III., who had acquired a taste for the fine arts while reigning at Naples, were insufficient to rekindle the light that had once shed splendour on the schools of Seville and Valencia: The later artists of the Spanish school degenerated into feebleness and mannerism, and foreign invasions and intestine wars at length caused even imitators and copyists to be without patronage, and the works of the old masters to be neglected and forgotten.

Notwithstanding the abstraction of a great number of pictures from the churches and monasteries during the French occupation,

it is known that there must be an immense number of good pictures still in the country, which would furnish materials for valuable national collections, could they be discovered. But public as well as private property has been subjected to such repeated outrages in the course of the wars and revolutions that have so long distracted the country, that every picture of value has been secreted to await the restoration of tranquillity. A great number of private families are known to possess pictures which have been handed down as heirlooms, and are hidden to prevent their loss in the political convulsions that have been of such frequent occurrence. Whenever a brief period of tranquillity has supervened, a number of paintings have been brought from their hiding-places in vaults and closets, and exposed for sale at the shops of the brokers and picture-dealers of Madrid. All are declared to be by Murillo, Velasquez, Zurbaran, or some other great artist of Enro-

check existed upon the destruction or abstraction of pictures to any extent. In nearly every place the local authorities threw obstacles in the way of the commissioners, sometimes, no doubt, from jealousy of interference, but often, it is feared, in order to conceal their peculations, or those of their predecessors in office.

At Almeida, for instance, the existence of any local collection was denied, but a catalogue was accidentally discovered containing a list of 196 pictures, which had been collected in 1837, and had unaccountably disappeared. At Caceres, again, the commissioners could get no account of the works of art which were known to have existed, especially in the magnificent monastery of the Hieronymites, at Guadalupe, near Lograsan. On proceeding to ascertain what still remained within the walls of the monastery, they were resisted by the local authorities, who pretended that everything there belonged to the parish, and not to the state. At Cadiz, though a



VIEW ON THE SEINE,—FROM A PAINTING BY LANTARA.

pean reputation; but the majority have been ascertained to be the works of the copyists of the 18th century.

Nothing can be more melancholy than the account presented in the report of the commission appointed by royal ordinance in 1844 to make inquiries relative to the works of art contained in the suppressed monasteries. A hope had been entertained of forming a gallery of painting and sculpture in the principal town of each province; but the royal commissioners, Don José Madrazo and Don Valentin Carderera, were soon convinced of the hopelessness of such an undertaking. In some provinces the pictures had found their way into the possession of foreign dealers and amateurs; in others, "many of the most esteemed works of art, the glory and ornament of the most sumptuous churches, had perished in their application to the vilest uses; in others, scarcely any record was preserved of what had been in existence at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries, and no inventory or catalogue of any kind had been made." It must be evident that, under such circumstances, no

catalogue had been made, prints had been mixed up with pictures so that it was found impossible to detect thefts, though many were gravely suspected. Plunder had been carried on to a most disgraceful extent at Cuenca, and the investigations of the commissioners were resisted by the superior of the priory of St. Jago de Ucles. At Girona several pictures had disappeared within the last three years. A number of paintings had been abstracted from the museum of Granada within a shorter period, and no one could tell what had become of them. In the Basque provinces many pictures were missing, which was ascribed by the authorities to the Carlist insurrection. The report says: "While many have been destroyed on the one hand, on the other the state of affairs has thrown a shield over those who have profited by the confusion, and have unjustly appropriated the property of the state." Eight portraits of kings were known to exist in the Benedictine monastery of Lerex, near Pontevedra, but the authorities asserted positively that no works of art whatever existed there. At Soria, again, eighty-eight

pictures which, according to a catalogue made in 1835, had then existed, had since disappeared, and no explanation could be obtained from the authorities.

In some other towns the commissioners were more successful. At Alava eighty-six pictures were collected, but there was no place for their reception. At Albacete forty-six pictures, mostly by native artists, with a few specimens of the Italian masters, had been preserved. At Barcelona some pictures were obtained, and placed in the museum; and some by Vanduyck, Zurbaran, and other celebrated masters, were found in the Carmelite convent, near Castellán. Twenty pictures of the Italian schools had been rescued from the Benedictine convent at Corunna; and no less than 480, among which were works of Ribera and Zurbaran, were collected at Guadalaxara. Eighteen were collected at Lerida, twenty-nine at Tuerl, and a few others at Zamora and Huelva.

In some places museums have been established, where the pictures were numerous enough, and local funds existed, which were available for the purpose; in others the pictures have been placed in convents still existing, or other public buildings. A museum, containing 200 pictures, was opened at Orihuela in January, 1845, and the work of collecting was still going on. At Badajoz a museum was about to be formed in the old Franciscan convent. A collection of 252 pictures, mostly of the Spanish schools, had been deposited in the College of the Assumption, at Cordova. At Huesca 120 pictures had been collected, and placed in the building belonging to the Economical Society. At Jaen 238, including some by Murillo, Zurbaran, Cano, Titian, and Albano, had been placed in the old Jesuit convent. The local commission of Orsne had succeeded in securing as many as 120 pictures and some pieces of sculpture, and it was intended to establish a museum. Fifteen pictures were placed in the university of Oviedo; and thirty-six were collected at Palencia, including some attributed to Vanduyck, Carlo Maratti, and Guido, which were to form the nucleus of a local museum. In Salamanca as many as 1,061 pictures were ascertained to exist as public property, which were in various convents and other buildings until a proper place for a local museum could be obtained. The object has not, however, been yet attained, owing to the want of funds, which, in Spain, cripples every undertaking. At Segovia 386 pictures were deposited in the episcopal palace.

The Seville museum is without doubt the richest in Spain, for there Murillo shines in all his glory; but the commissioners were unable to obtain a complete and satisfactory catalogue, of which they complain bitterly in their report. Some of the pictures from the suppressed convents and churches of Toledo had been transferred to Madrid, and an accurate inventory of these, or of the pictures originally in those buildings, could not be procured; such as remained were deposited in the old convent of St. Pedro Martín. The rich museum of Valencia is established in the old Carmelite convent, and contains as many as 600 pictures, mostly by native artists. The collection of portraits of celebrated Spanish poets, which was formerly in the monastery of Murta, was transferred to the academy of St. Carlos. The works of art existing in the suppressed convents of St. Benito el Real, the Merced Calzada, and St. Diego, at Valladolid, have been removed to the museum of that city, which already contained 947 pictures and 229 pieces of sculpture, and is one of the most important in Spain. The little museum of Vizeya contains thirty pictures, the catalogue of which is mentioned in the report as the only one which fulfilled all the conditions required by the commission—that is to say, it set forth the subjects, the schools, and the names of the artists, the supposed merits of the pictures, their state of preservation, and the convent whence each came. A few pictures were collected at Saragossa, and it was proposed to establish a museum in the old convent of Santa Fé; but the want of funds and the indifference of the local authorities have hitherto prevented the proposition from being carried out.

Of the neglect which works of art have long experienced in Spain, and the manner in which so many of the best have disappeared, a striking picture has been presented by Madame Hahn-Hahn. "It is wretched," she says, speaking of the museum of Seville, and the custody of pictures there in 1841, "to see how these invaluable jewels of pictures are preserved! Uncleaned,

without the necessary varnish, sometimes without frames, they lean against the walls, or stand unprotected in the passages where they are copied. Every dauber may mark his squares upon them, to facilitate his drawing; and since these squares are permanent in some pictures, in order to spare these admirable artists the trouble of renewing them, the threads have, in certain cases, begun to leave their impression on the picture. The proof of this negligence is the fact, that we found to-day the mark of a finger-nail on the St. Augustine, which was not there on the first day that we saw it. We can only thank God if nothing worse than a finger-nail make a mark on the picture. It stands there on the ground, without a frame, leaning against the walls. One might knock it over or kick one's foot through it. There is, to be sure, a kind of ragged custode sitting by, but if one were to give him a couple of dollars he would hold his tongue; he is, moreover, always sleeping, and yawns as if he would put his jaws out. He does not forget, however, on these occasions to make the sign of the cross with his thumb opposite his open mouth, for fear the devils should fly in—such is the common belief. You see clearly that, with this amount of neglect and want of order, the fate awaits all the Murillos here which had already befallen the Leonardo's 'Last Supper,' at Milan. These are all collected in two public buildings, in the church of the Caridad, and in the Museum.

"The Caridad was a hospital or charitable institution. The pictures were brought hither from Murillo's own studio; these are five:—'Moses,' 'the Feeding of the Five Thousand,' the 'St. Juan de Dios,' a little 'Salvator Mundi,' and a small 'John the Baptist'; the sixth, the pendant to the 'St. Juan de Dios,' the 'St. Elizabeth with the Sick,' has been carried to the Museum at Madrid. It is very questionable whether these five pictures will be still in the Caridad in ten years time. Nothing would be easier than to smuggle out the two small pictures. A painter comes—copies them—does not stand upon a few dollars more or less—takes off the originals, and leaves the copies behind in their places, which are high up and badly lighted—the pictures are gone for ever! This sort of proceeding is not impossible here, and Baron Taylor's purchases for Paris prove the fact. It cannot of course be done without corruption and connivance on the part of the official guardians; and, after all, one has hardly the courage to lament it. The pictures are, in fact, saved—they are protected and duly valued."

Seville was formerly renowned for its riches in private collections of works of art; these have all disappeared, but the influence of the clergy has been sufficient to preserve such a number of fine pictures in their splendid cathedral that it forms one of the best collections in Spain. It possesses twelve Murillos, and many of the best productions of Ribera, Zurbaran, Cano, and Henara. At Madrid the royal gallery contains a greater number of *chef-d'œuvre*, with a similar proportion of inferior works, than any similar collection in Europe. It contains some of the finest productions of Titian, Rubens, and other artists who visited Madrid in the reign of Charles V. and his successors; and since the suppression of the monasteries, it has been further enriched by the addition of the splendid collection so long the boast of the Escorial, including some of the best works of Raffaele. There are also some fine specimens of Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, the Bassanos, and all the celebrated masters of the Roman, Florentine, and Bolognese schools. Its specimens of Claude and Poussin are both numerous and excellent; and the productions of the Dutch and Flemish schools are also of the first order. With respect to the Spanish schools, the collection is not so complete as it might be, which, considering the number of pictures by native artists that exist throughout Spain, is somewhat surprising. The best Spanish painters are well represented, however, and Velasquez, in particular, can there alone be truly appreciated.

The qualities which chiefly distinguish the works of the Spanish masters are correctness of design and beauty of colouring; a rich, dark tone and strong contrast of light and shade characterise nearly all their great works. But in composition they are not equal to the great Italian masters, nor are their figures equal to those of the latter in ideal grace and beauty. The early painters seem to have taken those of Italy for their models, but under Murillo, Velasquez, and Zurbaran the Spanish school acquired a national character, the

main element of which is adherence to nature. Murillo was never out of Spain, and his later style, which he adopted after his second visit to Madrid, was peculiarly his own.

Portrait painting has always been practised to a considerable extent in Spain, a taste for that department of art having been imbibed from Titian, Rubens, and Vandyck, and most of the great Spanish masters have left specimens of their skill in it. In landscape they have produced pictures which, for truth and picturesque beauty, cannot be surpassed, though in tone they are inferior to those of the Italians, which has been ascribed to a difference in the peculiarities of climate in the two countries. The skies of Italy are remarkable for the rich and mellowed tints which they so frequently assume, and for striking atmospheric effects; whilst the sky of Spain presents a cold and cloudless expanse of blue, and a peculiar silvery greyness of the atmospheric tints, which accounts for the distinguishing tone of Spanish landscapes.

Religious subjects, however, predominate in every collection of the Spanish masters, and these are often treated in a manner which, to most minds, is calculated to repel, rather than to attract. "No one," says Sir Edmund Head, "ever walked through a large collection of genuine Spanish pictures without feeling that a peculiar solemnity, and what may be called an ascetic spirit, pervaded the works around him. The 'Beggars' of Murillo, rejoicing in water-melon and merry in the freedom of their rags, may seem to convey a different impression, but they are themselves exceptions to the general rule; such pictures are rarely or never met with in Spain, though the same element of street-life is seen as an acces-

sory in many of Murillo's more serious works. It is probable, too, that a large number of those current under his name in foreign countries were executed by his followers—Meneses, Tobar, or Villavieja. Be this as it may, the prevailing tone of Spanish pictures is one of gloom and severity; you feel as Pacheco says he did with regard to Campana's 'Descent from the Cross'—afraid to be alone with it in a gloomy chapel. Joined with all this, there sometimes meets us an expression of enthusiastic devotion, so that the whole result expresses the characteristic spirit of Spanish religion, which united the gloom of St. Dominic with the mystical fervour of St. Ignatius or St. Teresa."

Of the numerous productions of Murillo existing in Spain, or scattered through the public and private galleries of the rest of Europe, nine-tenths represent incidents in the Old and New Testaments, the Apocrypha, and the lives of the saints. He has repeated the "Annunciation" nine times, and "Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception"—a favourite subject with Spanish painters as the doctrine alluded to was with Spanish theologians—no less than twenty-five times; while his "Virgins" and "Holy Families" are almost innumerable. Velasquez, whose genius was less peculiarly Spanish, painted portraits more frequently than historical compositions; but among the works of Spanish artists of the grand order, subjects taken from the Scriptures and the lives of the saints are most frequently repeated, while representations of the personages, scenes, and incidents, in the pagan mythology of Greece and Rome, which so often appear among the productions of the Italian schools, are very rarely met with.

## WILLIAM KALF.

If we would give a correct definition of art, we must make it include the kitchens of Kalf as well as the heroic compositions of Poussin. Art is displayed as much in the copper vessel gilded by the sunbeams, or in the polish of the silver vase, as in the grave compositions, the subjects and grandeur of which are furnished by history and philosophy. Each department of art requires its followers to possess certain qualities, if they would excel in it; and there may be as much merit, though of a different degree, in the artist who requires no more for the production of a valuable picture than an upturned cauldron and a bunch of leeks, as in the more pretentious painter of history, nourished in the bosom of the academy, and capable of treating the continuance of Scipio, for example, with conventional action and commonplace figures.

A good lesson in painting may be taken while standing before a simple interior of a kitchen by Kalf. And here we speak not merely of painting properly so called, of that facile and vivid touch which distinguishes the master, but likewise of the great rules of composition and *chiaroscuro*. We repeat it: the great rules of composition and *chiaroscuro* have not been displayed more highly by the painters of history, than in that modest picture of the Dutch artist, which represents a copper boiler and some vegetables, with the sun's rays falling on them, and which we have chosen for our illustration of this master.

That which we would call the principal figure in this composition occupies the middle of the canvas, and receives the strongest illumination. The other figures are lighted according to their importance, in a just and nicely-proportioned gradation. Which is here the principal figure? which is the hero of the scene? It is the superbly-burnished copper boiler, which is set against the barrel behind it in such a manner as to catch the sunlight that enters through some unseen window on the left. The old barrel against which it rests, and on which a large red pitcher stands, is not the least important personage in the picture. A pan filled with water, a fine cabbage, a broken basket, a broom, a couple of pewter plates, and seven or eight turnips, fill up the composition. A woman is seated in the background, quite in the shade, and seems introduced only to fill up the canvas; the objects on which the artist has chiefly relied for producing effect are evidently the copper boiler, the old barrel, the red pan, and the cabbage behind it, and these are grouped in a manner which evinces considerable acquaintance with the harmony of colours and the effects of light.

The picture is rich in details, but it is not overcharged. The shade in which the woman sits increases the light which the artist has thrown upon the principal objects. The metallic brightness of the boiler and the pewter platters has never been excelled, and all the accessories are finished in the most careful manner.

William Kalf was born at Amsterdam, in the year 1630. He was a pupil of Hendrick Pot, a good painter of history and portraits, with whom he passed his early years. No particulars are recorded of his *début*, or of his progress. We only know that he for some time applied himself to the same pursuit as his master; but not acquiring the proficiency, or obtaining the success which he desired, he began painting flowers, fruit, and objects of still life. Houbraken relates that he remained whole days before a citron, a fine orange, and a fruit-knife, with a mother-of-pearl handle. With equal care and admirable taste, he painted silver vases filled with choice flowers, and the shells of strange forms and splendid colours which the Dutch mariners of that period brought from the distant regions of the tropics. Objects of this kind, little interesting in themselves, are only rendered picturesque, in an artistic point of view, by the truth and fidelity with which they are represented. Besides the ability to reproduce them with correctness, a light and spirited touch, clearness and brilliancy of colouring, and a perfect knowledge of the rules of composition and the harmony of colours, are, however, essential to success.

Kalf particularly excelled in the representation of vases and other ornamental objects in gold and silver, the lustre of which he imitated with a delicacy and precision that approach very closely to reality. All his pictures are finished in the most careful and elaborate manner, touched with neatness and spirit, coloured with clearness and brilliancy, and evince a perfect acquaintance with the rules of *chiaroscuro*. But it was in the representation of the more common subjects of every-day life—the interiors of kitchens, cellars, and rustic chambers—that the highest excellence of this master consisted. In all such familiar scenes he displayed a truthfulness of form and colour, and a knowledge of the great principles of harmony and *chiaroscuro*, which place him in the first rank among the pictures of still-life. In the representation of brass and copper vessels, and earthen pans and jugs, he has never been surpassed.

The works of this master are much esteemed in Holland, where they find a place in the best collections. Lebrun observes that the works of Kalf have been at all times much sought after by amateurs,



and that there are few collections in Paris in which a specimen of his style is not to be found. The same writer says that he had seen a picture by Kalf which would bear comparison with the finest productions of Adrian Van Ostade.

Kalf united much amiability of disposition and kindness of heart with an expanded and cultivated mind and no ordinary ability in his profession. He was equally estimable as a man and admirable as an artist. He was always willing to render a friend or neighbour any service in his power. He possessed a fine figure; and his deportment and manners were refined and dignified—a rare circumstance in an epoch and a country the artists of which passed the greater part of their time in the noise and smoke of taverns.

poet, wrote an epitaph for his monument, warmly eulogising his talent as an artist and his amiability as a man. It records that Kalf was an admirable painter of golden cups and silver vases, and all the treasures of opulence, but that earth had no treasures sufficient for the reward of his virtues.

Descamps says that the *chef-d'œuvre* of this master is to be seen at Leyden, in the cabinet of M. de la Court. It represents a melon cut in two, and behind it a handsome vase. How great is the power of art! The travelling amateur, who has surveyed the galleries and museums of Europe, stops at Leyden on his return through Holland, and is shown the *chef-d'œuvre* of Kalf. He gazes upon it with admiration; the more he looks at it the more he becomes en-



THE RETURN FROM MARKET.—FROM A PAINTING BY LANTARA.

Kalf died on the 31st of May, 1693, his death being the result of a deplorable accident. Houbracken and Weyerman relate that the artist went to the house of one Cornelius Hellemans, a dealer in objects of art, for the purpose of offering for sale a series of engravings; the bargain was concluded, the dealer agreeing to give the artist the price which he had asked, and the money was to be paid on the following day. With the morrow, however, the news was brought to Hellemans that Kalf was dead. After leaving the house of the dealer, he had fallen over the bridge of IJantem; he was taken out of the water and carried to his own abode, where he died in a few hours afterwards. William Van der Hoeven, a Dutch

raptured with the truthfulness of the execution and the brilliance and harmony of the colouring. Yet the object which the brush of Kalf has rendered so admirable is only the representation of what he has a hundred times seen upon his own table without surprise and without rapture—a melon cut in two!

If we except the gallery of the Louvre, which contains an admirable picture by this master, and those of Amsterdam, Dresden, and Copenhagen, the vases and brass pots of Kalf are not met with in the royal galleries of Europe. Artists and amateurs, however, have rendered ample justice to him, and his works occupy a prominent place in their collections.



Descamps speaks of a great number of pictures by this master in private collections in Holland and Belgium. Lebrun states that the

country are, a large picture of dead game and objects of still life in the apartment called Queen Mary's Closet, at Hampton Court; and



WILLIAM KALF.

works of Kalf were to be found in most good collections in Paris, but that they were rare in other countries. This celebrated amateur remarks that the pictures of this master have been often



copied, and with considerable success, but rarely with that delicate and elaborate finish which gives such an appearance of reality to the originals.

The only specimens of this master in the public galleries of this

an "Interior of a Dutch Cottage," at Dalwich College, respecting the genuineness of which connoisseurs have expressed doubts. It is attributed to Kalf in the catalogue, however, and possibly may be by him. It represents a woman spinning, and a child near her; the accessories and objects of still life are particularly well painted.

A few of the works of William Kalf have been engraved; three by F. Basan—"The Churn," "The Blessing," and an "Interior of a Cottage." Veisbrod has engraved, in a spirited manner, an "Interior of a Kitchen," formerly in the rich collection of Lebrun. The "Interior of a Kitchen," which we have engraved, formerly adorned the Poulain collection.


By a contradiction which seems inexplicable, the works of this artist, notwithstanding their incontestable merit, have not at any epoch been much in favour at public sales. Lebrun, whom we have so frequently quoted, estimated the value of a Kalf, in 1791, at from £50 to £60. This sum, however, has very rarely been obtained.

In 1715, at the sale of the Chevalier de Laroque, two beautiful pictures by Kalf, representing fish, vegetables, and kitchen utensils, were sold for £7; at that of M. de Julienne, in 1767, two other pictures, of similar composition, but enriched with figures, realised only £4; and at the sale of the collection of M. Randon de Boisset, in 1777, an "Interior of a Kitchen," by Kalf, was sold for £30, and another picture of still life for £20.

The value of this master's productions has not undergone much modification. At the sale of Cardinal Fesch, at Rome, in 1845, an "Interior of a Rustic Chamber" was sold for £15; an "Interior of a Cellar" for the same price; and a picture representing pork in a dish for £4.

Kalf painted both on canvas and on panel, but not unfrequently on the latter. None of his pictures bear his signature. Our researches

on this point agree in their results with those of Brulliot, the compiler of "The Dictionary of Monograms." He points out, however, some catalogues in which it is stated that Kalf has traced, at the bottom of his pictures, his name and the year in which it was painted. We annex the mark indicated by Brulliot, but without vouching for its correctness.

W. KALF.  
1659. 

## ARTISTS AND THEIR PATRONS.

In these days of art, anything relating to it is received with interest. Now-a-days every one has a taste for painting, and can criticise more or less correctly the works of our eminent masters. Every house is in some degree adorned with them; cheap engravings have educated all of us to some degree of taste.

It is only lately that art has been thus developed. Naturally we are not an artistic race. In the good old times but few cared for pictures, and few, indeed, in our humble opinion, were worth caring for. The oldest description of an English work of art is by Sir Thomas More. Describing a portrait he had seen of Jane Shore, he says:—"Her stature was mean, her hair of a dark yellow, her face round and full, her eyes grey; delicate harmony being between each part's proportion and each proportion's colour; her body fat, white, and smooth; her countenance cheerful, and like to her condition. The picture which I have seen of her was such as she rose out of her bed in the morning, having nothing on but a rich mantle cast under one arm and over her shoulder, and sitting on a chair on which one arm did lie." This description, however, must be received with caution. Taste was not then in a very advanced state; and yet the reign of Henry VIII. was auspicious for English art. The artist was painter, carpenter, carver, and did everything, as appears by the following memorandum from a book belonging to the Church of St. Mary, Bristol:—"Memorandum, that Master Cummings hath delivered, the 4th day of July, in the year of our Lord 1470, to Mr. Nicholas Bettes, Vicar of Radcliffe, Moses Conterny, Philip Bartholomew, and John Brown, Procurators of Radcliffe before-said, a new sepulchre, well carved, and cover thereto; an image of God rising out of the said sepulchre, with all the ordinance that longeth thereto; that is to say:—Item: A bath made of timber and ironwork thereto. Item: Thereto longeth Heaven, made of timber and stained cloth. Item: Hell made of timber and ironwork, with devils, in number thirteen. Item: Four knights armed, keeping the sepulchre with their weapons in their hands; that is to say, two axes and two spears. Item: Three pairs of angels' wings; four angels, made of timber and well painted. Item: The Father; the crown and visage, the hall with a cross upon it, well gilt with fine gold. Item: The Holy Ghost coming out of Heaven into the sepulchre. Item: Longeth to the angels four chevaliers." Scarcely less ludicrous are the instructions which Henry VIII. left for his own monument, but which was never completed, owing to the parsimony of his celebrated daughter. He writes: "The king shall appear on horseback, of the stature of a goodly man; while over him shall appear the image of God the Father, holding the king's soul in his left hand, and his right hand extended in the act of benediction." Yet that the bluff monarch had some appreciation of art appears in the well-known anecdote of Holbein, who, when painting the portrait of a lady, threw a lord, who had found his way into her chamber, down stairs. The courtier, of course, made a complaint. "By God's splendour!" exclaimed the monarch, "you have not to do with Hans, but with me. Of seven peasants I can make seven lords, but I cannot make one Hans Holbein."

Queen Elizabeth had not her father's appreciation of art. Walpole sarcastically observes: "There is no evidence that Elizabeth had much taste for painting; but she loved pictures of herself. In them she could appear really handsome; and yet, to

do the profession justice, they seem to have flattered her the least of all her dependants. There is not a single portrait of her one can call beautiful. The profusion of ornaments with which they are loaded are marks of her continual fondness for dress; while they entirely exclude all grace, and leave no more room for a painter's genius than if he had been employed to copy an Indian idol, totally composed of hands and necklaces. A pale Roman nose, a head of hair loaded with crowns and powdered with diamonds, a vast ruff, a water fardangle, and a bushel of pearls, are the features by which everybody knows at once the pictures of Queen Elizabeth."

Charles I. was the first kingly patron of art. His gallery in Whitehall contained four hundred and thirty-seven pictures, by thirty-seven different artists. Under his patronage Rubens came over, and Vandyck took up his residence here. Mr. Cunningham tells the following anecdote in connexion with Charles and the arts. The king wished to employ Bernini, the sculptor, and tried in vain to allure him to England. Not succeeding in doing this, and still desirous to have one of his works, he employed Vandyck to draw those inimitable profiles and full-face portraits now in the royal gallery, to enable the sculptor to make his majesty's bust. Bernini surveyed these materials with an anxious eye, and exclaimed: "Something evil will befall this man; he carries misfortune on his face." Tradition has added, in the same spirit, that a hawk pursued a dove into the sculptor's study, and rending its victim in the air, sprinkled with its blood the finished bust of King Charles. Mr. Cunningham adds: "I have also heard it asserted that stains of blood were still visible on the marble when it was lost in the fire which consumed Vauxhall."

Lely painted the gay beauties of the Restoration, but he had a different class to do with at one time. Cromwell said to him: "I desire you will use all your skill to paint my picture truly like me, and not flatter me at all; but remark all those roughnesses, pimples, warts, and everything as you see me; otherwise I will never pay one farthing for it." Poor Lely was eclipsed by the vainest and wittiest of painters, Kneller. Many of Sir Godfrey's good things have been preserved. "Dost thou think, man," said he to his tailor, who proposed his son for a pupil—"dost thou think, man, I can make thy son a painter? No; God Almighty only makes painters." Kneller's servants once quarrelled with those of Dr. Ratcliffe about a door. Kneller sent word that he must have the door shut up. "Tell him," replied the doctor, "that he may do anything but paint it." "Never mind what he says," retorted Sir Godfrey; "I can take anything from him but physic." His reason for preferring portraiture was a good one. "Painters of history," said he, "make the dead live, and do not begin to live themselves till they are dead." Arguing with an Oxford doctor about the legitimacy of the unfortunate son of James II., he exclaimed, with much warmth—"Mein Gott! I could paint King James now by memory. I say the child is so like both, that there is not a feature in his face but what belongs either to father or mother. This I am sure of, and cannot be mistaken; nay, the nails of his fingers are his mother's—the queen's that was. Doctor, you may be out in your letters, but I cannot be out in my lines." Yet all these men were foreigners. Sir James Thornhill, born at Weymouth, knighted by George I. and M.P. for his native town, was our first English artist. His chief works are—the dome of St. Paul's, an apartment at Hampton Court, the altar-piece of the Chapel of All Souls at Oxford, another for Weymouth, the hall at Bienenheim, the Chapel at Lord Orford's, Wimpole, Cambridgeshire, the saloon of More Park, and the great hall at Greenwich Hospital.

The English school of art is remarkable for drawings in water colours. It is quite of recent growth. The founders of the school were Alexandre Cozier, by birth a Russian, his son John Cozier, Edwards Dayes, the pupil of Moonlight Peter, and Thomas Girtin, the pupil of Dayes. These men flourished between 1780 and 1800. The elder Cozier followed a mode of composing his landscapes which Turner imitated on many occasions. His process was to dash out in dark brown or bistre, and on several pieces of paper, large blots and loose flourishes of effects, such as may or may not be seen in nature. From them he would select certain forms and combinations which led at times to very grand ideas, though it is said that

his selections were too often sombre and heavy, like nature viewed through a dark-coloured lens. His son John was an able artist, and, patronised by Beckford, executed many drawings of considerable merit, eagerly sought for by collectors in the present day. His style is said to have served as a foundation for the manner since adopted by Bertin and Girtin, both of whom copied, as Edwards in his anecdotes of painters says, many of his drawings. It is said to contemplate the fate of the founders of English water-colour art. John Cozins died in 1799 in a madhouse; Girtin died at the age of twenty-seven, in 1802, a victim to intemperance; and Dayes died in 1804, by his own hands. The first exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, and the first separate exhibition of the kind in this country, was in 1805. The members were sixteen in number. Girtin was a great friend of Turner's. They were both patronised by Dr. Monroe, an extensive collector of paintings in those days. "There," said Turner, in a conversation with David Roberts, pointing towards Harrow, "Girtin and I have often walked to Bushey and back, to make drawings for good Dr. Monroe, at half-a-crown apiece, and the money for our supper when we got home." Turner often talked of erecting a monument to mark the grave of his friend and rival, Girtin, in Covent-garden Churchyard; but when the amount was named—a few shillings over ten pounds—he shrugged his shoulders, and remained satisfied with the bare intention. "The grave, I am sorry to say, is still unmarked," writes Burnet. A head-stone to Girtin, from either the Old or the New Water-Colour Society, or both, would be a grateful tribute. In a letter to Leslie, Constable speaks of Cozins as the greatest genius that ever touched landscape. Mr. Leslie remarks that this criticism is startling, although all who are acquainted with the beautiful works of that truly original artist will admit that his taste is of the highest order.

And here we must add a word about our two greatest patrons of English art—Hoare and Sir G. Beaumont. Prince Hoare (says Haydon) was a delicate, feeble-looking man, with a timid expression of face; and when he laughed heartily, he almost seemed to be crying. His father was a bad painter at Bath, who, having a high notion of Prince's genius, sent him with a valet to Italy, to get what nature had denied him in the Capella Sistina. He went through the whole routine of labouring for natural talents by copying Michael Angelo, copying Raffaele, copying Titian; came home to be the rival of Reynolds, found his own talents for art were the feeblest order, and being well educated, took refuge in writing farces and adaptations of Spanish and French pieces, which his friends, Storace and Kelly, adapted to music. He was an amiable, though disappointed man, the companion of the democrats, Godwin and Holcroft, though an intimate friend of Sir Vicarary Gibbs. In the early part of the present century, Sir George Beaumont was the great critic in landscape painting—the English gentleman whose shrug of dislike or nod of approbation could either advance or retard the sale of a picture. He had a fine sense of art within early limits; he painted landscapes with care and propriety, collected old masters with great good judgment, and was the warm advocate of Wilkie's genius from the very first. He was a friend of Haydon and of Wordsworth, and of most of the distinguished men of the time. Haydon says he was a tall, well-bred, handsome man, with a highly intellectual air.

But the name of a lady at least must be mentioned as stimulating art in another way. To fourteen of Romney's pictures alone the charms of Lady Hamilton contributed their attractions:—1. "Circe," a fascinating figure, but unaccompanied, as was intended, by her suitors metamorphosed to brutes. 2. "Iphigenia," a whole-length, unfinished. 3. "St. Cecilia," bought by

Mr. Montague Burgoyne for seventy guineas. 4. "Sensibility," bought by Mr. Bayley for one hundred guineas. 5. "A Bacchante," lost at sea. 6. "Calope exposed with her Child," bought by Admiral Vernon for sixty guineas. 7. "The Spinners," bought by Mr. Craven for one hundred and fifty guineas. 8. "Cassandra," for the Shakespeare Gallery, for one hundred and eighty guineas. 10. "A Bacchante," bought by Sir John Leicester for twenty-five guineas. 11. "Calypso," and 12. "Magdalene," for the Prince of Wales, two hundred pounds. 13. "Joan of Arc," unfinished. 14. "The Pythian Priestess," unfinished. When Wilkie saw her, she was "tall and lusty, and of fascinating manners, but her features are bold and masculine."

It is curious to note how the love of art has grown up in the minds of its votaries. Some took to it suddenly; in most the faculty was drawn out by some accident, which aroused impressions never afterwards to be effaced. Romney was inspired with a passion for painting by seeing the fine engravings in the Vinci's "Treatise on Painting." The sight of a few fine prints, in an obscure village in Yorkshire, awakened the spark in Stothard. The carved figures in an old picture frame did as much for Chantrey; and Wilkie's sense of the comic and serious was first shown in drawing the head of one of his schoolfellows, as he sat to learn his neglected lesson on that lad eminence, the stool of shame. Opie's love of art came upon him early. When he was ten years old, he saw a friend draw a butterfly. "I think I can draw a butterfly as well as Mark Tates," he exclaimed; and taking a pencil, he drew one immediately. Turner's love for art is said to have been aroused as follows:—He had accompanied his father to a house in the neighbourhood, to take a lesson in the art of dressing hair; but his attention was occupied more by the coat of arms on the table than the skill of his father's fingers with the comb and curling-donga. He was pleased with the rich combination of colours in the arms; but his imitation, when at home, was confined to the lion. The father encouraged the rude effort of his son; and when asked, as he often was, "Well, Turner, what is William to be?" he would reply, with a look of delight, adding a satisfactory curl to his customer's hair at the same time, "William is going to be a painter!" Haydon's love of art was excited by less likely subjects. The French prisoners who crowded Plymouth made guillotine of their meat-bones, and sold them; and the whole amusement of children consisted in cutting off Louis XVI.'s head forty times a-day, with the playthings their fathers had bought to amuse their young minds. "My chief delight was in drawing the guillotine, with Louis taking leave of the people in his shirt-sleeves, which I copied from a print of the day." The object which called forth and discovered the genius of West, was that of a sleeping-infant, whom he was one day placed to watch, in the absence of its mother, he being then about seven years old. The child happened to smile in its sleep, when he was so forcibly struck with its beauty, that he seized pens, ink, and paper, which happened to be by him, and endeavoured to delineate a portrait, though at that time he had never seen an engraving or a picture. Hogarth's first attempt at satire was as follows:—One summer Sunday, during his apprenticeship to an engraver, he went with three companions to Highgate; and the weather being warm and the way dusty, they went into a public-house and called for ale. There happened to be other customers in the house, who were quarrelling as well as drinking. One of them, on receiving a blow with the bottom of a quart-pot, looked so ludicrously rueful, that Hogarth sketched him as he stood. It was so like and ludicrous, that it contributed to the restoration of good humour.

## EUSTACE LESUEUR.

THE Museum of the Louvre is rich in the paintings of Eustace Lesueur. Two large rooms are devoted to the works of this illustrious master, one filled with his paintings, the other with his rough sketches and designs. According to the official catalogue, there are forty-six of Lesueur's productions in the Louvre. The pictures relating to the life of St. Bruno are twenty-four in number; besides these there are ten Bible subjects, among which the most noticeable is "The Descent from the Cross," an engraving of which

we present to our readers (p. 157). This picture was valued under the empire at £720, and at the restoration at £2,400. There is over the picture an air of deep solemnity thoroughly in harmony with the mournful character of the subject. The bleak and barren character of the scene, the stormy aspect of the sky, the grief depicted on the faces of the group, from the woman who kneels to kiss the feet of the dead Saviour to the old disciple who supports the body—all is in perfect union. Behind the group, strikingly conspicuous, is the

"cursed tree," with the strange superscription still upon it; and at the front are the nails and the crown of thorns.

Eustace Lesueur studied under Vouet. He was born in 1627, and died in 1655. He was never out of France. The story of his life has been already told in these pages (vol. i. p. 46): how he was the son of a sculptor; how he exhibited precocious talent; how the world applauded his illustrations of "The Dreams of Poliphilus;" how, like a dark cloud over a beautiful summer sky, a settled melancholy cast its shadow over the artist's life; how he loved where love was vain, but kept his secret close and hid it in the tomb. This event has thrown around him an air of romance,

the style of Guido and Caravaggio. Lesueur, however, lost much of the style of his master in a careful study of that far more illustrious man, Nicholas Poussin, whose compositions he imitated and whose friendship he gained. But throughout his works there is that steady, calm, melancholy character, that sober gloom, which tells so unmistakably the workings of the man's mind. No matter whatever the subject may be, the man of blighted hopes paints his own sad imaginings on the canvas; and Lesueur is fully entitled, if indeed he has not a superior claim, to be called, like *Ruydael*, the painter of melancholy. It tinges every composition; is seen in the face of the recluse haggard with age and austerity, and in



INTERIOR OF A KITCHEN.—FROM A PAINTING BY KALF.

and furnished a rich fund to the French novelist. Schlegel says: "We find in his works neither the bewildering ostentation of Lebrun, nor the affected pedantry of Poussin. He has a feeling even for colour, and there is generally something full of mind about his works." There is throughout them all an intense melancholy, a solemnity, and a repose, that his own calm but gloomy thoughts most naturally suggested.

Vouet, under whom Lesueur studied, is generally regarded as the father of French art, as he was indeed the founder of a new school. He had passed fourteen years in Italy, and, having his mind strongly imbued with the peculiarities of Italian art, he produced pictures of great force and vigour, but strongly influenced by

the blooming beauty of womanhood; it marks every picture—stamps it with a sorrowful stamp.

Moreover, in the mind of Lesueur there was a fixed and steady faith. He was a man of deep feeling, a man of a thoroughly devotional mind, and the religious sentiments of his heart are seen in all his varied productions. He paints monks, but they are men of abstinence and prayer, not monks of Melrose. He could understand the simple piety and sincerity of those who, right or wrong, quitted the Vanity Fair of the world, and devoted themselves to works of faith and love; and never was he more happy in the style and composition of his paintings than when he set himself to portray these men—men of the cowl—in acts of devotion or in works of

mercy. One of his finest productions represents a number of people listening to a sermon; and the interest thrown into every face, the deep feeling exhibited by every figure in the group—from the beautiful woman who listens as though the words of the preacher were vital breath to her, to the young man in a half-negligent attitude, misal in hand, whose glance is still fastened on the monk—there is the greatest harmony, both in expression and general design; and both in preacher and in auditory there

who ruleth over all. There, too, the eagerness of the crowd is seen—the words of the apostle are falling like sparks on gunpowder, and the passions of the people are blazing heaven-high. And the result is seen in the books of sorcery cast away, in volumes upon volumes committed to the flames—the spectator catches something of the excitement of the scene, and seems to hear the mighty voice of God's messenger.

In the accessories of his pictures, Lesueur was a careful



THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS.—FROM A PAINTING BY LESUEUR.

is something that engages and fixes the attention. So it is in the picture which in a former volume we presented to our reader,\* "The Preaching of Paul at Ephesus." The attitude of the preacher stands out boldly, clearly, majestically as Michael Angelo's "Moses;" the calm, determined expression of countenance, the fall of the drapery, the uplifted hand—all command respect: we feel the presence of an ambassador from the One

painter; and his correct judgment and pure taste are seen in all the minute details of his compositions. He was not content with a grand design; he knew that there was no such thing as a trifle in true art—that success depended upon the most scrupulous care. He adapted the scenery of his pictures to the subject which they represented, with great accuracy and skill.

The four-and-twenty pictures representing the life of St. Bruno constitute his great works. Of these compositions Professor

\* WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS, vol. I., p. 48.



Waggen remarks: "The single pictures vary very much in merit; as the most remarkable, I will cite the following:—(No. 125), 'Raymond, a canon of Notre Dame, preaches before St. Bruno,' full of meaning and dignity, quiet in its motion and expression, and with a softness in the keeping and *chiaroscuro*; the tone, like that of the rest, is yellowish and transparent. (No. 127), 'The Hypocrite Raymond raises himself from his Coffin during the Masses for his Soul, to the terror of Bruno and the other Persons present.' The expression and attitudes are forcible without being exaggerated, and the whole is transparent and sunny, whilst it is effective and in good keeping. (No. 129), 'St. Bruno touches Theology in the Schools of Rheims,' the action is true and expressive. (No. 137), 'Pope Victor III. confirms the Foundation of the Carthusian Order.' The tone of light and of colour especially warm and powerful; the story is well told. (No. 138), 'St. Bruno receives a number of Novices into the Order.' This is one of the best of the whole series with reference to composition, dignity in the heads, depth and clearness of tone, and warmth of colour. (No. 141), 'St. Bruno refuses the Archiepiscopal Mitre offered him by Pope Urban II.' This is the best of all the set in respect of the depth and juiciness of its colour and *chiaroscuro*, as well as the transparency and softness of its execution. The attitude of the Pope is dignified; that of St. Bruno is rather theatrical. (No. 145), 'St. Bruno, having confessed, dies in his Cell, surrounded by the Monks of the Order.' The expression of the heads, which are fine in themselves, and have much variety, is full of feeling and pathos; the figures are well arranged, but the candle-light effect is not true to nature, and the shadows and background are too black. (No. 146), 'St. Bruno departs to Heaven.' The lines are not pleasing, but the heads have dignity and expression; the colouring is especially golden in tone; the keeping is good, and the execution careful. One cannot overlook certain recollections of Raffaele."

The works of Lesueur, unlike those of most other painters, are not scattered all over Europe, France containing the greatest number and the best. Besides the paintings at the Louvre, there are to be found a very considerable number, nearly 170, of the drawings of this master. They are traced with a bold and skilful hand in black chalk, lightened here and there with white, upon a coloured paper; sometimes, however, pen and ink have been employed. There are twelve very beautiful allegorical subjects. The original designs for the life of St. Bruno are also to be found there, forming a very extensive collection. Three of them are signed in the hand-writing of this master: two with the Christian name, Eustache, preceding that of Lesueur.

#### ART-EDUCATION.

In the recent Educational Exhibition at St. Martin's Hall, a department was appropriated to works of art in connexion with education; the specimens consisting chiefly of engravings, drawings, and models, mechanical contrivances to aid the practice of drawing, and books of instruction for the same purpose. As illustrating the progress made in art-education by the various European states, this part of the exhibition was highly-interesting; and, in offering a few remarks upon the subject, we shall avail ourselves largely of the report of the committee to whom the duty of examining the works of art in the exhibition was referred.

Works of the description indicated above were contributed by France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Prussia, Austria, Switzerland, Spain, and the United States. Italy, so long the principal seat of the fine arts, was not represented in this department—a circumstance the more to be regretted, as we believe that the methods of instruction in some of the Italian schools for drawing would be found worthy of notice. In the drawing academy of Venice, the students, after having completed a copy of an object, are required to draw the same subject again entirely from memory; and the utility of this system, in promoting a knowledge of form, together with facility of hand, has been demonstrated by experience.

Institutions for the study of the higher branches of design were very sparingly represented, and the few foreign examples of the

kind cannot be cited as very remarkable. On the other hand, some establishments in this country and in France, while professing only to impart such a knowledge of design as may be useful in the industrial arts, have promoted the cultivation of drawing to an extent which would do honour to academies for the study of the fine arts. We allude more particularly to the contributions from Paris. Various works produced under the direction of the Department of Art at Marlborough House might be placed in the same class; but, with regard to these, it must be observed, that the specimens exhibited appear to have been selected rather with the view of showing the methods and varieties of art-instruction sanctioned by the department, than of displaying the proficiency attained by the students. Having had some opportunities of knowing what the department has produced, we are decidedly of opinion that, had the object been to exhibit the attainments of the students as well as the nature of their studies, the result would have placed this portion of the exhibition in a much higher position than it actually held. Judging solely from what was exhibited, we must agree with the committee in awarding the palm of excellence to the Municipal School of Paris, directed by M. Lequien. There were contribution from other French schools of the same kind, but those referred to were the best.

"So satisfactory a result," says the report, "induces a wish to be acquainted with the methods of instruction; on this point, however, the materials are scanty. The communications from M. Lequien contain a few general regulations, and a notice of the description of artisans who frequent the school, or for whom it is intended; but the system of teaching can only be gathered from the examples exhibited. Among those for whom the school is intended, and who, it seems, attend in the evening, are mentioned bronze-chasers, designers for paper-hangings, designers for textile fabrics, porcelain painters, wood-carvers for furniture, sculptors for buildings, engravers, jewellers, lithographers, and decorative painters. The age at which students are admitted is twelve. This appears to be a more judicious regulation than that adopted in some other continental schools. Among the contributions from the communal schools at Brussels and other parts of Belgium, are some drawings of architectural foliage, from the inscriptions on which it appears that the students began at the age of seven. It must be confessed that, judging from the specimens, the progress, after several years, is not remarkable."

The directors of schools for drawing appear to be agreed as to the expediency of teaching the beginner first to copy simple forms from a flat surface, then to copy from inanimate objects in relief, and lastly to copy from the life. In general, however, the system of copying from drawings or engravings appears to be carried too far, not only in this country, but in some of the industrial schools on the continent. "In better-conducted schools," says the report, "the copying from the flat is limited to the acquisition of a due flexibility of hand, and what may be called elementary habits, analogous to those formed in the first lessons in writing. But the exercise of the eye cannot be too clearly taught by the observation and comparison of the forms of simple real objects. In this practice again the ingenuity of teachers, as exemplified in the present exhibition, appears to be sometimes too refined. The best authorities agree in recommending that simple geometrical solids should be first placed before the beginner, and when a certain power of seeing and imitating them is acquired, the pupil will feel a satisfaction in copying any ordinary objects that have some analogy with the forms which he has previously learnt to copy. Such real objects, if not too complicated, are preferable to elaborate toys, representing ivy-grown cottages and towers, such as are sometimes constructed as aids for teaching drawing. Any artificial varieties from the plain geometrical solids should be of the simplest description, since natural objects of the requisite size, equally applicable, and more interesting to the student, because they are real, can be readily found. Among some useful contrivances, specimens of which have been sent from Marlborough House, may be mentioned some skeleton squares, circles, and cubes, made of metal rods or tubes. These, placed in different views, are calculated to familiarise the eye with perspective appearances, and to render the study of perspective itself more intelligible."

With regard to the execution of chalk drawings, we observe that

the industrial schools generally, and especially those of France, encourage the use of the stamp in shading. When the objects of such schools, and the general description of the students who attend them, are considered, we think there are good grounds for this practice. "A readiness in handling the porte-crayon," says the report, which bears the high authority of the signature of Sir Charles Lock Eastlake, the President of the Royal Academy, "so as to imitate the masses and gradations of shade without apparent labour, is not soon acquired, and even when acquired, may be rather specious than really the result of intelligence. It is surely enough that artisans should draw with correctness, and imitate faithfully the appearances of light and shade, without requiring from them the questionable dexterity of rapidly executing shadows with the point. The use of the stamp, aided more or less by the point, may answer all the end, and, in saving the student's time, may have the effect of directing his attention more exclusively to the essential object proposed. But if this method is advisable in such establishments, and for such students as those now referred to, it does not follow that in schools where the most intimate acquaintance with anatomy is promoted, and the higher objects of art are contemplated, a different system should not be followed. The finer delicacies of marking, the utmost intelligence in rendering structural details, and the nice expression of surface, are better expressed with the point, provided a due lightness and freedom in its management have been acquired; added to which, such execution, when truly skilful and significant, is a fit preparation for the brush. From a passage in Crespri's continuation or third volume of *Malvasia's 'Felsina Pittrice,'* p. 299, it appears that the stamp was introduced late among the Italian draughtsmen. Crespri does not hesitate to condemn its use and tendency. It would follow that the soft gradations in some drawings by the great painters—for example, Correggio—may have been produced by partial rubbing with the finger, or by similar means; the stamp, or *sfumino*, itself, having been probably unknown to the earlier masters.

With regard to the applications of art to industrial purposes, we may observe that the system of copying the restricted forms of Greek foliage, as an introduction to the study of ornamental design, appears to be too extensively followed. The habit has become universal, not only in Europe, but wherever the study of design is cultivated in accordance with European tastes and customs. To a certain extent, drawing from the elegant forms of classic foliage ought not to be discouraged; but it is desirable that teachers should lead the students to adapt the forms of natural leaves and flowers, on similar principles, to the general purposes of decorative art. A wide scope is offered to the inventive faculty and artistic taste of the student, in the application of art to the manufacture of textile fabrics, paper-hangings, etc., and the course of study which is adopted at Marlborough House with this object promises to be eminently successful.

On the continent, and particularly in France, there is still a more general diffusion of the principles of art than in this country; though, on account of the great commercial importance of our manufacturing interests, there is the utmost need for our taking the lead in beauty and elegance of design as well as in cheapness, and in the appearance of the fabric as well as the quality of the material. Let art be brought into intimate alliance with manufactures of every kind, and a vast field will be opened for the display of taste and talent, which are now entirely latent, or but imperfectly called into activity. In all our principal manufactures, textile and fictile, a knowledge of the arts of design is very important, and though a great improvement is visible at the present day, as compared with twenty years ago, there is still much room for further progress. Many important branches of manufacture call for careful cultivation of the eye, for the purpose of attaining harmony in colour, which requires some portion of artistic education. Other branches, subservient to the luxuries, fast becoming the wants of a highly civilised stage of social progress, require some degree of skill in the delineation of landscape and the drawing and modelling of the human form, and other complex figures. In proportion as these operations are executed in a manner to satisfy the practised eye and refined taste of the artist, they give value and importance to the articles which have received their impress, and enhance the gratification of those who

possess them. In an age of refinement like the present, when the intellect is so much more highly developed than in past ages, and the treasures of ancient and modern art are opened to all who can appreciate them—the number of which class is annually increasing—whatever partakes of the nature of ornament requires to be characterised by grace and elegance of design, and correctness and delicacy of execution. Our national greatness rests mainly on the skilled industry of the people, and whatever tends to promote the cultivation of a refined taste, and facilitate the acquisition of a knowledge of the arts of design, cannot fail to advance the prosperity and glory of the country.

## BRITISH GALLERIES OF ART.

IN our second notice of the National Gallery we promised to return once more to it, and to join with our subject some other collections of the pictures of the people. We intend to follow out our plan, and in the following paper to direct attention to the National and the Vernon Galleries.

With the exceptions of Rembrandt and of Rubens, almost the whole of the painters whom we have noticed were of the Italian school. Our object in this was classification of the subject, and a wish to present to the reader our critical notices in a more systematic manner. We shall now, therefore, turn to the Flemish school.

The most ancient master of this school, of whom we have a specimen in a curious picture, is Van Eyck, who flourished at the beginning of the fifteenth century, dying in our gallery 1441. The picture which we have of his, is numbered in our gallery 186, and represents a Flemish gentleman and his wife. In the background of the picture are a bed, a mirror and an open window, the objects of the room being distinctly reflected in the mirror. Above the heads of the figures is the brass arm of a chandelier with a candle still burning in it. Everything is painted with a wonderful finish and fidelity. In the frame of the mirror are ten compartments bearing scenes in the life of Christ, and under it is written the name of the artist, with the addition of the words "fecit hic, 1434;" the whole picture measures only 2ft. 9in. by 2ft. 1in. The value of this picture lies in its finish, and in the wonderful brightness and colour of the whole, and illusive effects of parts of the picture. Although painted upwards of four hundred and twenty years, it is as fresh as pictures exhibited in last year's galleries. It would be a very important discovery could our artists or colour-makers tell us how colours could be made so as to preserve their freshness equally well.

Of that great master of the Dutch school, Vandervelde, whose pictures are so prized, and whose sketches are so much sought after by collectors, the National Gallery has only two specimens, Nos. 149 and 150. Both are beautiful. The first is "A Calm at Sea," with wonderful space and aerial effect in the distance, so beautifully finished, so fresh and so calm, that it is impossible not to admire it. In size it is very small, only 8in. by 11in., but it may truly be said to be a gem. The second (150), "A Fresh Gale at Sea," by the same master, is a pendant, and at the same time a contrast to the former picture. The scene is sparkling, animated and full of motion. The finish is, however, almost carried too far.

Sir Antony Vandeyck, so closely associated with our national portraits, and so nationalised in England as to receive knighthood when living, and to be reckoned as one of our worthies when dead, is but poorly represented in the National Gallery; indeed, his pictures are both more numerous and better in the Royal Collections, and also in one or two of those belonging to the nobility. He has in our gallery four pictures. No. 52, the portrait of Vauder Geest we have already noticed. Nos. 49 and 50 are two very different examples of the master, the first being three heads very finely painted, the second being an imitation, and a very unsuccessful one, of Rubens. When one master copies another the success is generally doubtful, and it is so in this instance.

The picture bears the title of "St. Ambrose refusing to admit the Emperor Theodosius (whilst under the ban of excommunication) to the Cathedral at Milan." The figure of the saint wants dignity, and the suppliant emperor is deficient in grace. There are also

great faults of costume, and as regards the hands, etc., some few in the drawing. But in fine, free, dashing execution, in broad daylight effect, and in colour, the picture is worthy of the name of the artist. The heads are also finely painted.

No 156, the last of Vandyck's in the collection, is a subject scarcely to be expected from him, being but a "Study of Horae." The chief is a white horse, finely, freely, and boldly painted. The colour rich and clear, the action and drawing very good.

Of Coyp we have but one specimen, a landscape with horses, cattle, and figures, but the picture is in itself, perhaps, as noticeable as any picture in the gallery, from the contrast of the red coat of the man with the sunny sky against which it stands out. The sunny sky, the reflection in the water, the calmness of the scene, and the repose of the animals, make it a delightful and calm picture, and one also which has a great and soothing effect on the mind. But it is perhaps overrated. It is one of those pictures which have been cleaned by the authorities in the National Gallery, and it is doubtful whether the sunny effect has not suffered in the process.

Of Paul Potter, who would at once rival and surpass Coyp, we have not a single picture.

Of Both we have two, Nos. 71 and 209; of Backhuysen but one, 204; of Breenberg but one, 208.

The Backhuysen, a picture of Dutch shipping, has motion and air, but is heavy, and compared with his other productions, the water is very inferior.

Of Breenberg, the "Finding of Moes," called in the catalogue "A Landscape with figures," must perfectly satisfy the visitor. The picture is third-rate, and hurt by affectation and a bad manner. The execution is soft, and the colour by no means bad.

Both, than whom, in conjunction with Poelenberg, no master of his school has produced finer pictures, has one called "The Judgment of Paris." The figures, which, by the way, are entirely subservient to the landscape, but at the same time, are most skillfully painted, are by Poelenberg. The sky and every part of the picture is finely painted, the execution very skillful, the arrangement such as only a most practised artist would effect. This picture, the bequest of Richard Simmons, Esq., is of its kind one of the most valuable pictures in the kingdom.

We must here bring our short notices of this gallery to an end. The few criticisms which we have given are offered with the hope that our readers will judge for themselves, and will, when the proper time comes, use their influence on the government both for a finer gallery, and for a fuller and more brilliant collection of pictures. There is not the slightest reason, for instance, why pictures already belonging to the nation should not be collected in one gallery, and so classified as to form not only a gallery but a school of art. The pictures, for instance, at present in the British Museum, cannot be seen, and are thrown away where they are. At present, as a gallery, the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square is below that of any other kingdom in Europe.

#### THE VERNON COLLECTION.

The space usually occupied by this article will not allow us to say much upon this latter subject. Till Mr. Vernon bequeathed his pictures to the nation, the government which had been so lavish upon their houses of parliament and upon other conveniences belonging to themselves, as it were, or purposely constructed for their own ease, had been ever chary of purchasing pictures for the nation. Those so purchased were, of course, of foreign masters, and in many instances, as we have shown, of very doubtful origin. The bequests of different individuals were very churlishly received; that forming the Dulwich Gallery, to which we shall ere long repair, entirely lost to London, because government were not wisely generous enough to build a proper receptacle for the pictures. The very splendid collection of Mr. Vernon, which will form the nucleus of the best collection of artists of the English school, was so churlishly received, that Mr. Vernon more than once repented of his gift, and was, as all know, at first exhibited in the cellars of the National Gallery, at the same time that the Royal Academicians were enjoying perfectly gratis the other wing of the building, and charging people for admission to see their pictures.

From the cellars of the gallery in Trafalgar-square, after affording innumerable jests to the comic writers of the day, the Vernon collection migrated to Marlborough House, whence it will most probably not remove till the new gallery is built for the nation at Kensington Gore. We purpose hastily to run through it.

The first two rooms of Marlborough House are occupied by English pictures removed from the National Gallery, and ranging from Nos. 78 to 220. They are by Wilson, West, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Laurence, etc.; and amongst them are those celebrated paintings of the "Marriage à la Mode," by Hogarth, together with his portrait.

The Vernon collection, then, as bequeathed by Mr. Vernon, commences in the third room, and is, almost without an exception, formed from the pictures by modern artists, and is extensively known, both by those who have and those who have not visited it, by the engravings of the gallery which have been published.

The first picture, the "Study of a Greek Girl," by Sir Charles Eastlake, the president of the Royal Academy, is a very fine study, much superior to his present productions. "The Wooden Bridge," by Calcott (No. 5), is also a beautiful landscape, full of repose, worthy of any master and of any school.

(No. 6), "The Dangerous Playmate," by Ety, a girl playing with a Cupid, is one of eleven pictures by Ety, none of which perhaps rank amongst his best productions, and some of which are very inferior works of art. These are the conversational pieces, scenes in Venice, "The Luteist," etc., which appear to have been studies by the artist, merely done to exhibit a variety and contrast in colour. (No. 12), "Bather's surprised," exhibited in 1841, and (No. 94), "Youth at the Prow and Pleasure at the Helm," are perhaps the best specimen of Ety in the collection.

Of J. W. M. Turner, of whom our notice in the National Gallery will preclude any notice here, we have two very fine pictures. (No. 54), "A View of the Grand Canal, Venice," and (No. 71), "The Landing of the Prince of Orange at Torbay." Both of these are very fine productions.

Of Macleise, there are two very fine pictures—(No. 9), "Malvolio and the Countess," exhibited in 1840, and (No. 138), "The Play Scene in Hamlet," from the Academy in 1842. The latter picture is one of the best, if not the very best, of Macleise's productions. Shakespeare has had the misfortune to suffer very severely at the hands of his illustrators. What, for instance, can be much worse than the pictures by the Rev. W. Peters, by Opie, and by Northcote, which profess to illustrate him? Nor, it must be confessed, are modern illustrators more successful. The play scene before us is the most worthy of all, and its highest praise is, that it is a worthy illustration of one of the finest plays of Shakespeare. The weak points are—the colour, the figure of Ophelia, although repainted from the lady as originally exhibited, and the figure of Horatio. The face of Hamlet, the disturbed guilt of the king, and the arrangement of the whole, are worthy of every praise. This picture has not been worthily engraved.

Of Sir Edward Landseer five specimens are here presented to the visitor, and each of them is worthy of the artist. Nos. 17 and 21, are "War" and "Peace," two pendants, which, by their genius, preach deep morality to the beholder. The taste of the artist is shown in the method of treatment in these pictures. Peace represents a quiet coast scene, where a lamb is cropping the grass, which has grown about the muzzle of a rusty and dismounted cannon; War, the still smouldering ruins of a cottage, the roses and flowers of which are torn and trodden down, whilst a dying and dead soldier with their horses form the foreground of the picture. These scenes are in the simplest and best forms of the allegory, and their execution is as admirable as their conception.

No. 28, by the same artist, "A Highland Piper and Dog," is admirable, but has not the high qualities of the preceding.

No. 92, "King Charles's Spaniels," represents two dogs of this kind curled up on a table, near a cavalier's hat, the whole forming a picture wonderful for its colour and execution, but wanting the mind displayed in

No. 145, "High and Low Life," which, although only the portrait of two dogs, a butcher's dog and a Scotch deer-hound, is something Hogarthian in the social satire which it conveys.

We may at an early period have to return to the consideration of the magnificent bequest of Mr. Vernon.

## SIR DAVID WILKIE.



On the 1st of June, 1841, the steamer "Oriental" was in sight of Gibraltar, when, at half-past eight in the morning, orders were given to stop the engine, and muster the crew on the deck for the burial of the dead. The impressive service of the English liturgy was read by the Rev. James Vaughan, and under a splendid sun, tempered by the sea breeze, and amid profound stillness both of the winds and of men, a corpse was dropped solemnly into the sea, there to await the resurrection of the dead.

It was that of Sir David Wilkie. The man whose inanimate remains were thus consigned to the keeping of the blue waves of the Mediterranean had been the most popular and celebrated painter of his country. The son of a humble Presbyterian minister, the painter of humble incidents in Scottish life, his career had been one long study, a continued and modest progress. And he had had his reward; he died full of honours, a member of the baronetage, painter to the king, and the friend of Sir Robert Peel, and his death caused a greater sensation than that of many a sovereign has done.

He was born on the 18th of November, 1785, in a quiet Scottish manse, on the banks of the Edenwater, and was the third son of the minister of the small parish of Culta, in Fifeshire. The stipend of the worthy minister was small, and his family large; there were

five children, and he had besides to support his aged father. The Wilkie family was one of the oldest in the parish, having tilled the same fields for more than three centuries, during which their possessions had neither diminished nor increased. A simplicity almost patriarchal marked the domestic arrangements of the manse and the manners of its inmates; the strictest integrity, an exemplary sobriety, energy of mind, modesty, frugality, and industry, were the traits which distinguished both father and son, and indeed all the family. To these were added a warmth and strength of devotional feeling which would have been worthy of the old Covenanters, and to which their simple and austere morality gave increased splendour and dignity. The moral education of David Wilkie was, therefore, conducted under the most favourable auspices, for it is only in homes where virtue and piety are inculcated by parental example that the higher faculties of our nature can be successfully cultivated. The effects of this superior moral training on the heart and mind of Wilkie were never effaced; we recognise them equally in his works and in his life.

The childhood of the painter was characterised by a passion for drawing, accompanied by great inaptitude for learning anything else. He could draw tolerably well before he could read, and in the five years preceding his twelfth birthday, during which time he

attended a school in the neighbourhood of his father's manse, he learnt nothing. He was then removed to the grammar school at Kettle, of which Dr. Stoneham, afterwards Bishop of Toronto, was then master; but here, also, neither threats nor entreaties could win his attention to anything but drawing. His father and grandfather saw this strong predilection with much regret and many fears. Mingled with a strong dash of disdain for everything that partook of worldly vanity, was a feeling of solicitude arising from a knowledge of the straits to which the artists of that period were often reduced. They knew that Wilson, one of the best landscape painters of his time, had lived and died in obscurity, indigence, and dejection, sometimes wanting money to purchase canvas and colours, and often reduced to consigning his finest works, fresh from the easel, to the keeping of the pawnbroker. Pictures were a luxury restricted to the nobility, and they were neither very discriminating nor very generous in their patronage. There was not then, as there is now, a numerous middle class, wealthy and educated, and as distinguished for its encouragement of the beautiful as for its devotion to the useful. There is little room for wonder, therefore, that the father and grandfather of Wilkie should have suffered much anxiety and mental inquietude through his desire to be a painter, and have urged him, by all the arguments at their command, to devote himself to the church as the surest means of earning a comfortable and respectable livelihood. But arguments and remonstrances were all unavailing, and his mother at length won a reluctant consent from his father for him to be allowed to follow the bent of his genius.

Wilkie was fourteen years of age when he went to Edinburgh, and presented himself before the trustees of the Academy for the Encouragement of Manufactures, with some specimen drawings, and a letter of introduction from the Earl of Leven to Mr. Thomson, the secretary. The drawings were not considered satisfactory, and it was only at the earnest request of the Earl of Leven that he was admitted. He now made great progress in acquiring a knowledge of drawing and the principles of composition. Everything he attempted was executed with the greatest correctness and fidelity to leading principles. He showed himself a keen observer of nature, and gave early indication of the excellence he displayed in after years as a painter of *tableaux de genre*. He was a constant frequenter of scenes likely to furnish subjects for pictures of this kind, such as the markets of Edinburgh, and the fairs and trysts of the neighbouring villages. Sometimes he went out in the dusk of the evening, and looked through the windows of the humble abodes of the labouring classes, to observe how the inmates grouped themselves around the fire, and in what way they were engaged.

Those singularities and accidents of human life which had awakened and nourished the genius of Hogarth were also the secret ailments of that of Wilkie; but the genius of the one differed greatly from that of the other. Both stand prominently forward as the representatives of English life and manners, but Hogarth loved to lash the vices and follies of the age, and has truthfully and forcibly portrayed the passions that debase mankind, dwelling upon the details with a minuteness which sometimes looks like an inclination to exaggerate; while Wilkie chose subjects of a more pleasing character, and delighted to portray the virtues of humble domesticity and the manners and customs of rural life. His pictures are no less truthful than those of Hogarth, and much more pleasing; the style of the latter displays the cynicism of art, while in that of the Scottish painter we recognise the philanthropist and the Christian.

Of the two great subdivisions in the history of the art of design, one comprehends beauty of form and colouring, the other character and expression. The first is represented by the schools of Italy; the second, which displays less of beauty and voluptuousness than of observation and philosophy, belongs to the North. These two domains are not, however, separated by insurmountable barriers; there is a neutral ground between them which exhibits modifications and minglings of both. Leonardo da Vinci had power over expression and character; Rembrandt joined colour to expression; Hogarth was a master of expression without excelling as a colourist.

Owing to a complication of causes which philosophers have

assayed to analyse, the intellectual independence and profound respect for the individuality of mankind which formed the original character of the nations of the Teutonic race have never been effaced, but are still preserved in their manners and modes of thought. Among the masters of the northern schools two tendencies dominate—to sacrifice beauty to expression, and to reproduce individuals rather than types.

While the men of regions more favoured by nature fix their eyes on a supreme type of ideal beauty, the profound observation of human character, and of the accidents and caprices of human life, constitutes for the men of the North a second species of ideal. Rembrandt, Rubens, Albert Dürer, Hogarth, are the representatives of the latter school, in which Wilkie took an important place as the exponent of a more modern phase. Depth of feeling and a pure morality are the characteristics of his style; and it is these qualities which distinguish him from Brauer and Jan Steen.

At the Edinburgh academy Wilkie was a most diligent student. He was always one of the earliest in attendance, and invariably the last to depart; his assiduity, in fact, sometimes drew upon him the ridicule of his fellow-students, who would amuse themselves by pelting him with pellets of bread. When the hours of study were over, he returned to his lodgings, and there laboured during the remainder of the day to carry out what he had commenced in the forenoon, by sitting before a looking-glass and copying his own face and hands, and thus endeavouring to blend the impression drawn from the antique with those derived from the earnest study of nature. He understood at an early period of his academic studies the importance of the action of the hands in telling a story, and whenever he was unable to obtain a model which pleased him, he invariably introduced his own.

In 1803, being then in his eighteenth year, Wilkie won the ten guinea prize which had been offered for the best picture of "Callisto in the Bath of Diana," which, at the sale of his effects after his decease, was sold for £48 6s. In the same year he made his first sketch of "The Village Politicians," which excited a great sensation among the students, and called forth the warm commendations of Mr. Graham, the teacher of the academy; but it differed materially, in many respects, from the well known picture which he afterwards executed (p. 169). Another production of this early period was a "Scene from Macbeth," in which the murderers sent by the usurper to the house of Macduff encounter his wife and child. The expression of the latter's countenance was so excellent, that Mr. Graham, on its being shown to him, predicted that his pupil would one day attain the highest eminence in his profession.

In 1804, Wilkie left the academy and returned to the venerable manse at Culter. At the neighbouring village of Pillesie an annual fair is held, to which resort all the dwellers within ten miles, old and young, for business or for pleasure. The young artist thought this a good subject for his peculiar genius, and reproduced the scene in a masterly manner, introducing no less than one hundred and forty figures, all of which are portraits of the villagers and residents in the neighbourhood. Some of these were sketched in the village street, and some in the parish church, without any of the persons being aware of his intention. The portrait of the elder was thus taken with a red crayon on a fly-leaf of the artist's Bible, during a sleep in which the elder indulged in the course of the service. The rigid piety of the elders was much shocked, for the stratagem which Wilkie had employed to obtain the portrait was discovered, and only the high character of his father and grandfather for piety saved him from disgrace. His venerable grandfather succeeding in proving that all painters are not necessarily lost; and that while the eye and the hand may be engaged in tracing a design, the ear and the mind may be none the less attentive to the preacher: a subtle distinction, with which the minister and elders of Pillesie were content. As for Wilkie, he avenged himself in artist's fashion, by making a general sketch of the sleeping congregation, in which the various degrees of sleepiness were represented with remarkable skill and knowledge of human nature. One was snoring, another yawning, a third taking a pinch of snuff to keep himself awake, and a fourth leaning over his open Bible to conceal the fact of sleeping under the appearance of devotion. It is singular that Hogarth, who differed from Wilkie in being more satirical and less tender, should have had the same idea; but his



picture of "The Sleeping Congregation" made him many enemies, while Wilkie had the prudence to consign his sketch to the flames. "Pittessie Fair" was sold to a gentleman named Kinnear for £25. Wilkie also painted several portraits of the neighbouring gentry, at five guineas each; but none of his productions of this kind evince a very high order of excellence. A friend of the family, struck with the promise displayed in the artist's first productions, purchased for him, in London, a lay-figure; and another lent him some pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Allan Ramsay. His picture of "The Village Recruit," which was his next production, was defective in colouring, but in the composition and grouping he greatly excelled his former efforts; and the encomiums which were bestowed upon it by his friends induced him to proceed to London, and enter upon the race of which the prizes (gained by few) are fame, wealth, and distinction.

On his arrival in London, he took lodgings at 8, Norton-street, and immediately obtained admission as a student in the Royal Academy. He does not appear to have been very much struck on entering with the proficiency or taste of his fellow-students; for he remarked, in a letter to a friend in Scotland, that they knew a good deal of the cant of criticism, and were very seldom disposed to regard as meritorious any picture which was not at least two hundred years old. He had brought with him his picture of "The Village Recruit," and had it exhibited in a window at Charing Cross, where it was soon sold for £6, the price marked upon it.

Wilkie was at this time a tall young man, somewhat pale, with light hair, and keen blue eyes; mild and gentlemanly in his manners, peaceful and quiet in his actions, immovable in his resolutions, and of a delicate sensibility of temperament. His patience in striving after excellence was equal to his diligence in studying and working. When he was unsuccessful in his treatment of a subject, he painted it again. He did not believe himself a genius, nor did he experience those vigorous and passionate flights which carry men of vivid imagination beyond the earth. He did not, in fact, possess a large share of that faculty; but he made up the deficiency by observation, study, and diligence. He was content to treasure up his souvenirs; and it was thus that his maturity was more prolific than his youth. As slow to create as *Salvator Rosa* and *Spagnoletto* were ardent and quick, he recovered in his thirtieth year the image, the attitude, the position, or the profile, the special character of which he had observed in his twentieth. Every recollection of the past returned and took its place in his mind,—the blind man's violin, the old family trunk, the cock's feathers in the hat of the rustic *Ad-mis*. He had in reserve a multitude of little details of this kind impressed upon his mind with vividness and precision, and treasured up, as it were, for future use. The infinite variety and dramatic interest of his compositions arose in a great measure from this faculty of observation and retentiveness of memory. His mind, stored with the recollections of Scottish rural life, furnished him in after-years with a kaleidoscopic variety of pictures of rustic manners. The same chamber displays many various scenes: the fire sparkles, the infant cries, the father does not return, the mother is anxious, the old uncle moralises or sleeps, the young man thinks of his amours or his pursuits, the hope of supper calls the old dog towards the hearth, and the servant who has opened the window to fasten the shutter, resigns her hand to the tenderness of a rustic gallant. The genius of Wilkie was not contented with the souvenirs which sufficed for Van Ostade and Bega, he rose to the comely and the domestic tragedy. The humble furniture is seized, the bed is about to be carried off, the labourer stands opposite the bailiffs like a figure of stone; this picture tells a tale replete with dramatic interest; and the same may be said of "Duncan Gray" (p. 163), and most of his earlier compositions.

In order to investigate more deeply the phenomena of real life, Wilkie was indefatigable in his researches. At the same time he worked hard, going to his task every day with imperturbable patience, and the monotonous exactitude of a workman. He re-touched, listened to all opinions, and called all his recollections to the aid of his personal sagacity. He had the slow penetration, philosophic rather than brilliant, which characterises the Scottish genius. If there is one quality peculiar to his countrymen, it is

that "cautionness," blended with a certain degree of irony without bitterness, which we find in the sceptical essays of Hume, in the elegiac satires of Burns, and even in the poetry of James L.\*

Soon after his arrival in the metropolis, Wilkie was fortunate enough to obtain the patronage of Stoddart, the celebrated pianoforte manufacturer, who had married a relative of the artist, and ever afterwards proved his fast friend. He sat for his portrait, ordered two pictures of him, and introduced him to the Earl of Mansfield, who commissioned him to paint a picture from the sketch he had made at Edinburgh of "The Village Politicians" (p. 169). The artist required fifteen guineas as the price of his work, but the earl desired him to consult his friends on the subject. When finished, the picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and excited such general admiration, that "canny David," as his fellow-students called him, determined to raise the price to thirty guineas. Lord Mansfield remonstrated, upon which Wilkie reminded him of his advice, and said that he was now acting upon it. This picture established the reputation of Wilkie as an artist of genius. It was impossible not to recognise in him the legitimate follower of Van Ostade and Metz, of Teniers and Bambocche, of Holbein and Hogarth.

England was well disposed at that time to receive such an artist with favour; the pictures of rural life presented in the poems of Crabbe, and still more in the novels of Sir Walter Scott, had caused the public taste to gravitate towards that region of art. Wilkie's pictures of rustic manners in the North coincided with the ideas and sentiments of that generation, which was led by the patriotic exclusiveness engendered by the war with France to regard ideal beauty and the classical school of David with sovereign contempt.

At the time when "The Village Politicians" was exhibited there was a prepossession in favour of pictures of domestic manners which amounted almost to a passion. Wilkie's humble and indifferently-furnished studio was thronged every day with amateurs. Commissions came pouring in upon him in gratifying profusion, and he now determined upon definitively taking up his residence in London. The aristocracy accorded their patronage to the humble adventurer who had created a new order of art, the elegiac satire, and become to painting what Burns had been to poetry. Sir George Beaumont gave him more than patronage—friendship, regard, and the assistance of his cultivated taste. There is something extremely beautiful in the long friendship of Wilkie and Sir George Beaumont. Their correspondence is characterised by a tone of perfect equality; the patronage of the baronet is without assumption, and the dignity of the artist without pride. Sir George offered the advice which he was so well qualified to give in the kindest manner, and Wilkie received it with attention, examined it, and profited by it. His introduction into high quarters, in which favoured artists made an easy fortune, was the work of Sir George; and it was for this excellent friend that Wilkie painted his "Blind Fiddler," which is now in the National Gallery. Sir George lent him a very fine specimen of Teniers, which he kept before him the whole time he was engaged on the work, that he might acquire the sharpness of touch which distinguishes the Flemish master.

A number of other pictures of the same kind followed in rapid succession. "Alfred in the Herdsman's Cottage" was a commission from Mr. Davidson; "The Card Players" was painted for the Duke of Gloucester; and "The Rent Day" for the Earl of Mulgrave. "The Sick Lady" and "The Jew's Harp" (p. 164) were also painted at this period. The pictures now enumerated added largely to his reputation. "The Card Players," "The Jew's Harp," and "The Cut Finger" (p. 173), another production of this period, are charming episodes of rustic life, which is neither flattered nor calumniated, but represented as it really is. The charm of Wilkie's pictures consists, in fact, in this truthfulness to nature. He has not introduced Arcadian shepherds and shepherdesses into the northern scenery of Scotland, but faithfully represented the peasantry of his country as he had seen them himself, in their rustic employments, in their diversions, and in the various incidents of ordinary life. His subjects are simple and readily understood. A family of happy rustics are amused by the playing

\* "Christ's Kirk on the Green" is an example.

of a blind fiddler, to whom they have given hospitality, and whose wife and child sit near the cheerful fire; or a doleful-looking urchin, whose mind is evidently seaward, if we may judge from the tiny vessel he has launched on a pan of water, has cut his finger while engaged in his ship-building essays, and regards the bleeding limb most lugubriously, while his grandmother applies some simple remedy. In painting these pictures, Wilkie had no other inspiration than his knowledge of rustic life, and his experience of a morality purified by labour and ennobled by independence. Voluptuous grace seldom occupied him; even when he addresses himself to the senses, he neither excites like Boucher nor offends like Brauer. His works are the offspring of a sound and healthy state of society. He belongs to the eighteenth cen-

and an air of touching poverty pervades the little group, though attempted to be concealed by the decent pride of the mother.

In 1809, Wilkie was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, and in 1811 he became a member. He continued the same humble and laborious life, and his close application at length had a visible effect on his health. At this time he received a strong proof of the friendship and generosity of Sir George Beaumont, which constitutes a noble trait in the character of the latter. The state of the artist's health requiring relaxation and change of air, the baronet, thinking that, under such circumstances, a supply of money would be very acceptable, sent him a draft for £100, delicately taking from the act the character of a gift by representing that,



THE JEW'S-HARP.—FROM A PAINTING BY WILKIE.

tury by his love of his kind, by that calm and enthusiastic devotion to humanity—a devotion sincere and involuntary—which is evinced in his works. If he loved to paint interiors, and has seldom ventured into the open air, it is in order to portray the incidents of domestic life more completely, to exhibit man at home, where he is less under the influence of nature, less absorbed in her vast bosom.

In "The Sick Lady," a poor dog, with an expression of sadness in its eyes, which are fixed on its bedridden mistress, awaits with drooping ears the judgment of the physician, who is feeling her pulse. In "The Rent Day," a veritable *chef d'œuvre* of the artist, a young widow brings her two children, the youngest of whom, seated in her lap, nibbles a key in lieu of a coral garnish;

as he had paid only £100 for a picture, "The Blind Fiddler," which, now that the artist's reputation was established, was worth at least £200, it was only the difference between the real value of the picture and the price which he had paid. Wilkie accepted the welcome offering, not, he said, as a remuneration to which he had a just claim, but as a touching proof of Sir George's friendship and regard. After the death of Sir George, the late Sir Robert Peel patronised Wilkie with the same noble generosity and equal delicacy.

The artist determined to seek health by a short sojourn in his native country, and remained there from August to October. Upon his return to the metropolis, he took apartments at Kensington. In the following May he opened an exhibition of his pictures, twenty-

nine in number, in Pall Mall, a speculation which extended his reputation, but caused him a pecuniary loss of £414. His father died in December, and he then took a house at Kensington, and invited his mother and sister to take up their abode with him. Previously to this period he had painted "The Village Festival" for Mr. Angerstein, and received for it the munificent sum of £840. In 1813 he painted "Blind Man's Buff" for the Prince Regent, and two small pictures, "The Letter of Introduction" (p. 172), and "The Refusal," for which he received £272 10s., and £315 respectively.

The success which had rewarded Wilkie's labours, and the style of his works, excited some envy among less fortunate artists, and

attention to the Dutch and Flemish schools, and was much struck with the works of Ostade and Terburg. Of the French painters, he admired only Poussin and Claude. His ideas of art were confined to the truthful expression of character; the ideal and classical did not come within the circle of his appreciative powers. He confessed himself unable to comprehend the works of David, whom the Parisians held in such high esteem. The distance between them was too great; it was Teniers examining the works of Charles Lebrun.

Upon his return to England his style became somewhat altered, and was evidently modified by that of the models which he had been examining. In "Distraint for Rent," purchased by the



FUNCAN GRAY.—FROM A PAINTING BY WILKIE.

criticisms and epigrams were numerous and sometimes severe. "You have made a perilous step into the vulgar, my dear friend," said Fuseli; "either your fortune is assured, or you are ruined." Northcote observed that he had created a new school—the school of beggary. Hazlitt, who was a great admirer of Northcote, repeated his words, and enlarged upon them. Wilkie heard these remarks without anger or anxiety, and public opinion justified his confidence, and gave him its support. The beggars of Wilkie live, while the gods of Northcote and Fuseli are forgotten.

In 1814, during the brief interval of peace, he accompanied his friend Haydon to Paris, for the purpose of studying the works of the great masters in the gallery of the Louvre. He paid particular

attention to the Dutch and Flemish schools, and was much struck with the works of Ostade and Terburg. Of the French painters, he admired only Poussin and Claude. His ideas of art were confined to the truthful expression of character; the ideal and classical did not come within the circle of his appreciative powers. He confessed himself unable to comprehend the works of David, whom the Parisians held in such high esteem. The distance between them was too great; it was Teniers examining the works of Charles Lebrun.

Upon his return to England his style became somewhat altered, and was evidently modified by that of the models which he had been examining. In "Distraint for Rent," purchased by the

British Institution for six hundred guineas, "The Pedlar," and the "Rabbit on the Wall," there are evident traces of the sharpness and precision of Teniers and Metzru. In 1816 he paid a visit to Holland, accompanied by Rembach, the engraver. He visited the museum at the Hague, which seemed to him the paradise and apotheosis of the painter's art. The works of Teniers and Van Ostade excited his special admiration. It seemed to him that the tracts of lowland reclaimed from the sea by high embankments had been copied from Paul Potter, rather than that the painter had copied them from nature. While viewing the scenes so wondrously idealized by Ruysdael and Karl Dujardin, he became sensible of all that he was deficient in himself.

In 1817, Wilkie once more visited his native land, where he painted a large picture of Sir Walter Scott and his family. The artist was much less successful in his portraits than in his admired *tableaux de genre*, upon which alone his fame must always rest. The severity and minuteness of his style became a defect when applied to portrait-painting. Not only was the sharpness of his manner apt to displease his sitters—especially ladies whose charms were on the wane—but he resented all the accessories with a fidelity that was not always agreeable. Instead of imitating the flattering manner of Lawrence, whose women are always beautiful, he followed the example of certain German masters of the fourteenth century, and his portraits, though carefully finished and exceedingly truthful, have not the elegance and grace which is generally desired.

Shortly after his return to London, he painted "The Reading of the Will," for the late King of Bavaria, for which he received £447 10s., and which, on the death of its possessor, was purchased by his successor for £1,000. He next received a commission from the Duke of Wellington for "The Chelsea Pensioners," which is considered the masterpiece of Wilkie, and the last of his really great works. It represents a group of Chelsea pensioners reading the *Gazette*, containing the duke's despatches after the battle of Waterloo, and is carefully and elaborately finished. The duke himself furnished the necessary particulars, approved or modified the arrangement of the groups, and remunerated the artist with almost unexampled liberality; the sum which Wilkie received for this great national picture being no less than twelve hundred guineas.

Laboriously, without interruption, in a continued progress from his fifteenth year, Wilkie had advanced from study to study, from masterpieces to masterpieces, from success to success; and fame and easy circumstances had been the reward of his industry. The happiness arising from the contemplation of a life passed so honourably was all at once interrupted by a series of domestic misfortunes. His sister, Helen, a very beautiful girl, was on the point of marriage, when her intended husband died suddenly under their roof, and scarcely had they recovered from this shock when they lost their mother—that amiable woman whose example had been so useful to them in early life. In the same month they lost two of their brothers—one in the East Indies, the other on his return from Canada; and, in the latter case, the artist suffered, as the responsible agent of his brother, a further loss of a thousand pounds, payable by the deceased. The third brother of Wilkie, established in business in the metropolis, fell into difficulties, and became insolvent; and, at the same time, the bankruptcy of Messrs. Hurst and Robinson, the booksellers, which sapped the fortunes of his friend and compatriot, Scott, carried off from Wilkie £1,700—the fruits of his labours. He received this last stroke of adverse fortune with the same serenity as Sir Walter Scott; but these calamities, following so closely upon each other, brought on a nervous disorder which rendered him unable to work.

Struck in his health, his fortune, and his affections, the artist, by the advice of his friends and medical advisers, determined upon making a lengthened tour on the continent. He travelled over southern and central Europe, seeking health and peace, receiving new lessons in his art, finding new objects of study, observing points of comparison, and acquiring information on the æsthetics of painting and the processes of the great masters. His correspondence and the journal of his travels were written in a vigorous and expressive style; his notes on subjects connected with art are judicious and useful, and his general remarks are equally agreeable and instructive, and evince habits of close observation and a love of art, only equalled by that which he felt for mankind. His remarks on the great masters show that his life was one continued study, and also reveal the springs of his talent and of the two manners which characterise his works.

Passing through France and Switzerland, he reached Italy, where he remained eight months, engaged in the study of the great masters. At Rome, Raffaello and Michael Angelo attracted his observation without winning his admiration; at Venice he studied the works of Titian and Giorgione. In writing from the former place he gives the result of his observations in a sentence deserving of deep consideration. "From Giotto to Michael

Angelo," says he, "expression and sentiment seem the first thing thought of, while those who followed seem to have allowed technicalities to get the better of them, simplicity giving way to intricacy; they seem to have painted more for the artist and connoisseur than for the untutored apprehensions of ordinary men." On leaving Italy he travelled into Germany by Innsbruck, and was much pleased with the scenery through which he passed, and the character and manners of the people. Tyrol reminded him forcibly of his beloved Scotland, and he was delighted to discover a similarity between the languages of the two countries. On inquiring his way in the mountains, the response was, "*Der reekt*," the word for *right* being pronounced in the same manner as in the Lowlands of Scotland. Among the Tyrolean peasants, too, he was pleased to find the same strict propriety of morals, the same cheerfulness and frugality, and the same grave and dignified hospitality as in his own country.

Having surveyed the treasures of art in the galleries of Dresden, and visited Topliia, Carlsbad, and Prague, he at length arrived in Vienna, where he had the somewhat dubious honour of dining with that arch plottter against the liberties of nations, Prince Metternich. From thence he set out to return to Italy, and on arriving in Rome, was invited to a banquet given in his honour by the British artists resident in that city, at which the Marquis of Hamilton presided. His health was now considerably improved, and he forthwith began to paint. He finished three pictures in Rome, and a fourth at Genoa; and travelling through the South of France, crossed the Pyrenees into Spain. He, arrived at Madrid in 1827, painted four pictures while residing there, and in the following summer set out for Paris, and from thence returned to England. To the exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1829 he sent eight pictures, five of which were purchased by George IV. These pictures indicated a total alteration in his style; and those painted in Spain differed very materially from those painted in Italy. The former possess much less serenity of composition than the others, but all have great breadth of colour and largeness of composition.

In the earlier part of his career, while he made the Flemish and Dutch masters his models, most of the figures were too small for the interiors, as in the "Blind Fiddler" and "Blind Man's Buff;" but in his later works they fill up the canvas. The difference between his style before leaving England and after he had studied the Italian and Spanish masters, is clearly shown in his "Entry of George IV. into Edinburgh," which was begun before he left England and was finished after his return. No one would imagine from looking at it that one artist had painted the whole. The first part has all the minuteness of finish and detail of the Dutch school, while the latter is painted in the full, flowing style of the Spanish masters. In a letter to one of his friends in England, he speaks of having acquired a bolder and more effective style, and that the result was rapidity of execution. Titian and Correggio were his great authorities for colouring, and he seems to have aimed at combining in his own pictures the softness of the latter with the strength and serenity of Raffaele.

The picture which we have just noticed was a work of great labour, and caused the artist much vexation. It was a commission from royalty, and not a subject of his own choosing. The first design which he submitted to the King did not receive the royal approbation: the attitude of George IV., who is represented receiving the keys of the palace of Holyrood, had to be altered; and when he had succeeded in pleasing the monarch, he had to encounter numerous vexations arising out of the rivalries and egotism of the noblemen who had to be represented in the procession. Each one claimed the most honourable place—one on account of his ancestry, another because of his high position at court—and he found it impossible to please one without offending some other one. To a truthful and independent spirit like Wilkie, all this was very annoying; but his patience and assiduity enabled him to triumph over every difficulty, and the picturesque effect of the old palace pleased even those who were not satisfied with their own portraits or their situation in the procession.

In 1830, after the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence, he was appointed Painter in Ordinary to his Majesty—an appointment with which his native pride was considerably gratified. At the same time he became a candidate for the presidency of the Royal Academy.

deputy, but had only one vote in his favour, the successful candidate being Sir M. A. Shee. In 1831 he exhibited portraits of Lady Lyndhurst and Lord Melville; and soon afterwards commenced his great national work, "John Knox preaching the Reformation in St. Andrew's." George IV., who had seen his drawing of the subject, had disapproved of it; and Wilkie, in a letter to the Earl of Liverpool, begged that he would not mention the work to his majesty. He painted it with great care, and sought on all sides for the historical evidences necessary to the development of the subject. The discovery, in a cellar at Edinburgh, of the old and worm-eaten chair from which Knox fulminated his anathemas against Romanism, had just been made as the subject of Wilkie's picture transpired; and the popularity of the latter among the Scottish presbyterians caused the artist to receive from all sides drawings and engravings, portraits of the old puritans, and portions of their wardrobes, which had been preserved as heirlooms by their descendants. The pride and pleasure with which Wilkie painted this picture were a gratifying contrast to the vexations he had encountered in the production of the picture executed for the king, and the success which he attained was proportionately great. The picture was exhibited in 1832, and was purchased by the late Sir Robert Peel for twelve hundred guineas. It remains, we believe, in the possession of the present baronet.

After this he painted several portraits, among others those of William IV. and Queen Adelaide; and in 1835 he exhibited his grandly coloured picture of "Columbus explaining his plan for the Discovery of America," and portraits of the late Duke of Wellington and Sir James Macgregor. Dr. Waagen, who was in England at the time, thus speaks of these works:—"Of the higher class of historical painting there is nothing here. Among the pictures which approach that department, however, some are distinguished much to their advantage. Among these is Wilkie's Columbus, who explains to a monk in the Spanish convent of Santa Maria de Rabida his plan of discovery on a chart. This is not a happy subject for painting, which is not able to represent the demonstration itself, in which the interest properly lies. In the execution, the decisive influence appears which the pictures of the great Spanish masters, Velasquez and Murillo, had upon Wilkie during his residence in Spain. By the deep masses of *chiaroscuro*, the full colours of the dark red and purple draperies, contrasted with the bright lights, the effect of the picture, painted with great breadth and mastery, is very striking. The heads, about two-thirds the size of life, are indeed dignified and animated, but have not the refinement and decided character of his earlier pictures. . . . The Duke of Wellington, a whole length by Wilkie, is distinguished by able conception, powerful colouring and masterly keeping. I was, however, more pleased with the portrait of Sir James Macgregor. The head is admirably modelled in the details, in a broad and free manner; the deep, full colouring is of great elegance and peculiarly attractive."

The artist's sister, who had never recovered from the shock of her lover's sudden death sufficiently to form another engagement, still kept his house; and he enjoyed the friendship of his brother artists, Eastlake, Etty, Calcott, etc., as well as that of some of the most illustrious men of the day, including the Duke of Sussex and Sir Robert Peel. Dr. Waagen thus speaks of him, on his first introduction to the artist, at Kensington Palace, where the royal duke just named entertained a distinguished party of artists and literary men: "He is a fine-looking man, and has such frankness of expression in his countenance, and such openness and simplicity of manner, that I was quite taken with him at the first sight. There is no trace in his features of that refined humour which gives us so much pleasure in most of his works, which is frequently the case with such humorists of the first rank, in whom the fundamental tone of their character is pure benevolence and real love of mankind. This fundamental tone alone manifests itself externally, while the roguish spirit within is hidden in the recesses of the bosom. It is not needful to converse long with Wilkie to discover that he is not one of that numerous class of artists who only put on their art, as a foreign element, for a season, for his whole delight seems to be in the arts. He expresses himself in a very plain manner, and with great propriety, on all their important problems; and his genius, as an artist, shows itself in the manner in which he takes an interest in

other things. Thus we can see how the account of any remarkable fact immediately assumes a form in his fancy."

The pleasure which Wilkie had experienced in finding so many points of resemblance between the national character of the Germans and that of his own countrymen, and the feelings of respect and admiration for him with which Dr. Waagen had been inspired at this first meeting, seem to have combined to form a bond of sympathy between them which resulted in a close friendship while the latter remained in London. Of a dinner at the artist's house he thus speaks:—"I found myself surrounded by congenial elements. Besides Calcott and Eastlake, I there met with Mr. Etty, the painter, who has the genuine spirit of an artist. After dinner, Miss Wilkie, the artist's sister, favoured us with some Scotch songs, which she sang with much taste, in the simple manner adapted to them. Wilkie is unhappily now so overwhelmed with orders for portraits, that he has hardly a moment for his good-natured, humorous subjects. He showed me a picture of a school which he has begun, where the mischievous fry play sad tricks with the pedantic pedagogue; full of ingenious, merry conceits, stolen from nature herself. I am sorry to say that it has already remained a long time in this unfinished state. When I saw the masterly engravings of his most celebrated works, the choicest impressions of which grace the walls of his apartment, I felt a great desire to see the originals. He told me that very few of them were in London, but promised to show me the most considerable of those that are in the capital. Accordingly, in a few days he called for me, and we drove to St. James's, where, in an apartment belonging to the queen, there are six pictures which he painted for his great patron, George IV. The oldest was painted in 1827, at Rome, and was his first production after he had been prevented by sickness from working for two whole years. The conception is very spirited, the colouring warm and harmonious, but the execution slight. A picture painted in the same year at Genoa is more important. A Princess Doria washes the feet of some female pilgrims. The noble gracefulness of one who has just received this benefit, the beautiful stilted of another who is putting on her shoes, something affecting in the whole scene, make this picture very pleasing. To this must be added the deep, full harmony of the colouring, of which this picture is the first example that I am acquainted with in Wilkie's career."

"The next two pictures, likewise of the year 1827, but painted at Madrid, are proofs of the great impression which the picturesque side of the character, and the self-content of the Spaniards, the heroic defence against the French invasion under Napoleon, and the astonishing force and glow of the colouring of their old masters, made on Wilkie. One of them represents the Maid of Saragossa, who, during the siege of that city, when her lover had fallen at her side near the cannon which he served, fired it off herself. The conception is very expressive and dramatic, the colouring glowing, the *impasto* admirable. In the other is a guerilla receiving absolution from a priest before setting out on an expedition. A boy calls to mind those of Murillo, and the whole is of great truth, force, and harmony. 'The Visit of George IV. to Holyrood House,' painted in London in 1829, is one of those great public transactions in which we are attracted rather by the skilful arrangement, the powerful effect, the careful execution, the many portraits, than by their intellectual interest. The principal Scotch peers, the Dukes of Hamilton and Argyll, in their national costume, the former presenting to the king the keys of Edinburgh, have a very stately appearance. 'The Return of the Wounded Guerilla,' painted in London in 1830, is an echo of his impressions in Spain, true in the characters, powerful in the colouring; but the woman in the *chiaroscuro* is not so carefully modelled."

"From St. James's we drove to the celebrated engraver, Doo, who is now engaged in engraving the last capital work of Wilkie, the 'Sermon of the Scotch Preacher, John Knox, before the House of Lords in 1559.' In this picture, which for size and the richness of the composition, is one of Wilkie's greatest works, I fancied that I actually saw before me those fanatical Puritans whom Walter Scott so admirably describes, and was again convinced of the congeniality between him and Wilkie. It is not only the deep feeling, the vessel of divine wrath, which the preacher pours forth in full measure, the enthusiasm of the scholars, the resigned devotion of the women,



the suppressed rage of the Catholic clergy, and of an opponent, who lays his hand on his sword, that attracts us in this picture; but likewise the accuracy with which the whole transaction, even to the details of the costume of that remote period, is placed before our eyes. The keeping, too, is admirable, and the effect, by the contrast of great masses of light and shade, striking. The engraving, which is already pretty far advanced, promises to be extremely fine. It seems to me, that no painter has hitherto had the good fortune to see his works engraved with so much delicacy and fidelity as Wilkie, for even Marcantonio does not so nearly approach Raffaele, and Vostermann and Bolsworth Rubens. This picture is the property of Sir Robert Peel. Lastly, we visited Apsey House, the palace of the Duke of Wellington, where there are several of Wilkie's works. . . . The capital work among the pictures by Wilkie in this place relates to the final, hardly-earned victory over

and vigorous, painted in 1833; and a 'Bust of Lady Lyndhurst,' a charming picture, in the full deep tone of the Spanish school."

In 1836, in which year he received the honour of knighthood from William IV., the artist visited Ireland, and after his return painted "The Peep-o'-day Boy's Cabin," and "Napoleon and the Pope in conference at Fontainebleau." In the following year appeared his "Mary Queen of Scots escaping from Loch Leven Castle;" "The Cotter's Saturday Night," the subject of which is taken from Burns, a poet whose genius was so near akin to that of the artist; and "The Empress Josephine and the Fortune-teller," which represents the well-known story of Josephine, when in her fifteenth year, and residing with her father in the West Indies, having had a crown predicted for her by a fortune-telling negress. In 1838 he painted the "First Council of Queen Victoria," and a portrait of "Daniel O'Connell," who was then in the zenith of his



THE VILLAGE FESTIVAL.—FROM A PAINTING BY WILKIE.

this Titan,\* when he, for the last time, had displayed his prodigious strength in all its terrors. 'The Chelsea Pensioners reading the Gazette containing the description of the Battle of Waterloo.' The impression made on the aged veterans is expressed with great variety, spirit, and humour, in this rich composition; the execution is careful, but the effect is not so great as in his other works, because the general tone is very light, and in parts weak. It was painted in the year 1822, and is known to amateurs from the engraving by John Burnet. Here, too, are three portraits by Wilkie; 'George IV.,' whole length, the size of life, in the magnificent Scotch national costume; a very stately figure; the colouring of astonishing force and effect. It was a present from that king to the duke. 'William IV.,' likewise whole length, very animated

and popular. The great work of the following year, was "Sir David Baird discovering the body of Tipoo Saib, after the storming of Seringapatam," which was purchased by Lady Baird for fifteen hundred guineas, and is regarded by some as the greatest of Wilkie's historical works. In 1840 he exhibited eight pictures, the most remarkable of which was "Benvenuto Cellini presenting a silver vase of his own workmanship to Pope Paul III."

Wilkie had long had a desire to visit the East, and in the autumn of the same year he set out on his pilgrimage, accompanied by Mr. Woodburn. They travelled through Holland and Germany, and descended the Danube, from which river they proceeded to Constantinople, where the artist painted a portrait of Sultan Abdul Medjid, and two other pictures: "A Public Writer of Constantinople," and a "Tartar bringing the news of the capture of Acre." The travellers left the Turkish capital in the beginning of 1841, and journeyed

\* Napoleon.

by way of Smyrna and Beyrout to the ancient city of Jerusalem, which, he says, "struck me as unlike all other cities; it recalled the imaginations of Nicolas Poussin—a city not for every day, not for the present, but for all time." In the middle of April they left Jerusalem, and journeyed by the sea-coast of Syria into Egypt. At Alexandria the artist complained of ill-health, but he commenced a portrait of Mehemet Ali, and towards the end of May embarked on board the "Oriental" for England. While at Malta he imprudently ate a large quantity of fruit and indulged freely in iced lemonade, which increased his illness, and on the 1st of June he died. His body was committed to the deep the same evening, as related at the commencement of this article. The sale of his effects, among which were many unfinished works, realised a very considerable sum. An unfinished sketch of "The School," mentioned by Dr. Waagen in the passage we have quoted, was sold for £750.

have in common that genuine, refined delineation of character which extends to the minutest particulars. In the soul of both there is more love than contempt of man; both afford us the most soothing views of the quiet, genial happiness which is sometimes found in the narrow circle of domestic life, and understand how, with masterly skill, by the mixture of delicate traits of good-natured humour, to heighten the charm of such scenes; and if, as poets should be able to do both in language and colours, they show us man in his manifold weaknesses, errors, afflictions, and distresses, yet their humour is of such a kind that it never revolts our feelings. Wilkie is especially to be commended that, in such scenes as "The Distress for Rent," he never falls into caricature, as has often happened to Hogarth, but with all energy of expression remains within the bounds of truth. It is affirmed that the deeply impressive and touching character of this picture caused an extraordinary sensation in England when it first appeared. Here we first



THE VILLAGE POLITICIANS.—FROM A PAINTING BY WILKIE.

"Wilkie," says the German critic, is in his department not only the first painter of our time, but, together with Hogarth, the most spirited and original master of the whole English school. In the most essential particulars, Wilkie has the same style of art as Hogarth. With him, he has great variety, refinement, and acuteness in the observation of what is characteristic in nature; and in many of his pictures the subject is strikingly dramatic. Yet in many respects he is different from him. He does not, like Hogarth, exhibit to us moral dramas in whole series of pictures, but contents himself with representing, more in the manner of a novel, one single striking scene. His turn of mind is besides very different. If I might compare Hogarth with Swift, in his biting satire, with which he contemplates mankind only on the dark side, and takes special delight in representing them in a state of the most profound corruption, of the most frightful misery, I find in Wilkie a close affinity with his celebrated countryman, Sir Walter Scott. Both

learn duly to prize another feature of his pictures, namely, their genuine national character. They are, in all their parts, the most spirited, animated, and faithful representations of the peculiarities and modes of life of the English. In many other respects, Wilkie reminds me of the great Dutch painters of common life of the seventeenth century, and likewise in the choice of many subjects—or instance, 'Blind Man's Buff;' but particularly by the careful and complete making out of the details, in which he is one of the rare exceptions among his countrymen. If he does not go so far as Douw and Franz Mieris, he is nearly on an equality with more carefully executed paintings of Teniers and Jan Steen. His touch, too, often approaches the former in spirit and freedom, especially in his earlier pictures.

"One of them, 'The Blind Fiddler,' is in the gallery. You know this admirable composition from the masterly engraving by Burnet. The effect of the colouring is by no means brilliant;

yet the tone of the flesh is warm and clear. The colours, which, as in Hogarth, are very much broken, have a very harmonious effect, the light and shade being very soft, and carried through with great skill. From the predominance of dead colours, the whole has much the appearance of distemper, as well in the above respects as in the *siacellé* and close observation of nature, and the good-natured humour of the subject. This picture is a real masterpiece, which deserves the more admiration, since we find, by the date affixed, that it was painted in 1806, when Wilkie was not more than twenty-one years of age. Another picture, where a countryman, who has indulged too freely, is led home by his family, is indeed highly humorous in the expression of the heads, and masterly in the keeping and *clair-obscur*; yet the figures appear too small for the size of the picture, and too scattered; and the horse and other accessories are too slightly handled to make up for this defect. The faces, too, in the rather indefinite forms, and the cold reddish tone of the flesh, bear no comparison with the preceding picture.

The greater part of the interior subjects treated by Gerard Dow, the Ostades, Terburg, and Teniers, have been reproduced by the Scotch artist. Compare his "Village Politicians" with the same subject by Adrian Van Ostade. There are only three figures in the picture of the Dutch painter; but they are admirably grouped and carefully drawn, especially the old man in spectacles. Pass to Wilkie's picture. He has represented a Scottish village ale-house, where in a room that serves at once for parlour, tap-room, and kitchen, as well as for the sitting-room of the family, blacksmiths, carters, and ploughmen meet to smoke and drink. The time represented is the period of high political excitement which followed the outbreak of the first French revolution. The principal group surrounds a table placed in the middle, on which are a whiskey measure and glass, a pipe, and a large piece of cheese, which one of the disputants is cutting. An old man, whose countenance expresses a good deal of quiet sagacity, has been reading the newspaper, and listens calmly to the solution of some important political problem propounded by the young man opposite to him, whose features and action express irritation and excitement. The labourer who is helping himself to the cheese, is evidently interested in the discussion, and listens with eagerness; while his neighbour appears to be offering an angry interruption. Around the fire is another group, who discuss the topics of the day with less vehemence, while a woman, with a child in her arms, seems to be endeavouring to persuade one of them to accompany her home. Probably the artist had in his mind the "ale-caup commentators" of Macneill's ballad, when he painted this picture. The landlady, entering with a fresh supply of liquor, an old man who reads the newspaper alone, a dog who displays a hankering for the bread and butter of a child, and another who licks out a saucerpan in the right-hand corner, complete the composition.

His "Village Bridal," by the charmingly modest expression of the young bride, and the rustic elegance and grace of the girl who is dancing, and his "Duncan Gray" (p. 165), by the expression of the heroine's countenance, half serious, half coquettish, at the moment when the resistance of her pride is vanquished by her lover's vexation, deserve to be placed among the more amiable creations of modern art.

Whatever may be the merits, in colouring and imitation of the old masters, which distinguish the works that Wilkie executed in his second manner, it is as the painter of "The Bent Day" and "The Blind Fiddler" that he recommends himself to posterity. He is the painter of moral philosophy—a philosophy cheerful and without bitterness—superior to Bega, Jan Steen, and Hemschirk, not in free and vigorous fancy, but in varied knowledge of humanity. He is the painter of humble interiors, in which the household utensils are as correctly and vigorously represented as those of Kalf, and the whole scene is calculated to improve the heart, and widen its sympathies. Faithful to the rigour of Christian, and more especially Calvinistic, morals, Wilkie has introduced in his pictures none of the indecencies of Teniers, the satiric obscenities of Hogarth, or the refined immoralities of Watteau. It is this elasticity which makes him the Scottish painter *par excellence*, and places him at the head of his class in the school of the North.

Of that school Wilkie is the Leonardo da Vinci. The face

of external nature afforded him no inspiration; the free air gave nothing to the painter of the humble homes of the Scottish peasantry. We seek in vain in his pictures for the forests with which Hobbema shaded his lakes, and the transparent distances of Teniers. Wilkie had studied from his fifteenth year the sturdy peasant, sitting in his cottage, with his eyes fixed on the scene of his labours and his joys, and the "bonnie lassie," with the blue eyes and high forehead—a countenance more intellectual than sensual. It is in the representation of the homes of his poorer countrymen that he has acquired the distinction that is now universally accorded him.

We may discover in his works a thousand traits which recall the delicacy of Holbein, the animation of Wouvermans, the energetic rusticity of Van Ostade, the high finish of Terburg, and the philosophic impress of Cornelius Bega. We see that he is of their family; but he has not imitated them. He has excelled them in many respects—in moral grace, in purity of sentiment, and rectitude of ideas.

M. Louis Viardot, an eminent authority, who has treated the English school with great severity in his "Muses d'Europe," notices Wilkie in the following terms:—"The painter of 'The Bent Day' and 'The Village Politicians' has followed Hogarth a little in his designs, and the Flemish masters a great deal in his manner, Adrian Van Ostade seeming, above all, to have been the model he has selected. He is humorous, animated, and playful; and in all his details the eye of a careful observer may be discerned. His execution is sharp and careful, but it has not the charming naturalness of the masters he has followed, being disfigured by a sad abuse of the reddish tone; and this defect or affectation has caused it to be said of Wilkie, with a sort of justice, that he is not an Ostade in colouring."

In opposition to this judgment of a French author, we may quote the opinion of an eminent French artist. Géricault, whose original talent arose more from a study of nature than from imitation of the great masters, thus wrote to M. Horace Vernet in 1821:—"I said some days ago to my father, that if anything was wanting to your talent, it was to be tempered in the English school; and I repeat it, because I know the little esteem that you have for its works. But how useful would be the study of the touching expression to be found in the pictures of Wilkie! In one of his more simple subjects, he has represented a scene at the Invalides; news of a victory has been received, and the veterans have assembled to read the despatches and rejoice over them. The variety of characters and sentiments is well expressed. I must speak of one figure, which appears the most finished; it is the wife of a soldier, who, entirely absorbed in anxiety for her husband, listens with an eagerness painful to contemplate to the reading of the list of killed and wounded. The imagination readily supplies all that her countenance fails to express. There is no crape, no mourning, and the sky is not clouded; the pathos is perfectly natural. I believe you will not tax me with Anglo-mania, for you know as well as I what we have, and in what we are deficient."

The pictures of Wilkie are only known on the continent by means of engravings. There is not a single Wilkie in the gallery of the Louvre. The catalogues of the richest collections do not contain his name. The Imperial Library at Paris contains a collection of engravings after Wilkie, by Beyer, Marria, Jozet, Joly, Moreau, Maille, Duboucourt, and other eminent French engravers, which, though incomplete, includes his best and most thoroughly English works.

Even our own National Gallery contains only two specimens of this master, but they are two of his most characteristic productions. They are thus described by Mrs. Jameson:—"The Blind Fiddler." An itinerant fiddler has arrived at a cottage, and is amusing its inmates with his violin; his uplifted foot shows that he is beating time; his wife sits near him nursing her infant; on the other side are the cottager's family, among whom, the father, snapping his fingers at the little baby, the child, who gazes with rivetted attention on the old musician, forgetful of her toy, and the mischievous urchin who is mimicking the gesture of the fiddler with a pair of bellows, are remarkable for felicitous conception and truth of expression. The whole picture is very dramatic, and treated in the manner of the Dutch masters. It has something of the silver

tone and precision of touch so much admired in Teniers. 'The Village Festival' (p. 168). The scene is laid before the door of a village ale-house; among the various groups, some of which are exceedingly humorous, a countryman, half tipsy, led away most reluctantly from the joyous scene by his wife and children, is the most conspicuous and the most expressive; being strongly relieved by the dark mass behind, it is the first to catch the attention of the spectator. The group of drinkers on the left, and the face and figure of the old woman leading the little child on the right, are most excellent. The old woman I suspect to be the mother of the prostrate drunkard who lies stretched insensible by the pump. But every head, however diminutive, is worth inspection, and will bear comparison with some of the finest of Teniers. As a whole, the composition is a little scattered, and the foreground is not well painted; it looks like wet clay; the colouring is throughout very vivid, rich, and harmonious; and the individual heads, besides being full of nature and character, are finished with conscientious care, in what may be termed the early manner of the painter, which he afterwards changed for another entirely opposite to it. The whole scene is perfectly genuine and national."

The Vernon Gallery contains five Wilkies:—1. "The Peep-o'-Day-Boy's Cabin." 2. "Reading the News." 3. "A Woodland Landscape." 4. "The Bag-piper." 5. "The First Ear-ring."

The six Wilkies in St. James's Palace and the four at Apsley House have already been enumerated and described, and they are not numerous in any other private collection. The Duke of Sutherland has a single specimen at Stafford House, representing two men and two women at breakfast. The effect is pleasing, and, especially in the men, very true and animated. The Marquis of Normandy possesses the "Rent Day;" and the collection of the Marquis of Lansdowne contains "The Jew's Harp," which we have engraved (p. 164), and "The Confession." "John Knox administering the Sacrament" is the property of S. J. Clow, Esq., of Liverpool; it is a grand composition, but was left unfinished at the painter's death. Sir J. Swinburne possesses "The Errand Boy;" and "Duncan Gray," which we have engraved (p. 165.) and the subject of which is taken from a favourite Scotch ballad, is the property of S. J. Sheephanks, Esq. "The Letter of Recommendation," which we have also engraved (p. 172), is in the collection of S. S. Dolree, Esq.

The pictures of Wilkie are not, like those of the Dutch school, the coin which circulates currently at public sales, and we are, therefore, unable to indicate the price which would be obtained by the precious works which are treasured with such natural pride by their happy possessors.

We give below the fac-simile of Wilkie's signature.

*David Wilkie*

#### ART AND ARTISTS.

PAINTERS have not been remarkable for learning. They have generally been illustrations of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. Cooper, one of our earliest painters, was deemed an excellent musician, but music then required little science. Jarvis, although a translator of "Don Quixote," was a weak man and by no means a scholar. Richardson was a man of intellect, but deficient in observation. Thornhill was the reverse, and was an M.P. and an F.R.S. at the same time. Hogarth, though he once appeared as an author, was grossly illiterate. Wilson had received a good education from his father, who was a clergyman. Gainsborough was untaught by himself or others. Reynolds and Lawrence were English scholars, and nothing more. West was not even that. Barry must have received but little scholastic instruction, though he made good use of what he had. Opie's talents were great, but they were untaught. Morland's dissipation precluded knowledge; and Romney, though the friend and correspondent of Bailey, was quite an uneducated man. Fuseli was very hard on his contemporaries. He denounced them as ignorant even of orthography. His expression used to be, that he felt degraded in being one of them. His exposure of the ignorance of many members of the

Royal Society was equally severe. Haydon thus describes him:—Calling at his house, the door was opened by the maid. He continues: "I followed her into a gallery or show-room enough to frighten anybody at twilight. Galvanized devils—malicious witches brewing their incantations—Satan bridging Chaos, and springing upwards, like a pyramid of fire—Lady Macbeth—Carlo and Francisco—Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly—honor—pathos—terror—blood and murder—met one at every look. I expected the floor to give way—I fancied Fuseli himself to be a giant. I heard his footsteps, and saw a little bony haud slide round the edge of the door, followed by a little white-headed, lean-faced man, in an old-fashioned dressing gown, tied round the waist with a piece of rope, and upon his head the bottom of Mrs. Fuseli's work-basket. 'Well, well,' thought I, 'I am a match for you at any rate if bewitching is tried;' but all apprehension vanished on his saying in the mildest and kindest way, 'Well, Mr. Haydon, I have heard a great deal of you from Mr. Hoare. Where are your drawings?' In a fright I gave him the wrong book, with a sketch of some men pushing a cask into a greaser's shop. Fuseli smiled, and said, 'Well, de follow does his business at least with energy!' I was gratified at his being pleased in spite of my mistake." On another occasion, he told Haydon, "a subject should interest, astonish, or move; if it did not one of these, it was worth nothing at all." He had a strong Swiss accent, and a guttural energetic diction. He swore roundly also, a habit which, he told Haydon, he had contracted from Dr. Armstrong. "He was about five feet five inches in height, had a compact little form, stood firmly at his easel, painted with his left hand, never held his palette upon his thumb, but kept it upon his stoop, and being very near-sighted, and too vain to wear glasses, used to dab his bristly brush into the oil, and sweeping round the palette in the dark, took up a great lump of white, red, or blue, as it might be, and plaster it over a shoulder or a face. Sometimes in his blindness he would put a hideous smear of Prussian blue on his flesh, and then perhaps, discovering his mistake, take a bit of red to darken it, and then, prying close in, turn round and say, 'Ah, dat is a fine purple! It is really like Correggio,' and then all of a sudden he would burst out with a quotation from Homer, Tasso, Dante, Ovid, Virgil, or perhaps the Niebelungen Lied, and thunder round with 'Paint dat!' I found him," continues Haydon, "the most grotesque mixture of literature, art, scepticism, indelicacy, profanity, and kindness; he put me in mind of Aehiman, in Spencer. Weak minds he destroyed. They mistook his wit for reason—his indelicacy for breeding—his swearing for maunliness, and his insidiously for strength of mind; but he was accomplished in elegant literature, and had the art of inspiring young minds with high and grand views. His 'Nightmare' was popular all over Europe. The engraver cleared £600 by it."

Haydon says, in conversation Horne Tooke was the only match for Fuseli. Mary Woostencroft fell into Platonic love with him, though he was married to a woman who had been his model. In spite of his sarcasm and roughness, he had many friends, and died honoured and rich. On comparing his pictures with living nature, he was sometimes very much annoyed, and used peevishly to exclaim: "A plague upon nature! she always puts me out!" He was very anxious to have a literary reputation. He sometimes composed Greek verses in the emergency of the moment, and affected to forget the name of the author. He once repeated half-a-dozen sonorous and well-sounding lines to Porson, and said: "With all your learning, now, you cannot tell me who wrote that." The professor, much renowned for Greek, confessed his ignorance, and said, "I don't know him." "How in the world could you know him?" chuckled Fuseli; "I made them this moment." When thwarted in the Academy, and that was not seldom, his wrath vented itself in Polyglott Phrasology. "It is a pleasant thing, and an advantageous," said the painter on these occasions, "to be learned. I can speak Greek, Latin, French, English, German, Danish, Dutch, Icelandic, and Spanish, and so let my folly vent itself through nine different avenues." His repartee was biting. A person once called in, apologising with, "I hope I don't intrude." "You do," said Fuseli, in a surly tone. "Then I will call again to-morrow." "No sir," replied he; "don't come to-morrow, for then you will intrude a second time. Tell me your business now." Wilkie, who



met Fuseli at Mr. Angerstein's, thus writes of him :—" His conversation was particularly animating, and, sitting beside him, I had my full share of it. He talked with great discrimination on the English versions of the great classic poets, and on the harmonious construction of our national poetry, in which he gave the preference to Shakespeare. He spoke of Haydon, and the historical picture he was then painting, and gave it his decided approbation."

It was seldom Fuseli was courteous, and when he was, he generally repented of it. In a good humour he gave a friendly reception to a young gentleman who had brought him a letter of introduction from an old friend. " I shall be very happy to see you whenever you are disengaged," said Fuseli. The ingenious youth took this literally, and called next day. " Bless me," cried Fuseli, as he entered the room, " you must have plenty of spare time on your hands." The youth retired in confusion, and never called again.

One hears little of Fuseli now. His wild paintings are by no means in accordance with the taste of the present age. Never did such a painter appear amongst us before ; but he is gone, and it may

Another artist, rough and rude as Nature's children sometimes are, was Opie. When he lived in Berners-street, Haydon went to see him. " I was shown," he says, " into a clean gallery of masculine and broadly-painted pictures. After a minute, down came a coarse-looking intellectual man. He read my letter, eyed me quietly, and said, ' You are studying anatomy ; master it ; were I your age, I would do the same.' My heart bounded at this. I said, ' I have just come from Mr. Northcote, and he says I am wrong, Sir.' ' Never mind what he says,' said Opie ; ' he does not know it himself, and would be very glad to keep you as ignorant.' " He died a disappointed man. Opie had been brought up to London as the wonderful Cornish boy ; and he was almost obliged, as he expressively said to Northcote, to plant cannon at his door to keep the nobility away. He had not foundation enough in his art to fall back upon when the novelty was over ; his employment fell off, and he sunk in repute and excellence.

Mrs. Jameson gives Opie a better character. She says this distinguished and manly painter died in 1807. The Dulwich Gallery contains a portrait of him, painted by himself ; and at Hampton



THE LITTLE OF INTRODUCTION.—FROM A PAINTING BY WILKIE.

be long " ere we see his like again." The artist, perhaps, most resembling him in wildness and eccentricity was Barry. One new anecdote of him is thus told by Haydon. In his " Diary " he writes :—" Mrs. Copping, the housekeeper at the Adelphi, told me Barry's violence was dreadful, his oaths horrid, and his temper like insanity. She said he carried virtue to a vice. His hatred of obligation was such that he would accept nothing. Wherever he dined, he left one shilling and twopenny in the plate, and gentlemen indulged him. The servants were afraid to go near him. In summer he came to work at five, and worked till dark ; when a lamp was lighted, he went on etching till eleven at night. She said, that when he could be coaxed to talk, his conversation was sublime. She thought the want of early discipline was the cause of his defects. He began his work at the Adelphi in 1780, and was seven years before he concluded it. She remembered Burke and Johnson calling once, but no artist. She really believed he would have shot any one who dared." There is a grasp of mind in that work, nowhere else to be found, as Johnson said ; but no colour, no surface, beauty, or correct drawing. Still, as the only work of the kind, it is an honour to the country.

Court there is a portrait of Mrs. Delany, said to be by him. Allan Cunningham says of Opie, that his strength lay in boldness of effect, simplicity of composition, in artless attitudes, and in the vivid portraiture of individual nature. Where he failed was in imagination. He saw the common, but not the poetic nature of his subjects ; he had no vision of the heroic or the grand. His intellectual powers were of a high order. Horne Tooke used to perplex and quiz Fuseli by pressing him with definitions, and by the *reductio ad absurdum* ; whilst of Opie he used to say, " Mr. Opie crowds more wisdom into a few words than almost any man I ever knew. He speaks, as it were, in axioms ; and what he observes, is worthy to be remembered." Opie never was satisfied with himself. His widow says of him :—" During the nine years I was his wife, I never saw him satisfied with any one of his productions ; and often, very often, have I seen him enter my sitting-room and throw himself, in an agony of despondency, on the sofa, exclaiming, ' I am the most stupid of created beings ! I never, never shall be a painter, as long as I live.' " One who knew him well writes, " His manner and figure were bars to his ingratiating himself with his female sitters ; but,



like Vandyck, he was the painter of mind and character, not of passion. His uncomeliness was the result of early habits; that of Fuseli, of a morose nature." Opie's funeral, however, showed that he was still honoured in the land. A public burial in St. Paul's is surely something, after all. A man who could have had that, must have had some fame in his day.

In spite of his manner, and an unattractive figure, Hoppner, writes Haydon, was a man of fine mind, great openness of heart, and an exquisite taste for music; but he had not strength for originality. He imitated Gainsborough for landscape, and Reynolds for portrait. We talked of art; and after dinner Hoppner said, "I can fancy a man fond of his art who painted like Reynolds; but how a man can be fond of art who paints like that fellow Northcote, heaven only knows. "As to that poor man-milliner of a painter, Hoppner," Northcote used to say to Haydon,

distinguished for the beauty with which he endowed the female form. He was born in London in 1789, and educated as the child of a German domestic, under the direction of his Majesty; from which circumstance it was supposed he had royal blood in his veins.

Haydon thus introduces us to one of the rarest artists of that day. He writes, "The next day, at eleven, I went to the academy, saw a good-natured looking man in black, with his hair powdered, whom I took for a clergyman. In the course of the morning we talked. He made a shrewd remark or two, and when we left the academy we walked home together. As he lodged in the Strand, not far from me, I showed him what I was trying. He said to me, 'Sir George Beaumont says you should always paint your studies.' 'Do you know Sir George, Sir Joshua's friend?' 'To be sure I do.' I was delighted. 'What is your name?' 'Jackson.' 'And



THE CUT FINGER.—FROM A PAINTING BY WILKIE.

"I hate, him, sir; I ha-a-ate him!" Hoppner was bilious from hard work at portraits and harass of high life. He was portrait-painter to the Prince; and one day, McMahon having ordered the porter at Carlton House to get the rails repainted, and to send for the prince's painter, the man, in his ignorance, went over to Hoppner. When the prince visited Hoppner one day, he popped suddenly into his gallery; there was his fine portrait of Pitt. "Ah, ha," said the prince, "there he is, with his obstinate face." Hoppner obtained fame before he was thirty years old. The Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., was his great patron. Northcote gives a characteristic anecdote of him. "I once went with Hoppner to the hustings to vote for Horne Tooke; and when they asked me what I was, I said a painter. At this, Hoppner was very mad all the way home, and said I should have called myself a portrait-painter. I replied, the world had no time to trouble their heads about such distinctions." Wilkie says he was

where do you come from?' 'Yorkshire.' 'And how do you know such a man?' 'Know him!' Jackson answered, bursting into a laugh, 'why Lord Mulgrave is my patron, and Sir George is his friend.' Jackson was a most amiable, sincere, unaffected creature, and had a fine eye for colour. I soon perceived that he did not draw with firmness, but with a great feeling and effect, and we became exceedingly intimate. Jackson was the son of a respectable tradesman at Whitby, where he was apprenticed to a tailor. Lord Mulgrave and Sir George Beaumont were once at the castle, when Atkinson the architect, who was visiting there, showed them two or three pencil sketches of Jackson's. Lord Mulgrave said to Atkinson, 'Let us have him up;' and Jackson was ordered to the room, where by his simplicity of manner and easy explanation of his sketches he delighted them all; and Sir George asked him if he had ever painted, and upon his saying he had not, ordered him to copy a 'George Coleman,' by Sir Joshua, at the castle. They had no

colour but white-lead, and no brushes but house-painter's. However, with Sir George's advice and assistance he set to work. A Vandyck brown he obtained from the woods, a fine Indian red from the alum works, by burning yellow ochre in the grounds, and a blue-black, either from burnt vine-stalks, or soot, I forget which, and with these materials he set to work and made a really fine copy. The besetting sin of poor Jackson was indolence, and this soon became apparent. Lord Mulgrave once told us that when Jackson had finished a picture of Lady Mulgrave and her sister, he was requested to have it packed up immediately and sent off to the Exhibition, as the least delay would render it too late. The next day Lord Mulgrave finding that the picture had not been sent, went into Jackson's room and scolded him well, insisting on his immediately seeing the picture packed up and sent off. Jackson left the room apologising, and promising immediate attention to his lordship's desires. As soon as Lord Mulgrave had reached his own room, he bethought himself, 'But, I had better, perhaps, look after that fellow,' and out went my lord to see. On going down stairs, the first thing that his lordship did see, was Master Jackson out in the court-yard playing battledore and shuttle-cock with his lordship's aide-de-camp. It was impossible not to like Jackson, his very indolence and lazy habits engaged one. His eternal desire to gossip was wonderful. Sooner than not gossip, he would sit down and talk to servants and valets, drink brandy and water with them, and perhaps sing a song. He would stand for hours together, with one hand in his trousers' pocket, chatting about Sir Joshua and Vandyck, then tell a story in his Yorkshire way, full of nature and tact, racy, and beautiful, and then start off anywhere, to Vauxhall or Covent Garden, to study expression and effect. In time his carelessness became so apparent, that Lord Mulgrave, in a passion, cut off his income and threw him on his own resources. This brought Jackson to his senses." Jackson painted the portraits of the Rev. William Howells Carr, and Sir John Soane, architect, in the National Gallery.

We take another picture from Haydon—that of Northcote, who lived at 39, Argyle-street. Haydon writes:—"I was shown first into a dirty gallery, then upstairs into a dirtier painting-room, and there, under a high window, with the light shining full on his bald gray head, stood a diminutive wizened figure, in an old blue striped dressing-gown, his spectacles pushed up on his forehead. Looking keenly at me with his little shining eyes, he opened the letter, read it, and with the broadest Devon dialect, said: 'Zo you mayne ta bee a painter, doo 'e? What sort of painter? 'Historical painter, sir.' 'Heestorical painter! Why, yee'll starve with a bundle of straw under yer head.' He then put his spectacles down and read the note again, put them up, looked maliciously at me, and said: 'I remember yer vather and yer grandvather ta; he used ta paint.' 'So I have heard, sir.' 'Ees, he painted an elephant once for a tiger, and he asked my vather what colour the inside of's ears was of; and my vather told an reddish; and your grandvather went home and painted on a vine vermillion. I zee,' he continued, 'Mr. Hore says you're studying anatomy; that's no use. Sir Joshua didn't know it; why should you want to know he didn't?' 'But Michael Angelo did, sir.' 'Michael Angelo! what's he ta da here? You must paint portraits here.' This roused me, and I said, clenching my mouth: 'But I won't.' 'Won't!' screamed the little man; 'but you must! Your vather is not a monied man—is he?' 'No, sir; but he has a good income, and will maintain me for three years.' 'Will he; he'd better make 'ee mendentain yourself.' There are ten portraits by him in the Dulwich Gallery.

In our great country, painters have had to look to the people rather than to kings. Smirke had been elected keeper of the Academy, but George III., being told that he was a democrat, refused to sign or sanction his appointment. West's income was taken from him through the hatred of Queen Charlotte, because he had visited and been honoured by Napoleon in 1802. Sir Joshua Reynolds never received a single commission from the king or his royal consort. He twice painted their majesties, but on each occasion at his own request and at his own expense. This neglect of Sir Joshua is said to have arisen from his refusal to sell a painting beneath its value. Hogarth seems to have fared little better at

royal hands. When he had finished his picture of "The March of the Guards to Finchley," a proof of it was sent to George II. His first question, says Ireland, was to a nobleman in waiting. "Pray who is this Hogarth?" "A painter, my liege." "Painter!" exclaimed the indignant monarch, "I hate painting, and poetry too; neither the one nor the other ever did any good. Does the fellow mean to laugh at my guards?" "The picture, an' please your majesty," said the courier, "must undoubtedly be considered as a burlesque." This only made matters worse. "What! a painter burlesque a soldier! He deserves to be picketed for his insolence. Take it out of my sight." And so the conversation ended. This may be a little exaggerated; nevertheless, it is true that Hogarth never basked in the royal sunshine. When monarchs have been the patrons, the taste of the patron has been seen. Charles I. was sober and virtuous, and the women of Vandyck all have a virtuous and sober air. At the Restoration, the whole seemed changed as if by enchantment. Art, writes Cunningham, in his life of Lely, was no longer grave and devout, as under the first Charles. Loose attire and looser looks were demanded now; no one was so ready to comply as Sir Peter Lely, and it must be confessed that no other artist could have brought such skill and talent to the task. With the chaste Queen Charlotte came a different order of things; and the skill of Reynolds was required to give grace to the pomatumed pyramids of powdered hair, and that dignity which beauty acquires from appearing the preserver of its highest quality.

### STORY OF A PICTURE.

NOT very many years ago, a venerable man, named Silvio Piccolomini, who had formerly been governor of Rome, having been compelled by age to relinquish the employment in which he had long been engaged, was reduced to the painful necessity of gradually parting with nearly all his furniture, in order to obtain the bare means of subsistence. Among other articles was a small painting by Raffaele, which had been left him by his uncle, but of which he did not at all know the value. The smoke with which it was tarnished, and the dust with which it was covered, led him to think it worth very little. Being in want of money, he sent to a painter who was more skilled in buying and selling the pictures of others than painting any of his own. A very slight examination enabled him to discover by whom it was painted and how great a treasure it was. But wishing to take advantage of the old man's inexperience and neediness, he began to depreciate it as a thing of no value, and concluded by offering him a few shillings for it, rather, he pretended, as an act of charity than from any regard to the real worth of the picture. The poor old man, unable to see through the trick, thankfully accepted the paltry sum, and the impostor carried off his prize in triumph.

A few days afterwards an old friend having called upon Piccolomini missed the picture, and asked what had become of it. He said he had sold it, and told him to whom, and for how much. His friend, filled with indignation at the shameful fraud which had been practised upon his simplicity, urged him to bring the matter before the governor, assuring him the picture was the work of a master's hand, and offering to accompany him and render him every assistance in his power. The governor, having listened with attention to the statement of the case, took the dimensions of the picture and observed the subject, and then dismissed both parties. There were fortunately in his gallery two frames nearly corresponding in size to that of the picture in question. Taking out the picture which was in one of them, he sent for the painter, and asked him whether he happened to have a painting of that size which would match the other. "Yes," was the reply, "I have one that will suit admirably. It is an excellent production of Raffaele's, and seems to have been made on purpose to go in that frame." "Well, let me see it," said the governor; and the painter soon brought it.

The painting was a "Holy Family," executed in the happiest style of the illustrious master. Freed from the dust and smoke by which they had been obscured, the colours came out to perfection, and all the accuracy of outline, the softness of complexion, the

charm of the drapery, the elegance of the figures, and the truth of expression which are peculiar to Raffaele, at once struck the delighted observer. Having placed it in the frame, which it fitted remarkably well, the governor asked the price of it. "I have already had an offer of £200 for it," said the painter, "from an Englishman, through the medium of a friend; but I have refused that sum, insisting upon £250, which it is well worth. However, if your excellency likes to have it, I shall be satisfied with whatever advance upon the first offer you think proper to make."

The governor, horrified at the rashness of the fellow, said, with as much calmness as he could command:

"You assure me, then, that you have had an offer of £200 for the picture?"

"Yes, I have, monsignore; and I hope to have even more offered."

"Very well; that is enough. Open that door," added he, to one of his attendants. It was opened, and lo! there stood the good old man, whom his excellency had sent for and kept in concealment. It is easy to conceive what terror and amazement the unexpected sight awakened in the mind of the painter. He turned pale, became confused, and trembled in every limb. The governor,

after leaving him a prey to his own feelings for some time, at length said, in a tone of severe authority, "Base wretch! is it thus you take advantage of the ignorance and want of an unfortunate man? When you deceived him so wickedly, did you feel no compunction of conscience, no revulsion of feeling? Does the recollection of having defrauded an aged man and helpless woman awaken no remorse in your breast? Execrable villain! you know what your wickedness deserves. It is showing you too much mercy to visit you with nothing more than the penalty which you have yourself named; but may Heaven preserve you from a second crime of this sort, otherwise you shall pay dearly both for that and the present one. Now you must immediately give this poor man the £200 which, according to your own confession, the picture is worth. The next offence of the kind that reaches my ears will be your destruction."

Terrified, ashamed, and subdued, the painter hastened away; while the poor old man, melted to tears, and his heart overflowing with gratitude, uttered a thousand benedictions upon his wise benefactor, who enjoyed the satisfaction of having relieved an unhappy man, and caught an impostor in his own net."

## SIR RICHARD WESTMACOTT.

If we consider the comparatively recent period at which England first laid claim to be ranked as one of those favoured nations which produces artists of the first order, we shall find that she has given birth to her fair share of sculptors, and that she has done so under circumstances the most adverse to art. Her climate—alternately weeping and dry, and varying from 90 degrees in the shade to very nearly zero—tries marble so severely that it cannot exist out of doors, and our public statues have consequently to be made of the less beautiful but more durable bronze. The smoke of our capital, and the severely religious opinions of a great majority of our countrymen, are alike unfavourable to productions which are seen only to advantage beneath a sunny and a clear sky. Yet, notwithstanding this, there are great names, easily remembered by most people, of those who have laboured, and that not unsuccessfully, to equal the merit of the sculptors of Greece—to equal those whose religion gave birth to the art, and under whose skies poetry, painting, and sculpture might claim their proper home.

The names of Clibber (father to the much-abused Colley), of Roubillieu, of Banks, Lough, Nollekens, Bacon, Flaxman, Chantrey, Baily, and Westmacott, will readily occur to our readers. Of the last of these we here give a portrait. If of these Flaxman had the most thoroughly Greek genius and the most classic mind, Westmacott may be said to have the most graceful execution and delicate conception.

Westmacott was born in the year 1775 (twenty years after the birth of Flaxman), of a good family, and one also well to do in the world; so that, unlike other young artists, he had not to endure the bitter struggles of poverty before he achieved eminence. He studied successfully at the Royal Academy, and attracted to himself the notice of the new Professor of Sculpture—an office created for and filled by Flaxman himself. There was some opposition to this creation, and the lectures of the professor had been subjected to the wit of Fuseli, on account of the staid and sombre manner of their delivery. Fuseli sitting at a merry party after dinner, suddenly recollected that Flaxman was about to deliver his inaugural lecture. He started up suddenly, and exclaimed, "Farewell friends, farewell wine, farewell wit! I must be off to hear the first sermon of the Rev. John Flaxman."

The "Sermons of the Rev. John Flaxman" did, however, an infinite deal of good. They were certainly slow, and in many parts heavy, but those upon "Beauty" and on "Composition" are worthy to be read by every artist. These lectures were well attended, and there is no doubt but that the students derived immense profit from them, and the creation of a chair of sculpture proved that in England that branch of fine arts was about to receive some notice.

The early career of Westmacott was a peculiarly successful one.

His merit was more readily acknowledged than in many cases, and in the year 1798 he had already spent some years in Italy. When only twenty-three years of age, he was, without being subjected to any accusation of improvidence, enabled to marry the daughter of Dr. Wilkinson. While we allude to improvidence, we do so with the story of another sculptor equally eminent in our memory. "Married!" said Sir Joshua Reynolds to him, meeting him one day, "unmarried!" then, sir, if you are married, you are ruined for an artist."

In the case cited, the selfish declaration was untrue, and the artist, although married, achieved an eminence equal to Sir Joshua's. It is gratifying to know this, but it is also gratifying to know that Westmacott was never subjected to the unkind taunt.

Soon after his marriage the artist would appear to have returned to Rome and to have perfected his studies, and on his return to England, after a somewhat long absence, he found that he had a sufficient number of commissions to keep him comfortably employed, arising from the early celebrity which he had achieved abroad. But fame or a good name was soon to be achieved, and we find him employed, before the culminating point of age had been reached, on the national statues of Addison, Pitt, and Erskine.

The monuments also which he produced about this time, and which adorn St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, are of the statesman, Fox, the first of hearty and genuine reformers; to the hero, Sir Ralph Abercrombie; to the gentle and excellent Lord Collingwood, the Bayard of Naval Warfare; and to Sir Isaac Brock.

There is also in Westminster Abbey a sitting statue of a woman, who, with her child, is represented as being exposed without shelter to the inclemencies of a storm, her garments are coarse and wet, and her hair hangs loose upon her face. The mute appealing look of the face is not easy to be forgotten; it is one of the lions of the place, and bears the name of the "Houseless Wanderers."

The genius of Westmacott being through these statues fully acknowledged, he did not want patrons. The monumental figures which he now produced are both numerous and excellent, and his more ambitious works, which adorn the various galleries of the nobility, are of such merit that they will indeed, to use his modest phrase, "pass muster with posterity." So great was his fame, that when, on the victorious return from Waterloo, the nation were half delirious with admiration for the great Duke of Wellington, Westmacott was chosen to execute the colossal statue of Achilles, which now stands upon a slight eminence fronting Apsley House. The gratitude of the ladies of England raised this memorial to Wellington: it was cast from cannon taken in the various battles with the French, but from its unsuitability and from divers little

*déagrémens*, not here to be mentioned, it excited a perfect shower of puns, lampoons, epigrams, and pasquinades, and brought down upon its head some much heavier, more sober and severer criticism. It is but justice to say that, as far as regards the artist, the figure is well executed. It is not one of the *chef-d'œuvre* of Westmacott, but it is a nobly-conceived figure, only ridiculous, if indeed it be so, from the singular inappropriateness of its position, and its total want of adaptation to the subject it designs to commemorate.

The next work of art which the sculptor supplied, was the colossal statue of George the Third, which now adorns Windsor Castle.

But it is not to commemorative or to monumental art that we must look for the great excellence of Westmacott. In these certainly he has exhibited grace, dignity, and feeling. In his statues of Fox and of George the Third there is also no mean approach to sublimity; but it is in grace and in fancy that he excels,

Love's worshipper :

Seeking on earth for him whose home was heaven :  
As some lone angel, through night's scattered host,  
Might seek a star which she had loved and lost.  
In the full city—by the haunted stream,  
Through the dim grotto's tracery of spars,  
Mid the pine temple on the moonlit mount,  
Where silence sits and listens to the stars—  
In the deep glade where dwells the brooding dove—  
The painted valley and the scented air,  
She heard far echoes of the voice of Love,  
And marked his footsteps' traces everywhere.

If he has never exceeded this statue, Westmacott has done things equally worthy of immortality; such are the "Statue of a Nymph preparing for the Bath," which now adorns the ducal residence of Castle Howard; the statue of Euphrosyne, which is at Clumber; and the "Dream of Horace," which is at Petworth. We have the highest authority for saying that Sir Richard



and it is in these that, in our opinion, he equals, if not surpasses Canova. The best works of Westmacott may be found perhaps in Woburn Abbey, where the dancing nymphs of Canova have also found a resting-place: these are the celebrated statue of Psyche, and one of Eros or Cupid.

When Psyche was first exhibited, its singular merit was at once acknowledged, and in those days of albums and keepsakes, more than one "fashionable" poet hymned its praise. The verses by Mr. T. K. Hervey are so very well suited to the subject, that we attempted to quote them. The statue represents Psyche more under her immortal than her earthly aspect, with her beautifully slight form bent forwards, so as to exhibit the wings which adorn her shoulders. She appears partly to be examining a golden box, the gift of the gods, and partly to be rapt in listening to something afar off. The figure is perfectly ethereal; no touch of gross humanity rests upon the pure marble. Well, indeed, might Hervey address it as one who was

deems those we have mentioned as the most successful of his works.

In the course of a long and brilliant career honours have deservedly fallen upon the shoulders of the sculptor. In 1793, when only eighteen years of age, he had first visited Rome; in the next year, at the early age of nineteen, he received the first premium for sculpture given by the Florence gallery; in the following year, he obtained the pope's medal, and was also elected a member of the academy of Florence. Honours in his own country followed at no distant period. In 1805 he was elected an associate of our own Royal Academy, and eleven years afterwards he was made a Royal Academician.

Sir Richard received the honour of knighthood in 1837; in addition to which, and his other honours, he is a D.C.L. and a member of the Society of Antiquaries. Of his family we know little, save that his eldest son, Mr. Richard Westmacott, has contributed to literature an essay upon Art-Education.

## FRANCIS ZURBARAN.



FRANCIS ZURBARAN, one of the great luminaries of the Spanish school, though his works are little known out of his native country,



was born in the year 1598, at Fuente de Cantos, a small town in Estremadura, situated among the hills which divide that province  
VOL. II.

from Andalusia, and was baptized in the church of that place on the 7th of November. The rudiments of art were taught him by some unknown artist, who is supposed to have been a pupil of Morales, during the sojourn of that master at the neighbouring town of Frexenal. His father was an indigent cultivator of a few acres of land, and intended to bring up his son in his own vocation; but seeing the inclination of the youth for painting, he consented to his leaving the plough to take up the brush under the licentiate Juan de las Roëlas, who had acquired a high reputation in the school of Seville. His new instructor had worked in Italy, under a pupil of Titian, whom he followed in the brightness and harmony of his colours. In this school the genius of Zurbarán was rapidly developed, so that he soon surpassed his master. His application was remarkable; and so careful was he always to paint from nature, that he would not paint even a piece of drapery without arranging it before him on the lay-figure. He displayed a great talent for the representation of drapery at a very early period of his studies, and there are few of his pictures without white drapery of some kind, which he was especially fond of painting.

Some pictures of Caravaggio, which came under his observation while studying in the school of Roëlas, excited his admiration, and had great influence in determining his manner. The vigour and even rudeness of his execution, was well adapted to the representation of his favourite subjects, monks and friars, of whom he is the great delineator, as Raffaele was of Madonnas, and Ribera of martyrs. He studied the Carthusians in their cloisters as closely as Titian did the nobles and high-born ladies of Venice, and Vandyck those of England. Their girdles of rope, their dark cowls, their coarse robes, their spare forms, and their austere features, seem to have possessed a strange and inexplicable charm for him. He began to apply himself to the external appearances of things before penetrating the interior; he painted the vestments, and under them the form of the body, and under the form of the body the emotions and secret torments of the soul. "Under that white shroud, the

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favourite object of his study," says M. Leon Gozlan, "he has painted that population, pale, sad, emaciated, and suffering, of monks, Capuchins and Carmelites, shod and unshod. He has discovered to the world, better than if the walls of all the convents of Spain had been thrown down, the dark passions and gloomy thoughts of all those, the natural flow of whose feelings are checked by haircloth and exaggerated vows. Zurbaran is the Job of art—the painter of grief and resignation. None of his compatriots have reduced their genius to a harsher unity, or given to their conceptions a more lugubrious immobility."

Seville was in that day just the city for a painter of his peculiar predilections and talents. Nowhere else could he have found more devotion, a greater number of religious communities, or a greater variety of monkish orders. The city contained at that time no less than sixty convents of men and women. There were the Trinitarians, for the redemption of captives, who shaved their heads, except a circle of hair round the forehead and the nape, and wore robes of white linen, encircled at the waist by a black belt. There were the Carmelites, reformed by the patron saint of Seville, St. Theresa, whose vestments were of brown cloth, confined at the waist by a broad girdle; the Capuchins, with shaven heads, bare throats, and feet shod with sandals, who wore robes of brown cloth, girt at the waist by a thick cord, furnished with three knots, and used for self-flagellation; there were the Franciscans, who offered annlets, *agnus dei*, and chaplets for sale, or exchanged them for articles of food; and there was the terrible brotherhood of St. Dominic, devoted to the office of the Inquisition, and recognisable by their ferocious mien no less than by their costume, consisting of a deep cowl and a long, black cloak over a robe of white linen. At Seville—the privileged theatre of every imaginable religious observance—might be met at every step the future elements of the pictures which Zurbaran meditated; instruments of penance, scourges of leather or of twisted parchment, with or without knots, hair-cloth shirts, human skulls, belts of metal, gags, padlocks, ashes, rags; all, in fact, that a morbid imagination could suggest as additions to human suffering and degradation. Armed with a vigorous brush, and determined to attack these details in all their gloomy reality, the imitator of Caravaggio found all prepared to enable him to enact the part in the history of painting to which his temperament and his inclinations destined him. There was nothing wanting. But he did not stop at the cowl, the coarse tunic, and the knotted rope—at once a girdle and a scourge. He saw the repressed passions of the cloister agitating beneath the hair-cloth shirt; he heard the heavy groans which emanated from souls troubled by strange visions or affrighted by menacing apparitions. He strove to render visible the mental tortures of the Cenobite, the terrors of the soul haunted by the phantoms of superstition, and sometimes the raptures of devotional ecstasy. He wished to embody the invisible in his representations of the visible.

The inauguration of the Spanish gallery at the Louvre caused a great sensation among the art-loving portion of the Parisian public, so impressionable and yet so blasé. That which excited their emotions the most profoundly was not, however, the seraphic expression of the angels of Murillo, nor the astonishing likeness to life of the portraits of Velasquez; it was "The Monk in Prayer" of Zurbaran (p. 180), one of those pictures which, once gazed upon, it is impossible to forget. On his knees, wrapped in a loose garment of gray linen, torn and patched, his countenance half hidden in the shade of his cowl, a monk implores the mercy of God. Upon his locked and emaciated hands he supports a human skull, and with eyes raised to heaven, seems to say, "*De profunda clamavi ad te, Domine*." When the crowd of visitors, after having traversed the hall of Henry II., entered the grand apartment set apart for the works of the Spanish masters, and came opposite this awe-inspiring picture, there was among them a movement of stupor, and almost of terror. The murmur of voices became suddenly hushed; it seemed to them that they heard the solemnly and saddening sounds of the *Dies ira*. Not only the entire Spanish school, but all Spain, so to speak, seems to be comprised in that painting, so full of passionate devotion and mystic gloom. The name of Zurbaran, till then scarcely known in France, became popularised by the number of lithographs and engravings in which his "Monk in Prayer" was reproduced. Since that time the name of Zurbaran

has been inseparable, in the minds of amateurs and the public, from the ideas awakened by the representation of that mysterious being, the Spanish monk.

The strong impression always produced by this picture proves that the sentiment is as profound as the execution is bold; it is a picture which appeals to the eye and to the heart with equal power. No other painter, in fact, not excepting even Murillo, has represented with more success the two aspects of the Spanish character, its passion for the real and its aspirations after the ideal, seduced by dazzling materials, and yet carried away so easily into the most refined and exalted spiritualism.

At the age of twenty-five, the pupil of Ruelas became a master; from all sides he received commissions for pictures, but always for devotional subjects, for he painted no others, and refused to employ his talents on familiar or grotesque subjects. The first pictures of any importance which he executed were those which decorate the altar-screen in the cathedral of Seville, the commission for which he received from the Marquis of Malagon. The centrepieces represent St. Peter in pontifical vestments, and his deliverance from prison by the angel; and on the wings are painted the apostle's want of faith, when he walked on the lake of Galilee with the Redeemer, and the vision of unclean beasts and fowls, typical of the emancipation from the ceremonial law of Moses by the Christian dispensation. This screen was finished in 1625, and about the same time he painted for the college of St. Thomas d'Aquinas, at Seville, the picture which passes for his *chef-d'œuvre* and which now hangs over what was once the high altar of the Friars of Mercy, in the Museum of that city. All the figures in this picture, which represents the apotheosis of the saint, are larger than life, and treated in the grandest manner.

Some of Zurbaran's works are marked by a vigour of execution which approaches closely to rudeness, for he needed to be a rapid painter to execute the numerous commissions which he received from the monastic orders. Every religious community in Andalusia was desirous of retaining his services to paint the history of their foundations, and the glorification of the saints who had edified them by their asceticism, or illustrated them by their martyrdom. He had scarcely finished the "Apotheosis of St. Thomas d'Aquinas," when he was summoned to the superb monastery of Guadalupe, to paint two altar-pieces, representing St. Ildefonso and St. Nicholas Bari, and eleven pictures illustrative of the life of St. Jerome, the patron of the monastery. On his return to Seville, he was employed by the Carthusian monks of St. Maria de las Cuevas to paint three pictures, representing scenes in the lives of St. Bruno and St. Hago. He also painted a number of pictures illustrative of the life of St. Pedro Nolasco for the Barefooted Friars of the order of Mercy; a remarkable and greatly admired "Crucifixion" for the church of St. Pablo; and a variety of works for the Carmelite convent of St. Roman, and the churches of St. Esteban and St. Buenaventura.

Notwithstanding his general tendencies, the taste of Zurbaran was not exclusively for scenes of misery and pain. His temperament, always grave, impelled him to subjects in accordance with it, but he did not always select the agony of the martyr, or penitents surrounded by their instruments of torture; he could sometimes paint the ineffable joys of religious ecstasy, and the radiance of the soul visited by celestial phantoms. There was formerly in the Spanish room at the Louvre, now dismantled, a picture by this master, representing the most distinguished of the innumerable female saints of the monkish legends, who appear to be defying past the spectator. Under the names of St. Cecilia, St. Catherine, St. Inez, St. Lucia, and St. Ursula, he has revived, in their most glowing colours, all the types of Spanish beauty. The slight and supple forms and impassioned countenances of the lovely brunettes, haughty like the Castilians, delicate and pretty like the Andalusians, seem about to start from the canvas. The costumes of the reign of Philip III. are adapted so singularly to the forms of the canonised beauties, that they seem to be seraphs who have descended from the skies, and donned the robes of the high-born ladies of the court of Toledo. A glowing sun has given a Moorish tint to their complexions; their feet are charmingly small. One, who, over a robe trimmed with lace, wears a green mantle, embroidered with gold, we recognise as St. Catherine, whom the enemies of the Christian

faith, being unable to break her alive on the wheel, decapitated. Another, young and very beautiful, habited in a magnificent robe of dark crimson, brocaded with gold, is known to be St. Lucia, by the silver plate which she holds in her hands, containing her two beautiful eyes, which she submitted to lose rather than renounce her belief. St. Cecilia plays on the organ, and raises her fine eyes to heaven with an expression of pious ecstasy, and seems to listen to some distant harmony, the response of the angelic choir to her wondrous strains. By her side are the saints-patronesses of Seville, St. Justine and St. Rufine, recognised by the little vases which indicate the occupation of their father, who is said to have been a potter in their native city. Their sainted maidens wear green scarfs, thrown with captivated negligence over garments striped with black and yellow, the contrast of which renders the sisters very conspicuous.

In his marvellous talent for draperies, Zurbaran is not surpassed by the most illustrious artists of the Venetian school, not excepting even Paul Veronese. It is seen in all pictures, but particularly in the portraits of two saints of great renown, and held in very high veneration by the people of Madrid—St. Marino and St. Barbara. The former is the patron of the poor, and is charged with the special duty of conducting the more humble into the kingdom of heaven; he is therefore represented as a shepherd, and wears a coarse tunic and a modest straw hat. St. Barbara, on the contrary, is protectress of noble ladies, the guardian of aristocratic souls, and the confidant of high-born transgressors; she wears, therefore, a robe of gold tissue, she is adorned with many jewels, and her air is haughty and disdainful.

But it is as the painter of the convent, as the illustrator of the asceticism of the cloister and its victims, that Zurbaran is most conspicuous and most original. His finest works of this kind are those which he executed for the Carthusians of Seville, and now in the museum of that city. The subjects are taken from the history of the Carthusian order. "The Reception of St. Bruno by the Pope" is the theme of one of the best of these compositions; but the most remarkable is the "Miracle of St. Ilugo," the tradition of which is *placidly* preserved by the Carthusian order. St. Ilugo, Bishop of Grenoble, paying an unexpected visit to the monastery when the monks were at table, found them eating meat contrary to the rules of the order; upon which he suddenly transformed their savory dishes into torticoles. The picture consists of nine figures, seven monks seated round the table of the refectory, the mitred abbot, and a youthful attendant, who looks very much astonished at the startling miracle which has been performed under his eyes.

The addition of "painter to the king" to Zurbaran's signature, at the bottom of the grand altar-screen of the Carthusian monastery of Xeres de la Frontera, with the date 1633, proves that the artist had that distinction conferred upon him before he had attained his thirty-fifth year; but the precise date of the appointment, the means by which he obtained it, and the period of his first visit to Madrid, are unknown. His pictures are so much more numerous in Andalusia than in Madrid and Castile, however, as to prove that the greater part of his life must have been passed in the former province. Palomino says that Velasquez, who had become acquainted with Zurbaran at Seville, and knew his talents, invited him to the capital, at the desire of Philip IV., in 1650; but this is evidently an error, and not the only one by which this writer, although a Spaniard, has committed. In the year named, however, Zurbaran decorated the palace of Buen Retiro with a series of paintings representing "The Labours of Hercules." Cean Bermudez enumerates only four, but the catalogue of the Royal Gallery at Madrid, in which the pictures now hang, gives ten. It is said that Philip frequently visited the artist whilst engaged on these pictures, and that coming behind him one day, just as he had affixed his signature to one of them, with the addition, "painter to the king," he laid his hand on the artist's shoulder, and said: "Painter to the king, and king of painters!"

While at Seville, Zurbaran married Donna Leonora de Jordera, by whom he had several children. A deed of gift by the artist to one of his daughters of a house situated in the Calle de los Abates, was discovered by Cean Bermudez among the archives of the chapter of the cathedral of Seville. There is a story current that the latter years of the artist's life were troubled on account of a

duel, in which he slew his adversary, but the cause of which is not related; and it is said that he was condemned by the king to the seclusion of a cloister. A similar story is related of the French painter, Lesueur, who is said to have become a monk of the Carthusian order through having the misfortune to kill his antagonist in a duel. But as the Spanish chroniclers of art make no mention of the affair, and it is known that Zurbaran was employed during the latter years of his life in decorating several royal residences in Madrid and its environs, the story may safely be regarded as one of those embellishments with which imaginative biographers sometimes adorn their relations. Don Lisare Dias del Valle mentions having met Zurbaran in Madrid in 1663, and, according to Palomino, the artist died in that year, at the age of sixty-four.

"Zurbaran," says Stirling, "undoubtedly stands in the front rank of Spanish painters. He painted heads with admirable skill; but he had not that wonderful power which belonged to Velasquez, of producing an exact *fac-simile* of a group of figures at various distances. None of his large compositions equal 'The Meninas'—in airy ease and truth of effect; nor have his figures the rounded and undefined, yet truly like-like outlines which charm us in the works of Murillo. But in colouring he is not inferior to these great masters; and his tints, although always sober and subdued, have sometimes much of the brilliancy and depth of Rembrandt's style, as is the case in his excellent small picture of 'Judith and her Handmaid,' in the collection of the Earl of Clarendon. His Virgins are rare, and in general not very pleasing; but he frequently painted female saints, apparently preserving in their persons the portraits of beauties of the day, for the rouge of good society may often be detected on their cheeks. In the delineation of animals he was likewise successful; and Palomino mentions with approbation his pictures of an enraged dog, from which chance observers used to run away, and of a yearling lamb, deemed by the possessor of more value than a hutchin of full-grown sheep."

In calling him the Caravaggio of Spain, the historians of art have not rendered complete justice to Zurbaran. It is only in vigour and boldness of execution that there is any resemblance between this master and Caravaggio, to whom he is superior in elevation of style and dignity of sentiment. He has given his figures the force of truthfulness, and impressed them with a character of ardent faith, and in some cases of moral beauty. By one of those violent transitions peculiar to the Spanish masters, he passes easily from the spiritual to the material; and it is correct, perhaps, to say that he has felt like Lesueur, and expressed his feelings like Caravaggio. Between the former and Zurbaran there is the difference of temperament characteristic of their respective nations. Lesueur, under his pale tints, has shown the calm resignation of the believer, animated by the hope of everlasting life; Zurbaran, with rude vigour, has represented the mortifications of the ascetic, and the torments of souls troubled by visions of hell.

Zurbaran was as diligent as his execution was rapid, and his works are therefore numerous. They are to be found in most of the great galleries of Europe, but his finest works are in the Museum at Seville. Foremost among them is the "Apotheosis of St. Thomas Aquinas," of which we quote the following description from Stirling's "Annals of the Artists of Spain":—"The picture is divided into three parts, and the figures are somewhat larger than life. Aloft, in the opening heaven, appear the Blessed Trinity, the Virgin, St. Paul and St. Dominic, and the angelic doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas, ascending to join their glorious company; lower down, in middle air, sit the four doctors of the church, grand and venerable figures, on cloudy thrones; and on the ground kneel, on the right hand, the Archbishop Diego de Deza, founder of the college, and on the left, the Emperor Charles V., attended by a train of ecclesiastics. The head of St. Thomas is said to be a portrait of Don Augustin Abreu Nunez de Escobar, prebendary of Seville, and from the close adherence to Titian's pictures observable in the grave countenance of the imperial adorer, it is reasonable to suppose that in the other historical personages the likeness has been preserved wherever it was practicable. The mild dark face, immediately behind Charles, is traditionally held to be the portrait of Zurbaran himself. In spite of its blemishes as a composition, which are, perhaps, chargeable less against the painter than

\* "Las Meninas" (the Maids of Honour), by Velasquez.

against his Dominican patrons of the college, and in spite of a certain harshness of outline, this picture is one of the grandest of altar-pieces. The colouring throughout is rich and effective, and worthy the school of Rogiás; the heads are all of them admirable studies; the draperies of the doctors and ecclesiastics are magni-

tures which Zurbaran painted for the Carthusians, also in this Museum: "In the first of these pictures, the Pontiff, in a violet robe, and the recluse in white, with a black cloak, sit opposite to each other, with a table between them covered with books; their heads are full of dignity, and all the accessories finely coloured. In



THE MONK IN PRAYER.—FROM A PAINTING BY ZURBARAN.

ficent in breadth and amplitude of fold; the imperial mantle is painted with Venetian splendour; and the street-view, receding in the centre of the canvas, is admirable for its atmospheric depth and distance."

We extract from the same work a description of the three pic-

tures which Zurbaran painted for the Carthusians, also in this Museum: "The first of these pictures, the Pontiff, in a violet robe, and the recluse in white, with a black cloak, sit opposite to each other, with a table between them covered with books; their heads are full of dignity, and all the accessories finely coloured. In

sit seven Carthusians in white, some of them with their high-peaked hoods drawn over their heads; the aged bishop Hugo in purple vestments, and attended by a page, stands in the foreground; over the heads of the monks there hangs a picture of the Virgin; and an open door affords a glimpse of a distant church. These venerable friars seem portraits; each differs in features from the others, yet all bear the impress of long years of solitary and silent penance; their white draperies chill the eye, as their cold, hope-

Matilda, in a crimson robe, embroidered with gold; St. Dorothea, in a robe of purplish gray colour; and St. Inez, in purple vestments, with a lamb in her arms, are the best, and seem to be portraits of some of the beauties of Seville contemporary with the painter.

The cathedral of Cadiz possesses the "Adoration of the Magi" (p. 184), a grand picture, which hangs on the south side of the great door. On the right, in the foreground, sits the Virgin, holding on



ST. PETER OF ALCANTARA.—FROM A PAINTING BY ZURBARAN.

less faces chill the heart; and the whole scene is brought before us with a vivid fidelity, which shows that Zurbarán studied the Carthusian in his native cloisters, with the like close and fruitful attention that Velasquez bestowed on the courtier strutting in the corridors of the Alcázar or the alleys of Aranjuez."

The church or the Hospital del Sangre, in Seville, possesses eight small pictures of this master, each representing a female saint. St.

her kneels the infant Jesus, before whom kneels a venerable personage, with a head of great dignity and a flowing white beard; his gorgeous robe is held up by a youthful page, and behind him stands another of the visitors, a young man, in armour richly inlaid with gold, and sparkling with jewels, a negro bearing a vessel of frankincense, and several other figures.

The royal gallery at Madrid contains, besides the ten pictures of the "Labours of Hercules," two others, representing scenes in the

life of St. Peter Nolascos, and another of the "Infant Jesus," fanciful in design, but painted in the artist's best manner; the child, wrapped in a purple robe, is lying asleep on a cross, and the whole is painted with inimitable delicacy and beauty.

Under the reign of Napoleon I., the gallery of the Louvre was very rich in works of this master, one of the most admired being the "Monk in Prayer," which we have engraved (p. 180). The Spanish pictures in the Louvre were mostly obtained from the churches and convents of Spain during the French occupation of that country, and many more were in the collections of Marshal Soult and others, which are now scattered over Europe.

The best specimen of the master in this country is his "Virgin, with the infant Saviour and St. John," signed *Fran. de Zurbaran*, 1653, in the Duke of Sutherland's gallery at Stafford House. The infant, sitting on the lap of his mother, turns, as if afraid, from a goldfinch, which his playfellow holds out to him. In the countenance of the Virgin, the softness and grace of Guido's Madonnas is blended with the warmth of Titian's Violante, the downcast eyes are soft and dark, and the hair is of a rich chestnut brown. The infant Jesus is delicately painted, and reminds the spectator of the graceful cherubs of Correggio. The figure of St. John is rather poor, but the truthfulness to nature of the plate of apples on the table is inimitable. This picture is a good example of what Zurbaran could accomplish in a style which he seldom attempted, while the mixture of the ideal and the natural is very characteristic of the Spanish school. In colouring, the picture stands very high. The drapery is very clear and warm, and the harmony of the whole truly admirable.

The Marquis of Lansdowne possesses, in his gallery at Bowood, a "Monk holding a Skull," attributed to Sebastian del Piombo; but it differs from the works of that master in the colouring and style of conception, and, in the opinion of Dr. Waagen, is a very well executed and nobly conceived work of Zurbaran. There is also a single specimen of this master, "Judith and her Handmaid," in the collection of the Earl of Clarendon.

Three celebrated sales have established the commercial value of the works of this master, namely, those of M. Aguado, Marshal Soult, and the late king of the French. At the first, a "St. Ruffine," clad in a grey robe, striped with black and yellow, and a green scarf, and holding in her hands two small vases, was sold for £35; "Taking the Habit of St. Clara," a work of nine figures, brought £30; and a "St. Martin," £55.

When the collection which the celebrated Marshal Soult had made during his campaign in the Peninsula was brought to auction

at his death, some of the finest works of Zurbaran were submitted to public competition. "St. Peter Nolascos and St. Raymond de Penaford," which was painted for the convent of the Fathers of Mercy at Seville, and represents St. Peter Nolascos sitting in the midst of the chapter of Barcelona, presided over by St. Raymond, was sold for £967. "A Franciscan showing a miraculous Crucifix to St. Peter Nolascos, and four Monks of his order," signed F. D. Zurbaran, 1629, attained the same price. "The Funeral Rites of a Bishop," representing the corpse lying in state, with a monk placing a crucifix in its hands, a pope, a bishop and a king doing homage to the lifeless remains, and two monks kneeling at the foot of the bier, produced £260. "St. Romain and St. Barulus," in which the former wears a cape embroidered with gold, brought £280. "St. Lawrence," clad in sacerdotal vestments, and holding in his right hand the gridiron on which he suffered martyrdom, produced £160. "A Saint," wearing a rose-coloured mantle over a robe of green silk, brocaded with gold, was sold for £165. Another "Saint," wearing a diadem, and a violet-coloured mantle over a robe of gold tissue, realised £110. The "Communion of a Saint," who is lying on a bed, and receives the sacred elements from two Franciscans, produced £105. "The Angel Gabriel," in a solitude, clothed in a white surplice, and carrying a wand over his shoulder, was sold for £130.

At the sale of Louis Philippe's pictures, which took place in London, the prices obtained were not so high. "St. Francis, with the stigmata," formerly in the Franciscan convent at Seville, produced only £18. "Our Lady of Pity," with a cardinal and a Carthusian monk kneeling before her, formerly in a convent at Seville, sold for £63. "The Martyrdom of St. Julian," formerly in a convent in Estremadura, and very much esteemed in Spain, realised £70. A superb altar-piece, representing the "Virgin and Child," surrounded by angels, and with monks kneeling before them in prayer, was sold for £165. The "Virgin in Glory," produced £70, and another "Virgin and Child," £34.

Zurbaran usually signed his pictures, and in the manner represented below.

G  
F. ZURBARAN  
F.A. 1629.

## HENRY VAN STEENWYCK.

HENRY STEENWYCK the younger is often confounded with his father, owing to their having the same baptismal name, and the similarity of their works. The painter of whom we now give the portrait and the history is Henry Steenwyck the younger, who was born at Antwerp in 1659, and died in London 1688, or, according to other authorities, in 1640. Neither date seems to be correct, however, as there is a picture by this master in the royal gallery at Berlin, which bears the date of 1642. The portrait by Vandeyck, engraved by the elegant burin of Paul Pontius, has preserved to posterity the fine, intelligent countenance of this most admirable painter of architectural perspectives.

At first sight, it seems that nothing could be more contrary to the genius of the painter than the representation of edifices, unless we regard them simply as accessories. In a secondary degree, in the landscapes of Claude, for example, or in the grave compositions of Poussin, buildings play an important part; they interrupt the undulating lines of the landscape, and impress it with the august character of the great peoples who have written their thoughts in marble. But if architecture is a rich and fertile element, when it is used with taste and propriety as an accessory to a picture, it still seems repugnant to the spirit of art to subject it to the imperious rules of the mathematician, by making a building or an interior the principal object in a picture. The distance be-

tween imagination and exactness is so great—the interval between the inspiration of the painter and the compass of the geometrician so immense! Artists have been found, however, capable of interesting us in simple perspectives, and investing with poetry the works of the square and the rule.

In the same manner as the opulent proprietor desires to possess views of his mansion and the scenery which surrounds it, the inhabitant of a Roman Catholic country in the seventeenth century would feel an affection and a veneration for the spires of their churches. Their piety would attach them particularly to the cathedral of their native city; to the font at which they had been baptised; to the chapel in which, full of the tender emotions of youth, they had been united to the object of their affection; and to the nave in which stood the monuments of their ancestors. To the fervent devotion of the Netherlands, always Spanish, the church of the parish became the church of the heart. It gave birth, without doubt, to that kind of painting which has for its object the perspective of Gothic temples. Pious amateurs wished to possess an exact view of the church of St. Gudula at Brussels, of that of St. James at Antwerp, of the chapel of the Dominicans at Malines, or of the choir of St. Bavon at Ghent. Without leaving his cabinet, the pious amateur could assist at the pompous ceremony of the benediction, at the vespers, at the sermon, or even at the modest homily which the humble vicar addresses to



the catechumens, in a side chapel, by the light of flambeaux, when the rest of the church is sombre and deserted.

Such are, in fact, the subjects of the greater number of Steenwyck's pictures. We recognise in their aspect all the sentiments awakened in the soul of the Christian by the contemplation of the basilicas of the middle ages; all the thoughts which seem to respond to the pointed arches, springing from slender columns which rise nearly to the roof, like trunks of poplars; all the moral effects, in fine, of an architecture inspired by devotion. We most frequently enter, in the pictures of Steenwyck, by the grand porch, and see before us the nave, sometimes crossed by the altar-screen, and sometimes with the high altar prepared for the celebration of mass, with the wax-lights and the missal on the white cloth. In order to break the uniformity that would be presented by parallel lines of columns, the painter took care to place his point of view a little to the right or left of the centre of the entrance, and thus obtained an agreeable variety, and often some unlooked-for effects.

The life of Steenwyck presents few incidents worthy of remark. In what year he came to England is not known, but he worked for Charles I., at the recommendation of Vandeyk, who knew and appreciated his talent as a painter of architecture, and wished to have his assistance in painting the backgrounds of his portraits. It was Steenwyck, for example, who painted the views of Windsor Castle and other royal residences in the numerous portraits of Charles I. and Queen Henrietta Maria. Horace Walpole states that the background of the portraits of Charles, which adorn the royal palace at Turin, was painted by this master, and that, in a MS. catalogue of that monarch's collection of pictures, a perspective by Steenwyck, with portraits of the king and queen by Bolcamp, was mentioned. In the same catalogue was recorded a little book of perspectives by this master, which, on the sale of the king's effects after his execution, produced only £3 10s. Walpole says that he painted the portraits of Charles and his queen on one canvas, with the front of a royal palace in the background; and Descamps says that this picture was more carefully elaborated than any work of Vandeyk, and equal to the most valuable of Murillo. But as we have no other evidence that Steenwyck ever painted portraits, or indeed any other than architectural subjects, this is probably an error; as far, at least, as the portraits are concerned. Steenwyck did not even paint the small figures which adorn his interiors; and we are the more inclined to discredit this statement, as Descamps has so often blundered upon other matters.

In the execution of the varied backgrounds of the numerous portraits which Vandeyk painted of the noble and lovely of our land, Steenwyck acquitted himself, not only with the profound skill which he had acquired in his special branch of art, but with that infinitely rare tact which consists in not injuring the effect of the principal subject by giving undue importance to the accessory. He kept modestly in his own sphere of labour, and only strove to enrich the works of his illustrious brother-artists by giving his portraits backgrounds appropriate to them.

Steenwyck was not a painter of Gothic churches alone; he knew and represented all the orders of architecture. One of his most famous pictures is "St. Peter in Prison," a subject which he has frequently repeated. The figures are by Cornelius Pöhlmann, who has chosen the moment when the apostle was delivered by the angel. The guards are sleeping beneath a lamp suspended from the vaulted roof of the prison, and the light, falling full upon their recumbent forms, is reflected on their armour. The eye pierces the gloom of the vault, and sees beyond the gallery along which the apostle is escaping. The architecture is massive, and the picture conveys the idea of profound and solemn silence. Some lighter, more feeble than those of the suspended lamp, glimmer on the doors of other dungeons. On one side are seen the first steps of a flight of stone stairs, leading downwards, and indicating that beneath the dungeon of the liberated apostle are others, stronger and more dismal. The grandeur of the Roman architecture is here shown, and the solidity evinced in the construction of the prison presents an evident contrast to the facility of the saint's miraculous escape. At the end of the long gallery, which seems to recede before the gaze, are two arched windows, through which some buildings may be perceived. This famous picture is the subject of our vignette (p. 185).

The great difficulty in pictures of architecture, is not so much in

the linear as in the aerial perspective. It is necessary to diminish the colours gradually, and to give a degree of uncertainty to the last walls, by reason of the distance, more or less great, which separates them from the spectator. In other words, it does not suffice to put each pillar in its proper place; it is necessary to give to each its proper distance. The colonnade may seem to have the intended dimensions, and be perfectly satisfactory to the eye of an architect, without being satisfactory in an artistic point of view. Exactness in the dimensions, and precision in the intervals, are not the only requisites; a certain degree of indistinctness must be given to the distant objects, the outlines must be softened, the lights must be indicated by mellowness of touch, and vigour and firmness reserved for the nearest objects.

Steenwyck, in this respect, is perhaps more artistic than Peter Neefs. He loved to make mathematical exactness subordinate to the graces of art, and to disguise, as much as possible, the sharpness of the outlines. Whether he presents us with the interior of a church or of a prison, he represents the scene with effects which add to its grandeur, while they give to the distant objects the indistinctness which charms the eye of the artist. In some of his pictures, he represents the nave of a Gothic cathedral, lighted by torches; in others, a gloomy society, into which the light of day struggles feebly through the dim windows, yellowed by time. Where he has introduced figures, the subjects represented by them are mostly taken from the New Testament. The picture in which he has painted "Jesus, with Martha and Mary," is considered to be one of his chef-d'œuvre. The soft light which is diffused over the scene forms a charming illusion; and the harmony of tones, and the consummate skill displayed in the management of the aerial perspective, are admirable. The eye is arrested as once by the figure of Mary, on which the light falls, and then repose on that of the Saviour, who is seated near the window, and appears to be addressing Martha, and referring to the "better part" taken by her sister, who has seated herself at his feet to hear the words of truth which fall from his lips. The glance of the spectator turns to Martha, who is troubled with the cares of ordinary life, and who seems, by her action and the expression of her countenance, to be saying, "Lord, speak to my sister, that she help me."

In the representation of the interiors of ecclesiastical edifices Steenwyck has never been surpassed, and equalled only by his father and the elder Neefs. There is a certain hour of the night in which the interiors of Gothic churches have an inexpressible charm. In Roman Catholic countries the churches are open to a very advanced hour. When the evening twilight is deepening into the darkness of night, the "dim religious light" which fills the vast solitude disposes to contemplation, and the imagination wanders at large in the deep shadows of the distance. One or two devotees offer up their prayers before statues in marble, half hidden in the gloom which envelops the chapels; while a moonbeam steals through the upper windows of the nave, and whitens the columns on which it falls, or lights up the painted window above the principal entrance. We recognise, in the pictures of Steenwyck, not only the exact architectural details of the cathedrals represented, their lofty columns, their painted windows, their gorgeous pavements and their marble fountains; but also the aspect of all these things at different hours of the day, in the dim light of evening when the moonbeams stream slantingly through the stained glass, and as lighted up with wax tapers for the performance of midnight mass.

Among the minor Flemings, as it is convenient to call those masters of the school who have not painted grand historical subjects, Henry Steenwyck occupies a distinguished place. Some of his finest works are in this country, in which he passed the greater part of his life, and in which he died. In France they are met with less frequently than those of Peter Neefs, the elder, who was his fellow-pupil under the elder Steenwyck. He painted on canvas, on wood, and on metal. His pictures are of larger dimensions than those of his father and Peter Neefs, and ordinarily of a lighter tone. Some of his earlier works are painted in the dark manner of his father. The figures by which they are ornamented are by Pöhlmann, Breughel, Elzheimer, Franck, Porbus, Van Calden, and other able artists.

"St. Peter released from Prison" is the subject of the Steenwyck in what is called the King's Closet at Windsor Castle; and the

same subject is repeated, with slight modifications, in two other pictures by this master at Hampton Court, one of them of circular form. In the latter collection are also a "St. Peter in Prison," in which the apostle is visited by a gaoler bearing a torch; and a repetition of the same subject, which is regarded by Mrs. Jameson as of doubtful authenticity.

At Corsham House, near Chippenham, the seat of Paul Methuen, Esq., there is an "Interior of a Church" by this master, very

before stated, is considered as one of the *chef-d'œuvre* of Steenwyck, we have engraved.

In the Museum at Amsterdam there is an "Interior of a Church," lighted with flambeaux; and in the Royal Gallery at the Hague an architectural subject, with figures.

The Imperial Gallery at Vienna contains some good architectural pictures by this master; and in the Royal Gallery at Dresden there are some of his splendid interiors.



THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI.—FROM A PAINTING BY ZURBARÁN.

excellent by its clearness and tone; and other Steenwycks of the first quality exist at Blenheim House, at Warwick Castle, and in the gallery of the Duke of Bridgewater.

The gallery of the Louvre possesses five works of this master, four of which are interiors of churches with figures; the fifth is the interior of a large and well-lighted apartment, opening into another at the back, with small figures representing the visit of Jesus to the house of Mary and Martha. This picture, which, as

The pictures of Henry Steenwyck are rarely met with at public sales. We annex, however, the price obtained for some which have adorned the most celebrated private collections on the continent.

At the Prince of Conti's sale, in 1777, an "Interior of a Church in the Netherlands," ornamented with figures painted by Porbus, was sold for £97; and another "Interior of a Church," lighted with flambeaux and enriched with figures, for £27. At the sale

of M. Randon de Boisset's collection, in the same year, an "Interior of a Church," ornamented with figures, painted on copper, was sold for £28.

"The Prison of St. Peter," an interior lighted with several lamps, £15; and an "Interior of a Church," with day effects, £9. At the Tardieu sale, in 1841, an "Interior of a Church," a day-



HENRY VAN STEENWYCK.

When the collection of the Marquis of Menars was brought to auction in 1782, two companion pictures—one representing an "Interior of a Church," the other an "Interior of a Prison"—were sold for £15.

At the Duke of Choiseul-Praslin's sale, ten years later, an "In-

terior view, ornamented with figures, was sold for £7 10s. At the Vasserot sale, in 1846, an "Interior of a Church," on wood, was sold for £40; and at the Stevens sale, in 1847, an "Interior of a Protestant Church," for £35.

The greater part of the pictures of this master are signed and dated in one or other of the manners indicated by the annexed fac-similes.



terior of a Church," lighted up for midnight mass, with sixteen figures from the hand of Francks, was sold for £10.

At the St. Victor sale, in 1822, four pictures by Steenwyck were submitted to the competition of amateurs: "The Repose of Herod," a capital composition, produced £34; an "Interior of a Church," lighted with flambeaux, with figures by Broughel, £33;

H. V STEIN, 1642.

H. V. S.  
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## CENSORSHIP OF THE ARTS IN SPAIN.

ALL who have walked through a continental picture gallery in which the artists of Spain are well represented, must have noticed the predominance of religious subjects, and the gloomy and sometimes terror-inspiring manner in which they are treated. The Grecian mythology, which furnished the subjects of so many of the finest productions of the Italian schools, has been forbidden ground to the Spanish painters, and amatory subjects are almost as rarely met with. Monks are the figures which chiefly appear in their landscapes, and their historical subjects are mostly taken from the

annals of the church, or represent scenes in which ecclesiastics are the most conspicuous actors. Even their religious pictures are frequently of the most gloomy character, and there are many which it is absolutely painful to contemplate.

The cause of this distinguishing characteristic of Spanish art is to be found in the fact, that the Inquisition exercised a censorship over the works of Spanish painters, whose studios were subjected to a periodical visitation by the black-robed familiars of that awe-inspiring institution. A code of regulations existed for the treatment of every imaginable subject, and from the conventional models pronounced orthodox by the reverend Dominicans, artists were forbidden to deviate. The painter's brush was guided by the hand of a monk; his imagination was fettered by inexorable rules. The Inquisition had an officer called Inspector of Pictures, whose duty it was to exercise a general censorship over works of art, especially to take care that no profane or indecorous picture found its way into a church or a monastery, or was exposed for sale.

In the early part of the seventeenth century this appointment was held by Francisco Pacheco, a painter of some celebrity, whose brother had exercised its duties and privileges before him, and whose uncle was a canon of Seville. Shortly before his death, and when he was far advanced in life, Pacheco published a "Treatise on Painting," a most curious book, full of the legends of Spanish art, and written in a careful and elaborate style. In this work, which was the text-book of Spanish artists in those days, he gives minute directions for representing sacred scenes and personages in an orthodox and decorous manner, as approved by the Holy Office. Elaborate descriptions are given of the manner in which the more illustrious saints and martyrs should be painted, as to attitude and costume, the author's authorities being ancient portraits or contemporary records. But the Crucifixion is the subject on which he displays the greatest amount of research. Quoting from Anselm and Bede, he describes the instrument of the Redeemer's death with as much precision as if he had assisted in its construction. He informs his readers that it measured fifteen feet in height, and eight feet from extremity to extremity of the two arms; its timbers were flat, and not round, with four, and not three, extremities, as it has been sometimes improperly represented. The stem was made of cypress wood, the transverse bar of pine, the block beneath the Redeemer's feet of cedar, and the tablet for the inscription of box. He protests against the practice of representing the Redeemer's feet as fastened by a single nail, followed by some painters of the subject, as an heretical innovation; and supports that of giving a separate nail to each foot by the opinion of Francis de Rioja, who wrote an elaborate essay on the subject—also by a famous relic at Treves, called the nail which secured the Redeemer's right foot—the stigmata which appeared on both the feet of St. Francis—the crucifix which that renowned warrior, Rodrigo of Bivar, used to carry to the field, when contending against the Moors, and which is still revered in the cathedral of Salamanca—and other authorities equally weighty.

But the most complete code of pictorial law is that of Juan Interian de Ayala, who was a doctor and professor of theology in the University of Salamanca. This writer agrees with Pacheco as to the form of the cross, and severely reprobates the practice of representing it with only three extremities. Whether, in painting the visit of the Marys to the tomb of the Redeemer on the morning of the Resurrection, one or two angels should be represented seated on the stone which was rolled away from the mouth of the sepulchre, appears to have been a knotty question; for he does not decide it, but recommends artists to paint their representations of the scene conformably to all the Gospels, by following both accounts alternately. The question, whether the devil should be represented with horns and a caudal appendage, is examined with the same care and anxiety. The first part of the question is settled on the authority of a vision of Santa Teresa, in which the Father of Evil appeared with the excrescences popularly attributed to him; and though the addition of a tail cannot be so satisfactorily demonstrated, he allows that such an appendage is very probable.

Both Pacheco and Ayala severely reprobate any unnecessary display, however trifling, of the nude figure. The exposure of the naked feet in pictures of the Madonna is censured in the severest terms. In connexion with this branch of the subject, Pacheco relates a story of a Spanish artist, who was usually very de-

corous in his representations, but who was induced by a wealthy patron to paint him a picture which outraged decency in a very flagrant manner. For this transgression, the artist, happening to die shortly afterwards, was cast into purgatory, from the pains of which he was not released until his patron, in a moment of virtuous compunction, destroyed the picture, and performed a variety of acts of piety and goodness by way of atonement. The saints whom the unfortunate painter had depicted with so much beauty, then interceded in his behalf, and obtained his admission into the congregation of the blessed.

This censorship of the arts operated injuriously, by cramping the powers of the Spanish painters, and repressing the ardour of their imaginations. Not only did it restrict them in a great measure to subjects taken from the Holy Scriptures and the lives of the saints, on account of the strong objection of the Dominicans to mythological subjects, and the difficulty of painting history in a truthful manner without giving offence to the brotherhood, but it also compelled them to paint their saints in the conventional attitudes and with the proscribed colours. To represent the Madonna with naked feet was held deserving the severest reprehension; to paint a Venus or a Leda was an offence punishable by excommunication, a fine of fifteen hundred ducats, and banishment from the country. A comparative examination of the pictures in Madrid and Seville will show that less rigor was exercised in the capital than in the provincial towns. Foreign pictures were subjected to a scrutiny before they were allowed to be exhibited; and Luca Giordano was employed by the monks of the Escorial to lower the robe of Titian's "St. Margaret," because she was considered to display her legs too much in her conflict with the dragon.

#### REMAINS OF MEDÆVAL ART IN ENGLAND.

THE first traces of painting, in the artistic sense of the word, in this country, are found in the existing records of the reign of Henry III. The piety of that monarch led him to found several churches and abbeys, and decorate them with painting and sculpture; and his instructions furnish us with some curious particulars of the state of those arts in his reign, and also of the condition of artists. The latter seem to have been considered and treated as mere mechanics, of whom pictures were ordered in the same manner as furniture of an upholsterer. The artist was usually a carver and gilder, a house decorator, and heraldic painter; a carpenter, a mason, and sometimes an upholsterer. The first distinct reference to picture-painting occurs in a Roll dated 1233, which is a precept to the sheriff of Southampton, "that he shall cause the king's chamber-waincot, in the castle of Winchester, to be painted with the same pictures as before;" but what the subjects of those pictures were is not known, nor are there now any means of ascertaining. In another roll of the same year, however, the keeper of the king's palace at Woodstock is ordered to "cause the round chapel there to be painted with the figures of our Lord and the four Evangelists, and of St. Edmund, on one part, and that of St. Edward on the other part."

In a Roll of the year 1236, referring to the decoration of the chancels of the Virgin and St. Peter, in the Tower Chapel, directions are given that they shall be "painted with a small figure of the Virgin Mary, standing in a niche; the figures of the Saints Peter, Nicholas, and Catherine, the beam beyond the altar of St. Peter, and the small crucifix, with its figures, to be painted anew with fresh colours. And that ye cause to be made an image of St. Peter, in his pontifical as an archbishop, on the north side beyond the said altar, and the same to be painted with the best colours; and also an image of St. Christopher holding and carrying Christ, in the best manner that it can be painted and finished, in the said chapel. And that ye likewise cause two fair pictures to be painted, with the best colours, of the histories of St. Nicholas and St. Catherine, at the altar of the said saints in the said church." In a Roll of 1824, the sheriff of Southampton is enjoined to "cause to be painted in the chapel of our queen, at Winchester, over the great west window, the image of St. Christopher, as he is elsewhere painted, bearing Christ in his arms; and the figure of St. Edward the king, when he gave his ring to a beggar, whose figure should

be painted in like manner." Another Roll commands Edward of Westminster to have painted, on the walls of St. Stephen's Chapel, the figures of the Apostles and the Last Judgment; and to have the Virgin painted upon a panel. In another, the same person is enjoined to cause the history of Antioch to be painted on the walls of the king's chamber in the Tower of London; and in a subsequent document of the same reign the queen's chamber in Nottingham Castle is ordered to be "painted all round with the history of Alexander."

A curious circumstance connected with English art at this period, is the prevailing use of green in the decoration of the royal chambers. The late Mr. Hudson Turner, who was the first to notice this peculiarity, says, in his "Domestic Architecture in England," that "almost all the chambers of Henry III. were painted of a green colour, scintillated or starred with gold, on which ground subjects were sometimes painted in compartments or circles; as the history of the Old and New Testaments, passages from the 'Lives of the Saints,' figures of the Evangelists, and occasionally scenes taken from the favourite romances of the time." Of all the paintings of this early period, time has now obliterated every trace of colour; but the records prove the prevalence of green in decorative painting, and we have abundant existing evidence of the same predilection for that colour in the next two centuries.

John of Hertford, who was abbot of St. Alban's in the same reign, is said to have placed "a noble picture" in one of the chambers of that abbey; but both the artist and the subject are unknown. During the reign of the warlike Edward I., painting appears to have languished, and the only trace of it which we find, is a record of the fact that Bishop Langton adorned his palace at Lichfield with a painting of that monarch's coronation. The Cottonian MSS. in the British Museum inform us that, in the following reign, John Thoke, abbot of Gloucester, had the walls of his great dining-room painted with portraits of all the kings who had preceded Edward II.; and it is probable that during the wars with France and Scotland in the fourteenth century, the clergy were the artists' only patrons.

The pictures of this period appear always to have been painted for a specific locality and purpose. They were mostly painted on the walls, but sometimes on panels. Few of the first kind have been preserved, and none of them exhibit a high order of excellence. The best examples which remain are the "Virgin and Child" in the Bishop's Chapel, at Chichester, and one or two heads in the paintings on the walls of the Chapter House, Westminster. Pictures on panel appear to have been principally used for the adornment of churches, in which they were hung up above the altar, after the manner of a modern altar-piece. Very few of them have been preserved, and the only one worthy of notice is the beautiful one discovered at Norwich, and supposed to be a work of the latter part of the reign of Edward III. or the beginning of that of his successor. It consists of five compartments, representing, in succession, the Flagellation of Christ, Christ bearing the Cross, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection and the Ascension. From the comparative grace and refinement of the heads and limbs, and the elegance of the grouping, this painting is supposed to be the work of an Italian artist of the early Sixteenth century.

Panel pictures were also hung up in churches, as records of local legends; but numerous as these appear to have been, scarcely any remain. They are supposed to have been almost entirely executed by English artists, and their value as works of art may probably be inferred from an examination of the manuscript illuminations and paintings on glass of the same period. In this class of pictures we may also place the rude portraits of saints on the lower panels of roof screens, some of which still exist in the churches of Norfolk. The highest order of talent was probably reserved for the moveable facings of the altars, of which a very beautiful example may be seen in Westminster Abbey. It is about eleven feet wide, and three feet high, and is supposed to have been executed by an Italian artist at the close of the thirteenth or commencement of the fourteenth century. "The groundwork," says Sir Charles Eastlake, "is oak, over the joinings and on the surface of some mouldings strips of parchment were glued. On this framework, covered with a gesso [size and whiting] ground, various ornamental compartments and architectural enrichments are executed in relief. The larger compartments were adorned with paintings, consisting

of remarkably well designed and carefully executed single figures and subjects, with gold mosaic ground."

The earliest existing specimen of portrait painting in this country is the portrait of Richard II., in the possession of the Earl of Pembroke, at Wilton Castle, in which the monarch is represented kneeling, with St. John the Baptist, St. Edmund the king, and St. Edward the Confessor, before the Virgin and Child, who are attended by angels. It has beneath it the following inscription: "Invention of painting in oil, 1410. This was painted before the beginning of Richard II., 1377," which is calculated to lead to the impression that it was done in oil; but an accurate and scientific examination of the picture was made some years ago by Mr. T. Phillips, who says that "it is certainly painted in water-colours on a gilt ground, which is left in a most ingenious manner for the ornaments of the draperies; these ornaments are exceedingly rich and minute. The colours are laid on very thick, with an even and full touch. The drawing is very good, when we consider the early period of its production." It was engraved by Hollar in 1638.

A very interesting series of paintings was discovered about fifty years ago on the walls of St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster, but unfortunately they were destroyed immediately afterwards. On the north side of the high altar were full-length portraits of Edward III., and his sons, with the figure of St. George, all kneeling; but so much defaced that the features of the younger princes could not be distinguished. None of the figures exceeded eighteen inches in height. On the other side of the altar were the portraits of Queen Philippa and the princesses, two inches higher than the others, and in the same rigid and formal style. These figures were habited in rich kirtled garments, but the heavy plaited tresses which loaded their heads were almost as adverse to grace as the mailed gorgets of the men. Both series were beautifully copied in water-colours by the late R. Smirke, which fac-similes are now in the library of the Antiquarian Society.

Nothing is known of the artist by whom these early portraits were painted. There is a very ancient portrait of Henry IV. at Cashbury, the seat of the Earl of Essex; it was preserved for several centuries at Hampton Court, in Herefordshire, and was engraved by Vertue in his series of English sovereigns. At Hampton Court Palace there is a panel portrait of Henry V.; but the most curious picture of this king and his family is in the possession of Earl Waldegrave, who purchased it at the Strawberry Hill sale, in 1842, for £131. It was formerly in the palace at Richmond, and is four feet three inches high by four feet six inches wide. On the left is the king in purple robes, lined with ermine, and crowned, kneeling before a desk, on which is a missal, and the sceptre and globe. Behind him, and also on their knees, are his three brothers, the Dukes of Clarence, Bedford, and Gloucester, wearing purple robes and coronets of gold; over them is a tent, striped with white and gold, the top of which is held by an angel. On the opposite side, under a similar tent, and also before a desk, with the missal and globe, but without the sceptre, is the queen, wearing a purple mantle and crown, similar to the king's. Behind her are four ladies, wearing coronets, the two foremost of whom have dark hair, like the queen's, while the other two, who are evidently younger, have light hair. It is commonly supposed that the two first are intended for the king's sisters, the Duchess of Bavaria and the Queen of Denmark, but who the younger ladies are has never been ascertained. It has been suggested that they are intended for the Duchesses of Clarence and Bedford; but this cannot be, for they are represented with dishevelled hair, which in pictures of that period indicates that the persons so portrayed were unmarried. Nor is it probable that the two elder ladies are the duchesses, and these the king's sisters, for the latter were married very soon after Henry came to the throne. The cloth of the two tents is held together by an angel, and on a rising ground beyond, St. George is represented in combat with the dragon; while Cleodinde, accompanied by a lamb, is on her knees, praying for the saint's success.

In the long gallery at Lambeth Palace is an ancient portrait of Queen Catherine of Valois, and another of Archbishop Chicheley. There is a portrait of Henry VI. at Hampton Court, and a very curious painting of a marriage with Margaret of Anjou in the possession of the Duke of Sutherland, who purchased it at the sale



of the celebrated Strawberry Hill collection for £84. It is in good preservation, and measures three feet one inch in height by two feet ten inches in width. It contains eleven figures, of which the heads are well painted, but the draperies are hard and stiff. The king, richly attired, stands before the portal of a magnificent church, giving his hand to the queen; while Kemp, Archbishop of York, and afterwards of Canterbury, is performing the marriage rites by holding the pallium over their conjoined hands. Behind the king stands the Duke of Gloucester and a nobleman with his hawk on his hand, supposed to be the Marquis of Suffolk. Near the Archbishop is Cardinal Winchester, the king's great-uncle, recognisable by the resemblance to the statue on his tomb in Winchester Cathedral; and a young man whom Walpole conjectured to be Sir Richard Woodville. Behind the queen is a lady with a kind of turban, probably her mother, the titular queen of Naples and Jerusalem; she appears to be speaking to a lady near her, supposed to be the Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII. Behind them are an abbess and a beautiful lady, in the morning garb of a widow, supposed to represent the Duchess of Bedford, afterwards married to Sir Richard Woodville, by whom she became the mother of Elizabeth, the queen of Edward IV. The portraits of Archbishop Kemp and the Duke of Gloucester have been authenticated by two others which formed part of an altar-piece in the abbey of St. Edmundsbury, now in the possession of the Duke of Sutherland.

Two portraits painted in oil, upon panel, of the age of Henry VI., exist at Canon's Ashby, the seat of the Marquis of Northampton. They represent the celebrated Earl of Shrewsbury and his countess. The earl is in his tabard of arms. At Hampton Court there are two portraits of Edward IV., one stiff and poorly painted, the other a whole-length, in a night-gown and black cap. At Donnington, the ancient seat of the Earls of Huntingdon, are portraits of this monarch and his brother, the Duke of Clarence. In the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, there is a portrait of his queen, Elizabeth Woodville, and another is preserved at Queen's College, Cambridge; they convey no idea of her beauty, nor of any skill in the painter. At Eton College is a portrait of Jane Shore, which corresponds very closely to the description given of her by Sir Thomas More from a picture which he had seen, but which was not the one here mentioned. Another portrait of this lady is preserved in the provost's lodge at King's College, Cambridge; it is a half-length, without any drapery, though the golden hair is adorned with jewels, and a rich necklace glitters on her shoulders and bosom.

We come at length to a period in which we meet with the names of the artists by whom the pictures of the time were painted, and the first is that of John Mabuse, a Fleming, who painted the portraits of the children of Henry VII., now at Hampton Court. There is a repetition of these portraits at Wilton; another in the possession of the Duke of Leeds at Kiverton; and a third in the collection of Mr. Methuen. That at Wilton bears the date of 1495, and is painted with considerable taste and skill. The royal children, Prince Arthur, Prince Henry, and Princess Margaret, are dressed in black, and playing with fruit at a table covered with a green cloth. Though in the early dry manner, the faces are well drawn, and there is some good colouring, particularly in the head of Prince Henry, which, having a half-reflected light, must have presented a considerable difficulty to the artist. Each of these pictures is on panel, with a small difference in point of size. Mabuse also painted a picture of "Adam and Eve," which is now at Hampton Court, where there is also a picture of the "Virgin and Child," enthroned, with St. Michael and St. Andrew, which is attributed to the same artist.

There are several other works of this master in different private collections in this country. One of these represents "The Marriage of Henry VII. and the Princess Elizabeth of York." On one side are Henry and the Bishop of Imola, who performed the ceremony; on the other the Princess, who has very agreeable features and golden hair, and an elderly man so strangely dressed that it is impossible to divine who or what he is intended for. He wears a green gown, like a monk's, except that none of the monastic orders wore that colour; his feet are bare, and in his left hand he holds a spear. Though in a hard manner, the picture is not without merit, and the perspective is very ably executed. This curious picture is

now in the possession of J. Dent, Esq. There are also a "Virgin and Child," under a Gothic canopy, and surrounded by angels, in the collection of Sir Thomas Baring at Stratton; and a "St. Jerome" at Althorp, the seat of Earl Spencer.

In the library of St. John's College, Cambridge, there is a portrait of the Countess of Richmond, the mother of Henry VII.; it is much damaged, and the painter unknown. At Hampton Court is a tripartite picture, probably intended for an altar-piece in the royal chapel at Stirling Castle, which was painted after the departure of Mabuse from England, but by whom is unknown. The first division contains the portraits of James IV. and Queen Margaret; the second those of the same monarch and his brother Alexander, praying before St. Andrew; and the third, that of the Queen, kneeling before St. George, who is clad in the plate armour of the period. At Knowsley, the Earl of Derby has a portrait of the Countess of Richmond, supposed to be of the period; and at Oxburgh Hall, in Norfolk, the seat of Sir R. Bedingfield, are ancient portraits of William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, Edward IV. and Henry VII. All these are done in oil, and on panel. The best works of this period, however, are more curious than beautiful. Allan Cunningham, who calls the portraits we have enumerated "lampoons upon human nature," says, that "of true art there was none." It is not until the commencement of the sixteenth century that we first meet with the names of artists of any celebrity, and the first, Holbein, was a foreigner. The first English painter of any eminence was Nicholas Hilliard, a painter of portraits in miniature, who died in 1619.

#### ART AND ARTISTS.

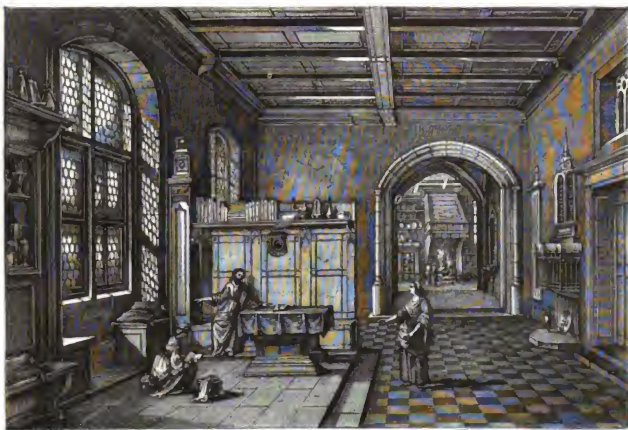
BACON says, "That is the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express—no, nor the first sight of life." Sir Joshua Reynolds seems to have laboured to represent this inward excellence; and we can fancy the grace and charms of his females will remain when their colour has fled. Lawrence was the friend of the Prince Regent, and painted the women of his court. The result is seen at once. His women look too conscious of their attractions, and the feelings they inspire in the spectator are rarely of a pleasing character. Hence the superiority of the women of Reynolds over those of Lawrence.

After all, our best patrons of the fine arts have been the gentlemen of England—the noblemen and merchant princes, who are blessed alike with money and taste. Every artist has been indebted to such. Their name is legion. A few words concerning one of the most eminent cannot be out of place in our pages. Mr. J. J. Angerstein was of a respectable German family settled in Russia. He was born at St. Petersburg, in 1785, and was recommended to come to England by Mr. Thompson, the eminent Russian merchant. Mr. Angerstein arrived in London about the year 1749, and having acquired a knowledge of business in Mr. Thompson's counting-house, he became an underwriter at Lloyd's, and was very soon distinguished for his vigilance, acuteness, industry, and integrity. To him the little world of underwriters called Lloyd's, owes its present form and segregation, as well as the rooms and offices at the Royal Exchange in which the business has been for so many years conducted. Mr. Angerstein first procured an act of Parliament to render penal the changing the names of ships, a practice by which great frauds used to be committed. In the distresses of 1793, he suggested to Government the novel plan in this country of assisting trade by public advances of loans on Exchequer Bills; and he afterwards originated with ministers the certainly not less novel scheme of establishing lotteries in aid of the revenue—a scheme, however, which the Government readily embraced, and continued long after the public sense of the immoral tendencies of lotteries was confirmed by fatal experience. Mr. Angerstein was not only a successful contractor for lotteries, but he became an equally fortunate participator in the Government loans. His vigilance was inexhaustible. By his means alone that miscreant, Hendrich Williams, called the Monster, from his habit of wounding and maiming females in the streets, was brought to what in this country was called justice—that is, six years' imprisonment. Mr. Angerstein then pointed out to Government an inconvenience and gross nuisance in Kensington Gardens, and finding the

Government insensible to the public good, he remedied the evil at his own expense. By his means the Veterinary College was re-established, and by his exertions and influence the funds of Lloyd's offered a reward of £2,000 for the invention of a life-boat, or means of saving the lives of shipwrecked persons. So affluent had this eminent man become, that he and his partner, Mr. River, insured for £656,800 the cargo of bullion shipped for England from Vera Cruz in the *Diana* frigate. In 1811, Mr. Angerstein retired from business, and resided at Pall Mall, and at his beautiful villa of Woodlands, at Blackheath, on which he expended large sums, and with great taste and judgments. He died at Woodlands, on the 22nd of January, 1823, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. He was twice married, and was buried at Greenwich, and among other persons his remains were attended to the grave by his friend, Sir Thomas Lawrence. His personal property was sworn to be under half a million. His pictures at Woodlands were entailed. Those of his gallery in Pall Mall were directed to be sold, and they have since, happily, formed the nucleus of our National Gallery. The Pall Mall gallery contained thirty-eight pictures of first-rate

the collection. Such merchant princes as Mr. Angerstein have done much for art in all lands. May their number increase and multiply in our own.

This leads us to mention the National Gallery. Mr. Angerstein's pictures were placed in the edifice they now occupy in 1838, and it was opened to the public on the 9th of April in that year. In the mean time, the original collection had been increased by purchases and bequests. In 1825, the "Bacchus and Ariadne" of Titian the "Dance of Bacchanals," by Poussin, Carracci's "Christ and St. Peter," were purchased by Mr. Hamlet, the jeweller, for £8,000. In the same year, the exquisite little Correggio was purchased for three thousand eight hundred guineas. In 1826, Sir George Beaumont made a formal gift of his pictures, valued at seven thousand five hundred guineas, to the nation. In 1831, the Rev. William Howell Carr left to the nation thirty-one pictures, most of them excellent works of art of the Italian school. In 1834, "The Education of Cupid" and the "Ecce Homo," both by Correggio, were bought of the Marquis of Londonderry for ten thousand guineas. In 1838, Lord Franborough bequeathed to the gallery



JESUS WITH MARTHA AND MARY.—FROM A PAINTING BY STEENWYCK.

excellence, collected chiefly from the sales of the Borghese, Colonna, and Orleans galleries, and from those of the King of Sardinia, the Duke de Brillon, etc. In his selections, his judgment was aided principally by Mr. Lawrence and by Mr. West. When Mr. Angerstein commenced his career in London, the arts had scarcely elicited any extensive notice, much less of patronage, compared with what they enjoy at the present day. But amidst the cares of one of the most extensive mercantile connexions, Mr. Angerstein, fraught with the spirit of Medicis, was the most useful and judicious encourager of the fine arts in our country. His correspondence respecting the purchase of paintings, especially with Sir Thomas Lawrence, was very frequent. The Pall Mall gallery was purchased by Lord Liverpool for the nation, for £57,000. Among the most influential and enthusiastic advocates of the measure were Sir George Beaumont, Galley Knight, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, then president of the Royal Academy. "Buy this collection of pictures for the nation," said Sir George Beaumont, "and I will add mine." Fortunately the bribe was accepted. Lord Aberdeen had much to do with the purchase of

fifteen pictures, chiefly of Dutch and Flemish masters, and a few Italian, the value of which could not be less than seven or eight thousand pounds. Other benefactions have from time to time been made; the most splendid was that of the late Robert Vernon, Esq., whose munificent gift of a hundred and sixty pictures by British artists was opened to the view of the public in 1848, at his own private residence in Pall Mall, and subsequently moved to Marlborough House. Mr. Vernon deserves to be held in universal admiration. He quickly made his way into the work-rooms of the British artists, paid nobly for what he considered to be noble workmanship, and having, after thirty years of this support to native art, got together a collection which offered a fair representation of its powers, he gave the proceeds of his time and fortune to the nation, as a standing memorial of how the achievement was effected. The most recent bequest to the nation was that of Turner, who left his pictures, some sixty in number, on condition that a fitting gallery is erected by government for their reception. At present, however, no fitting gallery has been erected.

The names of Angerstein and Vernon will excuse a digression as

to the prices of pictures. In this respect there have been great changes. When Charles I.'s collection of pictures was sold by order of the Commonwealth, they fetched the following prices:—*The Cartoons of Raffaele*, £300; *"The Royal Family"*, £150; *"King Charles on Horseback"*, £900; *"The Triumph of Julius Cæsar"*, £1,000; *"The Twelve Cæsars"* of Titian, £1,200; *"The Muses"*, by Tintoretto, £100; *"The Nativity"*, by Julio Romano, £300; *"Sleeping Venus"*, by Correggio, £1,000; *"The Venus del Pardo"*, by Titian, £600; *"Venus Attired by the Graces"*, by Guido, £200; a little *"Madonna and Christ"*, by Raffaele, £800; *"St. George"*, by Raffaele, £150; *"Our Lady, Christ, and others"*, by Palma, £200; *"Erasmus and Erasmism"*, by Holbein, £200; *"Satyr Flayed"*, by Correggio, £1,000; *"Mercury teaching Cupid to read in the presence of Venus"*, by Correggio, £800; *"The Head of King Charles"*, a bust, by Bernini, £800; and *"Christ washing the Feet of his Disciples"*, £300. For his first two pictures in *"The Four Times of Day"*, Hogarth got seventy-five guineas; for the last two, forty-six. The paintings of *"The Harlot's Progress"* produced only fourteen guineas each; those of *"The Rake's Progress"* were sold for twenty-two. *"Morning"* brought twenty guineas, and *"Night"* twenty-six. *"The Chastelaine Marriage"* was sold for a hundred and ten guineas, and the frames were worth four guineas each. Gainsborough's wife got for his favourite picture, now unfortunately destroyed, *"The Woodman and his Dog in the Storm"*, five hundred guineas. Boydell gave Reynolds a thousand guineas for his *"Mæbeth"*, for his *Shakespeare gallery*; and West a thousand for *"King Lear"*, and *Romney* six hundred for *"The Tempest"*. Copley received fifteen hundred guineas for his great painting of *"The Death of Chatham"*. Wilkie got for his *"Village Politicians"*, from the Earl of Mansfield, only thirty guineas. His *"Card Players"* was sold to the Duke of Cambridge for a hundred and fifty. Mr. Dobree gave him two hundred and fifty for his *"Letter of Introduction"*. The Directors of the British Institution gave him six hundred guineas for his *"Distraining for Rent"*. The Marquis of Stafford gave him £400 for *"The Breakfast"*. For *"The Penny Wedding"*, the Prince Regent gave him £325. *"The Reading of the Will"* was bought by the King of Bavaria for £447 10s. *"The Newsmongers"* was bought by the late General Fhipps for £120. The Duke of Wellington gave him twelve hundred guineas for *"The Chelsea Pensioners"*. Hilton got five hundred guineas from the British Institution for his *"Mary Anointing the Feet of Christ"*. Haydon got six hundred guineas for *"Solomon"*, five hundred for his *Christ in the Garden*. His *"Lazarus"* went for £300; and his *"Christ's Entry into Jerusalem"*, which had brought him £3,000 in receipts of exhibition, went for £240. He got £335 for his *"Mock Election"*, £300 for his *"Chastising the Member"*, five hundred guineas for the *"Reform Banquet"*. His *"Xenophon"*, sold at a raffle, brought him £840; *"Napoleon"*, £136; *"Passover"*, £325. The Directors of the British Institution gave West £3,000 for his picture of *"Christ healing the Sick"*. Frequently the purchasers have been very lucky in their purchases. Lord de Tabley's Collection of English pictures sold for £8,000—£2,000 more than he gave for them. Constable speaks of having, when in the full zenith of his fame, sold two pictures to a Frenchman for £250. For a whole-length portrait, Sir Thomas Lawrence had £600, of which a moiety was paid the first sitting. West received £2,100 for nine paintings of the Royal Family, some consisting of single portraits, and some in family groups. His picture of *"The Annunciation"*, which originally cost £1,000, was painted between the years 1817 and 1826, to occupy a large space in the centre of the splendid organ in Marylebone New Church. It was thought to give the church a Popish appearance, and was taken down. It was then placed in the Queen's Bazaar, where £100 was offered for it and refused; and after lying fourteen years in a lumber-room of St. Marylebone Court-house, it was sold to Mr. John Wilson, of Charles-street, Middlesex Hospital, for ten guineas. Sir James Thornhill, our first native artist, was very poorly paid. Horace Walpole says: "High as his reputation was, and laborious as his works were, he was far from being generously rewarded for some of them, and for others he found it difficult to obtain the stipulated prices. His demands were contested at Greenwich, and though La Fosse

received £2,000 for his works at Montague House, and was allowed £600 for his diet besides, Sir James could obtain but forty shillings a square yard for his eupola of St. Paul's, and, I think, no more for Greenwich." Reynolds's first portrait, which evinced sufficient talent to bring him into notice, was that of Captain Hamilton, painted in 1746, when the artist was twenty-three years old; and the earliest record of his price is in 1752, when he was in his twenty-ninth year, and his charge was then £3 5s. for a head, i.e., a three-quarters. In 1755, the price was £12 12s.; in 1758, £21; soon after, 1760, £36 15s.; and in 1781, £22 10s., the highest charge he ever made. Vandyck, in 1638, when he was aged thirty-four, received but £25 for his whole-length portrait of Charles I. He was paid in the same year £26 for a half-length of the queen, and £100 "for one great piece of his majesty, the queen, and their children." Morland's extraordinary juvenile drawings from pictures and casts sold only for 7s. 6d.; and his bold fancy-drawings from popular ballads and romances, prior to his attaining the age of sixteen, were sold in gilt frames for from three to five guineas. Gainsborough's price for a head in oils, when he was about thirty-five, was five guineas. He raised his price to eight guineas; and at his zenith he received £42 for a half, and £105 for a whole-length. Opie's usual price for a portrait, when he was sixteen years of age, and in Cornwall, was 7s. 6d. The highest prices paid Sir Thomas Lawrence were, for a head-size or three-quarters, £210; for a kit-kat, £315; for a half-length, £420; for a bishop's half-length, £525; and for a full-length, £630; for an extra full-length, £735. As a proof of the admiration in which his talents were held by the affluent, Mr. Williams mentions that Lord Gower paid him fifteen hundred guineas for his admirable portrait of his lady and child; and that six hundred guineas were paid him by Lord Darham for his portrait of Master Lambton. On leaving the Scotch Academy, Wilkie returned into Fifeshire, and commenced portrait-painting, at five guineas each. Wilson starved, yet many of his pictures now fetch a price which would have purchased him a comfortable annuity for life. It was but the other day that the committee of the British Institution purchased a picture by Gainsborough for eleven hundred guineas, and presented it to the National Gallery as an example of excellence; and yet this very picture hung for years in the artist's painting-room without a purchaser, though the price was only £50. The average prices Turner got from 1803 to 1815, were from one hundred and fifty to two hundred guineas. For his drawings from busts he received prices varying from twenty to twenty-five guineas. In 1810, Lord Yarborough gave him three hundred guineas for *"The Wreck"*—a long price for a landscape by a living artist. This same *"Wreck"*, as Christie's, would now sell for £3,000. His *"Flint Castle"*, a small water-colour drawing, for which he received twenty-five guineas, has sold since his death, at Christie's rooms, for £152 5s. We believe on two occasions he obtained more than £100 for a picture. Calcott, in his best days, was not much luckier in asking or getting good or reasonable prices. Morland painted for publicans; and Patrick Nasmyth, our English Hobbema, for pawnbrokers. The sweeping of Eury's stony soul, after his death, for upwards of £5,000. For a rich man, the best speculation going is liberally to patronise rising artists. He will make more money so than in any other way. People will give any price for a man's works after he is dead; and so the parson of fine arts, if he will, may have a fair reputation and a splendid gallery, and, at the same time, a property which will become more valuable every day. In his case he will indeed find it to be true, that virtue is its own reward.

#### ORIGINALS OF SAINTS AND MADONNAS.

In the beginning of the modern schools of painting, when Art was the handmaid of Religion, nothing more was required of artists than that they should impress an air of holiness and serenity on the countenances of their saints and Madonnas, and represent them, as to costume and attitude, according to certain traditional types. It was only when a sense of the exquisite beauty of the ancient sculptures began to be felt, and artists arose whose genius could not be confined within the restrictions of tradition, that personal beauty was striven after in representations of glorified personages.

Painters of genius began to represent the Virgin and the saints after an ideal model which existed in their own minds; and Guido Reni is said to have wished for the wings of an angel, that he might ascend to heaven, and see with his own eyes the form and features of the saints, and thus be enabled to infuse more of heaven into his representations of them.

The departure from additional types, while it liberated the genius of artists, did not always have the effect of directing them to the pure ideal. Affection in some cases, flattery in others, led to the representation of the wife, the mistress, or the favourite sister or daughter of the artist or his patron, under the name of a Madonna, a St. Catherine, or a St. Cecilia. The second wife of Albano, a very beautiful woman, for whom he entertained the fondest affection, was the model of his Virgins and Magdalens, as well as of his Nymphs and Graces. "We may be almost sure," says Sir Robert Strange, who engraved some of his works, "of finding in any picture of this master beautiful figures of women and children, who seem as if they had been nourished by the Graces." Theatocopuli, or, as he is more frequently called, El Greco, from the land of his birth, in his picture of "The Parting of the Saviour's Raiment," in the Cathedral of Toledo, has painted his beautiful daughter, distinguished by the white veil, as one of the three Marys in the foreground. This may be seen by comparing the picture with the portrait of the artist's daughter in the gallery of the Louvre. She is there represented in the pride of youth and beauty; her dark eyes and rich complexion are well set off by the mantle, trimmed with white fur, which is drawn over her head; and her fine Hellenic countenance is one of the loveliest ever painted.

Margaret of Austria, queen of Philip III. of Spain, was the original of the Virgin in Pantoja's picture of the "Nativity," a character for which her fair and blooming countenance and its innocent expression were well adapted. Ribalta is believed to have commemorated the charms of his wife, a blooming brunette of Valencia, with dark hair and eyes, in the St. Veronica of his grand picture of "Our Lady of Sorrows." If the supposition be correct, the picture of "St. Teresa," in the saloon of the academy of St. Carlos, at Valencia, is also a portrait of his wife. It represents the saint sitting at a table, writing from the dictation of the Holy Spirit, typified by a white dove, which hovers over her shoulder, and appears to be whispering in her ear. The countenance has a very close resemblance to that of St. Veronica.

The original of the Virgin in Vandyck's "Holy Family," which hangs above the altar of the Virgin, in the church of Savolthelm, near Brussels, was a beautiful girl of the name of Anna Van Ophem, whose father is supposed to have been keeper of the Duke of Lorraine's hounds. The painter met her on his way to Italy in 1619, became enamoured of her, and lingered in the village long enough to paint, at the fair one's solicitation, two pictures for the parish church. One of these was "St. Martin dividing his Cloak with a Beggar," in which he introduced his own portrait as the saint; the other was the "Holy Family," in which the principal figures are portraits of the lovely Anna and her parents. The picture remained in the church till 1806, when it was seized by the French, and removed to the Louvre, where it remained till 1815, when it was restored to its original situation, where it still appears. The identity of the Virgin's portrait with that of Anna Van Ophem has been satisfactorily established, by comparing the picture with the lady's portrait, by the same hand, which was long preserved at the Château de Tervure, a hunting seat of the Duke of Lorraine. The beautiful Anna is there represented surrounded by several dogs belonging to the Infanta Isabella, of which she had the care.

The picture of "Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception," which Ribera painted for the nuns of St. Isabel, at Madrid, who hung it above their high altar, was said to be the portrait of the artist's eldest daughter, Maria Rosa, who was remarkable for her beauty and grace. It is said that when Don John of Austria visited Naples in 1648, Ribera entertained him in a sumptuous and ostentatious manner; and that the prince, dancing with the painter's daughter at balls, and visiting her under pretence of admiring her father's pictures, became enamoured of her beauty, and succeeded in inducing her to elope with him to Sicily. Being subsequently deserted by her seducer, she retired into the seclusion

of a convent at Palermo. When the sisterhood of St. Isabel heard the story, they employed Claudio Coello to repaint the head of the Virgin, that it might no longer resemble the erring Maria Rosa Ribera.

The subject of the picture in which Ribera's unfortunate daughter figured was a favourite one with the Spanish masters, and several were produced by Murillo, whose dark-haired Madonnas are always so beautiful. The directions of Pacheco for the treatment of the subject are very full and precise. "In this most graceful of mysteries," says he, "our Lady is to be painted in the flower of her age, from twelve to thirteen years old, with sweet grave eyes, a nose and mouth of the most perfect form, rosy cheeks, and the finest streaming hair of golden hue; in a word, with all the beauty that a human pencil can express." Her eyes were to be turned upward, and her arms folded meekly across her bosom. Her robe was to be white, and her mantle blue; and twelve stars on silver rays were to form a celestial diadem above her golden locks. Murillo usually omits the starry crown, and the hair of his Virgins is often dark than golden; but in the attitude and the colour of the draperies he adheres to the conventional type. The original of two of the most beautiful, one in the Museum at Seville and the other in the royal gallery at Madrid, was his only daughter, Francesca, a very beautiful girl, who became a nun of St. Dominic in the year 1676.

## EARLY PAINTERS, AND THEIR EFFECT ON MODERN ART.

WHEN William Hogarth was wrestling with disappointment, and smarting under the treatment he received from his countrymen, having at the first sale of his pictures only realised for the whole series somewhat less than had then and has since been frequently given for a single picture by a doubtful Italian master, he determined to satirise the old masters. He did so at once, and his satire was perfectly characteristic of the artist.

He set forth his satire in the shape of a card of admission to his sale, a card which has since become celebrated as a picture itself, and an original print of which is now valuable. It was called the "Battle of the Pictures."

"It is no easy matter," says Allan Cunningham, "to describe this card. On the ground are placed three rows of paintings from the foreign school—one row of 'The Bull and Europa,' another of 'Apollo slaying Marsyas,' and a third of 'St. Andrew on the Cross.' There are hundreds of each to denote the system of copyism and imposture which had filled the country with imitations and caricatures. Above them is an unfurled flag, emblazoned with an auctioneer's hammer, while a cock on the summit of the sale room, with the motto 'P-U-F-S,' represents Cocks the auctioneer, and the mode by which he disposed of those simulated productions. Against the principal pictures of Hogarth, as if moved by some miraculous wind, the pictures of the old school are driven into direct collision. The foreign works seem the aggressors; the havoc is mutual and equal. A 'St. Francis' has penetrated in a very ludicrous way into Hogarth's 'Mornings'; a 'Mary Magdalen' has intruded herself into the third scene of 'The Harlot's Progress'; and the splendid saloon scene of 'Marriage à la mode' suffers severely by 'The Aldobrandine Marriage.' Thus far the battle is in favour of the ancients; but the aerial combat has a different termination, for, by the riotous scene in 'The Rake's Progress,' a hole is made in Titian's 'Feast of Olympus'; and a 'Bacchanalian,' by Rubens, shares the same fate from 'The Modern Midnight Conversation.'"

Hence we see by this, that at the time of Hogarth the quarrel which has now partly terminated, but in some places wages as fiercely as ever, between the partisans of the ancient and modern painters, was carried on then with its usual acrimony. The case was indeed bitter; deep students of an art which has for its aim the civilisation and instruction of mankind, found that they were debarred from their rights by the works of those who, possibly, less gifted than themselves, had only lived before them. It was a cruel case of primogeniture, wherein the elder dispossessed the younger.

\* "The British Painters," by Allan Cunningham, vol. I.

It has been the fortune of later days to see the sides considerably changed. The ancient painters, thanks to the vigorous onslaughts of learned and judicious critics, led on by Mr. Ruskin, have received a signal defeat, and are now apparently more in their true place than before. If they are not elevated to the height of art, they are not, on the other hand, wholly to be depreciated; the truth seems to be here, as it generally does elsewhere, in the middle course. That the earlier painters induced the study of art, preserved certain rules of painting, and studied incompletely but arduously, is no doubt true; and we purpose at present to inquire what they have done, and what we especially owe to them.

That the biography of the Italian painters has been written by one of their countrymen, is perhaps one of the causes to which they owe so deep a popularity and appreciation. Thus Vasari ascribes to Cimabue (1240—1302) not only the merit, but the *miracle* of having revived the art of painting when utterly lost, and of having by his single genius brought beauty out of chaos. Yet this is so far untrue, that it is perfectly well known, that several painters were working in Italy previously to his birth, that Cimabue must have studied under one of these, and that moreover it is possible to trace back pictorial remains and names of painters even to the fourth century.\*

It is to these painters, then, and not to Cimabue, that we must look for the types and signs which, delivered through various ages by the means of art, have not only influenced art itself, but have had their effect upon religion.

It would appear that the feeling which led the Puritans of this time of the Protectorate to destroy the various and beautifully painted windows which pictured the lives of saints, and to deface the tombs and statues in the churches, was no new thing. The early Christians had a decided hostility to imitative art. They had lived amongst heathens who, however civilised, had prostituted it to the basest purposes. The statues and the paintings which were to be seen in the public places, and upon the walls of the luxurious Romans, were in the highest degree immoral. Nay, they had descended lower than that. The vase, the cup, the domestic implements themselves, where ornamented by a lascivious art. "An early Christian," says an eminent author, "could not touch a knife, a spoon, or drink out of a cup, without having his moral sense degraded, nor without being contaminated."†

They moreover regarded all images of any sort, either carved or painted, as idolatrous, although the legend goes, that St. Luke himself was a painter. From these causes, and from the figurative language of the Jewish people, the representation of the sacred personages were confined to symbols, which have descended to us through the medium of the early painters.

Thus the cross, so frequently used in art, so often interwoven into architecture, which as an ornament itself crowns so many cathedrals or simple churches, signified redemption; the fish from its living in water, baptism; the ship or ark represented the church; and the serpent, frequently with a man's face, the spirit of evil, or Satan. Here, then, was the commencement of a new era in decorative art.

When Christianity had, in the middle of the fourth century, totally triumphed over Paganism, these types were received, but somewhat of the old models and forms began to be revived. The Byzantine school had preserved these models, and they were applied to Christianity, just as the heathen temples purified, but still the same, served as churches dedicated to the true God. The attributes of Orpheus and Apollo were applied to the Saviour, for he "redeemed souls from hell," and "gathered his people like sheep." Then came the combination of the Mother and the Son, at first incidentally, latterly more presumptuously; for the Virgin held the Infant in her lap, and was in the eyes of the untaught worshipper the more potent of the two, because the more prominent.

Art was also called in to teach those who were otherwise untaught. In the villages and obscure towns, where Christianity had not penetrated till established by law, painted cloths were hung up where the people worshipped, representing the sufferings and final crucifixion of our Saviour; or else the artist, breaking out into a rude "Jubi-

late," would show how He rode triumpantly into Jerusalem, called the dead to life, or walked upon the sea. No wonder, then, as these pictures illustrated the glowing words of some early missionary, that they began to be revered by the untaught vulgar, and to intercept and absorb that devotion which was at first addressed only to God.

But it is to these early portraits that our latest painters owe their ideal heads of Christ. "In the cemetery of St. Calixtus, at Rome, a head of Christ was discovered, the most ancient of any copy which has come down to us: the figure is colossal; the face a long oval; the countenance mild, grave, melancholy; the long hair parted on the brow, falling in two masses on the shoulder; the beard not thick, but short and divided. Here then, obviously lentulus from a traditional description (probably the letter of Irenæus, supposed to be a fabrication of the third century), we have the type, the generic character, since adhered to in the representations of the Redeemer."‡

That our artists have ever followed this faithfully and closely, no one can doubt. We have but to call to mind the various representations of the Saviour, from that in "The Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci, to that which was popular as a print some time ago, and is the best ideal head without dignity which we have, by Paul Delaroche. Nay, a further proof of the firm way in which the ideal of the early painters has been received is, that none could contemplate a departure from the type without revolting from it. Who could imagine the Saviour with an aquiline nose and high forehead, and a cast of countenance belonging to the race of which he was born? The painter who should be so bold as to give him a Jewish expression would suffer for it, by making his picture universally odious.

But the head of the Saviour is not the only one which we have received from the early painters. In Leonardo da Vinci's picture, cited above, we have the whole of the received types of the various apostles. Thus, St. Peter, who sits nearly at the end of the table, at the right of our Saviour, has a bold, impetuous expression of countenance, marked with great acuteness and intellectuality. Near to his face, and thrown up by the contrast, is that of Judas, a saturnine countenance of strictly Jewish caste. St. John, the beloved disciple, approximates in feature to our Lord, and has the hair parted on the forehead and flowing to his shoulders. St. Thomas, who doubted, has a refined Roman head, the hair curling and short, like that of Brutus, and his face shows that he requires conviction, but, when once convinced, will act. St. Andrew, on the contrary, sitting on the extreme left, is firm, manly, and expressive, with the same determined look which St. Peter has—a look well becoming each of those disciples, one of whom made that affirmation which called forth the express approval of his Lord, and the other suffered on a new cross and with a more refined torture.

These types, therefore, we do assuredly owe to the early painters, and to them, moreover, we owe, however rude their works, that vitality of expression which in later artists degenerated into formalism. Let us be careful to guard that earnestness which we at present have. "Receive," says the quaint but deep-thinking John Ruskin—"Receive the witness of painting." John Bellini, and his brother Gentile, two years older than he, close the line of the sacred painters of Venice. But the most solemn spirit of religious faith animated their works to the last. There is no religion in any work of Titian's. . . . Nor is this merely because John Bellini was a religious man and Titian was not. Titian and Bellini are each true representatives of the school of painters contemporary with them; and the difference of their artistic feeling is a consequence, not so much of difference in their own natural characters as in their early education. Bellini was brought up in faith, Titian in formalism. Between the years of their birth, the vital religion of Venice had expired."§

Let us, therefore, act upon what we owe to the early artists; and though our own painters have far surpassed them in execution, let us try to revive that FAITH which lies in their stiff figures and formal draperies, whilst we yet improve in colour and in feeling.

\* Mrs. Jameson: "Italian Painters."

† Milman's "History of Latin Christianity."

‡ "Italian Painters," vol. i. p. 11.

§ "The Stones of Venice," vol. i. p. 11.



## DOMENIC ZAMPIERI.



Of all the pupils of the Caracci, the Bolognese master who is commonly known as Domenichino, and whose real name was Domenic



"Communion of St. Jerome" one of the three most beautiful pictures in Rome, the other two being "The Transfiguration" of Raffaele, and "The Descent from the Cross" of Daniel of Volterra. This opinion of the great French painter, which posterity has confirmed, is a direct contradiction to the detractors of Domenichino, and a condemnation of the works of his contemporaries.

Yet the works which have excited such warm eulogiums were once decried to a degree that is now scarcely credible. His faults were exaggerated, and even his excellencies made to appear defects. His genius was not of the brilliant order, and his power of invention was small; but these deficiencies were counterbalanced by the profundity and accuracy of his judgment, his admirable power of expression, and the carefulness of his execution. His poverty of invention led his enemies, of whom no painter ever had more, occasion to call him an imitator and a plagiarist; but had he enjoyed the same advantages of party as the Caracci, he would soon have triumphed over his detractors, by showing the difference between imitation and servility. Domenichino, timid, retired, and master of few pupils, was destitute of a party equal to his excellence as a painter. He was constrained to yield to the crown that trampled upon him, and thus the observation of Agucchi, that his worth would never be rightly appreciated during his life, was realised. The spirit of party having passed away, impartial posterity has rendered him justice, and his works are now met with only in the public galleries of the great capitals, and the collections of the most distinguished amateurs.

Domenic Zampieri was the son of a shoemaker in the city of Bologna. Born in 1581, about the time when Ludovico Caracci, seconded by his cousins Augustino and Annibale, undertook that reform of art which had at bottom the seeds of its decay, he was inspired with a love of painting by the fame of their school; or

Zampieri, is, at the present day, the most universally admired. Algarotti preferred him to the Caracci themselves, and Passeri considered him second only to Raffaele. Pousin pronounced his

Vol. II.

rather their fame nourished that love of the beautiful which nature had implanted within him, and gave it a direction. The most simple artisans of Italy are rarely indifferent to the beauties of poetry, music, and painting; and the elder Zampieri was willing that his son should follow his inclinations, and become a painter. But he did not appreciate the endeavours of the Caracci, or did not view them with so much enthusiasm as some of his fellow-countrymen, and he placed Domenic under Denis Calvart, an artist of Flemish descent and mediocre ability, who had been established in Bologna several years.

This choice of a master was not agreeable to Domenichino, to whose eyes the magnificent productions of the Caracci were the supreme expression of progress in art, while Denis Calvart was the representative of its immobility. His master was, moreover, of a harsh and irritable temper, and having one day found him in admiring contemplation before an engraving after Augustine Caracci, he chastised him so severely that he had left his house and returned to that of his father. There he had to endure new reproaches, and, according to Malvasia, additional harsh treatment. Moved by his urgent entreaties and those of his mother, his father at length consented to a change of masters, and the youth presented himself before Augustine Caracci, to whom he showed his drawings. At the recommendation of that distinguished professor, he was admitted into the school of Ludovico Caracci, among whose pupils were, at this time, Guido and Albano.

He was now free to avow his enthusiastic admiration of his masters, but trials of another kind awaited him. Timid to excess, and diminutive in form, which obtained him the name of Domenichino (little Domenic), distrustful of his own powers, and quiet and reserved in his manners, he was unfitted by nature for the rude battles of the world. His infirmities received no indulgence from his fellow-pupils, who, according to accounts which have been handed down by contemporary authors, did not spare either sarcasms or outrages, to which they were emboldened, rather than disarmed, by his patience and resignation.

His art was his only consolation and source of pleasure, and he applied himself to its study with such devotion, that he advanced each day in knowledge and experience of the qualities essential to success. It was the practice of the Caracci to excite the emulation of their pupils by proposing prizes for the best drawings, and one of those occasions occurred soon after Domenichino became their pupil. Full of modesty and timidity, and without hope of success, he was obliged, like the other pupils, to offer his design; and while his fellow-students gave in their drawings with confidence, regarding him with an air of conscious superiority, Domenichino approached with timidity, scarcely daring to present his drawing, which he would gladly have withheld. Ludovico Caracci examined the productions of all his pupils, and declared Domenichino the successful candidate.

This triumph, instead of rendering him confident and vain, only served to incite him to greater assiduity and application. His genius seemed to develop itself slowly, because it was profound and accurate; and Passeri attributes his great progress more to his wonderful application than to his genius. From his acting as a continual censor of his own productions, he became the most correct and expressive designer in the Bolognese school, the most natural colourist, the most universal master of the theory of his art, and the sole painter amongst them all in whom Mengs found nothing to desire, except a somewhat larger proportion of elegance. That he might devote his whole time to art, he avoided all society, or if he occasionally sought it in the theatres and markets, it was in order to observe better the expression of the passions of human nature in the features of the people, and commit it living, as it were, to his tablets. "Thus it was," says Bellori, "that he succeeded in delineating the soul, in colouring life, and arousing those emotions in our breasts at which all his works aim; as if he waved the same wand which belonged to the poetical enchanter, Tasso and Ariosto."

With Albano alone, of all his fellow-pupils, Domenichino formed an intimacy; and when they left together the school of the Caracci, they visited Parma, Modena, and Reggio in company, to study the works of Parmegiano and Correggio. On their return to Bologna, Albano went to Rome, where Annibale Caracci was at that time engaged in the decoration of the Farnese Palace, and, owing to his

declining health, was in need of some assistance. On the recommendation of Albano, he sent to Bologna for the pupil of his cousin Ludovico; and Domenichino shortly afterwards arrived in Rome, where he was intrusted with the execution of a portion of the work from the designs of Annibale.

This engagement led immediately to cabals and intrigues being directed against Domenichino, whose natural timidity invited to the attack all who had conceived feelings of envy or dislike of him. The unhappy painter took refuge in his patience and resignation—two words which comprise his entire life, which presents us with a picture of loneliness and suffering, without anger and without despair, which excites our commiseration and respect, and ought to have disarmed his enemies. Fortunately for Domenichino, Annibale Caracci had powerful friends, and he obtained for him the protection of the Cardinals Farnese and Borghese, while Albano interested the Cardinal Agacchi and his brother in favour of his friend. In the loggia of the gardens of Cardinal Farnese he painted, from his own designs, the "Death of Adonis," choosing for the representation the moment when the Queen of Love springs from her chariot to succour her mortally-wounded lover. The health of Annibale Caracci becoming every day more impaired he was obliged to relinquish many of his commissions, and some of them he prepared for Domenichino, some for Guido, who had attained fame much more rapidly. Both these eminent masters were engaged by the Cardinal Borghese, at his recommendation, to paint the celebrated frescoes in the church of St. Gregorio, of which the "Flagellation of St. Andrew," by Domenichino, is the most admired.

This picture was executed in competition with Guido, and placed opposite to that painter's "St. Andrew being led to Execution." It is said that an aged woman, accompanied by a little boy, was seen engaged in a long and careful contemplation of Domenichino's picture, pointing out every part of the composition to the boy; she then turned to the production of Guido's pencil, gave it a cursory glance, and passed on. It is also asserted by some, that Annibale Caracci, becoming acquainted with the circumstance, was guided by it in forming his judgment of the two compositions, which was in favour of Domenichino's. Another story connected with this picture is, that, in painting one of the guards, he actually excited himself into a passion, using threatening words and gestures, and that Annibale Caracci, surprising him at that moment, embraced him, exclaiming with joy, "To-day, my Domenichino, thou art teaching me!" So novel, and, at the same time, so natural, it appeared to him that the artist, like the orator, should feel within himself all that he is representing to others.

Domenichino was afterwards employed by Cardinal Farnese to execute some works in fresco in a chapel in the abbey of Grotto Ferrata, where he painted several subjects from the life of St. Nilo, one of which, "St. Nilo curing the Demoniac Boy," may be compared with his finest works at Rome. He was also employed about the same time, by Cardinal Aldebrandini, to decorate his villa at Frascati, where he painted ten pictures in fresco, the subjects taken from the mythic history of Apollo, by which he added greatly to his reputation. The next work of Domenichino was his well-known picture of the "Communion of St. Jerome," which we have engraved (p. 201), and which was long one of the principal ornaments of the Louvre, in which it was placed by Napoleon I. It was painted for the principal altar of the church of St. Girolamo della Carità, but now hangs in the Vatican, opposite to the only work at Rome which surpasses it—the "Transfiguration" of Raffaele.

The envious and malignant feelings with which some of Domenichino's contemporaries had long regarded him, were still further excited by the applause bestowed upon this famous production. Janfranco, the prime mover in the intrigues against him, took advantage of the resemblance between the "Communion of St. Jerome" of Domenichino, and Augustine Caracci's picture of the same subject in the Certosa at Bologna, to assert that it was little more than a copy of the latter; and he employed Perrier, one of his pupils, to make an etching of one of Augustine's work, which was largely circulated. But this mode of attack, instead of proving the plagiarism, revealed the malevolence of its author; as it was evident there was no other resemblance than must necessarily ensue

when two artists paint the same subject, and that all that was most admired in Domenichino's work was his own.

This work being justly regarded as the *chef-d'œuvre* of the artist, the opinion of Fuseli on the comparative merits of the picture and that by Augustine Caracci may be acceptable to our readers; and we may remark, that his opinion was the result of observations made on both pictures in the gallery of the Louvre, where they then hung opposite to each other, just before delivering the lecture from which we quote. "In each picture," says he, "St. Jerome, brought from his cell to receive the sacrament, is represented on his knees, supported by devout attendants; in each, the officiating priest is in the act of administering to the dying saint; the same clerical society fills the portico of the temple in both; in both the scene is witnessed from above by infant angels. The general opinion is in favour of the pupil; but if in the economy of the whole Domenichino surpasses his master, he appears to me greatly inferior both in the character and expression of the hero. Domenichino has represented piety scarcely struggling with decay, Augustine triumphant over it; his saint becomes, in the place where he is, a superior being, and is inspired by the approaching God; that of Domenichino seems divided between resignation, mental and bodily imbecility, and desire. The saint of Augustine is a lion, that of Domenichino a lamb.

"In the sacerdotal figure administering the viaticum, Domenichino has less improved than corrected the unworthy choice of his master. The priest of Augustine is one of the *Frati Godanesi* of Dante, before they received the infernal hood; a gross, fat, self-conceited, terrestrial creature, a countenance equally proof to elevation, piety, or thought. The priest of Domenichino is a minister of grace, stamped with the sacred humility that characterised his master, and penetrated by the function of which he is the instrument. We are more impressed with the graces of youth, than with the energies of manhood verging on age: in this respect, as well as in that of contrast with the decrepitude of St. Jerome, the placid, contemplative beauty of the young deacon in the foreground of Domenichino, will probably please more than the poetic traces of the assistant friar with the lighted taper in the foreground of Augustine. If the attendant characters in the picture of Augustine are more numerous, and have, on the whole, furnished the hints of admission for those of Domenichino, the latter, with one exception, may be said to have used more propriety and judgment in the choice. But have introduced a man with a turban, and opened a portico to characterise an Asiatic scene.

"With regard to composition, Domenichino undoubtedly gains the palm. This disposition, on the whole, he owes to his master, though he has reversed it; but he has cleared it of that oppressive bustle which rather involves and crowds the principal actors in Augustine than attends them. With this the tone of the whole corresponds. The freshness of an Oriental day tinges every part; the medium of Augustine partakes too much of the fumigated inside of a Catholic chapel. The draperies of both are characteristic, and unite subordination with dignity, but their colour is chosen with more judgment by Domenichino; the embrowned gold and ample folds of the robe of the administering priests are more genial than the cold blue, white and yellow on the priest of his master; in both, perhaps, the white draperies on the foreground figures have too little strength for the central colours, but it is more perceived in Caracci than in Domenichino. The forms of the saint in Caracci are grander and more ideal than in the saint of Domenichino; some have even thought them too vigorous; both, in my opinion, are in harmony with the emotion of the face and expression of either. The eagerness that animates the countenance of one may be supposed to spread a momentary vigour over his frame. The mental dereliction of countenance in the other with equal propriety relaxes and palsies the limbs which depend upon it. The colour of Caracci's saint is much more characteristic of fleshly, though nearly bloodless, substance than that chosen by his rival, which is withered, shrivelled, leathery in the lights, and earthy in the shades; but the head of the officiating priest in Domenichino, whether considered as a specimen of colour independent of the rest, or as set off by it, for truth, tone, freshness, energy, is not only the best Domenichino ever painted, but perhaps the best that can be conceived."

The pictures which Domenichino painted from the life of St. Cecilia, for the church of St. Ludovico, increased the envy of his rivals, and redoubled their injustice and malignity. Disgusted by these continued cabals, and perhaps alarmed, he determined to leave Rome, and return to Bologna, where he passed a few years in the peaceful exercise of his talents. It was at this time that he painted the "Martyrdom of St. Agnes," for the church of that saint; and "Our Lady of the Rosary," a work by no means equal to his other productions. Pope Gregory XV. invited him back to Rome, and appointed him his principal painter and architect; and he was engaged by Cardinal Monialto to paint the Four Evangelists, with angels, in the cornels of the cupola of the church of St. Andrew. He also decorated the cupola of St. Charles Catinari with the Four Cardinal Virtues; and the chapel of Cardinal Bandini, in the church of St. Sylvester, in the Quirinal Palace, with four admirable frescoes, representing "Esther before Ahasuerus," "Judith with the Head of Holofernes," "David playing the Harp before the Ark," and "Solomon and his Mother on the Throne."

The fresco paintings executed by Domenichino during his sojourn at Rome are the best specimens of his manner. Without a doubt, they are somewhat theatrical, and express very strongly the combined influence of the Caracci—a system of composition proceeding from academic convention, and some errors of taste which, under the pretext of material truth, surcharge the form or dishonour it. But by the side of these grave defects, which proceed partly from his excessive admiration of the Caracci, partly from his own invention, what rich depths of sentiment!—what astonishing felicity of expression! Domenichino strictly followed his models, and, conformably to the doctrines of the school, sacrificed the suggestions of his instincts to respect for its traditions and eclectic speculations. When he painted in oil, he worked slowly and carefully, revised his first intentions, retouched here and there, and often, so to speak, condemned himself. When he painted in fresco, on the contrary, the conditions of that kind of work happily interdicted those retractions and erasures. An examination of his frescoes, and a comparison of them with the works which he painted in oil colours, will serve to convey an idea of his genius, by showing the difference between his first intentions and the after-thoughts suggested by his admiration of the Caracci. In the "Communion of St. Jerome," for example, great as it is, there is nothing spontaneous, nothing which reveals involuntary emotion; everything evinces hesitation and a want of confidence in his own powers. Compare with this work his frescoes in the abbey of Grotto Ferrata, those in the church of St. Andrew, or his "St. Cecilia distributing Alms," in that of St. Ludovico. In these genius is clearly and incontestably manifested. There is more softness and harmony; less of that excessive circumspection which compromised the sentiment of his works, while it robbed them of their moral emphasis; less, too, of exaggerated scruples and obstinate adherence to academic traditions. Whether he shows, in the miracle of St. Nilo, the power and mysterious effects of faith, or represents the children contending for the alms of St. Cecilia, and gleefully trying on the clothes so much too large for them, Domenichino exhibits in his frescoes a greater fidelity to nature and greater evidence of genius than he has done in his more elaborate oil paintings. Looking at some of his frescoes, it might be doubted whether it was really invention which he wanted, or confidence to display it. When he had to paint upon a wall, he renounced, in virtue of the immediate necessities of the task, the long meditations and subtleties of reasoning which attended his easel pictures, and reflected upon the plaster the sentiments and passions of his soul. Thus he attained that truthfulness and beauty of expression which is his chief characteristic. It is in the works of these moments of effusion and sudden fancy that Domenichino should be seen. It is his frescoes which mark his place as a master. In a word, if the painter of the "Communion of St. Jerome" stands high among the artists of the period when art began to decline, the author of the frescoes of Grotto Ferrata and St. Ludovico belongs, by elevation of sentiment and expression, to the family of the true masters.

In Italy, in the seventeenth century, these mural paintings, which are now held to constitute Domenichino's highest claim to admiration, were very differently estimated. The preference evinced for him by Annibale Caracci excited so much envy and

jealousy in the hearts of Lanfranco, Tacconi, and others, that they were received with the bitterest and most unjust criticisms. The frescoes with which he adorned the church of St. Andrew were spoken of by his detractors as a scandal and a profanation; and they denounced them to the sovereign pontiff as paintings which, whether owing to the ignorance or the audacity of the painter, outraged the sanctity of the edifice which they disfigured. Some went so far as to propose their destruction, and Lanfranco, who had his own reason for his moderation, insisted strongly on the necessity of having them retouched by a purer and more learned hand. There can be no doubt as to whose hand he intended.

A reason for these angry and injurious attacks is not easily found. When we examine, in the church of St. Andrew, either the scenes from the life of that saint, or the figures of the Evangelists which ornament the four corbels of the cupola, and consider them in the spirit which prompted all the religious pictures of the

subordinate figures should be in harmony with the principal figure, which is the body of the work, of which the others are simply the members." This rule Domenichino has not acknowledged here; but in general he has observed it with an attention rather uncommon among the painters of his time, and even without leaving the church of St. Andrew, we may find more than one example of the care with which he has established an intimate accordance between all the parts of his compositions.

Notwithstanding the criticisms of his ungenerous enemies, the frescoes of Domenichino were not destroyed, nor even retouched as Lanfranco had advised. The mild disposition of the painter revolted so much against the incessant and unjust attacks of his malignant adversaries, which embittered his whole existence, that he thought at one time of abandoning painting, and transferring his talents to sculpture. He resumed his palette, however, but not to paint those large church pictures which had provoked the envy and malice of



ST. JEROME IN THE DESERT.—FROM A PAINTING BY ZAMPIERI.

period of which they were painted, it is difficult to explain, otherwise than by the folly or malignity of his enemies, the violence of the reproaches with which Domenichino was overwhelmed. Will it be believed, for example, that he was seriously accused of having manifested disrespect for the saint by representing, in the "Martyrdom of St. Andrew," one of the executioners in the act of stumbling, and provoking by his fall the laughter of his comrades! The episode is not well chosen, perhaps, but to attribute to an error of taste the signification of a blasphemy, was as great an absurdity as it was a calumny. It is true that in France, fifty years later, this figure of the executioner was condemned by the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture, but this decision was based upon purely artistic considerations, and had no reference to its assumed impropriety in a religious sense. "It is necessary," says the reporter of their proceedings,\* "that the attitudes and expressions of the

his rivals; he applied himself to works of a more humble kind, in which he thought his enemies would perhaps disdain to compete with him. He abandoned for a time religious subjects and fresco, and painted landscapes and mythological subjects with considerable success.

If we compare the landscapes of Domenichino with those painted in Italy towards the end of the sixteenth century, it is easy to recognise in both an entire conformity of principals and the same mode of execution. The Caracci and their pupils were, in fact, the creators of this branch of art, since before them the fields, the sea, the trees, were introduced into pictures merely as accessories, or as backgrounds to subjects from history; they were the first to think of representing the scenery of nature for itself, and as the principal object of interest. Annibale Caracci and Domenichino both painted landscapes admirably; but the glory of making this branch of art an exclusive study was reserved for French artists, a few years later. Without doubt, Poussin and Claude learnt something from

\* Conférences de l'Académie Royale de Peinture et de Sculpture, 1667.

the landscapes of the Caracci and their pupil; their manner directly recalls that of the Bolognese masters. But under that material identity it is easy to distinguish some dissimilarities, and under the appearance of imitation some difference in the original intentions. The Italian landscapes do not express so much majesty; nature appears in them only as an element of decoration. The eye contemplates those lines, so solemn, so exactly balanced; the soul perceives nothing beyond mere beauty and a splendour somewhat arid. In the pictures of the French artists there is more fire and animation; and if the arrangement of the objects and the choice of details involve ideas of order and of calculation, the sentiment of vivid reality which pervades these learned combinations gives to the ensemble a profound and lasting charm. It is this mixture of the scientific and the simple, and the aspirations equally sincere towards the ideal and the true, which assure to the French school of landscape of the seventeenth century the superiority over that from which it proceeded.

The qualities which are wanting in the landscapes of Domenichino are precisely those which give most of their value to some of his historical compositions, and the greater part of his frescoes. They want more of the sentiment which brightens certain parts of those we allude to, and throws into shade those in which the painter was influenced by the spirit of system—more of those unexpected contrasts and happy inequalities which announce the victory of his personal instincts over the habits of the school. Everything is derived from a uniform inspiration, and betokens the painter's absolute respect for the manner of the academy, and fear to deviate from its rules. We may attribute this excessive timidity to the efforts of Domenichino to imitate the likeness which he was reproached with having taken elsewhere, or to the impression which the sadness and melancholy inspired by a life of trials and disappointments gave to the scenes which he drew from nature. He had renounced the grand style of painting, in the hope of escaping the envy and malignity of his rivals, and the class of subjects which he had chosen, and the limited dimensions of his works, show sufficiently his desire to appease the jealousy and jealous feelings with which they regarded him; but the talent which he manifested in his mythological pictures and some of his landscapes was sufficient to excite new clamours and intrigues, and his enemies used every art to deprive him of the few patrons whom he had retained, and preached a sort of public crusade against the favour of an inferior kind of painting, unworthy, they said, of the glorious precedents of the school.

To these indefatigable hatreds, to this system of organised persecution, by which Domenichino was overwhelmed, were added the cruel chagrins of family unhappiness. He had not added to his felicity, by his marriage with Mariabilla Barbetti. His wife herself, without ceasing taking part against him, after the manner of the wife of Andrew del Sarto, did not spare him vexations and inequities of more than one kind. She was only seventeen years of age when she became the wife of Domenichino, who had already counted thirty-eight years. Very beautiful, as she is described by Malvasia, who had seen her at a later period of her life, and little formed by nature for the quiet and secluded life which Domenichino led, and which was adapted to his reserved and solitary disposition, she rendered him unhappy by her ceaseless complaints and reproaches—perhaps by causes more serious and deep. This has been conjectured from a letter of Domenichino to Albano, written after the death of his two sons, in which he relates to the habitual complaint of his troubles the new misfortunes with which he was threatened. "I have for enemies," says he, "my relations even, and war is declared against me by those who ought to be the most eager to defend me. Things are arrived at that point that I have no one to depend upon. My dear little daughter, my only child now that God has taken my two sons, is my only consolation in a thousand frights and continual chagrins. They have their eyes on her, on account of the inheritance, by which they hope to profit. It is for that they desire my death, which, perhaps, I shall receive from them. It is none the less incumbent on me to return thanks to the Most High: I have merited my fate by my sins." These complaints of Domenichino against his relations will scarcely warrant us, however, in bringing a formal accusation against his

wife. Perhaps they concern only her two brothers, whom she had installed in the house, where they assumed the right to domineer over all. It is strange, however, that in speaking of the fears and chagrins with which the members of his family inspired him, he should except only his daughter; and it must be confessed that the silence which he observes with regard to her mother is somewhat suspicious.

Domenichino supported with unalterable patience the anxieties and griefs which tormented him in the latter days of his existence. Long accustomed to suffer, he resigned himself to the troubles which assailed him beneath his own roof in the same spirit in which he had resigned himself to the disdain of the crowd and the miseries of his professional career. The injustice of which he had been made the victim had not rendered him unjust in his turn, nor exasperated him even for a moment; still less had he ever opposed calumny to calumny, or avenged himself upon his rivals by bitter criticisms of their works. Those works, so inferior to his own, he was, on the contrary, the first to study, and that without the slightest prejudice or partiality; and Guido, who, it is true, had not directly persecuted him, but whose name had served more than any other, as a pretext and a rallying-cry to his persecutors, numbered him among his most sincere admirers. "I have seen the paintings of Guido at St. Dominic, and at St. Michael in Bosch," he wrote to Francis Poli, during his sojourn at Bologna, after leaving Rome the first time. "One might believe them painted by the hand of an angel. What a reflection of Paradise!—what expression!—what tenderness!" This brief extract not only reveals the profound sense which Domenichino had of the beautiful and the spiritual, but also the rare impartiality and disinterestedness of his character.

The extreme indulgence which he manifested towards the works of others, his want of confidence in his own abilities, and a natural tendency to underrate them, and believe his productions justly blamed, all contributed to the success of the league formed against him at Rome. The underhand practices of Lanfranco had so far destroyed his reputation, that during several years he never left, even for a moment, the obscurity to which they had consigned him. The world scarcely knew that he still existed. An absolute indifference had succeeded to the enmities which had formerly assailed him. It is sad to record that, as soon as the name of Domenichino was again heard in the world, it excited the same enmity, the same jealous and indelible hatred.

He received a commission to finish the decorations of the chapel of St. Januarius, at Naples, where Corenzio, a Greek by birth and a pupil of Tintoretto, had established an absolute tyranny over all the artists who came to the city, by calumny and insolence, as well as by his position. He monopolised all lucrative commissions to himself, and recommended for the fulfilment of others one or other of the numerous inferior artists who were dependent upon him. He was a man of vindictive temper, treacherous, and capable of any crime; for he was known to have administered poison, through jealousy, to Rodolfo, one of the most promising and most amiable of his pupils. In order to maintain himself in the authority he had usurped, he endeavoured to exclude all strangers who painted in fresco; and Annibale Caracci, Ottavio, Guido, and Gessi had in turn been obliged by his intrigues to quit the city, thus abandoning the field to him and his followers.

The committee which had the superintendence of the decorations of St. Januarius had lost all hope of carrying out their wishes, and were on the point of yielding to the faction of Corenzio, assigning the frescoes to him and Caracciolo, and promising the pictures to Ribera, when they resolved to make a last effort, and intrusted the decoration of the chapel entirely to Domenichino. The terms which they offered him were munificent, and precautions were taken against any interruptions to his labours, the displeasure of the viceroy being threatened against any one who should molest him. These threats were little regarded, however, by Corenzio and his colleagues, whose jealousy and resentment were still further stimulated by the arrival of Lanfranco, the most implacable of Domenichino's enemies. The latter had scarcely commenced work when Corenzio and Ribera began to decry his abilities, and to discredit him with those, the most numerous class in all places, who see only with the eyes of others. They annoyed him by calumnies,



by anonymous letters, by displacing his pictures, and by mixing injurious ingredients with his colours. With the most insidious malice, they induced the viceroy to send some of his pictures to the court of Madrid, and these when little more than sketched were taken from his studio, and carried to the viceroy's palace, where Ribera ordered them to be retouched, and without giving the unfortunate painter time to finish them, hurried them off to their destination. This malicious fraud of his rival, the complaints of

denunciations fulminated by Corenzio and Ribera, and to the calumnious insinuations of the wily Lanfranco. While he yet hesitated to put a period to Domenichino's labours, his perplexity was removed by the artist's death—a sinister and badly-explained event, which has been attributed to the troubles of which he had so long been the prey, but which was thought by some, with too much probability, to have been hastened by the nefarious means which Corenzio was known to be capable of resorting to. The



THE TRIUMPH OF GALATEA.—FROM A PAINTING BY ZAMPIERI.

the committee, who thought themselves doomed to experience a constant succession of obstacles to the completion of the work, and the suspicion of some design against his life, at length determined Domenichino to depart secretly for Rome. As soon, however, as the news of his flight transpired, he was recalled, and fresh measures taken for his protection; upon which he resumed his labours, and decorated the walls and the base of the cupola, besides making considerable progress in painting the pictures.

The viceroy, however, had begun to give ear to the violent

precautions taken by the unfortunate painter after his return to Naples, prove that he believed his life to be endangered by the machinations of his enemies. He prepared all his food himself, and if poison was given him, it must have been, as Malvasia and others of his contemporaries intimate, in water, of which he was accustomed to take a draught from the ewer every morning before washing himself.

Domenichino died in 1641, at the age of sixty. His enemy, Lanfranco, succeeded him in completing the frescoes of St. Janna.

rius; Ribera, in one of his oil-pictures; Stanzioni, in another. Caracciolo was dead. Corenzio was soon afterwards killed by a fall from a stage, which he had erected for the purpose of retouching some of his frescoes. The fate of Ribera is involved in obscurity, and various accounts are given of his latter days. Palomino and Ceán Bermúdez assert that he died at Naples in 1656, in the enjoyment of affluence and fame. Mr. Stirling, who expresses doubts as to the latter assertion of the Spanish writers, says, on the authority of a tradition current at Naples, that he left that city through

violent or unhappy end; and impartial posterity, in awarding to Domenichino the palm of merit, inculcates the maxim, that it is a delusive hope to attempt to establish fame on the destruction of another's reputation."

In this period of the decline of art, mediocrity was enthroned, and the living forces of Italian art exhausted in cabals, in juggleries, and in a weak fecundity. Lanfranco at Naples, Cortona at Florence, Sassoferrato and Ricci at Rome and Venice, were the men who were proclaimed the worthy successors of the great masters. That noble



THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.—FROM A PAINTING BY ZAMPERI.

shame and grief at the seduction of his daughter by Don John of Austria, and died at Posilippo in obscurity and disrepute. Lanzi says that, having committed a flagrant offence, and become insupportable even to himself, from the general odium which he experienced, he embarked on board a ship; and that no one knew whither he fled, or how he ended his life. "Thus," he adds, "these ambitious men, who by violence or fraud had influenced and abused the generosity and taste of so many noble patrons, and to whose treachery and sanguinary vengeance so many professors of the art had fallen victims, ultimately reaped the merited fruit of their conduct in a

race, of whom Giotto was the chief and Domenichino the last descendant, had become extinct. Domenichino being dead, what remained of the Italian schools? A past incomparably glorious, and *chef-d'œuvre* which can never be surpassed. After him came some adroit practitioners, some facile talents; but the works which they produced testify to the skill of the hand rather than to the imagination of the brain. Domenichino has the merit of having somewhat retarded that definitive invasion of the materialising spirit into the domain of Italian painting. That he himself submitted to the evil influences of the period, that the defects which mark the

decline of the art are mingled with the qualities which recommend him to posterity, cannot be denied. But amid the aberrations and prejudices of the school, he has not always forgotten respect for his own instincts. We may recognise in his works a singular inclination towards moral truth, and a seeking after felicity of expression, which mark him as a veritable member of the family of the great masters, and which inspire in us a lively sympathy, in default of an unreserved admiration. In spite of the weaknesses of his style, of his false taste, of his numerous errors, Domenichino merits a place among the masters by the large degree of power which he possessed in the expression of the passions; so true is it that, in the fine arts, sentiment is the principal agent, the moral impression the essential object, and that even where the forms are imperfect, the elevation of the thought suffices to assure a profound signification and a durable authority.

Notwithstanding the difficulties with which he worked, and the difficulties of all kinds which he had to overcome, the works of Domenichino are almost as numerous as those of the masters the most renowned for celerity. In Italy, no collection, public or private, is without one or more of the productions of this industrious artist, whose works are now to be found in the galleries of every country in Europe. The Museum at Bologna contains three Domenichinos:—"The Martyrdom of St. Peter," the general disposition of which recalls Titian's picture of the same subject;—"Our Lady of the Rosary," already mentioned; and "The Martyrdom of St. Agnes," which is considered as one of the best works of this master, and is a good specimen of his taste, judgment, and genius. The head of the saint has an expression of grief and hope that is very noble; and the three female figures on the right are admirably designed, and have much elegance in their forms. The Brera Museum at Milan contains a "Virgin," "St. Petronilla," and some other pictures of saints. Some frescoes of the master exist in the Cathedral of Fano; and in the Nold College, in that town, is his "David," of which Lanzi says that the figure of the Jewish monarch, as large as life, is alone sufficient to immortalise the painter's name. In the Museum of the Offices at Florence are "The Baptism of Christ," "The Preaching of John the Baptist," and a portrait of Cardinal Agucchi. Naples possesses, in the Bourbon Museum, a beautiful picture, entitled "The Guardian Angel," in the cathedral, three altar-pieces—"St. Jannarius rescuing a Young Man," "The Decapitation of St. Jannarius," and "St. Jannarius curing the Sick;" and in the Palazzo del Torre, a "Dead Christ on the Knees of the Virgin, attended by Mary Magdalen and others." The composition of this picture is very good, and the design simple and true to nature; the head of the Magdalen is full of expression, but the coloring is somewhat cold. The Durazzo Gallery at Genoa contains a beautiful composition of "Venus bewailing the Death of Adonis;" and in the Brignole collection is "St. Rocco offering up Prayers for the Cessation of the Plague." The attitude of the saint, the goodness of those who seek him, the tragic exhibition of the dying and the dead around him, a funeral procession passing, an infant on the bosom of its dead mother, vainly seeking its wonted nutriment, all appeal strongly to the feelings of the spectator. In the Museum at Turin we find only an allegorical picture of Agriculture, astronomy, and architecture, represented by three children.

Rome, however, of all the cities of Italy, is richest in the works of this master. His frescoes in the churches of the papal capital have been already mentioned, as also his great work at the Vatican. In the Capitoline Gallery is a picture of "St. Barbara;" in the Borgnese Palace, "The Chase of Diana" and "The Cumæan Sybil," both works of considerable merit. The Doria Palace possesses a landscape by Domenichino, and that of the Rospigliosi family a very fine painting of "Adam and Eve."

The Royal Museum at Madrid contains two fine Domenichinos:—"St. Jerome in the Desert," which we have engraved (p. 196), and "Abraham preparing to sacrifice Isaac."

In the gallery of the Louvre are thirteen works of this master, formerly in the collection of Louis XIV. Among them are "The Triumph of Love," which we have engraved (p. 199), "St. Cecilia," "Hercules and Cæus," "The Combat of Hercules and Achelous," "The Punishment of Adam and Eve," "David playing on the Harp," and "Timocleus brought before Alex-

ander," an oval composition. In the Museum of Toulouse there are also some good specimens of this master.

The Dusseldorf Gallery at Munich contains "Susanna surprised in the Bath by the Elders;" the Royal Gallery at Dresden, a charming composition called "Maternal Love;" the Museum at Berlin, "The Deluge," "St. Jerome," "St. John," "St. James the Less," "St. Thomas," and a portrait of Scamozzi, the architect; the Belvedere Gallery at Vienna, "The Death of Lucretia;" and the gallery of Prince Esterhazy, in the same capital, "Lot and his Daughters," "David holding the head of Goliath," "St. Magdalen," and "St. Jerome."

The Gallery of the Hermitage, at St. Petersburg, would appear from the catalogue to be very rich in the works of this master, but many of them are probably either copies or imitations. Among those which St. Vindor regards as genuine are a "Cupid," and "St. Helena surrounded by the Instruments of the Passion." In the Winter Palace there is also a very fine "St. John the Evangelist."

The Museum at Stockholm contains four Domenichinos:—"An Evangelist," "St. John and the Angel," "The Hermit," and "The Chase of Diana."

Our own National Gallery contains five Domenichinos. 1. "Tobit and the Angel," is a landscape, a charming little picture, which we have engraved (p. 204). 2. "St. George and the Dragon," a picture beautifully managed in the light and shade, clear and bright in tone, and carefully executed. The distance is charming. The figures are 160 small, but the story is merely accessory to the landscape. 3. "The Stoning of St. Stephen," a small composition of nine figures, and probably a finished study for an altar-piece. This picture has been criticised for the composition, which is meagre and scattered, without any point of concentration; but the head of the martyr is very fine, the colouring good, and the general effect harmonious. 4. "St. Jerome," in which an angel is represented instructing the solitude-loving saint, and solving his doubts. These four pictures were bequeathed by Mr. Holwell Carr. 5. "Ermiona and the Shepherds," which Dr. Waagen says, "is conceived more in the spirit of Tasso than I have hitherto seen this subject represented. The expression of goodness and of maiden timidity, the attention of the aged shepherd, the surprise of the three pretty children, are very attractive, and well accord with the blooming colouring and the cheerful landscape. This picture was brought from Italy to England under the name of Annibale Caracci, but has been justly assigned to Domenichino." It was presented to the nation by Mr. Angerstein.

There are two specimens of this master at Windsor Castle:—"St. Catherine of Alexandria," a life-size figure, half-length, holding a palm-branch in her right hand; and "St. Agnes," a full-length figure, in an attitude of rapt devotion, with an angel descending with a palm-branch, and another in the foreground carrying a lamb, the symbol of the saint, who, having suffered martyrdom at the age of thirteen years, is regarded as the peculiar patroness of innocence and purity of mind.

The Dutch Gallery possesses a single Domenichino, the genuineness of which has been doubted; the subject is, "Venus gathering Apples in the Garden of the Hesperides." It is a small composition, and if really the work of Domenichino, must be ranked among the least meritorious of his productions.

The Duke of Devonshire possesses, at Devonshire House, two specimens of this master: 1. "Susanna and the Elders," very carefully painted in a warm, deep tone. Though agreeing in the main particulars with the large picture in the gallery at Munich, it differs from it in many of the details. 2. A youthful female figure, in a graceful attitude and with much expression, soaring on clouds; delicate in the coloring, and carefully finished.

The Bridgewater Gallery contains six Domenichinos: 1. "Christ bearing his Cross," from the Orleans Gallery. The composition is scattered, and wanting in masses and leading lines; but in clearness and freshness of colouring this picture is one of Domenichino's finest works. 2. "The Rapture of St. Francis," from the Orleans Gallery. The expression of enthusiasm is here very successfully given; the execution is careful, and the colouring very bright and clear. 3. "Head of a Female Saint," which combines that nobleness of character and expression which the master knew so well



THE COMMUNION OF ST. JEROME.—FROM A PAINTING BY ZAMPIERI.

how to give him such subjects with his brightest colouring. 4. "Discovery of Calisto in the Bath of Diana." This picture continues to be ascribed, as in the Orleans Gallery, to Annibale

Caracci, but it coincides so entirely with Domenichino's celebrated picture of "Diana and her Nymphs," in the Borghese Palace, at Rome, that we must decidedly attribute it to him. Some of the



attitudes and heads are repeated here from that picture, and the glowing tone of the flesh and the fresh green of the trees do not at all resemble the style of Annibale Caracci. 5. "A Landscape," from the Orleans Gallery. "In the fine forms of the mountains," says Dr. Waagen, "which are interrupted in the middle distance by buildings in an elevated style of architecture, the amiable, poetical feeling of Domenichino is as clearly expressed as in the figures—a couple of lovers watched by an old woman, a flock of sheep led to drink at a piece of water, and fishermen crossing it in their boat. The treatment is broad and masterly, and the general tone uncommonly fresh and clear. Such a picture is instructive, as serving to convince us what models Gaspar Poussin found ready to his hands." 6. "A Landscape, with fishermen, and women washing," is noble in design and carefully executed, but the colouring is somewhat hard and heavy; some portions of the picture have become dark, which has destroyed its harmony.

In the collection of Samuel Rogers, Esq., the celebrated author of "The Pleasures of Memory," etc., are three Domenichinos: "The punishment of Marys," and "Tobit with the Fish," which are very attractive, from the poetry of the composition and the delicacy of the finish; and "Bird-catching," a very fine picture, which has, unfortunately, turned quite dark. It was executed originally for Cardinal Borghese.

The Duke of Sutherland possesses, at Stafford House, a choice cabinet picture of this master; the subject is "St. Catherine," to whom an angel brings the palm of martyrdom. The expression of the saint is noble, the colouring very clear, especially in the draperies, the landscape poetical, and the finishing particularly careful.

In the collection of Lord Ashburton is "Moses before the Burning Bush," a small composition, but remarkably powerful and full in the colouring.

The Marquis of Westminster possesses, at Grosvenor House, a large landscape, with "The Meeting of David and Abigail," very poetical in the treatment, and forcible in the colouring and effect of light.

In Lord Cowper's collection is a "Cupid," ascribed to Annibale Caracci; but it has so much of the character and brilliant colouring of Domenichino, that we do not hesitate in assigning it to him.

Sir Thomas Baring possesses two Domenichinos: "The Finding of Moses," a rather large landscape, with the river in the middle distance, and blue mountains beyond; and a landscape, in a remarkably clear, full tone, representing a wide plain, with a building and a waterfall.

At Leigh Court, near Bristol, the seat of J. P. Miles, Esq., are two pictures of this master: a pleasing composition entitled "Youths looking at a Sleeping Nymph," and a large picture of "The Vision of St. John the Evangelist," in which the figures of the saint and two angels are full-lengths of the size of life. The elevated character, the careful drawing, the glowing colouring, and the admirable *impasto* of this picture, which is in an excellent state of preservation, render it very valuable.

The Earl of Carlisle possesses a single specimen of this master, "St. John the Evangelist looking up in Rapture." The picture at St. Petersburg is either a repetition or a copy of this, which is one of the most indisputable pictures of Domenichino in existence. The feeling is noble, refined, and fervent, and the tone clear, warm, and harmonious.

The Earl of Shrewsbury possesses, at Alton Tower, two rather inferior productions of this master: a portrait of a boy, and a dark landscape.

At Kedleston Hall, the seat of the Earl of Scarbale, is a beautiful landscape by Domenichino.

The Earl of Leicester possesses, at Holkham House, "The Sacrifice of Isaac," in which a noble composition is united with great force and remarkable clearness of colouring.

In giving the prices which have been obtained at sales for pictures attributed to this master, we cannot vouch for the genuineness of the works, as copies and imitations are very numerous. At the Julienne sale, in 1768, "Christ bearing the Cross" and "The Elevation of the Cross" were sold together for £92 10s., and a landscape for £11 10s.

At the Prince of Conti's sale, in 1777, "St. Cecilia accompanied

by two Angels," was sold for £18. At the Lebrun sale, in 1793, another picture of "St. Cecilia," in which she is represented playing the organ, and accompanying it with her voice, was sold for £458. At the Sommariva sale, in 1839, a small picture of "The Rapture of the Virgin" was sold for £12. When the collection of the Marquis of Las Marismas was sold, in 1843, an allegorical composition, representing "Music," realised £46; and at the sale of Marshal Soult's pictures, in 1852, a landscape of this master was sold for £28.

None of Domenichino's pictures bear his signature.

## ART AND ARTISTS.

In the summer of 1805, Jackson wrote to Haydon: "There is a raw, tall, pale, queer Scotchman come, an odd fellow, but there is something in him; he is called Wilkie." When Haydon saw him, "he was tall, pale, quiet, with a fine eye, short nose, vulgar, humorous mouth, but great energy of expression." At length they dined together at an ordinary in Poland-street, where Wilkie got that old fellow in the "Village Politicians," reading the paper with his glasses on. "When the Academy closed in August, Wilkie followed me to the door, and invited me to breakfast, saying, in a broad Scotch accent, 'Where d'ye stay?' I went to his room rather earlier than the hour named, and to my utter astonishment found Wilkie sitting stark-naked on the side of his bed, drawing himself up by the help of the looking-glass! 'Why, good gracious, Wilkie,' said I, 'where are we to breakfast?' Without any apology or attention to my important question, he replied, 'It's jest capital practice.' It was about this time, that, glad of any employment, Wilkie entered into an engagement with an engraver to copy Barry's picture at the Adelphi. In connexion with poor Barry, I remember an absurd anecdote. Wilkie had got tickets to see him lie in state, and had asked me to go with him." Now, a black coat at a funeral ceremony is a *sine qua non*, and Wilkie borrowed Haydon's. "I got first to the Academy, whence we were all to go to the Adelphi; and after waiting some time, at the eleventh hour Wilkie made his appearance in my coat, the sleeves half-way up his arms, his long bony wrists painfully protruding, his broad shoulders stretching the seams until they cracked again, while the waist-buttons appeared anywhere but where their maker originally intended them to be. He caught my eye, and significantly held up his finger, as if to entreat me to be quiet, but with an expression so ridiculously conscious of his unhappy situation, that I thought I should have died with laughing on the spot." On the Sunday after Wilkie's picture for Lord Mansfield had appeared at the Academy Exhibition, Haydon read in the *News*: "'A young man, by the name of Wilkie, a Scotchman, has a very extraordinary work.' I was in the clouds, hurried over my breakfast, rushed away, met Jackson, who joined me, and we both bolted into Wilkie's room. I roared out, 'Wilkie, my boy, your name is in the paper.' 'Is it real-al-ly?' said David. I read the puff, we hnrrahed, and taking hands, all three danced round the table till we were tired. By those who remember the tone of Wilkie's 'real-al-ly,' this will be realised. Eastlake told me that Calcott said once to Wilkie, 'do you not know that every one complains of your continual real-al-ly?' Wilkie made a moment, looked at Calcott, and drawled out, 'Do they, real-al-ly?' 'You must leave it off.' 'I will, real-al-ly.' 'For heaven's sake, don't keep repeating it,' said Calcott, 'it annoys me.' Wilkie looked, smiled, and in the most unconscious manner said, 'Real-al-ly!'

Of course Wilkie was looked down on. Haydon writes: "While we were at Bell's, his pale, anxious look, his evident poverty and struggle, his broad Scotch accent, had all excited the humour of those students who were better off," and so quiet Wilkie was the joke. "I remember he came one day with some very fine yellow drawing-paper, and we all said, 'Why, Wilkie, where in the world did you get this? Bring us a quire to-morrow.' He promised he would. The next day, and the day after, no drawing-paper. At last, we became enraged, and begged him, as he seemed so unwilling to bring us any, to give us the man's address. 'Weel, weel,' said Wilkie, 'jest give me the money fast, and ye'll be sure to have the paper.'" Now that he was richer than he had been for some time, his first thoughts were



turned towards his mother and sister. "Something of vast importance was brewing—we could not imagine what; I feared a large picture before I was ready; but at last I, as his particular friend, received an invitation to tea, and after one of our usual discussions on art, he took me into another room, and there, spread out in glittering triumph, were ten new bonnets, two new shawls, ribbons, and satin, and Heaven knows what, to astonish the natives of Culls, and to enable Wilkie's venerable father, like the Vicar of Wakefield, to preach a sermon on the vanity of woman, whilst his wife and daughter were shining in the splendour of fashion from the dressmakers in the West-end of London." The mother in Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler" was painted from a singular girl who lodged in Rathbone-place. She was a young woman of masculine understanding—not regularly beautiful, but approaching it—full of heart and hatred of worldly feeling, capable of any sacrifices for the man she should love, and with a high standard of many character and form. She married a Frenchman named Dufresne.

Wilkie's first lodgings in London were at No. 8, North-street, Portland-road. Reynolds disliked talking artists, so did Wilkie. "Let us be doing something," was his oblique mode of rebuking the loquacious and admonishing the idle. What he was in Edinburgh at the Academy, such was he all through life. "He soon convinced his companions," says Burnet, "that high genius did not refuse to lodge with one who had a country air, was slow of speech, and bashful of manners, and had none of the snip-snap, short and smart interruption of the pert and sprightly lads of the town." Sir William writes: "During the time Wilkie attended the Academy, no one could be more regular or industrious. Whatever he commenced he finished, and that well. The progress he made in art was marvellous. Everything he attempted indicated a knowledge far beyond his years, and he soon took up that position which he maintained till the last. He was always on the look-out for character; he frequented trystes, fairs, and market-places. These were the sources whence he drew his best materials; there he found that vigorous variety of character impressed on his veriest earliest events, which made them take such a lasting hold upon the public mind. I met him frequently, too, in an auction-room in the High-street, where prints and etchings were exhibited previous to their being disposed of." Burnet says: "When Wilkie came to our class, he had much enthusiasm of a queer and silent kind, and very little knowledge of drawing. He had made drawings, it is true, from living nature, in that wide academy, the world, and chiefly from men or boys, or such groups as chance threw in his way; but in that kind of drawing in which taste and knowledge are wanted, he was far behind others." Mrs. Jameson says this distinguished painter had entirely different manners. He began by imitating the Dutch masters, or rather (for he was no imitator by aiming at the same kind of excellence) lively representations of low and familiar life, spirited character, and light and delicate finish, such as the "Blind Man's Buff," "The Village Festival," and "The Blind Fiddler," in the National Gallery. After his travels in Italy and Spain, his talent took an opposite direction. He painted history and portraits, and sometimes on a large scale; but these are not his best works; and, latterly, he became sketchy and feeble in drawing, streaky in handling, and heavy in the tone of colour. His first pictures are the most popular. The following anecdote by his fellow-student, Mr. Burnet, will explain why this is so: "I remember his bringing to the Academy one morning the first study of his picture of 'The Village Politicians,' which created a great sensation among the students, and called forth the commendation of Mr. Graham. It differs very materially from the work of the same name which established his fame in London. On seeing it, I could not but remark the introduction of several of the characters to be met with in the vicinity of Edinburgh, which struck me as a peculiarity in him, that while we were imitating the characters and mode of drawing to be seen in the works of Westall, Moreland, and Julius Ibbeton, he was dodging and watching the natural incidents of the peasantry. He used to go round the various villages near Edinburgh after dusk, and look in at the cottage windows to see how the inmates were engaged, unobserved by the stranger." It seems Wilkie and Turner were not great friends. In 1809, the latter had a picture of the "Snn rising in a Fog" and of "A Blacksmith" in the Exhibition.

Between the two hung Wilkie's picture of "The Blind Fiddler." Turner, it is said, reddened his sun, and blew the bellows of his art in his blacksmith's forge, to put the Scotchman's nose out of joint, who had gained so much reputation by his "Village Politicians." The story is told without naming Turner, in Allan Cunningham's "Life of Wilkie," and condemned as an untruth by the reviewer of the "Life" in the "Quarterly." Mr. Burnet says, "There is no doubt of the truth of the story, and that Wilkie remembered the circumstance with some acerbity, though he never resented it openly. I can undertake to say, when the 'Forge' was sold at Lord de Tabley's sale, Wilkie was in Italy; and Collins, the painter, in describing the sale to him in a MS. letter, now before me, adds, 'and there was your old enemy, The Forge.'" The warm effects which Turner produced by a wholesale application of orange-chrome, were well illustrated by Chantrey on a varnishing-day at the Academy, when the weather for the time of year was unusually raw and cold. Stopping before a picture by Turner, he seized the artist's arm, placed his hands before a blaze of yellow in the attitude of obtaining warmth, and said, "Turner, this is the only comfortable place in the room. Is it true, as I have heard, that you have a commission to paint a picture for the San Fire Office?" Turner was, however, more frequently in an ill than a good humour with works hung near to his own; and in 1837, when he exhibited "Rembrandt's Daughter" in a red robe, the portrait of a member of one of the universities was hung by its side, with a college gown that was still redder. Upon finding this out, one varnishing-day Turner was observed to be very busy adding red-lead and vermilion to his picture "What are you doing there, Turner?" asked one of the hangers. "Why, you have checkmated me," was the reply, pointing to the university gown; "and I must now checkmate you." Turner died, as is well known, at Chelsea, under an assumed name. He saw lodgings to his liking, asked the price, and found them cheap. But the landlady wanted a reference. "I will buy your house outright, my good woman," was the reply somewhat angrily. Then an agreement was wanted; met by an exhibition of bank-notes and sovereigns, and an offer to pay in advance—an offer which, of course, proved perfectly satisfactory. There was yet a further difficulty. The landlady wanted her lodger's name—"In case any gentleman should call." This was a worse dilemma. "Name—name," he muttered to himself in his usual gruff manner; "what is your name?" "My name is Mrs. Booth." "Oh," was the reply, "I am Mr. Booth." And as Mr. Booth, Turner died at Chelsea. It was impossible to find out where he lived. Now and then, men who were intimate with him would endeavour to discover, but it was in vain. Offers were made to walk home with him, but he invariably declined. No, he had got an engagement, and must keep it. Some of the younger sort attempted to follow him, but he managed either to get away from them, or to weary them with the distance and his darting into cheap omnibuses and round corners. If he thought he was followed, he would make off for a favourite tavern, where he could sit unknown, and which, as soon as he was known or seen there by any one whom he knew, he was sure to desert. Once it was thought that his hiding-place had been discovered. He had been dining at Greenwich, had partaken of various wines at table, and on reaching town was a little off his balance. The party, as planned, dropped all of them away, save one, without saying "good night" to Turner, and that one walked along with the great painter, placed him in a cab with a sober driver and a steady horse, and shutting the door, said: "Where shall he drive to?" He, however, was not to be caught. "All along Piccadilly," was the reply, "and then I will tell him where." He hated letter-writing, and Mr. Burnet, his biographer, was unable to find any letter or note of his composition that would illustrate his life. His opinions on art were seldom given, and always with hesitation. He growled approbation. Once, indeed, his criticism extended to a sentence. He had been taken to see the pictures of Thomson of Duddingstone, called by his countrymen, in the fondness of their admiration, "the Scottish Turner." The friend who took him was anxious to hear what the original Turner thought of his Scottish representative; Thomson, too, was equally eager. He examined with attention, mumbled some sounds of apparent approbation, and began and ended by asking, "Where

do you get your frames, Mr. Thomson?" A good story is told of his skill in bargain-making. When arranging with Hurst and Robinson for a new work in numbers, the price of each drawing was settled, not without deliberation, at twenty-five pounds. He went away expressing full satisfaction. He came speedily back, thrust his head in at the door, and cried, "Guineas!" "Guineas be it," said the publishers. In a few minutes a hasty step was heard, and Turner put in his whole person, saying, "My expenses!" "Oh, certainly, sir," was the answer. But this was not all: a few minutes after he was a third time at the door, breathless and eager, with his whole body in the room for the

with him, and told that the cheque for the picture would then be ready. To this Turner consented. He took the picture in a hackney-coach, breakfasted, received the cheque, thanked the purchaser, and left. He had not been gone above five minutes, when a knock was heard at the door: the painter was back. "I must see Mr. Fuller." He was shown in. "Oh! I'd forgotten: there's three shillings for the hackney-coach." The sum was paid. Fuller, who was laughing all the while, loved to relate this story to his friends. Turner affected a mystery about his art, and never allowed any of his own brethren of the brush to see him at his work. At Petworth he worked with locked doors, and Chantrey



TOBIT AND THE ANGEL.—FROM A PAINTING BY ZAMPERINI.

expected resistance to his new demand—"And twenty proofs!" No resistance was made, and the drawings were set about with an ungrumbling reluctance. When George Cook, the engraver, told the story to Burnet's father, he added: "I am told that Turner's father, who was a barber, having been paid a penny for a shave, followed his customer down Maiden-lane to demand a halfpenny for soap." It is said the old man showed his son's pictures, and took money from the visitors, as if he had been a common menial in the house. Another story of Turner is too good to be omitted. He had painted a picture for the famous Jack Fuller, and was asked by Fuller to breakfast with him next morning, to bring the picture

was only enabled to see him at his easel by the aid of a trick. The sculptor, by a bribe, had taken care to ascertain from one of the servants of the house the peculiar knock which Lord Egremont was accustomed to give at Turner's door, when the patron was anxious to see the painter at his task. Possessed of this secret, he imitated Lord Egremont's step and cough, and gave with admirable similitude of sound the very knock which his lordship was accustomed to give. The door opened immediately, and in walked Chantrey, much, at first, to the annoyance of Turner, who was subdued only to good humour by the recollection that his friend, though once a painter, was now living by sculpture.

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